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JANUARY to JUNE, 1969

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LETTERS

Nixon and positivism

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: The "law and order" theme of the forthcoming Nixon administration makes me apprehensive. That was the theme of Augustus Comte, the 19th-century Positivist: "Order and Progress." Exported from its French birthplace, it came to the New World to foster a complete sellout of the common man, notably in Mexico and Brazil. . . .

In the name of "progress" Mexico sold her natural resources (mining, smelting, ranching) to United States interests, her port facilities to the British, and lesser concessions (like telephone systems) to other United States and European corporations. And, thus, it sold the common man of Mexico into abject poverty, ignorance and absolute submissiveness. It took a protracted and bloody revolution to establish governments that would restore her natural resources and dignity to her people.

Law and order, indeed! Will the Nixon administration pare the budget allocations to the munitions makers, to the corporate farms, to the industrialists in general? I'll give odds. The programs in behalf of us peasants will be pared to the core. Would that I could in conscience take a short Rip Van Winkle nap. I am afraid of politics that stress "law and order."

George I. Sanchez
Professor of Latin American Education
University of Texas

power in the cradle

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I am much encouraged, reading the two successive essays—by C. P. Snow and Ronald V. Sampson—dealing with the problem of power in your issues of December 9 and 16. . . . I would like to suggest, however, that the study of power and its control is divided into two areas, one governmental, the other psychological. . . . The role of psychology is potentially more important. And here I wish to modify Mr. Sampson's optimistic conclusion about the simplicity of prescription. ("To diagnose a disease . . . is not difficult. To prescribe the remedy is also not difficult.") I have read Mr. Sampson's *The Psychology of Power*, as well as other works dealing wholly or in part with the same problem. Do we really know enough, as yet, about those factors of child rearing which make for the desire for power? Do we not need a program among psychologists, psychoanalysts and *anthropologists* (there have been studies of primitive peoples who show no evident desire for power—can we not learn from them?) in order to get at the perhaps multifold roots of our problem? . . . *E. Louise Mally*

American way

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Ronald Sampson's "Bramble of Power" [*The Nation*, Dec. 16] is one of the finest and most forthright articles I have ever read. . . . It is even more telling when read and digested in the context of three recent paperbacks: Justice Fortas' glib repudiation of any "civil disobedience" which is not subservient to the power structure: Howard Zinn's attempted rebuttal (*Disobedience and Democracy*), which is uneven but inspiringly provocative; and Erich Fromm's *The Revolution of Hope*. The last goes deeply into the many grave problems of the individual vs. the technological society. . . .

Sampson's ideas should be required reading for every person who knows, however vaguely, that the American Way of Life is really the American road to symbolic and actual death. *Elizabeth Sawyer*

EDITORIALS

Disingenuous Denial

The crew of the *Pueblo* has been released under extremely odd circumstances. The United States has signed a confession dictated by North Korea and has simultaneously, with the acquiescence of the North Koreans, released a statement denying the confession.

Dean Rusk avers that nothing in his nineteen years of public service equips him to explain the willingness of our opponents in this affair to accept a document that has been repudiated in advance. He seems to imply that the Oriental mind is devious and unfathomable by simple Western logic; State Department officials have also suggested that North Korea may find the confession useful propaganda in Communist countries, where the denial could be suppressed in the controlled news media.

But the reasoning of the North Koreans may not be all that labyrinthine, and they may well expect the paper signed by Major General Woodward to carry weight in circles much wider than the Communist orbit. The fact is that American explanations of what the *Pueblo* was up to, and where she was cruising when the North Koreans took her in tow, have been contradictory and disingenuous. It is perfectly obvious that she was spying—that, indeed, was her only function—and it is at least probable that she was, or had been, trespassing. The North Koreans may think that the confession will carry more weight than the denial; they may well be right. In which case, they have quite generously allowed the United States to save its face.

Only history will determine which of the documents is the more credible—and Dean Rusk would have done well to make that obvious observation and then shut up. His air of half-amused incredulity does nothing to improve what has been from the first an embarrassing situation.

However, Secretary Rusk and the rest of the Johnson Administration do deserve credit for having poured no oil on the potentially very dangerous *Pueblo* fire. The captured crew is now safe home, and no other men were at any time committed to the incident. Of course, the *Pueblo* remains in North Korea, and with a signed confession in their hands the authorities there are not likely to give her up. But spies have always been expendable, and a spy ship can certainly be forsaken without much loss of sleep. We were engaged in mischief with the *Pueblo* and by patience and luck we came out of the affair with nothing much worse than a knuckle-rapping. If laughter can be heard from Pyongyang, Mr. Rusk may dismiss it as evidence of the inscrutable Oriental sense of humor.

Lesson of the Year

"Due process" is an old term which is being cited today in a new context. Traditionally it has been used as a catch-all term to characterize certain minimal procedural restrictions—the right to a fair hearing, etc.—which must accompany the legitimate exercise of state power. It is now taken to mean, in almost any issue of any paper, that a group or class or region has a right to an effective voice in decisions that will influence its future. Just as the people once said "no taxation without representation," so today they are saying "no decision making without participation." Quite simply, the people want to do for themselves, not to be done for by others.

Illustrations abound. In Texas, a grass-roots revolt, headed by a group of laymen and seminarians, has been launched against the authoritarian role of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey. The Archbishop has long been a prominent advocate of liberal social reforms; he was speaking up for migratory farm workers long before their plight became a popular and well-publicized cause. The basis of the revolt against the leadership of this great and good man is quite simple: it is not so much Archbishop Lucey's authority that is being challenged as his style of leadership. His constituency, priests and laity alike, want a voice in the decisions he has been making. "There was a time," one rebellious priest is quoted (*The New York Times*, December 15), "when autocratic men could function very well as bishops and when the immigrant church in this country almost needed strong hands. But now the laity is increasingly sophisticated and mature, and a lot of people have their own ideas about what the church needs."

Underlying nearly every "student protest" since the big Berkeley "bust" of December, 1964, has been the deep conviction that decisions were being made in administrative seclusion about matters on which students should be consulted. Four interim reports on the situation at Columbia University all stress "the need to restructure the decision-making processes at the university."

Labor leaders purport to be baffled by what is termed "the rejection syndrome"—the growing tendency of the rank and file to reject contracts that have been negotiated by the officers. This tendency, reports Damon Stetson in *The New York Times* (December 7), reflects "a spirit of rebellion against the Establishment that seems to have become epidemic." The rank and file obviously want a more direct say in decisions affecting their welfare. A state mediator, quoted in the *Times* story, puts his finger on a key aspect of the new syndrome: It is not only that the public is generally better educated, more sophisticated, more mature; it is also better informed, and news reaches it far more quickly than it once did. In discussing the insistent and growing demand for a voice in government decision making, Richard R. Wolfe (*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, December, 1968) comes up with an apt and telling quotation from the *Times* of London: "[Modern] society . . . centralizes decision making but spreads the desire to make decisions. How can democracy in this predicament satisfy both the need for greater efficiency and the need for wide participation?" It is not so much that organizational leadership is deliberately "authoritarian" as that it does not know how to function democratically in the new social environment.

On December 11, C.B.S. News told the story of how Long Island Railroad commuters had more or less spontaneously rebelled against the unions and the management by simply refusing to pay for their tickets. There can be no doubt that the thousands of commuters who ride this line have more to complain about than any comparable group in the nation; they have been plagued in the coldest

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THE NATION

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and hottest weather alike by every imaginable inconvenience. Now, at last, they assert as a group "the right to be heard."

Business Week (December 14) reports that the Transportation Department has finally decided to hold public hearings on whether there should be public hearings in the future on all federal-aid highway projects—that is, whether the public should have *some say* about the road-planning process. Up to now, the state highway departments had the last—and in most cases, the only—word on how, where and when a new road is to be built.

Recently, a three-member federal court panel ruled that welfare clients have a right to an impartial hearing before a third party before their cases can be closed. At first blush this seems like "due process" in the older usage, but behind the decision one can sense the pressure of organized group power.

In most cases the substance of the protest is a demand for democratic decision making. "We're headed for a more democratic church, one that belongs to the people," proclaims one of the leaders of the Texas uprising against Archbishop Lucey's leadership. Said one of the rebellious Long Island commuters: "I just think the people who ride this railroad should have more of an opportunity of letting the world know its basic problems." In almost every instance the specific cause of the particular protest can be traced to the unwillingness or inability of an organization to respond to the demand for wider responsibility. Leadership, thus, is confronted with a revolution not against its premises but against its methods.

"The lesson of the past year," J. K. Galbraith said recently, "is that organization can be opposed. . . . Future Presidents recalling that one was forced from office, future Secretaries of State recalling that one was reduced to getting in and out of hotels like a burglar, future military men watching the revolt against ROTC sweeping the campuses, future industrial firms reflecting on the fate of both their recruiters and recruitment will have a more thoughtful view of the limits of organization."

This lesson is certain to be painfully apt for a long time, because the process by which organizations adjust to the new imperative for wider participation will not occur easily or overnight. What we need, of course, is a new concept of due process that could be applied to the wide range of institutions whose traditional methods of taking decisions are being challenged on such a broad front. In the past, court actions and specific legislative provisions applied the test of "due process," but in a mass society due process has taken on meanings for which appropriate procedures have yet to be devised.

Plain Talk at the UN

If a prize were to be awarded for international diplomatic candor (which is not a bad idea), the first truly worthy recipient since the late Cordell Hull would be Emilio Arenales of Guatemala, last year's President of the UN General Assembly.

Recently recovered from prolonged but obviously successful brain surgery, Señor Arenales closed the twenty-third session of the Assembly with words seldom matched in bluntness since the founding of the organization. Speaking of the "unrealistic and emotional approach" of the delegates, he said: ". . . we who come to the United Nations year after year fall victim to these illusions. . . ." He then proceeded to chastise his fellow delegates for substituting speeches and resolutions for "good faith and greater political will to solve problems directly," and concluded his onslaught with these words: "While member states . . . are not ready to shoulder this obligation and responsibility and to transform thought into action, the United Nations will remain a mythical entity in which only those of us who work here believe."

This kind of talk recalls Lord Tennyson's "The nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels." Whatever his source of inspiration, Señor Arenales refreshingly called the shots on the UN's performance. The Parliament of Man seems lately to have engaged itself almost exclusively in gamesmanship, scoring minuscule points and spinning endless webs of words whose effect has been to inhibit, almost to prohibit, effective action on the problems at hand. President Arenales' words of justified exasperation exploded like dynamite upon an ice jam of frozen oratory. It remains to be seen whether their effect will survive the current recess, but to Señor Arenales, a hearty "Viva!" for a good try.

Cause and Effect

The eighty-day cooling-off period under provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act having expired, the longshoremen on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts have gone on strike, and the usual lamentations have issued from the industry: The strike will cost $1 million a day in losses in the port of New York alone, and at least $5 million a day in ports along the Atlantic Coast. "Economic disaster" threatens the nation, according to the counsel and chief negotiator for the 140 companies in the Shipping Association. All this is public relations, as is the injunctive process which postponed the present strike, invoked no less than seven times in International Longshoremen's Association disputes since Taft-Hartley became law.

Even if it turns out to be brief, this strike is a prime example of how technological advance can make already poor labor-management relations worse, and threaten to upset even those which, as between the Pacific Maritime Association and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, have been conducted on a generally sane and mutually advantageous basis.

The overriding issue in the maritime controversy is "containerization." The traditional way of handling cargo has been to load miscellaneous items into a sling, lower it into place, unload it, and dispose the contents in the space available. In this way an eighteen-man crew could handle about 18 tons of cargo an hour, and another crew could repeat the process at the port of destination at about the same pace. But suppose the shipment consisted, as it often does, of goods manufactured at a single plant and destined for a single buyer overseas. The goods could be loaded at the plant into a van or container, shipped by rail or tractor to the point of embarkation, and there swung by a dockside crane either into the hold or stowed on deck. By this technique the same eighteen-man crew (with probably not all of them working) can handle up to 480 tons an hour.

No wonder 12 per cent of all cargo shipped in and out of New York is already containerized, with 50 to 75 per cent forecast by the mid-1970s. No wonder container ships are being built by the score. Until the supply catches up with the demand, it's a bonanza for the shipping industry, and even over the long term the profit potential is enough to make a banker's eyes glow.

There is only one flaw in this beautiful picture: what is to become of the unneeded longshoremen? In a few years the 23,000-man work force in the port of New York may be reduced to 12,000, and in other ports in somewhat the same proportion. Are they to become astronauts, or computer programmers, or live high on the negative income tax?

Nor is this a problem only for "bad" unions like the ILA, with its waterfront gangsterism, coupled with such intense ideological virtue that the men will walk off the job if a shipment of Polish hams is found in the cargo. The ILWU, of which Harry Bridges is still president (remember when the shipping interests and the Red hunters tried to deport him?), is a first-rate union. Containerized shipping is an accepted labor-management fact on the West Coast. The union gave the employers almost unlimited freedom to institute whatever technological change seemed good to them—provided the employers shared the benefits with the union.

The ILWU has no quarrel with manufacturer-loaded containers, but another problem has arisen. Matson, for instance, is a major tenant of a new $36-million marine terminal, and there are other container freight stations along the West Coast. Matson claims that the ILWU-PMA agreement does not cover freight-station work, where mixed loads are stuffed into containers and brought to dockside. Matson is at present using members of the Teamsters union at one of its freight stations a mile from the waterfront in San Francisco. How far does the ILWU jurisdiction extend?

Obviously containerization cannot and should not be stopped. But aside from the strike in the East it is raising problems for waterfront unions East and West, and these problems will continue to grow.

Wait and See

Lee A. DuBridge, president of California Institute of Technology since 1946, is to be President Nixon's science adviser. DuBridge has long been a member of the select circle of high administrative scientists and engineers who advise on the channeling of federal research money and who largely determine the distribution of the top jobs. In a way, he will henceforth be doing officially some of the things he was doing unofficially.

In his interview with *New York Times* reporters and editors on December 16, Dr. DuBridge gave little indication of how he plans to use whatever influence may be his to determine the future course of American science and technology. (He was more discreet than David M. Kennedy, the incoming Secretary of the Treasury.) Dr. DuBridge did declare himself in favor of a 10 per cent annual increase in basic research for the next few years—which, if he can make it stick, will help to allay the current fears of the scientific community. He pointed out that scientific research must be free, while applied research must be aimed toward something (usually military applications, he might have added). Secret military work should not be done at a university, which is a teaching institution. Cal Tech has barred secret military work on its campus for the past twenty years. But off the campus it is carried forward, as by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory; and faculty members, including Dr. DuBridge himself, work for the military. That is necessary for the safety of the country, Dr. DuBridge averred, although he evaded a question about the dangers of a military-scientific complex and conceded only that differences of opinion about the Vietnamese War had opened a breach between the Department of Defense and parts of the scientific community.

In sum, Mr. Nixon's choice was a good one, but just how good remains to be seen. Nor should it be forgotten that the scientific adviser exerts only as much influence as the President chooses to give him, and this in turn is based on the President's ability to extract funds from Congress.

Norman Thomas

Norman Thomas possessed so many admirable qualities, and there were so many sound reasons for the high regard in which he was held, that it seems almost a minor form of blasphemy to find him being praised for the wrong reasons. He was not "the father of American socialism"; Debs, Hillquit and De Leon would have a better claim to that title. Thomas' contributions to the theory and practice of American socialism were negligible—the Socialist Party was weaker at his death than when he joined it. Actually there was some truth in Leon Trotsky's biting comment that "Norman Thomas called himself a Socialist as a result of a misunderstanding."

Nor was he a "revolutionary." His social thinking derived from Walter Rauschenbusch and the social gospel, not from Karl Marx and class conflict. It was because his socialism was of the reformist variety that, long before his death, he came to be accepted as a fixture of the Establishment. As he grew older he was, indeed, the Establishment's favorite dissenter, revered and venerated.

Fortunately the peace movement, to which his contributions were of much greater importance than those he made to American socialism, took on a new relevance and urgency in the last years of his life, and he responded to its calls on his time and energies with all his remarkable eloquent fervor. Thomas was trained—and well trained too—for the ministry, and throughout his long and useful life he remained, as Alden Whitman pointed out in *The New York Times*, "a moral evangel . . . the nation's conscience for social justice and social reform." His name is not mentioned in T. B. Bottomore's *Critics of Society: Radical Thought in North America,* nor in Christopher Lasch's *The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963,* and for a good reason: he was a moralist, not a social critic.

He had great courage, a deep feeling of compassion for the underprivileged, a keen sense of social injustice, and an abiding commitment to civil rights and civil liberties. Throughout his life he was a moralist inveighing tirelessly against social evils and injustices, "the Isaiah of his times."

Varieties of Freedom

Reuters reports from Copenhagen that the Danish Government has started curbing the activities of its internal intelligence services "as part of a campaign to extend Denmark's 'permissive society' from sexual to political matters." The aim is to take all official pressure off the individual's political choices. Police intelligence is prohibited from listing as security suspects persons who join legal protest demonstrations or legal political organizations, including the Communist Party. Names so listed in the past are to be erased, although the police may still investigate applicants for jobs that require security clearance. Journalists and other citizens are to be given freer access to state documents. The dispatch concludes: "Denmark is a country that interprets freedom of the individual literally and is seeking to give its citizens all possible opportunity to take responsibility for their own lives."

This is not the trend in the United States. In curbing militant demonstrators, the police shout abuse for abuse, then wade in with their clubs. The South gives its unwanted Negroes a free choice between starving where they are or going North to get on ghetto relief rolls. Once more HUAC is holding what it calls hearings, while Senator McClellan freely disembowels witnesses before his own committee. The political Left has been abolished organizationally; the Center, having taken its place, is viewed with suspicion if it even glances leftward.

All this in the name of freedom, which is extended to small countries with napalm and TNT. Denmark, being so small itself, does not range abroad to liberate others, but is concerned only with freedom within its own borders. The Danes may account themselves fortunate that, for historical and geographical reasons, they are in no danger of being protected against external or internal enemies by the colossus of the West.

CLAY, CHISHOLM & STOKES

THE BLACK FRESHMEN

CHARLES RABB

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Washington, D.C.

Robert N. C. Nix (D., Pa.) was the only Negro Representative from Philadelphia in the 90th Congress. Early last year, when he began to fear that he might have strong primary or Republican opposition for his seat, Representative Nix put on a burst of activity, throwing bills into the legislative hopper and inviting correspondents from the Philadelphia papers up to his Capitol Hill office for interviews. When the tough competition failed to materialize, Nix's interest in legislation and in seeing his name in the Philadelphia papers also subsided.

Nix, on this score, is probably no worse than the other four men in Philadelphia's Congressional delegation. He contributes virtually nothing to shaping legislation either on the House floor or in committee; but he votes as a big city liberal Democrat should, and serves his constituents as a useful link to City Hall. But Nix represents a district that is plagued by a disproportionate share of the city's problems; if its needs are ever to be acknowledged and tended, it requires more than routine representation.

The inadequacies of Nix are shared in varying degrees by three of the four other black Congressmen who sat in the 90th Congress. The lone exception was Rep. John Conyers, Jr. (D., Mich.) who, following the banishment of Adam Clayton Powell, emerged as the most articulate black spokesman in the House.

When set against this generally uninspiring record, the credentials of the three new Negro Congressmen, promising in their own right, become even more impressive. Whether they will live up to this promise remains to be seen.

All three—Shirley Chisholm of Brooklyn, William Clay of St. Louis, and Louis A. Stokes of Cleveland—have raised eloquent voices of protest. They have roots deep in their communities. Clay, 36, is a real estate broker and an official in the Steamfitters Union, an organization powerful in Missouri politics. He comes to Congress with a reputation as a civil rights activist, although he concedes he has "mellowed" in recent years.

Clay was in the van of the CORE drive in 1963 and 1964 to open up employment for Negroes in St. Louis banks. He served 240 days in the city workhouse for violating a court injunction against picketing the Jefferson Bank and Trust Co., on the fringe of the Black Belt—a term he could have avoided had he adopted a repentant manner; he and another demonstrator were the only two of fourteen arrested who served the full term. Under Clay's prodding, the Steamfitters set up a job-training program that has helped bring Negroes into the almost all-white Local 562. There were three Negroes in the local when the program began in 1964, says an aide to Clay, and now through a policy of hiring 50 per cent blacks there are thirty-three. Nevertheless, the local still remains more than 95 per cent white.

Clay maintains his militancy hasn't cooled off. "If I've changed," he explains, "it's been to become aware that through politics much more can be accomplished than through some other means you could resort to." He sees his job as guardian, along with other Congressional liberals, against any dismantling of the poverty program or other recently enacted welfare measures.

Clay, as well as Stokes and Mrs. Chisholm, advocates increased federal spending to restore the inner city. He favors reforms in welfare and considers a negative income tax and guaranteed income programs as promising approaches. He wants spending increased for education, greater public and private commitment in housing and an expanded program, including incentives to private industry, to train the unemployed for substantial jobs. Like the other black freshmen, Clay criticizes American involvement in Vietnam and favors U.S. concessions to get the Paris talks moving.

There's no doubt that the voters' familiarity with brother Carl Stokes, Mayor of Cleveland, gave Louis Stokes a jump on the field of twenty-one in the Democratic primary. But attorney Stokes, 43, has a distinguished record in his own right. An NAACP official and chairman for five years of its Legal Redress Committee, Stokes argued and lost the stop and frisk case before the Supreme Court. He won the NAACP's Ohio redistricting suit which led to the creation of the 65 per cent Negro Cleveland district that sent him to Congress.

Although he lives in Shaker Heights, outside his central city district, Stokes insists that he has built a strong identity in the black community through years of badgering City Hall for improved treatment of Negroes, his defense of civil rights demonstrators in the early 1960s, his public school desegregation suit, and other rights cases.

In the inevitable comparisons with his better-known brother, observers describe Louis as "more thoughtful," "less abrasive" and "highly articulate." Stokes says he intends to work toward getting Congress to establish "some sense of priorities" for dealing with the problems of the cities. For that reason, among others, he wants the war in Vietnam ended soon.

Mrs. Chisholm, 44, displayed a sharp tongue in her successful campaign to become the first woman of her race to sit in Congress. She says she will "fight for a people that have too long been denied the opportunity to have their problems and hopes dramatically focused. My greatest political asset—which professional politicians fear—is my mouth, out of which come all kinds of things one shouldn't always discuss for reasons of political expedience."

She was born in Brooklyn but speaks in a clipped accent that recalls her early years in the West Indies, where she lived with her maternal grandmother. She returned to Brooklyn to finish her schooling, graduated from Brooklyn College, and received an M.A. in education at Columbia University. Mrs. Chisholm then taught nursery school, and was private school and day care center director and educational consultant for New York City's Bureau of Child Welfare.

Though long active in Democratic politics, she did not run for office until 1964, when she became the first member of her sex and race to be elected to the New York State Assembly. She was respected in Albany, but known as something of a maverick.

When a court-ordered redistricting led to the creation of a Brooklyn district with a black majority last year, Mrs. Chisholm jumped into the race and beat the organization choice in the critical primary race. She then trounced James Farmer, founder of CORE, who ran with Liberal and Republican endorsement in an overwhelmingly Democratic district.

Redistricting helped put Mrs. Chisholm, Clay and Stokes into Congress. And as the urban centers become increasingly black, they will produce a steady increase in the number of Negro Congressmen. Representative Conyers has estimated, perhaps optimistically, that the present nine black districts could rise to as many as twenty-five by 1972. Whatever the figure, it is evident that the pressures in the black community are such that bold and effective spokesmen on the order of Mrs. Chisholm, Clay, and Stokes will be pushed forward. The constituencies will no longer be satisfied with Representatives who do no more than vote correctly.

CALIFORNIA CLINIC

MEDICAL STORM CENTER

RONALD B. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.

Visalia

In the summer of 1967 Dr. David Brooks came to Woodville, a remote hamlet tucked off in the cotton fields of California's rich San Joaquin Valley. He purchased an old bar and restaurant building, sawed and banged together some alterations, and opened a private medical clinic called *Salud* (Spanish for *good health*).

Before Dr. Brooks's arrival, there had been only one doctor to serve the 18,000 people living in a dozen crossroads communities scattered over the 750-square-mile southwestern corner of Tulare County. There were (are) no hospitals, no dentists, no drugstores and, prior to *Salud*, no clinical services. The nearest medical help was in Tulare or Porterville; but in Porterville—a city of 18,000—the tax-supported hospital refused to accept MediCal (welfare) patients, except in emergencies. Families seeking such help in this city were sent 30 miles west, to the county-supported hospital for the poor. (Through state and federal funding. MediCal pays doctors and hospitals for services to qualified patients.)

Because the need for a medical clinic was and is so obvious, the opening of *Salud* should have been a reason for celebration. But that simple reaction was quickly complicated by the half-dozen causes and controversies which the doctor insists upon fighting simultaneously. While his patients literally *demonstrated* their belief in his medical skill and community-service approach to medicine, his demeanor generated a storm of controversy within the conservative county medical society, and among local growers, agri-businessmen and the right wing.

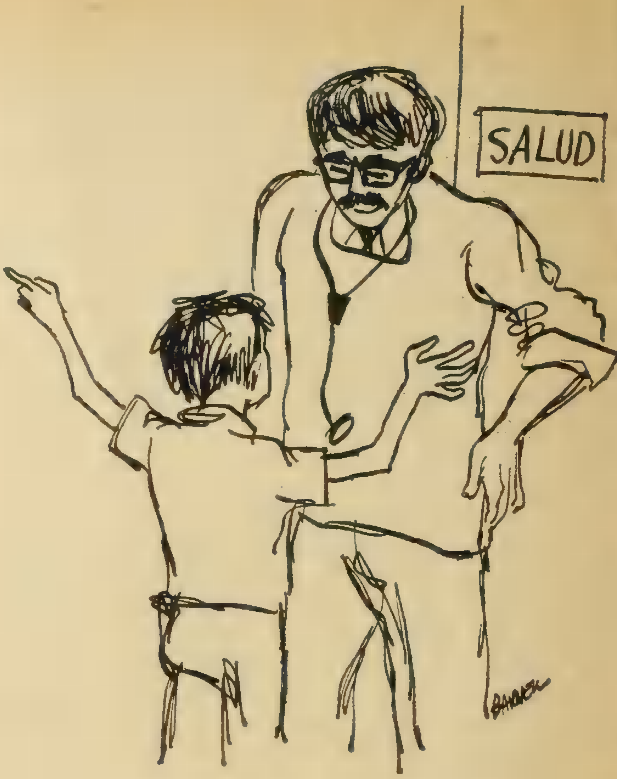
Dr. Brooks and his wife—the former Wendy Goepel—are trying to establish a private medical clinic that involves local people in clinic operation and administration. The doctor is also fighting to get medical privileges in the county's general hospital (the better to help the poor), while forcefully calling for drastic changes in the administrative and medical policies of that same hospital. Further to complicate matters, Dr. Brooks was himself fired from the staff of this hospital.

The doctor is a graduate of the University of Illinois medical school (1962); he interned at the University of Texas, spent two years in the United States Air Force and took a two-year residency at the Fresno County (California) General Hospital. The hospital was only 70 miles north of the Delano grape strikes and Cesar Chavez's efforts to organize farm labor, so Dr. Brooks visited Delano and volunteered his off-duty medical services. At the time Wendy Goepel, a Stanford graduate and former volunteer in the Chavez movement, was trying to find ways to establish rural medical clinics. Earlier that summer (1967) she had been working for the Office of Economic Opportunity, assigned to Lowndes County, Alabama, to help establish rural medical clinics.

While Dr. Brooks wanted to work with Chavez's union, he realized he would not be able in that situation to experiment with the development of a community approach to medicine. He and his future wife discussed the idea of a private clinic with various local and state health people. The doctor gave up his voluntary work with the union, completed his work at Fresno County hospital, and joined the staff of the Tulare County hospital, at a salary of $1,500 a month. Woodville was selected as the clinic site, and he and Miss Goepel began putting their nickels together to create *Salud*.

At this point, their physical appearance became an important factor. Both are near 30 and have the studied, casual-indifferent look of the white, middle-class college student turned toward the New Left. She had been in and out of OEO jobs in California and Washington and was already controversial; the John Birch Society and other right-wing groups had attacked her for her work in the Delano grape strikes and in the attempt to establish health clinics in Lowndes County, Alabama.

Dr. Brooks wears his hair, neatly combed, at collar length; he has a full mustache and heavy eyebrows. His voice is deep and pleasant, he dresses in jeans, turtle necks and sweaters, and is apt to carry a stethoscope in his hip pocket. (However, he has recently started wearing a tie, to see if that will soften some of the medical society's conservative reaction to his appearance.) Dr. Brooks is also argumentative, in a soft, persuasive way, and feels a strong obligation to speak out when he sees anything he considers wrong.



After two months' service in the Tulare County hospital, Dr. Brooks was fired, the medical director listing three specific medical treatment charges. He appealed, first to the county hospital's executive committee (it is headed by the doctor who fired him), then to the county's governing Board of Supervisors. The appeals were rejected, even though individual supervisors conceded that the problem probably arose from personality conflict. (At least one doctor, who knows the cases and the people, agrees that personalities clashed.)

Had Brooks, the physician, concerned himself only with establishing medical privileges in the county hospital—he wasn't asking to return to his old job; only to gain admittance and treatment for those *Salud* patients who must use the county hospital—he might have won. But Brooks, the argumentative crusader, insisted upon repeated attacks on hospital policies and practices. The validity of his criticisms is a separate argument, but by seeking admittance in one breath and attacking the hospital in the next, he lost any official sympathy he might have earned.

Dr. Brooks is a member in good standing of the Tulare County Medical Society, and he has privileges in two taxpayer-supported district hospitals within the county. While the basically conservative medical society will make no official comment, other than to say it insists upon high medical standards as minimums for its membership, two of its members, Dr. John Castiglione and Dr. John Williams, consider Dr. Brooks a good physician who knows his own limits and makes good use of specialists.

Dr. Castiglione says: "David is abrasive, both in his dress and the way he has been telling them how to run their [Tulare County] hospital." Dr. Williams, while he disagrees with Dr. Brooks's methods of establishing *Salud* and fighting the county hospital, says: "Brooks is a bit like Don Quixote, and because of this, he is offensive to the conservative medical community. He is a competent guy, medically; his motives are socially honest, but maladroit."

Two other physicians, both outsiders, who have an interest in the community approach to medicine and who have come to *Salud*, briefly, to observe, are Dr. Bruce Jessup, former poverty health coordinator for the state bureau of child health, and Dr. David H. Solomon, chief of medicine, Harbor General (Los Angeles County) Hospital and professor of medicine at the University of California (Los Angeles) medical school.

Dr. Jessup, now one of two pediatricians in the OEO-funded East Palo Alto Neighborhood Health Center, commented: "It is a big mistake to think that all of those in need are covered by some form of government aid. I'm impressed with what Dr. Brooks is trying, because the most difficult people to reach are the migrant and the rural poor; they are the least oriented to medicine."

Dr. Solomon sees clinics like *Salud* as potential training centers for young doctors seeking experience in the disappearing practice of rural, general medicine. He added, "I was awed by the load he has undertaken, and I personally think he's doing an excellent job; he quite obviously is bringing medical care to people who essentially have none."

Dr. Solomon also observed: "Dr. Brooks is totally involved in family welfare. It is usual for a doctor to give medical advice, to sympathize, to encourage, but he insists on doing more. Whether it is possible to be a doctor *and* a social worker at the same time, I don't know. He doesn't seem to be able to put physical limits on himself."

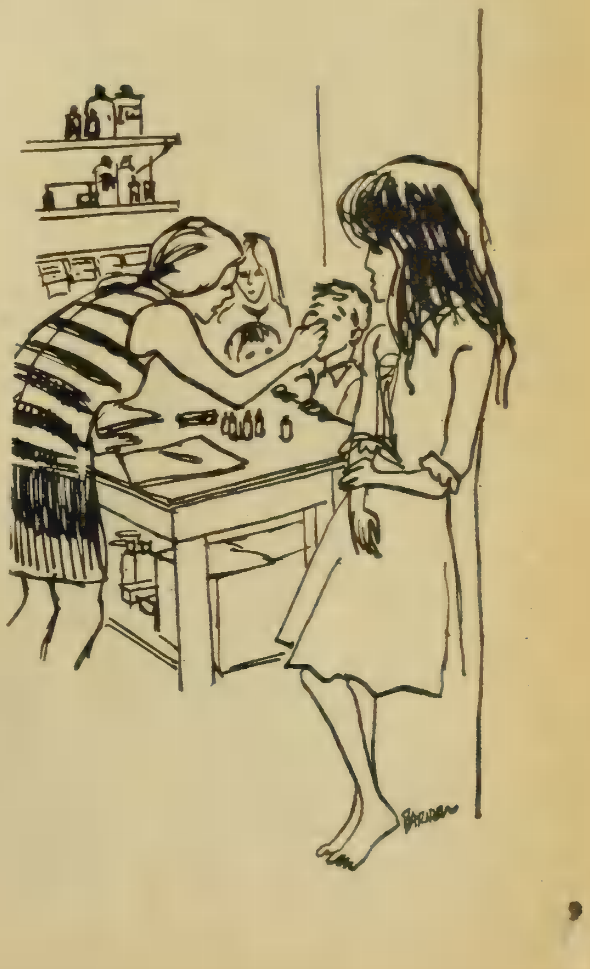
Salud is unique because it is a shoestring, "go-it-alone" project. California has five neighborhood health clinics that are funded by OEO. Several have other, outside help. For example, the Watts multi-purpose health center is co-sponsored by the University of Southern California medical school. *Salud* operates as a private business, paying its bills out of revenues collected for medical services. From 30 to 60 per cent of its patients are on MediCal (welfare) or Medicare (old-age assistance), depending upon the time of year and availability of work. The remainder of the case load pay out of their own pockets, according to their ability.

The clinic itself looks from the outside like the old bar. The building is sagging, the waiting room is filled with old, cast-off couches and rugs and hand-me-down bric-a-brac. By design, and economic necessity, it is a bit shabby and comfortable, an enlargement of the front-room environment found in most of Woodville's 200 homes. On a side wall, behind the plank reception desk, are 1,500 active "family" files, each containing a half-dozen or more names and medical case histories.

Dr. Brooks isn't a distant figure in a white gown, but someone the kids can run up to and hug, as he moves from one examining room to another. Commenting on this casual environment, Dr. Solomon said: "I'm delighted to see him experiment, it is a bit of a new idea, and seems to be working. He sacrifices the impressive side of the doctor-patient relationship—and it is needed at times—but his patients feel at home with him, as their numbers prove."

The clinic is a success, in numbers of patients, because it was designed to meet the needs of the community. Woodville has a population of 1,200; it is the bedroom for farm workers who rove a wide area to work. It is also home for retired farm workers who live on state old-age pensions. Some, who worked in cotton gins or stores or business, have social security. The average *family* income for farm workers is $2,000 to $5,000, and for those at the low end, the work is highly seasonal. Nutrition in the community is poor, housing is usually substandard, though most of the residents work hard to patch and repair and add on. Plumbing may include hot water, but outside pit toilets and water heated on the stove are more generally the case.

The workers—mom and dad and the kids—can't get to the doctor until late afternoon, or evening. So the clinic opens at 11 A.M., and the doctor arrives some time after lunch. He schedules thirty-five to fifty patients, during the afternoon and evening and spends his mornings at one of the two district hospitals. The clinic has no absolute closing time, and Brooks may work past 10 P.M. Official Saturday hours are 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. and Sunday is sup-



posed to be a day of rest, but Dr. Brooks has no doctor to relieve him. (He is looking for another full-time staff physician, but isn't optimistic. The job requires a young man willing to submerge himself into the clinic—as run by Dr. Brooks—and into Woodville's problems.)

Part of *Salud*'s intent is to provide personalized, individual treatment that has doctor-patient continuity. In rural areas, like this, from 40 to 70 per cent of the medically indigent are not qualified for MediCal or Medicare and therefore must go to the county's general hospital in Tulare. It operates a huge outpatient clinic; the waiting room is of auditorium size and, in the winter, is filled with patients who wait hours to see one of the staff doctors. The great numbers treated make impossible a doctor-patient relationship that many feel is vital to good medicine and health education.

The quality of medicine reaching the rural poor who cluster in fly-speck communities like Woodville can be measured by the infant mortality rates. In Tulare County the rate is 26.5 deaths per 1,000 births, thirty-fifth highest out of fifty-eight counties. The highest rates are in those counties even more isolated, more rural than Tulare; the lowest rate is in the urban-industrialized area south of San Francisco, on the peninsula.

Dr. Ed Jackson, head of the California Public Health Department's division of maternal health and child care, has said: "It is difficult to tell how much MediCal has done. Maybe half the mothers are covered. The rest drop through the cracks and are not eligible. But I'm guessing, because no one really knows."

Dr. Jackson added: "Most doctors practice good medicine, and most mothers have good care in our society, so most doctors say 'phooey' when the national infant mortality rate (24.7 per 1,000) is compared, say, to Sweden's (14 per 1,000). These doctors do not see the urban and rural ghetto medical problems. For various reasons—transportation, economics, language, cultural barriers—many of these women receive no medical attention until they appear at the county hospital door, in labor and ready to deliver."

Dr. Brooks is proud of the fact that only one of the babies he has delivered was a case unfamiliar to him. All the other mothers have had prenatal care. He says: "I hope some day we can establish an obstetrics unit right here; there is no reason why uncomplicated deliveries cannot be made here, instead of in a hospital 15 or 20 miles away."

Salud has a staff of fourteen, half of them working part time. Mrs. Brooks, by training a medical social worker, acts as administrator and personnel supervisor; a Woodville woman has been trained and licensed as an X-ray technician, another works in a rudimentary lab; there is a registered public health nurse who is training nurses' aides, a receptionist and bookkeeper. Each position is also a teaching job. For example, a receptionist on the front desk is apt to be a high school girl who comes in after school, on a part-time basis, to learn clinical office procedures. She is also learning that she does not have to work in the field for low wages, marry, raise a large family, and live in a shack in society's back yard.

While Dr. Brooks owns the clinic, he and his wife live on a $200-a-month income, in a three-room cabin behind a service station. The doctor has given the staff a democratic, decision-making process, through weekly staff meetings. Each worker receives $200 a month full time, or $100 a month part time. Recognizing that a young doctor or nurse may have school loans or other debts to pay, the clinic staff has approved outside professional income of up to $1,000 a month, to meet these obligations. However, the standard of living is pegged at $200 a month.

Mrs. Brooks explained: "We all work equal hours, hard, long hours, and there's no reason why one should make more than another." This altruism tends to hide the economic necessity of the low pay. Starting a clinic is expensive, even when the equipment is second hand. The clinic goal, as set forth by Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, is group practice, with ten doctors working out of five clinics scattered through this rural area.

To do this will be tough, they admit. It requires a kind of total commitment that most are unwilling to give. The doctor and his wife feel they must be a part of the low-income Woodville scene, yet they are angered by press reports billing them as crusaders among the poor. (Their practice does include some mid-income patients, but most are low-income families.) It is as though by becoming "poor" themselves, they wipe out the word and everyone is equal. This, plus their expressed belief that treating medical ills includes correcting problems like poor nutrition, poor housing and low wages, sparks controversy within the community.

In Woodville, and the surrounding farming areas, there are some old-fashioned farm families, some professional cotton gin and irrigation engineering and operating personnel. Among this group there are a few who are convinced that *Salud* is a nest of pot smoking, Communist hippies. One farmer's wife sent me a copy of Robert Welch's *American Opinion,* containing an article entitled "The Grapes," and devoted to attacking Cesar Chavez, Wendy Goepel and others connected with the Delano grape strike. With the article was a letter asking why one former nurse at the clinic had been in Los Angeles and Detroit just before the riots? The letter's conclusion is probably the key to the local fear: "Is the clinic a front for Chavez?"

The Brookses both worked for Chavez at one time, on a voluntary basis; they both seek social change, and *Salud* is the instrument with which they hope to effect that change. Sitting around the tiny kitchen table in their cabin, the doctor and his wife envision a *Salud* that will become the center of a much larger community development project. Their plans are so broad as to become confusing; the individual patient gets lost in the treatment of community ills, and the community gets lost in the treatment of society's ills. The creators of *Salud* are restless, impatient. As the doctor describes his work and his dreams, I can't help hearing the echo of Dr. Solomon's comment: "Whether it is possible to be a doctor *and* a social worker, I don't know. He doesn't seem to be able to put any physical limits on himself."

GREEK JUNTA ON TRIAL

JAMES BECKET

Mr. Becket, a Harvard Law School graduate, is studying for a Ph.D. in international law and economics at the University of Geneva.

Strasbourg, France

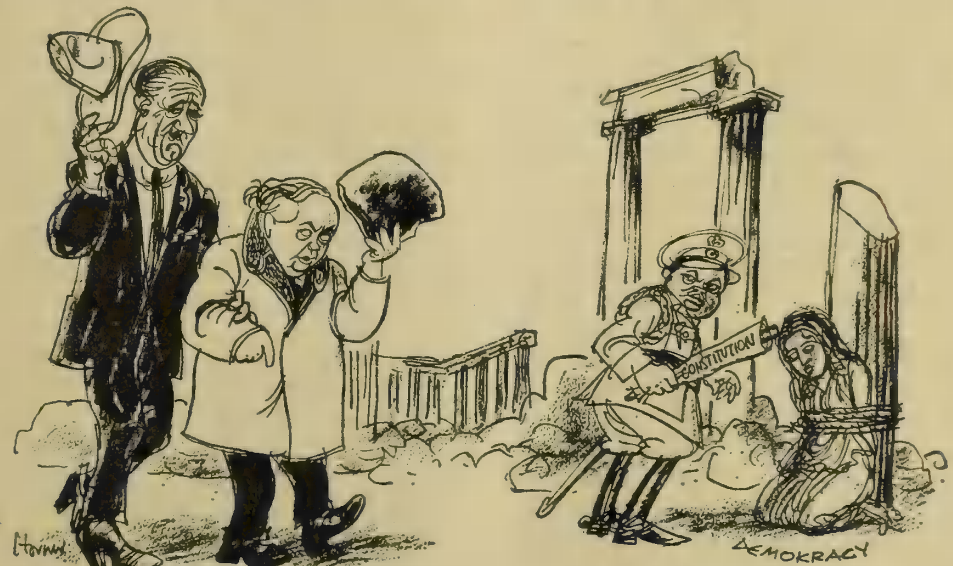
In September of 1967 the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland filed an application with the European Human Rights Commission charging the Greek junta with violating nearly all the basic articles of the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms. The case dragged on for more than a year through purely legal and procedural stages, but last month when a subcommission convened in Strasbourg to hear testimony on torture, the human element of human rights burst upon the commission. The French provincial city was the scene of a drama reminiscent of both James Bond and the Keystone Cops. Two witnesses brought by the junta escaped their guards. Rushing about Strasbourg all week were officers of the French *Sûreté*, armed junta thugs, international lawyers, Greek exiles and hordes of journalists. Not only is the case on its way to becoming a landmark in the history of the international protection of human rights, but it has assumed an immediate political importance.

The European Commission on Human Rights came into existence after World War II. Empowered to hear cases brought by individuals or member states, the basic functions of the commission are to find the facts of a dispute and to attempt a "friendly settlement." It has not been easy for the Scandinavians to press the case. Not only has pressure from many quarters been exerted on them to abandon their efforts, but it has been difficult to find witnesses outside Greece who were willing to testify, especially witnesses who had been tortured. The junta does not permit anyone who has been tortured to leave Greece, and recently they have been forcing torture victims to sign declarations that they were well treated.

The delegation of the Greek regime flew from Athens to Paris on Saturday, November 23. In this delegation of forty-nine which took the train to Strasbourg were not only lawyers and witnesses but members of the Greek security police, the military police (ESA), the Greek CIA (KYP), and *pistoleros* attached to the Prime Minister's office. Three of the witnesses were soon to find themselves on the front pages of the world press—two because they appeared before the commission and one because she didn't.

On Sunday Constantine Melitis, 33, a grocer from Salonika, and Pandelis Marketakis, 38, a car mechanic from Crete, sat with their guards in the hotel dining room puzzling over the menu. A Greek came up and offered to help. This man belonged to Andreas Papandreou's Panhellenic Liberation Movement (PAK). Through him the two witnesses found the chance they were looking for; they managed to elude their guards and arrive at the Grand Hotel to ask the Norwegian delegation for protection. The story had still not broken on Monday when an emissary of the junta came to the Grand Hotel "on his own" to ask that the "kidnapped" witnesses be handed over for "humanitarian reasons."

The two witnesses turned out to have quite a story to tell. Melitis had been the driver of the car in which a leftist deputy named Tsarouchas was arrested last May between Salonika and Athens. Melitis was savagely beaten, his cheekbone shattered, but at least he arrived alive in Salonika. Tsarouchas died of a "heart attack." Melitis broke under the KYP tortures of *falanga* (bastinado), mock execution, and worst of all electric torture when electrodes were attached to his genitals. Marketakis, who lost an eye fighting the Communists in 1948, was arrested in Crete after an explosion in a factory. He went through seventy-five days of systematic torture, nearly dying of



Horner, New Statesman (England)

Diplomatic Courtesies Resumed

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

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internal bleeding. When both men were finally released, the police spread the story that they had betrayed their comrades. Isolated and without work, they were cultivated by the police, who planned to use them as prosecution witnesses whenever needed. Given the ever-present threat to their families, the police believed they could count on them. They were brought to France as "tame" witnesses.

The subcommission began hearing evidence on Monday morning in a highly charged atmosphere. Proceedings before the commission are absolutely secret. (It is doubtful that any sovereign state would sign the Convention if they were public.) However, the witnesses themselves, if unable to tell what happened inside the commission, were able to relate their experiences in Greece. Lieutenant (j.g.) Marotis-Lanas of the Greek Navy's South Aegean Command, formerly in charge of the junta's security office for Piraeus and the Aegean islands (he defected after the King's coup) told of watching Greeks being tortured, told of picking bodies up on the beaches around Athens, and told of a secret interrogation center in Agios Paraskevas, near the American College, where the camp commander proudly showed him his latest torture equipment. (The Greek delegation admitted the existence of this hitherto secret camp, but claimed it was a NATO camp for "interrogating" Eastern Europeans.) The witness also told of a police list of nearly 1,000 names of those in hiding who were to be killed on capture. (Tsarouchas had been on the list.) Most important as to direct junta responsibility was Lieutenant Marotis-Lanas' testimony that in his presence Minister of the Interior Pattakos gave orders to torture and kill specific persons. Miss Kiti Arseni, 30, told of her nightmarish torture a year ago on the notorious "terraza" of the Bouboulinas Street Security Police Station. Arrested for passing along a "freedom poem" of Theodorakis, she suffered *falanga* as well as being beaten all over her naked body with a plaited steel wire. The climax was when her brother, an army draftee, was brought in and forced to beat her himself. Even those observers who knew about torture in Greece were shocked by the picture that emerged. Rather than the work of an occasional Balkan sadist, it is a highly programmed modern enterprise.

On Wednesday morning the two Greek *transfuges* left the Grand Hotel under heavy police escort, ran the gauntlet of television and press to enter the modern commission building where armed Greek heavies and Council of Europe police milled about the corridors. The French, aware that the Greeks were armed, were under orders from Paris to avoid any incidents on the premises. After the witnesses had testified, they were whisked back by the *Sûreté* to their original hotel to retrieve their luggage. In a dramatic confrontation, the head of the Greek delegation, Mr. Koutoupis, told Marketakis: "For what you have done today your children will pay."*

The drama then shifted to the fate of a third Greek witness, Miss Zaira Peta, who never appeared before the commission. (She had been in Bouboulinas at the same time as Miss Arseni.) Sunday she was in tears at dinner and each time she left her room she was flanked by two Greek guards. At least one journalist was roughed up for inquiring about her. Wednesday Miss Peta disappeared. The Greek delegation gave out three different stories as to why she was unable to appear: she was sick, her sister was sick, and business commitments necessitated her immediate return to Athens. Miss Peta is a seamstress.

Meanwhile the case gradually proceeds. More evidence on torture is being heard in mid-December, then the commission plans to hear witnesses in Greece. If a "friendly settlement" is not reached (and it is difficult to imagine how wholesale torture and murder can be subject to this formula), the commission will submit a report to the Council of Ministers, which is made up of the Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe countries. After a three-month waiting period, they will seek a solution.

For international law and the developing international protection of human rights, this case is an important test. Here the concepts of national sovereignty and human rights clash. Before leaving Greece, Marketakis and Melitis had been told that foreigners were attacking Greece and that they would go to the Greek consulate in Strasbourg to give testimony. True, they had been beaten some themselves, but that was between Greeks and abroad they would be patriots. The exciting aspect of this case from the standpoint of human rights law (as well as from the standpoint of the victims) is that it *is* a Norwegian's business when a fellow European's human rights are violated. The question remains whether the rather fragile international mechanism can bear the strain of this case, the most important it has ever faced. The Greek investigation will make or break the commission. If it is unable to protect such basic human rights as the right to be free from torture, it will be exposed as an institution able to handle only procedural issues which provide articles in learned legal periodicals. The case is dynamite for its political implications—not only in Greece, where heads are sure to roll as a result of last month's fiasco but also in Europe and the Atlantic Alliance.

Even though this is supposedly a European matter, the proceedings were held under the long shadow of the United States. American diplomats at such institutions as

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* A Reuters story of December 18 reported that Mr. Marketakis was in London, accompanied by Greek Government officials, en route from Stockholm to Athens. His official "interpreter" said that Marketakis retracted allegations of torture, alleged that he had been kidnapped by "Communists in Strasbourg," and had been forced to say what he did under the threat of "twenty revolvers." The Greek Embassy in Stockholm also announced that he had been held earlier in Norway by "twenty anarchists" (a number apparently favored by junta spokesmen). Before turning him over to his countrymen, the Swedish police questioned Mr. Marketakis, who however, maintained that he was returning home of his own volition.

The Editors

the Council of Europe, the Common Market and NATO have put considerable pressure on the Europeans to ease up on the Colonels. The United States argues that "communications must be kept open" with the Papadopoulos regime. If the allies were to push too hard, dangerous hard-liners might take over. But given the situation in the Mediterranean, stability not democracy has top priority. Observers at the Council of Europe, believing that NATO calls the tune, are pessimistic that the Council of Ministers would act even on a finding of genocide by the commission if it opposed what the United States conceived its NATO interests to be. But pressure is building up on the Colonels and the Americans. After the drama of Strasbourg, the one newspaper in Norway which has been sympathetic to the Colonels, the conservative *Morgenblatt*, wrote: "NATO must choose—Greece or Norway."

JUNK MAIL

A LETTER CARRIER FIGHTS BACK

JOHN P. STARK

Mr. Stark, until his recent dismissal (now being appealed) under the circumstances detailed below, had been for ten years a letter carrier in Ithaca, N.Y. Before that he worked at various times as a miner, a Fuller Brush man and a taxi driver.

Ithaca

This is being written on Sunday, November 17, 1968. I left my home about eight o'clock this cold and drizzly morning, and strolled the three blocks past the new library and through the park to the post office, where I jotted down a few last notes to wind up my ten-year research project on *The U.S. Post Office and Its Problems.* (You'll notice right away that I didn't use this for my title.)

Now, after ten short years, how to distill that almost daily research into a few paragraphs that will have meaning to the outsider, the patron who receives the mail that I, a letter carrier, deliver? I can best begin, perhaps, by quoting from the certified letter I received four days ago from the Postmaster:

> On November 9, 1968, you refused to case and deliver 3rd class bulk mail, deemed mailable by the post office department, sorted to your route, mailed by R. H. Donnelley Corp., 2000 York Road, Oak Brook, Ill. 60523. . . . On November 12, 1968, you again refused to case and deliver this mail. . . .

What prompted that refusal I'll never know for sure—perhaps simple exasperation, after a heavy day, at seeing several trays of those half-inch-thick, sample-and-coupon-crammed envelopes neatly stacked under my case by an obliging clerk. To come off the route, tired and wet, and face a bulk mailing for the next day's delivery is always trying. However, after a good night's sleep, it usually looks much less formidable the next morning. But I thought a lot about those Reuben Donnelley samples that night, and when I reported for work the next morning, I had decided what to do. Since they were of letter size, but too bulky to fit into my first-class case, and at the same time too small to be handled from my junk case, I would refuse to work them on the ground that they were unmailable. I've been convinced for a long time that a great deal of the bulk mail admitted at the back door of the Post Office would be refused at the front windows if it were mailed by an individual, *even at first- or second-class rates*. And these Donnelley samples seemed to offer the perfect opportunity to put my theory to the test. It was also a wonderful feeling to do something I had been wanting to do for years.

After being sent home on the Tuesday morning after Veterans' Day, I decided to consult with the union president on my position; in an hour's talk, he convinced me of the futility of continued refusal to work. I had made my point, and the next move was up to the department. Any further refusal by me could only hurt my family by jeopardizing my postal career. In fact, he pointed out, I had probably already gone too far. The letter previously quoted from bore this out. It begins: "This is advance notice of at least 35 calendar days that it is proposed to remove you from the postal service or to take such other disciplinary action. . . ."

In the four days I have worked since being informed of the charge against me, namely "failure to deliver mail as requested by the supervisor," I have been busy on my own behalf. As Napoleon said, "The best defense is a surprise offense." This article is just that—an offensive thrust by one spear against the favored positions of big business, the sole beneficiary of bulk-rate mail.

For four days, I have counted each piece of mail sorted to my route. The figures are as follows:

	Good Mail	*Bulk Mail*	*Throw-away**
Wednesday	780	580	95
Thursday	1,000	400	100
Friday	1,050	390	95
Saturday	770	545	165
Totals	3,600	1,915	455

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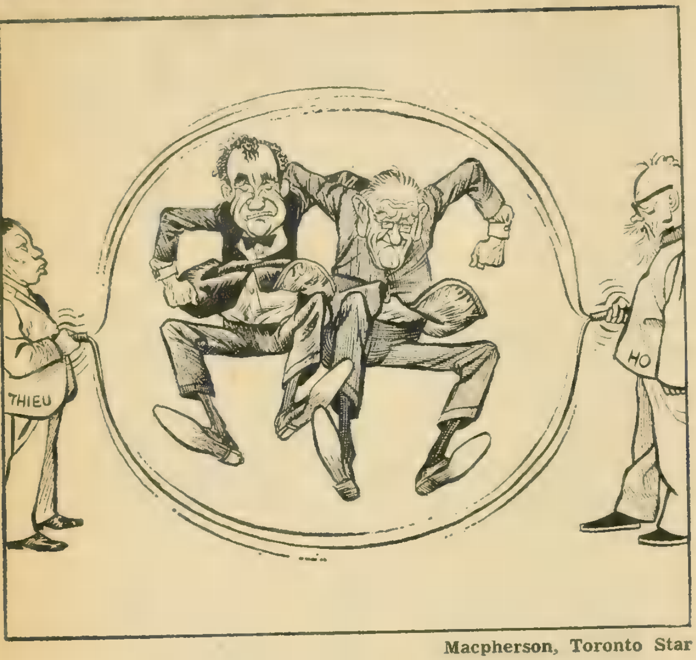
* A throwaway is a bulk-rate piece of mail that can be neither forwarded nor returned, and is destroyed at the post office.

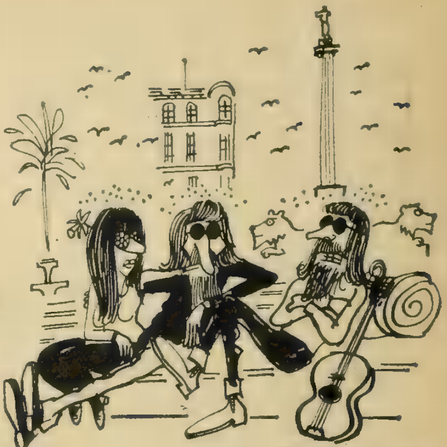
I think the value of these figures is limited only by their sparsity; I offer them as a token attempt at a monumental task—to bring to the American public the truth about the bulk-rate mail fraud. I use the word "fraud" with some bitterness, because I have always considered myself an

(Continued on page 16)

Some Cartoons of 1968

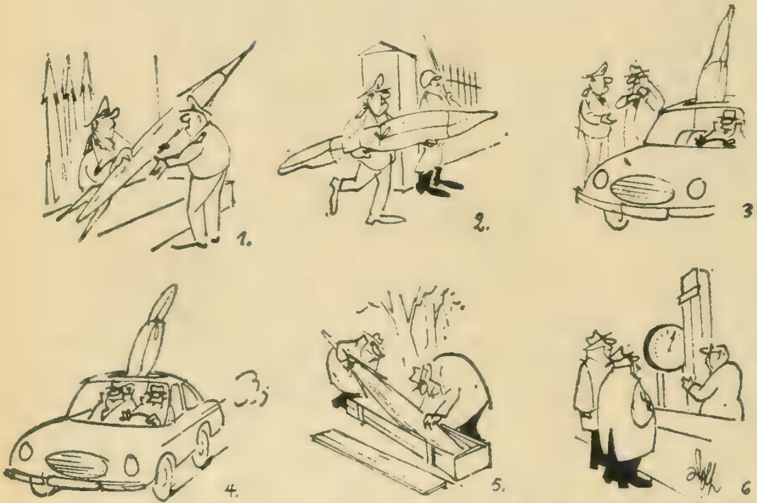


Macpherson, Toronto Star



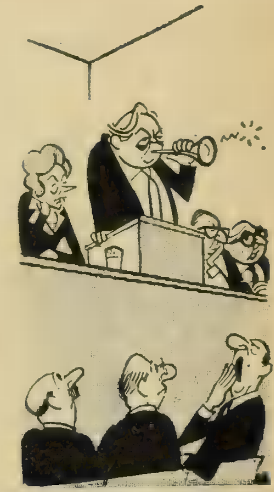
Waite, The Sun (London)

"Let's Teach Franco a Lesson—Let's All Go to Spain This Year"



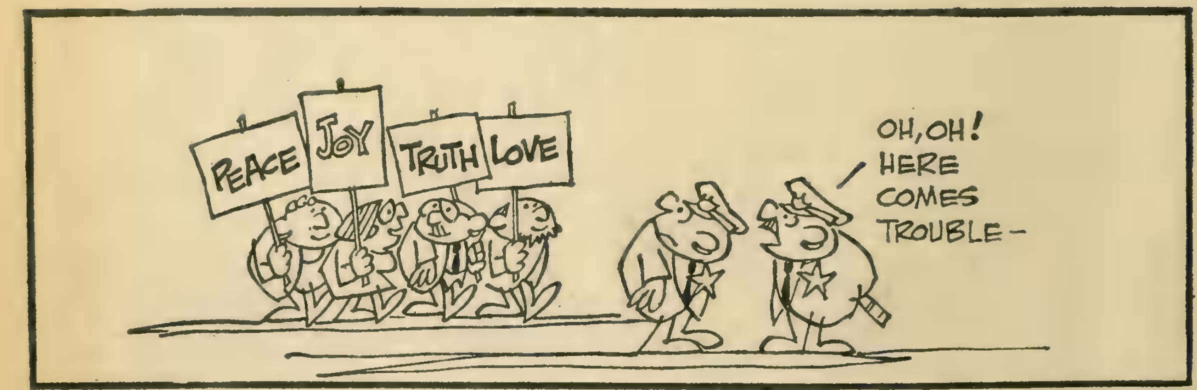
Wolf, Osnabruck (Germany)

Launching of the First German Rocket to Moscow

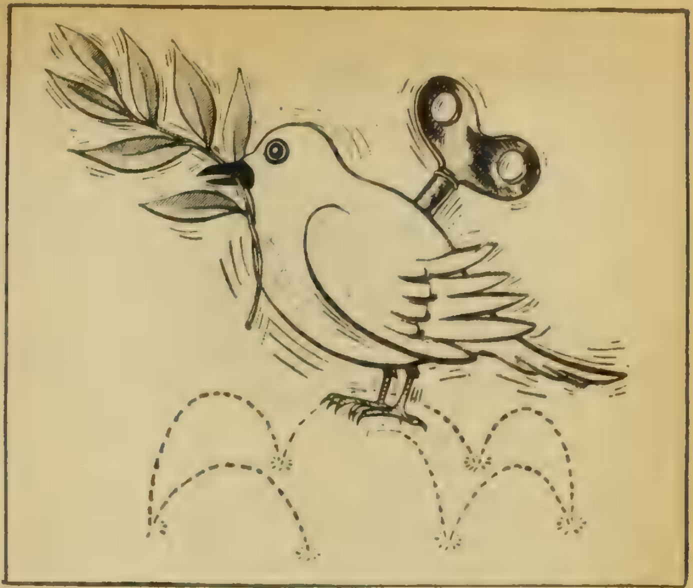


Jon, London Daily Mail

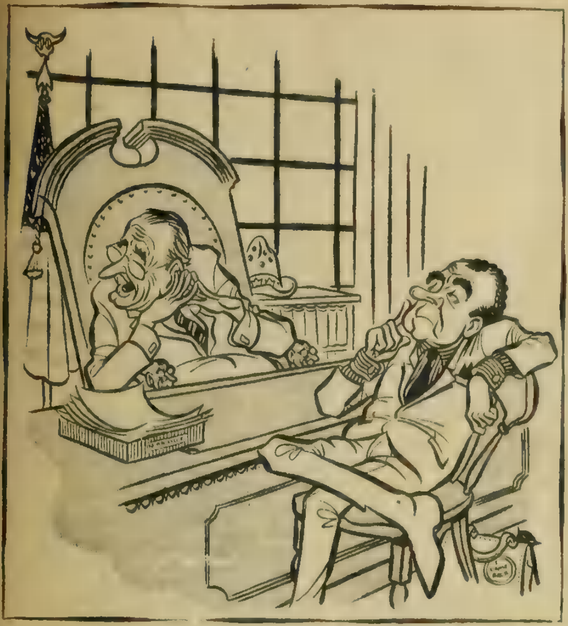
Another *Stirring Clarion Call*


PEACE
JOY
TRUTH
LOVE
OH, OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE -

Brickman, Evening Star (Washington)

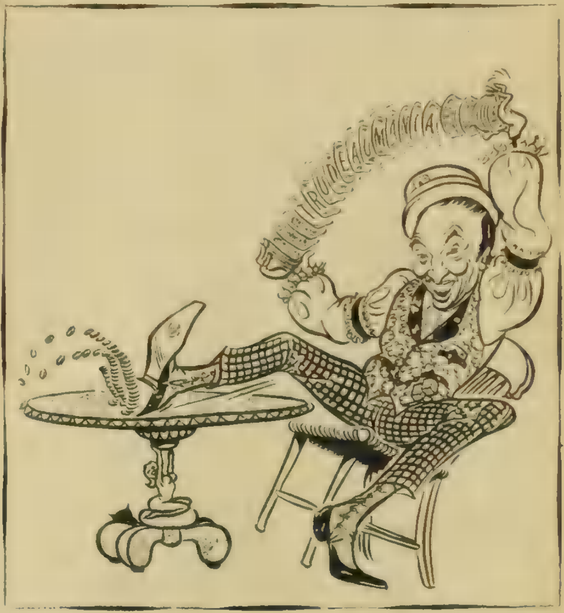


Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)



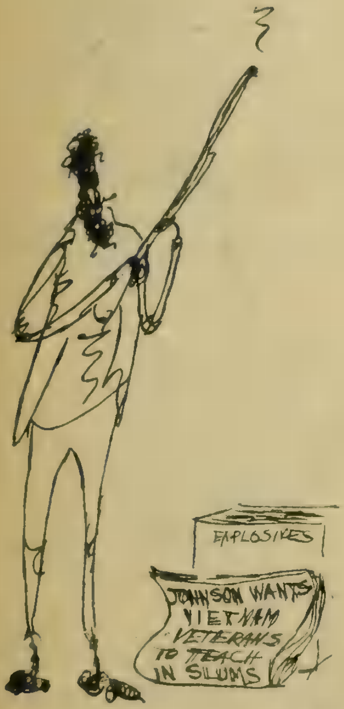
Jones, Toronto Telegram

"And Hubie—Go Show Spiro Where the Fallout Shelter Is"


TRUDEAUMANIA

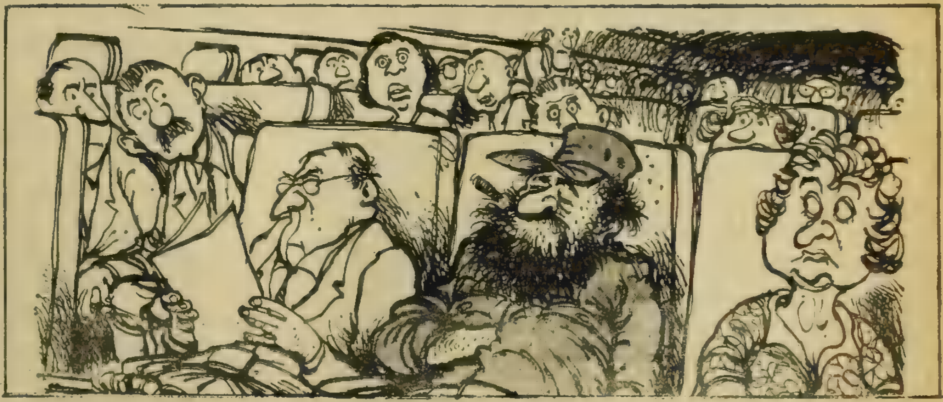
Jones, Toronto Telegram

Big Deal in Ottawa


EXPLOSIVES
JOHNSON WANTS VIET NAM VETERANS TO TEACH IN SLUMS

Pat Fink

"He's Been Reading My Mind"



Oliphant, Los Angeles Times

"Welcome Aboard Flight 417, New York to Miami"

honest man. And yet, in the intense concentration of these past few days, I see myself as the errand boy for an organization that has betrayed the trust of the American people. In effect, the post office says to every big or little corporation: "We'll give you such a good deal on distributing your advertising matter and your free samples that you cannot afford to pass us up." And then the post office turns to you and me and says: "We're operating under a $500 million deficit—you have got to pay another penny for each Christmas card this year."

Here are the words of the President of the National Association of Letter Carriers, James H. Rademacher, taken from page 7 of the November *Postal Record*, the monthly NALC journal:

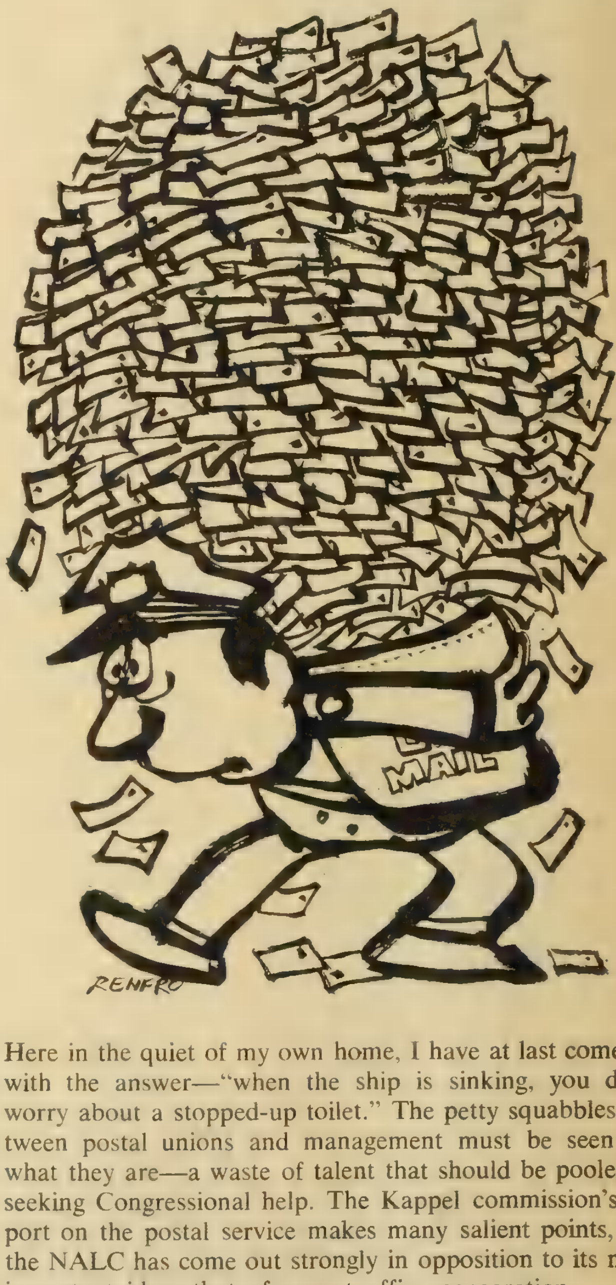
> We revel in the thought that we, as letter carriers, are Ambassadors of Uncle Sam, the flesh and blood embodiment of the Federal Government with whom the public does business every working day of the year. . . . We are the human agents through which the life-blood of the economic community flows, as well as the couriers who make the transmission of information and ideas among our citizens possible.

Been looking in your mailbox lately, Mr. Rademacher? If you lived on my route, every third piece of mail delivered to your house would be a bulk-rate item that you had neither expected nor solicited—a piece of mail that would hardly give me cause to "revel in the thought" of its "transmission," or you reason even to open it before tossing it in the wastebasket.

I know just one thing about Mr. Rademacher's job: If it were my job, I'd forget about the letter carrier's *image* and start working with management and every new Congressman I could buttonhole toward establishing an equitable rate system for all users of the postal service. Since it requires an act of Congress to change rates, I'd instigate a thorough study of the whole bulk-rate class of mail. While we don't know for sure that first- and second-class mail pay their way, we may be certain that the bulk-rate class of mail costs the most money to handle. (It cost the taxpayers three hours of overtime for me these last four days.) Right now in the post office where I work, there is a shipment of a soap powder sample from Colgate-Palmolive Company, 2700 Seventh Street, Berkeley, Calif., 94700. The R. H. Donnelley Corporation, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550, is the distributor. Each carton contains seventy-four 11-ounce samples. Whether the parcel post men or the foot carriers get the honor of being "the human agents through which the lifeblood of the economic community flows" in this particular case, one thing is sure—it's going to cost someone a lot of overtime to insure the delivery of these free samples from one of the largest corporations in the country.

Piled high on my case, for sorting tomorrow morning, are some 475 Montgomery Ward "Okkies"—a newspaper-size circular addressed to "Occupant, 000 Street, City." This type of bulk-rate mailing always has a deadline. If the sale starts Wednesday, a white mimeographed slip attached to each bound bundle will advise: "Postmaster: Do not home deliver these before Monday, November 18. Please see that they are all delivered not later than Wednesday, November 20." What business or person can send out a batch of first-class letters with such a stipulation?

These past few days, I have been forced to think harder on one subject than ever before in my forty years. To research other articles and introduce masses of statistics seem pointless—I have neither the time nor the inclination to read second-hand accounts of a situation that seems to me incredibly simple and yet almost hopeless of solution. My fellow carriers and clerk friends have all admired my guts and then proceeded to kick me there by inevitably asking, "What do you think one man can do?"



Here in the quiet of my own home, I have at last come up with the answer—"when the ship is sinking, you don't worry about a stopped-up toilet." The petty squabbles between postal unions and management must be seen for what they are—a waste of talent that should be pooled in seeking Congressional help. The Kappel commission's report on the postal service makes many salient points, but the NALC has come out strongly in opposition to its most important idea, that of a post office corporation.

Here is Mr. Rademacher again:

> The NALC is strongly in favor of boldness in action and imagination in thinking among our postal managers, but we are opposed completely to doubtful experimentation which could leave the postal service a shambles.

To illustrate the priority of importance in the moving of mail, let's reduce the whole complicated postal installation in any city to its basic components—men and materials. A post office is a unique kind of factory—the finished product is exactly the same as the raw material; the only change it undergoes is one of sorting. And as a factory it faces a unique problem—a postal installation cannot shut off the inflow of unsorted mail, or even regulate the flow from one day to the next. Given X number of carriers working Y number of hours, with a capacity of Z pieces of mail per carrier, the total output of any post office in any city or town in the country is XYZ. Every day sees this XYZ total output factor strained to its utmost, at least in some post office, somewhere. To talk about automation, scanning machines, standardized sizes, and all the other jargon of the efficiency experts is begging the issue, or worse, not even seeing the simplicity of the problem—which is the amount of mail a given number of men can deliver. Until the postal system can somehow limit the inflow to a more significant type of mail, then to have more than one class of mail is a fraud, in a general sense. With the XYZ factor determining the rate of flow, the ever-building pressure of incoming mail determines that all mail travel together through the sorting processes; bulk mail that is set aside until there is time to handle it without overtime will eventually have to be reinserted into the flow of incoming mail, whether or not there is time or space to handle it. "Whenever practicable," first- and second-class mail are still given priority, but as newer and faster ways of sorting and handling mail are devised, that XYZ total output factor is going to loom ever larger as the bottleneck in the whole system.

Remember, the carrier is the X quantity in this factor. The mail that he delivers, by foot or by truck, is the final finished product of that vast complex known as the post office. The quality of that finished product can be determined only by an aroused public.

GOP GOVERNORS

THE ILLUSION OF POWER

MELVIN H. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, who practices law in Los Angeles, is a member of the National Governing Board of the Ripon Society.

Los Angeles

Richard Nixon indicated his regard for the Republican Governors Association by designating Vice President-elect Spiro T. Agnew as the liaison between the state governors and the White House. Agnew, by his own testimony, is to act as a "channel of communications"; even more important from a practical standpoint, he is to be the clearing house through which the governors' patronage must pass.

Nixon named Agnew as his personal representative to the governors at the three-day RGA conference in Palm Springs, Calif., in early December, where closed business sessions took place infrequently in the resort atmosphere. Certainly the schisms of the country were not mirrored in the aquamarine mineral baths of the swank Spa Hotel, where all was unity, bliss and "communications." Only four resolutions were produced by the conference. One of these thanked the host, Gov. Ronald Reagan, for California's hospitality, and another commended outgoing Chairman Chafee of Rhode Island and Vice Chairman Babcock of Montana for their labors. George Romney offered a resolution expressing the Assembly's appreciation of Ray Bliss's "exceptional professional contribution" to the Republican Party, but nevertheless stopped short of recommending that he be retained to make more such contributions.

The group's most substantial resolution recommended that Nixon consider announcing that upon taking office he would stay any last-minute administrative maneuvers which were designed to perpetuate Johnsonian policies. The RGA's new chairman, Ronald Reagan, well briefed at other times, found he could not recall more than two examples of "politically motivated actions with broad fiscal and other implications designed to hamstring and embarrass the Nixon administration" that had supposedly been discussed in the final business session of the conference. Under questioning from reporters he was frank to say that the resolutions had been made to order for the President-elect.

That the conservative Reagan was unanimously elected chairman of the RGA for 1969 was a further blow to any hope that the organization could become a progressive force in Republican politics. Raymond Shafer, a moderate, will succeed Reagan in 1970, and a rotation of offices between conservatives and moderates appears to have been accepted. Certainly Reagan's philosophy is to quash public controversy within party ranks; he rode that horse all the way to Sacramento in 1966.

The California Governor's political slant is in striking contrast to that of the organizers of the RGA. In July of 1963, liberal Mark Hatfield, then Governor of Oregon, announced the birth of a Republican governors' caucus which would meet each year and coordinate programs with the more conservative Republican National Committee and GOP Congressional Campaign committees. Leadership of the governors' new organization rested then in the hands of such state executives as Robert Smylie of Idaho, its first chairman, Love of Colorado, and Scranton of Pennsylvania. Nelson Rockefeller, Romney and Hatfield provided additional muscle for the progressive point of view in the RGA.

There were sixteen Republican governors at the initial caucus in 1963, and the group rose to twenty-five after the 1966 elections. At present thirty-one Republican gov-

Ed Keiss, Toronto

ernors either retain office or were elected in November. With the increase of GOP control of governorships, the moderate-liberal tone of the RGA faded. The governors were unable to unify behind a Presidential candidate in 1964 and could not secure representation on the reactionary GOP platform committee, headed by then conservative Congressman and now Cabinet appointee Melvin Laird. Nor could the governors agree upon a candidate in 1968 or gain much more than bare representation on the Dirksen-dominated platform committee at Miami Beach.

As the new chairman, Reagan stated the political philosophy of the RGA to be a continuing effort to restore the balance between the national government and the sovereign states operating under a federal compact. This sums up the probable emphasis of both the RGA and the Nixon administration for the next four years. It is hardly a reassuring orientation when one recalls the 20th-century failures of the states to meet the challenges of an urbanized, industrialized society.

Nelson Rockefeller offered his fellow governors their one opportunity for controversy with a proposal to support the federalization of state welfare programs. It was conveniently overlooked—this conference was designed to promote consensus, not conflict. It is doubtful, though, that any resolution would have more than marginal effect on the Nixon administration. The RGA faces cooperation with the first Republican President in its five-year history, during which time the group has proved itself a relatively powerless organization in the Republican Party. The governors are influential in their home states, but as an association they function more as a public relations forum for individual members than as a body of tangible party influence. The association can make no binding decisions, has no constituency, and can nominate no candidates.

Certainly the RGA rates more attention from Richard Nixon's administration than from Lyndon Johnson. But the governors' sway will likely be determined more by how closely their views resemble those of Nixon and of the Congressional wing of the party than by what they as an association can accomplish directly. To be sure, Nixon has appointed three Republican governors—Romney, Volpe, and Hickel—to his Cabinet, but they are not out of the top gubernatorial drawer.

Agnew did not represent himself as an effective channel for any sort of communications during his shoddy national campaign, and with Reagan as its spokesman, the Republican Governors Association will probably lose whatever progressive thrust it has been able to mount in the past. There is little real hope that the RGA will in the foreseeable future provide leadership to reshape GOP thinking and policies, or to broaden the party's narrow base of support. Its programs seem designed to maintain the illusions of unity.

BRAZIL: THE TANKS ROLL

WARREN DEAN

Mr. Dean, professor of history at the University of Texas, is on leave in Brazil.

Sao Paulo

The Brazilian Government has made it official—it's not a democracy, it's a dictatorship. On Friday, December 13, President Costa e Silva closed the Congress, arrested a number of politicians and journalists (including ex-President Kubitschek), instituted overt open press censorship, and suppressed *habeas corpus*. The government also asserted the power to intervene in state governments, to declare a state of siege, and to begin another round of suspending individual political liberties. The reason, or pretext, for this wave of reaction was the refusal of the Congress to permit one of its members to be indicted.

The deputy in question, Márcio Moureira Alves, had made a speech back in September on the floor of the chamber in which he called for a boycott of the Independence Day parades as a protest against the "butchers of the students"—that is, the army. The military ministers thereupon demanded that Márcio be brought to trial for a crime against national security. At first it seemed that a confrontation could be avoided by some compromise, perhaps a public expiation by the rest of the chamber. But no, the army insisted: it wanted Márcio's head.

The Congress, up to then a thoroughly subservient bunch, saw this latest exigency by the "hard liners" as an unavoidable showdown. To allow a colleague to be tried for a political statement, besides setting a lamentable precedent, would reveal to the electorate how utterly impotent the Congress was. Goaded by the threats of the Minister of Justice and the heavy-handed tactics of the majority leadership, the chamber voted strongly against granting license to try. Within hours the tanks were moving out of the encampments.

The government seems to be resolving in this drastic fashion the problem of its unpopularity. For nearly a year, President Costa e Silva has been trying to cope with a deepening political crisis that is mainly of his own making. Gradually giving way to the demands of the "hard line" in the army, he withdrew from sixty-eight municipalities the right to elect their mayors (the new constitution had already taken that right from the state capitals), declared illegal Carlos Lacerda's attempt to form a "broad front" of opposition elements because the coalition included the exiled Joao Goulart, ordered a raid on the National Student Congress (an illegal, but up to then tolerated group), jailing all 700 of its delegates, and exiled former President Jânio Quadros to a remote border town for having made political statements. In each of these cases the government chose to regard an act of political opposition as a form of attempted subversion. Instead of co-opting the leaders it has simply repressed them, and subsequently it has refused to deal with the sources of discontent upon which these various oppositions nourished.

As the intransigence of the government has revealed itself, the really subversive forces have become more active. Several terrorist groups are at work. So far, they are unapprehended and for the most part unidentified by the police, and they are successful to the extent that they have provoked a counter-terror from the Right. Elements in the Air Force have been caught trying to form a political assassination unit, and weapons seem to have been made available to "anti-Communist" groups from army stocks.

The shutting down of Congress and the arrogation of other super-constitutional powers is an act of stunning finality for a political system that has always managed to keep going by fashioning unsatisfactory compromises out of threadbare personal commitments and free-wheeling private ambitions. The civilian politicians always refrained from putting their colleagues' backs to the wall in order to avoid being put there themselves. But lately the atmosphere has become less cordial. With the political organization and registration of large numbers of the urban masses in the 1950s, the potential for radical, class-oriented appeals became frightening, or tempting, depending on one's inclinations. The generals, representing the interests and attitudes of the urban middle class, found the "Populist" demagogy that arose out of the changed situation repulsive because it was dishonest and disreputable. With the arrival of genuine radical movements sponsored by Miguel Arraes and Francisco Juliao from the state of Pernambuco in the early 1960s, their disdain turned to horror and fear.

The civilian politicians obviously gave the military carte blanche to put a lid on all this social ferment. They proved thoroughly capable of dismantling the labor unions, the peasant leagues, and the personalistic political machines of the cities, restoring to the middle-class parties a tightened control over a devastated political landscape. Significantly, they at the same time purged all the elements within the army that had moderated its ambitions either by representing a certain affinity for the Left or by preferring that officers keep out of politics. In large measure the intermittent repression since then has had the same purpose—to keep mass political movements of any sort from breaking out again. The government's use of the term "subversion" seems usually to have that meaning.

But now the crisis has shifted to a conflict within the governing class itself. The students, the already exiled politicians, and even the terrorists are minor distractions to the army's major drive to root out what it considers the failings of the politicians, the bureaucracy, the courts, and even the church. The officers regard the game of politics with loathing; for them it is sheer disorder and corruption. Their greatest efforts have been directed to reorganizing the political system so that politicians will have little power in it. Direct elections were replaced by indirect elections and appointments, the open party system was replaced by one government party and one tolerated opposition party (the latter in process of liquidation before the Congress was closed), and all political activity was subjected to the superior review of military courts and investigating boards in the name of "national security" or more opaquely "the revolution."

The overall effect of these actions has been profoundly disruptive of the political system, but the generals up to the latest decree continued to tinker, hoping perhaps that with the elimination of a few more individuals or the rewriting of certain of the rules, the system would begin to work to their satisfaction. They have not tried to rewrite the whole game but it is clear, in spite of their democratic rhetoric, that they would be most satisfied with a Salazar-like corporative-Fascist state.

The decree of December 13 will probably isolate the military still more from the society it is trying to remake. The closing of Congress and the other measures, unlike the revolutionary decrees issued in 1964 and 1965, do not have a time limit; they are intended to be in effect, apparently, for a considerable period. Furthermore, the decree, unlike the others, was issued long after passage of the new constitution, which the government itself pushed through Congress and which the government promised to honor. Although many of the civilian politicians scurried to telegraph offices to wire their adherence, it is evident that only the generals are influencing the President now. The middle class itself displays no interest in the affair; it is content as long as inflation is controlled and the specter of communism is kept at bay.

Probably the conflict with the revolutionary Left has not yet been played out. The government, having legitimized violence, is in for more action from those who see violence as the only effective opposition, and surely their ranks will swell. Rather than a leftist revolution, however, other army coups are more likely to follow. President Costa e Silva is riding a whirlwind and it is to be expected that his new counselors will eventually decide he has not got enough stomach for the action.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn: Optimist and Realist

THE CANCER WARD. *By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Translated by Rebecca Frank. The Dial Press. 616 pp. $8.50.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls.

This novel by the author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle* labors under a "Publisher's Foreword" that can be numbered among Mr. Solzhenitsyn's tribulations. It begins with a brief account of the arrest, imprisonment and subsequent literary career of Dostoevsky. Then, manner of Plutarch, it presents a biographical sketch of Mr. Solzhenitsyn, together with a review of the recent social and political history of the Soviet Union—provided, I imagine, by the translator or another scholarly person. There follows a précis of the novel itself, presumably for the benefit of readers who are pressed for time. Finally, Dostoevsky is invoked again, and the publisher expresses his confidence that Mr. Solzhenitsyn's book will bowl along down the ringing grooves of time, like those of his great predecessor. The impertinence, in both senses, of such a foreword is particularly scandalous here, since the author is not in a position to defend himself. If publishers must blurble opinions that advance their commercial interests, perhaps they can be persuaded to do so on the dust jacket only, which can be discarded like the wrapping paper it is.

In this instance, the taste of the presentation is brought more insistently into question by a copyright dispute between a British publisher, who is producing an edition of his own, and the Dial Press. The British firm is alleging copyright infringement, and has also criticized Miss Rebecca Frank's translation as being so faulty that it does a disservice to the author. The merits of the case must be presumed to have nothing whatever to do with the arguments on either side appealing to literary values; publishers as litigants are not in a position to assert what literary taste they may have, since their aims are essentially commercial. Miss Frank's translation must seem quite adequate to the readers of the Dial edition. However, those readers should be warned that although Dial has expressed confidence in the permanent value of *The Cancer Ward* as a work of art, it felt that the book would not be worth $8.50 today unless it were eked out to 616 pages, with the help of disproportionate margins—a luxury that violates good design by distracting one's attention from the text.

From *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, that sober and compressed account of a forced-labor camp, one could scarcely have anticipated the rich complexity of *The First Circle*. It is true that the structure of the latter novel is episodic, rendered in scenes that are more or less independent of one another, while the action is contained within a period of three days only. Nevertheless, it presents an image of Soviet society—the reverse of the official one, and almost equally far removed from the ignorantly hostile portrait painted by political prejudice in the West—that is imaginatively adequate and fulfilling. Reviewers and the public in this country have responded to the book with enthusiasm. Indeed, it seems to enjoy more esteem among the critics, at least, than that rather more modestly framed story, *The Cancer Ward*. It is easy to explain that apparent preference.

For one thing, the characters of *The First Circle*, whether prisoners or officials, are mostly the technicians and bureaucrats who are called intellectuals in the Soviet Union but whom we ourselves would regard simply as members of the middle class. The motives and fortunes of such characters naturally find a ready sympathy in this country among persons who read or write. Then, the novel in which they figure gives a detailed account of the workings of the Soviet system of repression, which is not entirely distinct from the Soviet way of life in general. When every day brings some signal new instance of the struggle for freedom of conscience in the states under Russian hegemony, the relevance and topicality of *The First Circle* is constantly being vindicated. Finally, it contains bravura scenes that are intensely theatrical, and these too must contribute to the popularity of the story.

More austere in conception, presenting characters that are on the whole less sophisticated, *The Cancer Ward* appears to me to be more satisfying as a novel, more interesting in terms of literary accomplishment. It is ironical that a work still unpublished, if not officially proscribed, in the country that gave it birth, should support by its grandly humanistic concerns the perennial Soviet strictures upon the degeneracy of Western letters. In comparison with Solzhenitsyn's novel, the light wines and strong liquors of our own literature during the last quarter-century offer nothing in the way of nourishment for the spirit. His plain fare is the product of a preoccupation with the basic terms of social life, and it supports in turn ideals and sentiments of a higher order than are current with us.

The story takes place in the cancer wing of a hospital in a city of one of the Soviet Asiatic republics. This novel, too, proceeds by episodes, and a number of them present sketches of the varieties of Soviet man. The least flattering is that of Rusanov, in civil life a functionary in the record-keeping apparatus of the state; Rusanov's records concern people, and give him the power to dispose of the lives of his fellow citizens. In the name of the proletariat he tyrannizes over proletarians, questioning, imprisoning, exiling, searching out subversion and disaffection, inventing them at need—whether at the behest of the government or on his own account. Once in the cancer ward as a patient, he finds himself among sufferers too afflicted to acknowledge his power, and physicians who on their own ground exercise even greater power, and in a better cause. When his symptoms are arrested and he is released from the hospital, he reverts at once to his old social habits. He has missed the opportunity to find out on what terms he and every other human being holds his life. He may find out at last, for the author suggests that Rusanov is enjoying no more than a remission of his illness.

If Rusanov is a kind of minor Eichmann, whose crimes have official sanction so that he is scarcely exposed to bad conscience, another of the patients of the cancer ward represents a kind of "good conscience" that is much more understandable, even attractive, much more common under every variety of social organization, and ultimately more discouraging to the hope of achieving a humane polity. He is a young geologist, of positive temperament, studious to the point of mortification, possessed by a hypothesis in his specialty that he regards as more important than his cure or his life. As for the social arrangements that govern the Soviet Union, they have never interfered with him in any way. He is the ideal Komsomol, an image of official Soviet man. His disinterested enthusiasm for science and his athlete's dedication will never threaten the powers that be—in the USSR or any other place. He is a lineal descendant of Turgenev's Bazarov, the original nihilist and modern man of science; his brethren in all the advanced industrial nations are now the unacknowledged legislators of mankind.

But the most striking and rewarding portrait is of a former junior officer in the army who has been sentenced to forced labor for political disaffection, and later to perpetual exile. Kostoglotov is one of those extraordinary persons who actually learn from experience—that is, his reflections on his own history are original with him, and not derived from the received opinions that constitute the body of social superstition at any time. He knows that his life of exile is a terrible injustice, that the Soviet state is a tyranny—the more shameful for its claim to incarnate a lofty ideal of political decency. Without for a moment hankering after the other social systems of which we have had examples so far, for he is shrewd enough to guess at the forms that injustice must assume in other states that claim to represent the popular will and the interests of the common man, he longs with an exile's yearning for a community of fair dealing, of love of truth.

Kostoglotov is not a saint, nor a lay figure representing an ideal of primitive Christianity that is appealing in proportion as it is obviously inadequate to deal with the problem of evil. He is a man, with a man's faults, and a man's aspiration to do better than he does. The problem of evil is indeed, under many forms, the deepest concern of Kostoglotov, and the particular preoccupation of his author. By instinct, both Solzhenitsyn and Kostoglotov confront the question positively.

They do not resign themselves to accepting malice or misfortune, but both are rebellious as a matter of conscience, as a matter of honor. Kostoglotov is unresigned even when it comes to the conventions of being ill. He demands to know what drugs are being used upon him, what their effects may be, what is the state of his own "case." He has the strength to surmount the sick man's obsession with his disease to the extent of falling in love. Vera Gangart, the woman who finds herself responding to Kostoglotov despite her habits of puritan abnegation, responds of course to his admiration and desire for her, but also to his unregenerate desire for a truthful basis for life, which she recognizes as the sign of vitality.

Solzhenitsyn is an optimist, a temperament that has always assumed loneliness, suffering and exile to be natural features of this conditional world, but that is not so cast down by that assumption as to think that evil cannot be mitigated by courage and love. Pessimists are persons who have promised themselves paradise on earth, and feel hopelessly dashed by the peripeties of real life. The optimists are the realists: Solzhenitsyn gives a sad resolution to his novel.

In the zoo that Kostoglotov visits on his release from the hospital, the monkey's cage is empty, and a sign tells the public that "a mean person" blinded the animal by throwing tobacco in its eyes. Evil will come. Kostoglotov's disease has been arrested by the injection of hormones, at the price of destroying his virility. He feels that as a political exile and a kind of sexual invalid he will be no proper partner for Vera, and he goes off alone to the remote village where he must spend the remainder of his life. That decision is of a piece with his headstrong character. The reader does not feel assured that Kostoglotov has made the right choice—why should not Vera have been the better for his company? But there is no guarantee that strong natures will choose wisely, only that they will act on their own best inspiration.

You Can't Get There From Here

POWER IN THE HOUSE: A History of the Leadership of the House of Representatives. *By Richard Bolling. E. P. Dutton & Co. 291 pp. $6.95.*

JFK AND LBJ: The Influence of Personality upon Politics. *By Tom Wicker. William Morrow & Co. 297 pp. $5.*

PARTY LEADERS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. *By Randall B. Ripley. The Brookings Institution. 221 pp. $6.75.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

> To any student of government, it is eminently clear that the role of the Congress in determining national policy, defense or otherwise, has deteriorated over the years. More and more the role of Congress has come to be that of a sometimes querulous but essentially kindly uncle who complains while furiously puffing on his pipe but who finally, as everyone expects, gives in and hands over the allowance, grants the permission, or raises his hand in blessing, and then returns to the rocking chair for another year of somnolence broken only by an occasional anxious glance down the avenue and a muttered doubt as to whether he had done the right thing.
>
> *House Report 1406, Eighty-seventh Congress, Second Session (1962)*

The decline of the role of Congress in the legislative process has become an insistent political reality. While our national assembly has not suffered the precipitous skid of European parliaments to near oblivion, it has been wrenched from its constitutional base as a legislative body by expanding Presidential responsibility for legislative initiative, planning, drafting, the scheduling of priorities, and the mobilization of mass support for programs. The Presidential take-over has resulted from the emergence of a national constituency shaped by changing social forces and the centrality of foreign policy and military defense during the almost continuous hot and cold wars of the past quarter of a century.

A separate and largely independent set of social and political forces has at the same time atrophied the legislative competence of the Congress in dealing with the problems created by urbanization and industrialization. Influenced in part by the value preferences discussed below, the Congress is unwilling to handle the risks, inherent in complex systems management, of commitment to deferred, uncertain or intangible ends.

Congress is in the throes of a serious identity crisis as it lurches from a "rubber-stamp" to an obstructionist role, to use the language of its critics, seeking legislative ground which it can call its own. While it has not resolved the paradox of refusing to legislate as the sole means available to it of asserting its autonomy, neither has it wholly accepted its role as a junior partner of the President. Its present unhappy stance is something like that of a peevish editor who blue-pencils, mutilates or dilutes Presidential legislative contributions through compromising amendments in favor of minority interest groups, inadequate funding and (a specialty of the House) spiteful riders. This ambiguous and largely negative role has itself intensified the deadlock. The need to obtain cooperation of the Congress and at the same time to soothe its status anxieties (already well developed in the House by its feelings of inferiority to the "other body") has created new prob-

THE POOL

There was a place
a pool we all
came down for water

with the moon
above and
shining from it.

Quiet we came
silver and black
different ones of us

from among the trees
the hair of the
women long and

snagged with briars, leaves.
Some dark as the pool
some light as the moon

we, all, naked
walking carefully our
toes pointed straight

and the silence
around us was
from us

there was a place
a pool we all
came down for water.

DAVE KELLY

lems for the vote-hunting leadership.

The problem of the legislative role of Congress (not to speak of its decline even as a theatre of party conflict) is as sticky as the Supreme Court crisis of the thirties. And what makes it even stickier is the fact that it cannot be resolved without first internally reorganizing and democratizing the Congress—especially the House.

Feared in an earlier day as the Trojan horse for an equalitarian rabble, the House stubbornly clings to the *status quo*: gerontocracy, economic conservatism, social fundamentalism and nativism. With its small-town ways of thinking, insulation from the main currents of American life, perennial campaigning for re-election and selective response to the most backward constituency pressures, the House has become the dead-end kid of American Government. While it is true, as some have noted, that the House is a lot more *pluribus* than it is *unum*, the *unum* that orates, investigates and legislates is the distillation of all our regressive myths and stereotypes. The few modern periods of Congressional legislative initiative have left a dreary harvest of statutory weeds, but in season and out, the House does its best to teach us through its spasms of legislative initiative how nasty the American celebration can be. (HUAC, flag desecration, LSD possession, the Pool bill, conscription, the anti-student rider, draft-card burning, the ouster of Powell, and an anti-riot bill—benighted, vindictive or just plain stupid measures passed by substantial majorities in the 90th Congress.)

Since the organization of their Democratic Study Group a decade ago, the liberals in the House have been losing ground and, far from capturing the leadership role warranted by their potential support, they have become adjuncts of the Establishment and its power system, a co-opted and divided opposition.

Richard Bolling, a ten-term liberal Missouri Democrat and a protégé and lieutenant of Speaker Rayburn (once regarded as his crown prince and possible successor) has written an angry polemic against 77-year-old Speaker McCormack whom he rates lower than Caligula's horse and not to be discussed in the same breath with such illustrious House leaders as Clay, Reed and Longworth. It is the most blunt assault on a House speaker since Uncle Joe Cannon was toppled by George Norris and his insurgent colleagues almost sixty years ago.

Bolling, who served informally as the leadership whip for the Democratic Study Group, is particularly bitter about McCormack's failure to mobilize the resources of his office to deal with the Southern Democrats who cooperate with Northern Republicans to sabotage the President's program. Bolling himself in 1961 had a first-hand encounter with this let's-not-be-beastly-to-the-bourbons style of House leadership. He ran for majority leader against Carl Albert of Oklahoma and lost in a struggle in which the urban machine Democratic regulars (including McCormack privately) lined up with the Southern Democrats. Two years later, he published *House Out of Order*, a book whose concern with the mechanics of House reform was sparked by the author's conviction that stronger leadership and more resolute tactics were required to fight the coalition.

Power in the House is a rewrite of the earlier volume prepared as a weapon for liberal Democrats in a planned bid to unseat McCormack at the beginning of the 91st Congress. The book is therefore more important as a political act, a manifesto for liberal Democrats, than for the details of its argument or the value of its proposed measures to reverse the entropy of the speakership.

Bolling's case is weakened by the sharpness of his criticisms of the Speaker. He scornfully arraigns McCormack for his provincial style of leadership, his Southern ties ("the Boston-Austin axis"), his fondness for ex-Mayor Curley of Boston (a source of discord with the Kennedys), and opportunism. With an ill-concealed patrician disgust he notes that McCormack's services to his South Boston supporters "provide him with a cushion against parochial, working-class constituents who prefer their cultural ghetto and whose political enthusiasms embrace candidates such as Louise Hicks." But the problem of the House leadership is not a problem created by McCormack's personality or constituents. Bolling's personal strictures obscure the fact that the system which organizes power in the House—the safe district, seniority, weak party loyalty, diffusion of power, oligarchic control by committee chairmen—has institutionalized conciliatory leadership and a policy of accommodation to dissident Southerners.

Bolling himself notes that it was Speaker Rayburn, the father of the cheek-turning tactics of accommodation, who refused to punish the Southern Democrats who had bolted the party to support the Thurmond candidacy in 1948, and "took the position that only the performance of a member in Washington mattered," and that "it was not his business what the member did about politics back home." As Bolling now acknowledges, this style seemed to work much better than it actually did, and when Rayburn (and Johnson in the Senate) ended their leadership tenure, their successors (in the House and Senate) demonstrated the inadequacy of working the legislative cages with crafty animal-taming stunts as a substitute for a structured leadership.

Bolling's specific proposals for strengthening the leadership are commendable but utopian. His key suggestion, to empower the Speaker to nominate members of Ways and Means and Rules and standing committee chairmen, could not conceivably be achieved without a revolution in the Democratic Party. The fact that "you can't get there from here" is itself a potent argument for a new politics.

Bolling assumes that McCormack's successor—his candidate was Majority Leader Albert until the debacle at Chicago—would use these centralized powers to implement a progressive Presidential program. But every solution in this area is dogged by a fresh difficulty: even if the speakership could be rehabilitated as a countervailing source of power to curb the committee chairmen, there is a strong possibility it could still be used in opposition to the President and not in his support.

The selection of the Speaker is itself an important institutional defense of the system. The advancement of members of the House up the rungs of leadership is governed by Rayburn's law that "to get along you must go along." And like just about everything else in the House, the choice of leaders has become bureaucratized into a co-opted succession from Deputy Whip to Speaker, controlled by the incumbent power holders in order to preserve and protect the system.

Bolling's core complaint (and what leads him into such strong, misplaced personal denunciations of the Speaker) comes down to a feeling that pandering to an obstructionist minority is politically immoral. He would applaud Walter Bagehot's tribute—in a different but related context—to effective parliamentary leadership.

> A good horse likes to feel the rider's bit; and a great deliberative assembly likes to feel that it is under worthy guidance. A minister who succumbs to the House—who ostentatiously seeks its pleasure—who does not try to regulate it—who will not boldly point out plain errors to it, seldom thrives. The great leaders of Parliament have varied much, but they have all had a certain firmness. A great assembly is as soon spoiled by over indulgence as a little child.

If the stress on personality is intrusive in Bolling's book, it is puzzling in Mr. Wicker's. The *New York Times* columnist and Washington Bureau Chief argues that "the influence of personality" was responsible for President Kennedy's "loss of Congress" and for LBJ's loss of his consensus. But this thesis (in the vein of 19th-century "portraits from history") does not unify the book, the whole of which is somewhat less than the promised sum of the two parts into which it is about evenly divided. Wicker does not even try to prove that Kennedy lost Congress as a result of the influence of his personality.

The Kennedy portion of his book deals with three skirmishes in 1961: the duel between the Rules Committee chairman Howard Smith and Speaker Rayburn as an agent of the Kennedy administration over the proposed enlargement of the Rules Committee to supply an administration majority; the fight over the amendment of the Fair Labor Standards Act; and the unsuccessful attempt to enact an education bill. The stumbling progress of these measures in the House was frustrating, but that hardly proves that Kennedy lost the Congress. JFK's initial failures were the result of his tenuous Congressional majority (paralleling his razor-thin electoral margin) and the rudimentary state of his Congressional liaison. And Wicker exaggerates the failures. The administration did win the Rules Committee fight. Wicker insists that victory could have been more decisive, about as valid a point in politics as Louis XIV's complaint that his coachman was "almost late." To be sure, Rayburn—unlike Hugo Smith—did not play the game to the hilt, but that was the way Mr. Sam always played the game.

The 1961 Rules Committee enlargement fight was a symbolic assertion of Presidential legislative responsibility under highly unfavorable circumstances. What is notable about it is that the administration, armed with little more than an activist theory, *made a political issue of Presidential legislative leadership* and took extraordinary risks. Not that the change itself was so important. Rayburn, after preliminary feints, rejected pressures by Bolling and the Democratic Study Group for a binding party caucus to force the change and for the ouster of Rules committeeman Colmer, a 1960 Presidential election defector. Rayburn never even considered limiting the Rules Committee's powers or jurisdiction. He chose a floor fight on the enlargement issue because the alternative measures might have seriously threatened the system. In addition, Rayburn insisted on minimizing a disruption of the *status quo* by seeking only a temporary change. The fact that the change proved to be quite ineffective in the 87th Congress made it easy to obtain a substantial majority (235 to 196) in the 88th for making it permanent, a development which Wicker ignores.

Wicker argues, in connection with his other two case histories, that there was a serious gap between Kennedy's pre-election rhetoric and his Congressional resources. So there was. Apart from the fact that Kennedy had no way of anticipating his ultimate Congressional strength, the hortatory collective ("we must" as in "we must get the country moving again") is a staple of Democratic Presidential campaigns, the proclamation of a hoped for "hundred days." More well-founded is Wicker's charge that after promising wine and roses in return for a mandate to remake the country, the new administration promptly proceeded "domestic as a plate" to "retire at half past eight." Not only did the new President fail to offer fresh programs in support of a promised aggressive leadership role, but he fawned on and compromised with the Southerners.

Wicker's account of the influences which led Johnson to escalate the war is perceptive. Here personality plays a more plausible role than in the Kennedy essay: Johnson emerges as the nativist, self-righteous, simplistic, blood-redemption anti-Communist; the doomed gun slinger in a pop-tragic Western, his proud regeneration ambushed by his demons. But here, too, Wicker properly places strong stress on objective considerations: the circumstances of Johnson's accession to power forced him to maintain continuity of policy and reliance upon the Kennedy personnel whose thinking was responsible for initiating the escalation.

Professor Ripley's scholarly essay explores the extent to which party leaders in the House influence legislative behavior. The three-cornered system of dispersal of power, weak leadership and minimal party control has become the permanent *modus operandi* of the House Democrats, with some variations in terms of stronger ideological unity among the Republicans. The lack of leadership power in the Democratic ranks operates, ironically enough, to stabilize the tenure of the Speaker because he is no threat to the mavericks. Why dethrone a figurehead? The Republicans (as Bolling enviously notes) change their leaders more frequently because the consequences of dissent can be more damaging.

This institutionalized limitation on leadership authority has placed a premium on persuasion, bargaining, psychological whammy, Knute Rockne-ish exhortation, and similar forms of personal

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appeal, all "flavored with a large degree of understanding for members who cannot go along on a given bill." The dialectics of this courtship leads the lawmaker to set up shop for himself, play hard to get ("refuse to be taken for granted" is the term of art), trade his vote for return favors, "credits," or future concessions. And as the impatient administration takes over the pursuit of votes from the House leadership, the stakes are raised and the fate of legislation turns on the success of a new kind of high-level "social politics," compounded of buttering-up, barter and blackmail.

Since the keepers of the system must acquiesce in its reform, it is hard to see how meaningful change is possible. The 1946 Legislative Reorganization Act, basically an attempt to restore autonomy to the Congress, merely indentured its power more strongly to the system. The strangling in 1968 by the House Rules Committee of the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1967, with its mushy reforms and the recently announced abandonment of Bolling's dump-McCormack strategy because of the Study Group's cold feet, teach us anew that the more things change in the House the more they remain the same—or get worse. When will we face the fact that traditional politics is incapable of restructuring Congressional power relationships, however desperate the need?

THE MUMMIES OF GUANAJUATO

Some have shoes and hair
though one needs an ear;
and another, a replacement
for an unmentionable souvenir.

Death, here, is described
in the form of a plea.
A joke: fix that third foot
and you'll run better.

Dead-eye is as dead-eye does.
These faces have resolved
mood and complaint
openly in the underground.

It's a cold "because"
at work in the boneyard.
Death of the soft office,
of the dream without eyes,

the death of my friends,
death of my father,
can you not fix forever
this sinister corpus!

MARVIN BELL

Incomplete Diagnosis

BLACK RAGE. *By William H. Grier, M.D., and Price M. Cobbs, M.D. Basic Books. 213 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES A. VALENTINE

Mr. Valentine, who teaches anthropology at Washington University, St. Louis, is on leave to study an urban black community. He is the author of Culture and Poverty *(University of Chicago Press).*

Men who still hope that American society can be saved from violent disintegration by humane and rational communication are beginning to sound desperate. Even as they act on this hope such men find themselves portraying a national condition which provides little or no support for their own motivating hopefulness.

At the beginning of *Black Rage* the authors clearly state the premises on which their book is based:

> As the lines [of racial conflict] become more firmly drawn, exchange of information is the first casualty.
>
> If racist hostility is to subside, and if we are to avoid open conflict on a nationwide scale, information is the most desperately needed commodity of our times.
>
> And of the things that need knowing, none is more important than that all blacks are angry.

At the end of the book the authors ask: "What is likely to galvanize the masses into aggression against the whites?" After suggesting that the particular flash point is unpredictable they add: "It seems certain only that on the course the nation now is headed it will happen."

And then:

> If existing oppressions and humiliating disenfranchisements are to be lifted, they will have to be lifted most speedily, or catastrophe will follow.
>
> For there are no more psychological tricks blacks can play upon themselves. . . No more lies. . . No more dreams. . . No more opiates. . . No more patience. No more thought. No more reason. Only a welling tide risen out of all those terrible years of grief, now a tidal wave of fury and rage, and all black, black as night.

In the intervening 200 pages, no reason is given to think that this or any number of similar acts of communication will lead to a speedy end to the humiliation and oppression of racism in America. On the contrary, a major theme of the book is that white supremacy and black inferiority are deeply built into the consciousness (not to mention the unconscious) of all Americans by a combination of mutually reinforcing historical and psychological mechanisms. The authors' analysis effectively destroys their own opening premises.

There is also little or nothing in *Black Rage* that would lead us to hope for anything from the oppressed masses except the orgy of furious destruction predicted in the final paragraph quoted above. Black people are portrayed as so crippled psychologically by centuries of white terrorism that their "quantum of grief" can only be "released in the form of rage—black rage, apocalyptic and final."

It is two black psychiatrists, writing for a white audience, who have produced these dire portrayals and prognostications. Theirs is a brilliant book which combines highly passionate eloquence with thoroughly intellectual seriousness. Their approach is essentially clinical, though they also make considerable use of historical background and a sociological framework. Case histories of individual black patients provide the bulk of their evidence. Psychoanalysis is the most conspicuous theoretical preference of the authors, but the book often leans heavily on economic and cultural determinism as well. The book is not at all academic, being quite innocent of footnotes, bibliography or other documentation in the conventional scholarly sense.

Drs. Grier and Cobbs explore one aspect after another of the psychological worlds of black people in America. They set forth their thesis that all blacks suffer from more or less suppressed anger and self-hatred, created by the psychosocial effects of slavery and later forms of institutional racism.

Grier and Cobbs's discussion of family patterns gives an idea of their relationship to some prominent themes in recent writing about Negro Americans. They dismiss as "simplistic half-truths" Moynihan's thesis that disorganized families are the core of black people's difficulties in association with emasculation under conditions of urbanization. On the contrary, they argue, Negro family problems exist "because the United States sets its hand against black people and by the strength of wealth, size and number, *prevents* black families from protecting their members." The authors do not shrink from the policy implications of their position:

> A program for strengthening black families would have to include a change in the fabric of the nation. . . Such a

> program would include a change in the working of governments so that black people could command that officials serve them, not humiliate them; that policemen protect them, not prey on them. . . that officialdom generally and courts of law in particular [cease] keeping black families huddled together in a ghetto for the enrichment of real estate interests.

Yet these same authors unhesitatingly accept the more basic premise that there is a distinct entity known as "the Negro family." While they add little to what has already been written, they echo the popular judgment that black families in general are "in deep trouble," "coming apart," and "failing to provide the nurturing that black children need." In fact, they really agree with the fundamental point in the Moynihan analysis, for they state this point in quite familiar terms: "A great many of the problems of black people in America can be traced back to the widespread crumbling of the family structure." So they disagree about causes and cures but not about where the nub of the problem lies.

In the end, a central message of *Black Rage* seems very like the same old diagnosis: the crux of black people's problems is their own disorganization, pathology, and weakness. All this is caused by past and present white oppression, but the locus of the problem is now in black people, their families, and their psyches. "The white man has crushed all but the life from blacks. . . ." "Black men have been so hurt in their manhood that they are now unsure and uneasy as they teach their sons to be men." As for the black child, "his spirit was crushed before he knew there was need of it."

Unlike many purveyors of similar analyses, Grier and Cobbs *do* say unequivocally that none of these problems can be solved until whites accede to the basic demand of black people: "Get off our backs! . . . How? By simply doing it—now." In *Black Rage* this demand does *not* have the hollow ring of mere lip service to the ideal of ending oppression—again unlike other formulations which link social disadvantage to cultural disorganization or group pathology. Moreover, these two psychiatrists recognize that much that is conventionally labeled abnormal is necessary for black survival in America, e.g., "a healthy cultural paranoia." They are able to ask about a black patient who felt persecuted: "Who can really tell where her delusions end and reality begins in this mad, mad land?"

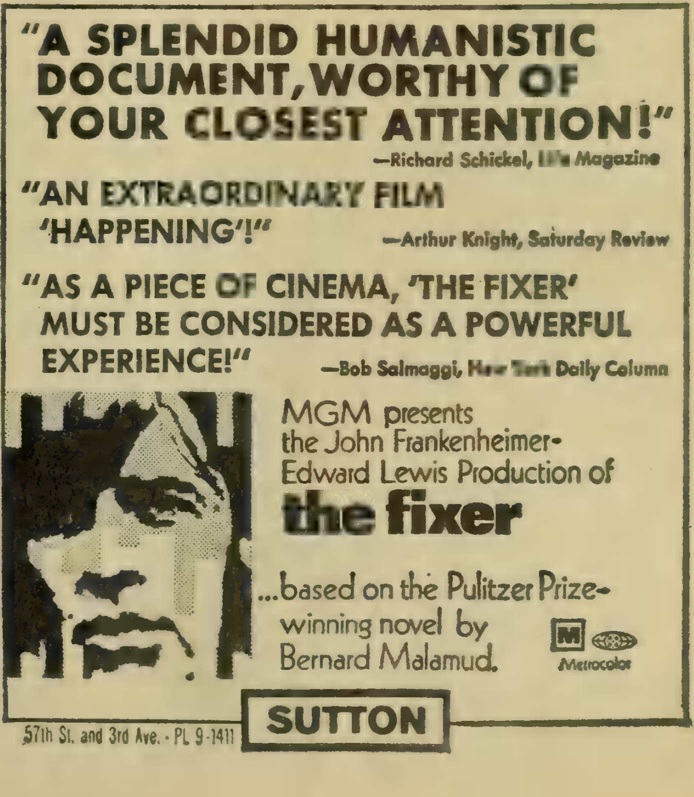
The authors enter a plea for clinicians "who can tell the difference between a sick man and a sick nation." Some of their ideas about mental health and therapy go well beyond the stock psychiatric bromides: "A black man's soul can live only if it is oriented toward a change of the social order. A good therapist helps a man change his inner life so that he can more effectively change his outer world." Thus the conceptions of pathology in *Black Rage* are by no means confined to the commonplace rationalizations of the *status quo* that one discovers in many psychiatrically oriented discussions of social problems.

Nevertheless, the prime focus on group pathology strikes this reviewer as the most serious flaw in Grier and Cobbs's work. Several major limitations of the book appear to stem directly from this concentration of attention on the psychic damage suffered by black people in America. The psychic *strengths* by which black Americans survive, their *healthy* adaptability, their *creativity* and capacity for change are not entirely ignored in this book; but these qualities are given only brief and relatively superficial consideration. Little attention is given to the movements for social change created by black people struggling against white oppression.

This is why *Black Rage* threatens a savage outburst of nation-wide destruction—but suggests no creative accompaniment or outcome from this confrontation. Over and over, particularly toward the end of the volume, Grier and Cobbs describe the predominant feelings of ghetto blacks as "grief and depression." These they interpret as "hatred turned on the self." Then they suggest that "as the sufferer moves toward health, the hatred he had turned on himself is redirected toward his tormenters," with the fury of his attack a measure of the original hurt. Translated into terms of mass behavior this seems to mean that we can expect a cathartic blood bath but no creative revolutionary movement. Ultimately this becomes a demeaning portrayal of debased masses capable of achieving "health" only through irrational aggression. Thus one more derogatory stereotype seems to have been born.

Indeed, these authors appear to attach their only faith in more positive possibilities to individual men of heroic stature. "Malcolm is an authentic hero, indeed the only universal black hero. . . . The essence of Malcolm X was growth, change, and a seeking after truth. . . . [He outgrew] the ideas of revolution and black nationhood . . . by the time of his death." In this same context we are told that the ideology of black militancy is "static" because it is "encased" within those same "ideas of revolution." Thus Grier and Cobbs insist that the white man must "get off our backs," and yet without suggesting how this might be done, they seem to reject anything labeled revolutionary. Presumably this is because they cannot imagine a black revolution as being anything but a frenzied orgy of violence without any goal beyond the expression of Black Rage.

Fortunately for everyone concerned, this prognostication does not ring true to one who lives in a black ghetto and studies the ongoing struggle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there. Here one may see black and brown people, sometimes working with real white allies, making many kinds of efforts to assert and defend their own interests against oppression. Most of these efforts involve opposition to white racism. Some go beyond this and attempt to *transcend* the racism that poisons American society as a whole. These are certainly creative initiatives. Some of them may well be revolutionary. Black rage indeed exists in the ghettos, but it is neither the only psychological reality nor as yet the predominant mood.

The book is certainly well worth reading to make up one's own mind about it. There is much that is impressive or intriguing or both in *Black Rage* that cannot be conveyed in a brief review. One might consider, for example, whether a major intention of the book is to threaten and frighten white Americans. Whether or not the authors had any such design in mind, their book might well have this effect. A final question, then, would be: to what purpose? Is there any reason why black people should expect something good from a frightened —or a more frightened—whitey?

All in all, this exercise in "exchange of information" between black and white is a failure. This must be said even though the attempt was surely well intended and obviously carried out by men of insight and imagination. It does not seem likely that it will contribute significantly to whatever national developments might be required to see to it that "racist hostility is to subside" or that "we . . . avoid open conflict on a nationwide scale." It may be that this is hardly the fault of the enterprising and insistent authors, but that America has passed the point where it can be saved by any "exchange of information."

Yet more must be said. The information conveyed by *Black Rage* is no longer what predominantly white America most needs to learn. Of course, white Americans should know that black people are suffering and are angry. Those whites who are sufficiently ignorant or insensitive or have missed these contemporary realities, however, are not likely to be much influenced by one more treatise, no matter how passionate and intellectual it is. The great untold story of our time is rather the creativity, strength, and determination with which the poor and people of color are struggling to find constructive and humane solutions for their problems, thus making these the nation's problems.

This story is not told in *Black Rage*. Indeed *Black Rage* has probably made the task of telling this story effectively to America a little more difficult than it was already.

DINAH

Some are too difficult to win.
I work to remove her doubt.
By the time I've figured me in,
She's already figured me out.

A. R. AMMONS

Out of White Sight

COMING OF AGE IN MISSISSIPPI.
By Anne Moody. The Dial Press. 348 pp. $5.95.

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is the author of the recently published Thinking About Women *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

This is the autobiography of a young woman who was born, on September 15, 1940, at the bottom of the American pile. Her parents, Diddly and Toosweet, were sharecropper Negroes on a plantation in Wilkinson County, in the southwest corner of Mississippi. Anne Moody, then called Essie Mae, was their first child. She had a sister and a brother before Diddly left brown Toosweet for yellow Florence. Then Toosweet, in turn, took up with yellow Raymond, whose family came and took away her next baby as they might have come and claimed Raymond's shoes or Raymond's flashlight. Nonetheless, Toosweet marries Raymond, first by common law and then by law, and they have more babies. At the end of the book, when Anne Moody is 24, a graduate of Tougaloo College in Mississippi, and a full-time CORE organizer, Toosweet's tenth child is 3 months old.

The book is very simply divided into sections: Childhood, High School, College and The Movement. The first section, Childhood, is different from, and better than, all the rest. Something is new here: the door is shut and the black family is inside, out of white sight. This now ancient aspect of America, rural Southern black life, begins to speak. It hits the page like a natural force, crude and undeniable and, against all principles of beauty, beautiful.

At first, the child Essie Mae accepts as the only world a world of heat, snakes, hogs, cow dung, bare feet, outhouses, beans and bread. The poverty of the family imposes an overwhelming physicality, a relentless wheeling of sensations —in their context, shooting dice is cerebral, a release into abstraction. The primary sense of existence is cloacal, as of a people expelled like excrement into their septic "quarters." The filth rises into their primitive language: *shit* is its first word, *ass* is its second. But this is an inexplicably fine filth. The mother, Toosweet, cannot get through a sentence without *shit*, and yet her sentences (like her ridiculous name) become her. One experiences a conversion to this speech —as delicate as pig's feet, rounded, comic, resourceful. There are infinite uses of *ass* alone—cheap-assed, rich-assed, little raggle-ass house, I'm going to *kill* your ass! It is the speech of the unregenerate and the uncritically alive, of Toosweet who is nothing but Negro and American—turning out ten-pound brown babies for her high yellow lout Raymond and screaming at her daughter:

> What you know about some African dance? You don't know nothin' about Africa. Ain't never seen an African in your life.

The daughter is intelligent and energetic. The mother's vivacity is translated into the child's ambition, and it is that rigorous compulsion with which the sections, High School and College, deal. This ambition is understandable, even admirable, and entirely familiar— the early assumption of shame, the retaliatory thrusting of the self ahead, the acquisition of credentials, of the vocabulary and the poise by means of which the person may manipulate rather than be manipulated. In America, this is of course a more difficult progress for the native black than for any immigrant. I would not seem to underestimate the cruelties which we incorporate in the name Mississippi, or the bold, embittered strength with which Anne Moody came through the place. And in the final section of her book, The Movement, her personal ambition changes, as personal ambition rarely does, into generosity. She gives herself, enslaves herself, to the drudgery and danger and admitted bleakness of the civil rights cause.

Why then, does all this effort rouse only a stale approbation? Because here, though it *must be* better to learn and change and rebel against injustice, it *sounds* worse. This is a prose propelled only by time, by one year's following another, except in Childhood where feeling leaps on top of time and generates a book—in the first part of a nonbook. In this sense, the composition is involuntary: words well up in some deep regressive alliance with the past, and quite fail the present. A transition from the vivid to the trite occurs, which is perhaps like everyone's transition from child to adult, or from innocence to common knowledge. Here it seems also a transition from black to white. What words, after all, do education in a white culture and commitment to a social cause, put into the mouth? Only literary clichés and militant jargon. Observation becomes facile and depthless. The child's baptism was a baptism—the overdressed ladies on the bank, the blasphemous mooing of cows, wet muck in the hair and eyes and ears. "This shit means I've been washed clean of all my sins!" But the adult loss of faith is banal—genuine in life, one supposes, but now almost embarrassing. In the language of The Movement, real regret ("Now look what Wilbert done done to her") becomes mechanical:

> killings, beatings and abuses
> killings, beatings, and intimidations
> whites killing, beating, and misusing Negroes

If the offense had not become rote, the least of them would not be, repeatedly, the last. A black boy on the street, explaining why Emmet Till dared to whistle at a white woman, immortalizes the freedom of the North:

> That boy was from Chicago, shit, everybody fuck everybody up there.

Anne Moody, CORE organizer, attempts to describe the spirit of support:

> Their interest, courage, and concern gave all of us that extra lift we needed.

But it is impossible to keep these interested, courageous and concerned people straight. Doris and Dave and George and Joan, black and white, run into one another and the gray Movement. The accidental revelation is one of the impersonality, the perhaps necessary frigidity of political and social convictions. The Movement breeds an alienation from the people for whom it moves, an exasperation with their humility, their fear, their swarming shameless need—in fact, with their Toosweet-ness. Anne Moody's championship of the blacks is brave and right, but in its course the blacks themselves slip out of her embrace.

Making It as a Poet

THE GLASS HOUSE: The Life of Theodore Roethke. *By Allan Seager. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 301 pp. $7.95.*

SELECTED LETTERS OF THEODORE ROETHKE. *Edited with an introduction by Ralph J. Mills, Jr. University of Washington Press. 295 pp. $6.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(University of Illinois Press).*

"A 'pot' in Americanese," Theodore Roethke explained to an English woman, "is a low, clownish, objectionable fellow; he is a worm, a louse, a 'gloob.'" By his own frequent admission, Roethke was a "pot"—a roaring, ineradicably provincial boy from Saginaw, Mich.; an innocent abroad; an embarrassing correspondent filling letters with "self-pity and various howls" and "I-love-me items."

An earlier reviewer found his letters dull, but they are not so much dull as potty; and if, as letters, they are seldom comparable to those of Hart Crane, another provincial, still they are valuable and interesting as one of the genuine sources of information and insight about a remarkable and in some ways representative contemporary poet. Inevitably, the letters record an education, in Roethke's case a maturation—obliquely, however, at a distinct remove from the mind that made the poems. The letters, even those exhibiting Roethke's manic or depressed states, are not themselves tortured, as the poems are. From them one can only guess the struggle by which the worm (to appropriate an applicable phrase of Emerson's) mounted through the spires of form.

Another or fuller selection of letters would not, I suspect, appreciably alter this. Mr. Mills limited his selections to those letters illustrating Roethke's career as a poet and teacher; the letters begin at age 23, and there are none to Roethke's mother, sister or wife.

But Mr. Seager, a fellow writer and friend of Roethke, who had access to the poet's papers, does not do much more in his biography than a reader of Roethke's poems might do with the available letters. I have been told that the biography was completed at the time of Mr. Seager's death, but it is more agreeable to think that such a competent writer had sketched in only the scenario of the *life*. The "glass house," his father's greenhouse, Roethke says, is "my symbol for the whole of life." But Seager's book, either for reasons of tact or inadequacy of imagination, gives only a small part of it. This is regrettable because as a biographer Seager's opportunity for presenting Roethke was greater than Mills's.

In a biography of a poet, the most serious flaw is a lack of connection between the poet's life and art—a connection which might have been made if the biographer had been saturated in Roethke's poems. Another flaw is underfurnishing, for biography intersects history and should reconstitute the times in order to re-create the life. Roethke's life seems thin not only because the resources of his background were thin—his cultural, social and political intelligence was underdeveloped—but because Seager does not give us the milieu

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GARAGE

The roof's so full of holes
Constellations creep down the walls
Across the floor where Henry Ford's
Black blood and the stifled groans
Of dinosaurs seep back into the earth.
Silence hangs from a rusty nail,
Peeps from the vacant eye
Of the swallow's nest in the rafters,
From the mute webs of spiders
And the beetle's husk.

Listening to the dumb mouths of jars
I hear of wheels spun off
To the junkyard, spokes sprung out
Like zodiacs, houses of fortune full
Of mice, a legacy bequeathed the moon,
Ruled by the nettle, fleabane, thistle,
Conjunctions of torn upholstery
And weeping headlights,
Gauge on empty, clock on twelve,
Throttle stuck wide open.

HENRY CARLILE

that actually stimulated and nurtured him. Roethke's poetic career is not related to the movement of poetry and criticism through which it passed, nor does Seager do much more than name those poets and critics, like Rolfe Humphries, Stanley Kunitz, Louise Bogan, Kenneth Burke, William Carlos Williams, Dylan Thomas and René Char, upon whom, in various ways, he so heavily depended. The critical reception of Roethke's books interests him more than the forces within and without that enabled Roethke, time after time, to go beyond his past performances. Certainly, a variety of forces and not only his breakdowns are responsible for his poetic progress. One discovers this (in both the letters and the biography) in the radical departure of *The Lost Son and Other Poems* from his first book of poems. Here was a sudden growth to which many things contributed, among them the liberating and confirming atmosphere of Bennington College, where Roethke taught from 1943 to 1946, the friendship of Kenneth Burke, his most responsive and probing critic and one of his "papas," and the encouragement and criticism of William Carlos Williams, his papa among the poets.

Seager might have dug up the review of the poet's performance at the Circle in the Square Theatre (Roethke was a great performer) or included Roethke's remark on his mother's death: "It ain't fashionable, but I miss her." There might have been more discussion of Roethke's interest in children's books and his intense conflict with what, in an early uncollected poem, he called the "corruptive machine of lust," or of his struggle to rise out of the writhing forms of his secret life. This is an obsessive theme closely related to another equally obsessive theme, that (to use a phrase he noted in a poem by John Malcolm Brinnin) of "god-father."

An intimate knowledge of all of Roethke's poetry is needed in order to appreciate the achieved reconciliation of these themes in "The Rose" of "North American Sequence," or to appreciate their reconciliation in his life. The letters (the most important source of Seager's biography) reveal the loosening, yielding, loving, and accepting of the last years, as well as Roethke's new concern with "final terms" and his determination to "learn to whistle in any dark." Assuredly, this is the golden thread of Roethke's life.

What is prominent in the biography and in this selection of letters is his "making it," the account of the success and reputation poetry finally brought a poet who was always eager for approval, adulation and reward. This might be called the grubby underside of poetry and, in Roethke's case, it is part of the life of a poet who earned his livelihood in the university. Roethke was a great teacher of poetry ("As a teacher," he says, "I have taught what I learned as a writer"), but he was also something of an academic careerist always in search of a better position, more prestige and higher pay. His insecurity is understandable: he began his career in the depression years of the thirties when the tenure of poets was doubly uncertain. He had been let go at Michigan State College for no other reason than the inconvenience (and genteel fear) of mental breakdown and, much later, at the University of Washington, he had to be defended against a state legislator who considered him "some kind of nut." Seager includes the university's cold letter of dismissal, and the defense of the role of the poet in the university written by Robert Heilman, whose unusual understanding and courage he praises. Seager most closely identifies with Roethke, the writer in the university who, like himself, suffered and weathered academic life, and seems to enjoy scoring the university, or rather, in Roethke's words, "the administrative bastards." At 28, Roethke knew that "*place* does have a lot to do with productivity"—and he moved around in search of it. And he knew—poets take warning!—that "lyric ardor/Chills in the cool of the academy shadow."

Nation *Book Marks*

SARA BLACKBURN

THE BEATLES. *By Hunter Davies. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 357 pp. $6.95.*

It's fitting that this book should appear at a time when it is becoming increasingly fashionable to put down the Beatles for their own apparent put-down (in *Revolution* and elsewhere) of political commitment. John Lennon seemed to have anticipated the trend when he told Mr. Davies: "People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't. We're just doing it. People want to know what the inner meaning of *Mr. Kite* was. There wasn't any. I just did it. I shoved a lot of words together then shoved some noise on. I just did it. I didn't dig that song when I wrote it. I didn't believe in it when I was doing it. But nobody will believe it. They don't want to. They want it to be important."

The most interesting sections of Mr. Davies' affectionate but not uncritical "authorized" biography are the early ones, about who John, Paul, George, Ringo and their families were before the Beatles existed. Whether he intended it or not (he probably did, for he is very skillful), the author's wonderfully acute picture of their post-Beatlemania lives makes it clear that it's more sad than beautiful to become rich, famous and worshiped before you are 30.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: A Modern Guide to Sex, Security and the Soft Buck. *Edited by Joel Lieber. David White Co. 207 pp. $5.95.*

This collection of pieces about the various deplorable ways in which America buys security these days—from Barbie dolls to honeymoon packages and cemetery plots—has an odd cumulative effect: it shows the extent to which anger has been diluted into professional irony, and that witty articles about such horrors have become almost an appendage to the horror itself. (What is Leo Litwak's touching pro-Esalen piece doing in a book which means to attack "exploiting insecurity"?) Tom Wolfe on Las Vegas and Calvin Trillin's dead-pan charting of some days in the life of a Dow campus recruiter are particularly good but, with the exception of Richard M. Elman's piece on Southern California, I miss what I can't remember so consciously missing before: a sense of outrage.

A MOMENT IN CAMELOT. *By Maggie Rennart. Bernard Geis Associ-*

ates. 713 pp. $8.95.

Miss Rennart's very long novel is a commendably high-level soap opera about social and political life in Washington during the Kennedy years, heavy with the aura of inside information. President Girard and his beautiful wife, Andrea, are troubled by serious domestic problems, but they are very graceful about solving them. Their story alternates with that of another, more typical, Washington couple—a computerlike State Department type and his wife, a sexy art critic—whose marital problems are more flamboyant. There are a lot of parties, Senators both lecherous and wise, and witty newspaper reporters. The political sections—a small Cuban crisis and a long Southern civil rights section starring the maid of the art critic—is pretty noble and awful stuff, but this could be a good gift for someone who has been disabled by a nonpainful illness.

A USELESS DAY. *By Janine Brégeon. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Grove Press. 90 pp. $3.50.*

A 25-year-old French housewife and mother decides one morning that it's not worth getting up and, in the monologue that follows, almost convinces us that she's right: the pointlessness and sheer predictability of her life have marooned her somewhere between rage and despair and, although she finally becomes a bit hopeful about expanding her relationships with her husband and children, at the end of the book one is tempted to urge her back into bed again. Despite its unfortunate resemblance to fictionalized Betty Friedan, Mlle. Brégeon's portrait of a certain kind of middle-class emptiness—and its consequent threat to sanity—is powerful and sympathetic.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

Two well-known English plays, Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and Frank Marcus' *The Killing of Sister George*, have been turned into films. The first has been transposed by its original author, the second by Lukas Heller. Both have been directed by Americans: the Pinter by William Friedkin, the Marcus-Heller by Richard Aldrich.

The original material in both cases would appear to be uncinematic. Still the first retains its basic fascination and is altogether superior to the second, though the latter will almost certainly prove more successful at the box office.

The Birthday Party, archetypically commonplace in its details, is in effect a fantasia of fear and persecution. Not only is Stanley, its central figure, a failed pianist gone to seed, hiding from the world and haunted by fear; but so are his persecutors. Even the dull "landscape" outside the tatty little seaside boarding house where Stanley has sequestered himself has the look of a town stricken by some nameless ailment. The buildings are haggard, the sea seems dead, the streets are inert, the beach chairs ghostly. They are all dyed with the hue of mortality.

Both in their 60s, Peter and his wife, who own the lodgings, are drab and depressed; the man, a lowly worker, is honestly, forbearingly, resignedly squelched; the woman, chirpingly and childishly so. She is too dimwitted to fear anything except perhaps the grim reaper himself: she lives in a cozy vacuum of inanity in which only remnants of kindly and uncomprehending womanhood still reside.

Stanley is in terror of those who ruined his career, "carved him up," and ultimately of being taken away by them, *removed*. When two strangers, Goldberg and McCann, come on the scene, Nemesis (or "Society") enters. Of the two, McCann, the muscle man, is a moron, in shivering awe of his superior, Goldberg. Goldberg is all glib good humor, schmaltzy sentiment, fierce will, gifted with an armory of clichés. He too is mad: his affable *sang-froid*, his fake ease collapse now and then into insane rage at a reminder by his inferior of antecedents for whom he harbors a muddled nostalgia. He is also idiotically hypochondriac.

The two men's toying and teasing and their bewildering demands on Stanley to justify his existence—addressed in a battery of questions composed of everything from stupid quiz posers to metaphysical and scientific conundrums—reduce Stanley to speechless impotence. The inquisitors haul him off a helpless victim. Where he is taken—to a sanitarium, a madhouse, a gang boss or a prison—does not matter: it signifies his doom. No one is strong enough to protest; most are too dumb to understand.

Pinter's ear is so keen, his method so economic and so shrewdly stylized, balancing humdrum realistic notations with suggestions of unfathomable violence, that his play succeeds in being both funny and horrific. He is aided in this by Friedkin's direction. It is comprised of excellent camera work, the subtle use of color and environmental authenticity, the elimination of all sound except for the dialogue, and above all by the acting.

The cast is truly remarkable. Sydney Tafler's trim and powerful physique *acts*: it stands for "solid respectability." His unctuous bonhomie, his treacherously winning smoothness which spills out in a delightful Anglo-Yiddish accent (without caricature), his latent savagery constitute an unforgettable portrait. Very nearly on the same level, though in a less complex part, is Patrick Magee as McCann.

Anguished by his own brainlessness, murderously protective of his private insanities and something of a sleepwalker in his own and his victim's nightmares, he too creates a memorable impression. Robert Shaw's Stanley, though rather too robust to appear utterly consumed by despair and somewhat more acid than the character as written, conveys the feeling of a tormented person who might once have become a whole man. Dandy Nichols' housekeeper is almost too absolute in her low-grade innocence and mental deficiency. She achieves tenderness not through sentiment but through her total unawareness of practically everything except the presence of

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Stanley, the scratchy cub in her care.

This then is as fine a film version of the play as I can imagine. Yet I felt something lacking, despite the fact that it is better acted and directed than were either of the two stage productions I had seen. At first, I thought my slight demur had something to do with cuts Pinter had made in the text (for example, Stanley's peculiar proposal of "elopement" with Lulu the neighborhood cutie, as well as the indication that in the blindman's-buff scene at the party Stanley had begun to strangle her) but on afterthought I have come to suspect that there is something in the play's essential nature which makes it truer to itself on the stage than it can be in even so excellent a film.

On the screen *The Birthday Party* becomes a suspense and horror story—albeit a very special one—with such cinematic tricks as the sudden switch to sputtering black-and-white flashes—wiping out all color; on the stage *The Birthday Party*, less obviously ominous, is an inescapably living experience, *life itself!*

And this for a paradoxical reason: film by its very quiddity is always more specific, more "realistic" than the stage: the camera reveals everything. By its very unmistakable *"thereness"* the film dispels some of *The Birthday Party*'s allusiveness and "make-believe." On screen we behold mystery concretely; on stage it exists covertly, phantomlike, in the manner of a memory which tinctures a whole episode or period of our lives with its own supra-sensible aura. That is why I sometimes wish that film makers would cease adapting plays and novels and conceive their work directly.

The Killing of Sister George may attract many people by its boldness. What was once a skillful comedy skating between mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor in regard to female homosexuality has been converted in the film into "the shocking drama of a love triangle involving three women"—in other words, an explicit exploitation of its Lesbian aspect.

The word itself was never pronounced in the play; in the film the young girl says to her jealous mate: "Not every woman in the world is a Lesbian," to which the reply is, "I am aware of that unfortunate fact." Common obscenities are delivered full blast, and there is a lengthy and minute sequence of an all-female seduction. For some this may betoken "liberation" and may thus be presumed to mark progress.

The Killing of Sister George is nevertheless a bad picture. The fun poked at television is dissipated in extended banality and the love affair is basically uninteresting because we don't give a hoot for any of the ladies engaged in it: their "psychology" neatly limned in the play becomes falsely pathetic, a mere pretense of sympathy through its frankness. The play's superficiality was one of its assets. The spurious seriousness of the picture spoils the comedy, while its brave assault on convention is little but hollow show.

SMALL AS A FIST

My dead problems
Already have their epitaphs:
Giant agonies—now pygmy dust.

My living problems
Small as a fist
Beat me
Beat me to death.

RYAH TUMARKIN GOODMAN

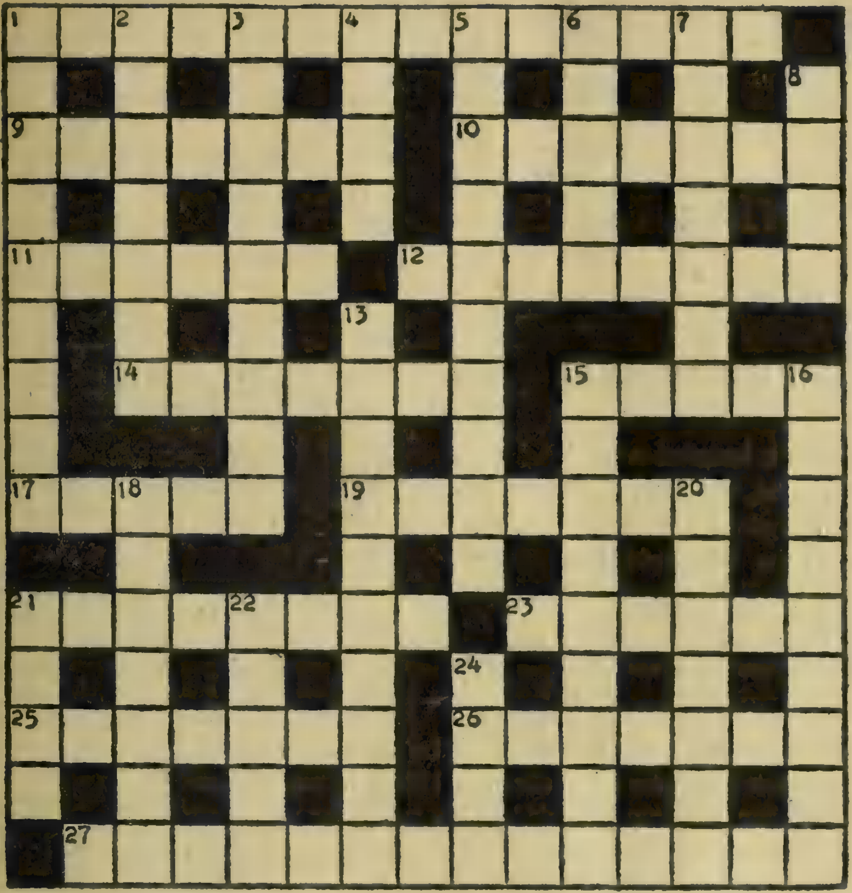
Take for example the ending. "George," the discarded television actress who for years has played the role of a sort of mother figure in a suburban English community, is offered a job as the "voice-over" for a cow in an animated film. She is insulted and at first scorns the very idea. But like the inveterate ham she is—she *has* to act—the lady begins to rehearse a dolorous "moo!" In the play—which has only one setting and only four characters—she sits alone in her room shortly after she has been abandoned by her girl friend (gone off with the T.V. program supervisor, a discreet Lesbian of resolutely correct bearing), and with tears in her eyes bellows the bovine cry. In the film she returns to the empty studio stage, proceeds to wreck it and by the time she gets to the "moo" we have nearly forgotten its motivation. Both humor and pathos have been vitiated.

Beryl Reid, an admirably resourceful comedienne of considerable dramatic power, plays her part exactly as she did in the play. This means that she is too vehement in relation to the camera close-ups; she seems to be overacting to the detriment of both comedy and drama. Susannah York as "George's" girl friend—the best drawn character in the play—makes a valiant stab at her part but is congenitally unable to convey mental incapacity or moral depravity. Carol Browne is at her best in the sexual encounter with the younger woman but she has been so directed as to deprive the role of the least hint of comedy—which was originally its chief attribute. For some reason, every face in the film looks as if it had been polished with glycerine. The music in the somber moments is not only trite but absurd.

The groundlings of every stripe will enjoy the sight of the *real* Gateways Club of London—a Lesbian dive in full swing.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1279

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Forbid fraternization with those of a well-known profession? (3,11)
9 and 12 One who receives in the spirit of the novel. (7,2,3,3)
10 The walrus said we need a loaf of bread so! (7)
11 and 23 Certainly not a hip composition for four, for example. (6,6)
12 See 9 across
14 An impediment to speech, perhaps. (7)
15 Our revels now are in the Tempest. (5)
17 and 21 down Implying the future with one who is in debt, but isn't in deep so much. (9)
19 Rather close to quick, but non-living. (7)
21 Pass for what sounds like an obvious pain. (8)
23 See 11 across
25 It's lace, but the sort that stretches. (7)
26 Proceed to show how one is called back and ravaged. (7)
27 Sometimes criticized as [illegible] modern fault of letters? (14)

DOWN

1 Spots? They might be in back of the 9. (9)
2 With a photo finish, one might do it to soak the head, and get a pained expression afterwards. (7)
3 Turn the ship clear round! (9)
4 Monster of mixed blood? (4)
5 In a nice way, a certain amount of speed to burn (10)
6 Only half how Samson smote! (5)
7 Put forward. (7)
8 Force feed, by the sound of it, in [illegible] vulgar sense. (4)
13 What one does at the complaint counter might be part of the game. (5,5)
15 Urge as a charge for a second! (9)
16 They leave their side of the tree bursting out in dress design. (9)
18 A short way to violence, if one is mean! (7)
20 It sounds as though it should be somewhat wider than an L-bracket, as [illegible] good way to hold something. (7)
21 See 17 across
22 Object to the family, if representative. (5)
24 Military overhead of France? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1278

ACROSS: 1 Fly-by-night; 6 Etch; 10 Enlaced; 12 Costumes; 13 Alike; 15 Asset; 17 Imbroglio; 19 Displayed; 21 Sting; 23 Relic; 24 Thespian; 27 Absolve; 28 Italian; 29 Hoax; 30 Binghamton. DOWN: 1 and 11 Free as a bird; 2 Yellows; 3 Yacht; 4 Indemnity; 5 Heats; 7 Trivial; 8 Hodgepodge; 9 Catalogs; 14 Balderdash; 16 Toll call; 18 Badgering; 20 Silesia; 22 Imagist; 24 Trevi; 25 Plaza; 26 Anon.

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LETTERS

the flexible ape

Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIRS: Ronald Sampson ["The Bramble of Power," *The Nation*, Dec. 16, 1968] appears to me to be another 19-century Englishman, focused on the rear-view mirror. He talks at length of man's lust for power, but never defines the term. I am not asking for didactic definitions à la Webster but dynamic ones which show how the substance of the idea works. . . .

Neither fear nor appetite need be the only recognizable motivators for man. Give him a complex organism that *responds* to him and he will turn on with delight; let it try to lead him against his will or moral sense and. . . he will thereupon defeat the system, since he is a far greater master of flexibility than any system I can imagine.

Avery Johnson

draft reform

Watertown, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: At its recent annual meeting, the New York State Conference of the United Church of Christ, while recognizing that the best way to deal with the draft is to abolish it, yet recognizing that it does exist, made the following recommendations for reform:

Lower the maximum age for draft board members from the present 75 years to 65; include selective conscientious objection as a valid position; drop induction as punishment for conduct which Selective Service frowns on; bar all military personnel from the staffs of Selective Service; limit draft board members' term of office to four years instead of the present twenty-five; make local and appeal boards and staffs personnel representative of the racial make-up of the area served; allow draftees one lawyer and up to five witnesses in local and appeal board hearings; select entirely by lottery with educational and occupational deferments dropped; drop exemption for clergy and ministerial students; exempt all men over 25, and eliminate the card-carrying requirement.

Graham R. Hodges, Chairman
Social Action Committee

Muenchausen

Munich, West Germany
DEAR SIRS: As a man who has lived in America and who likes the American people, having found in them a great deal of intelligence and practical sense, I am disgusted by the propaganda directed against America and the Americans in German newspapers, periodicals, TV and radio.

All these mass media are now spreading about you Americans the gross and implausible lie, supported by obviously phony photographs, that your government spends money, and even a great deal of it, on a so-called space program. The latest news in our mass media amounts to no less than the allegation that your government has sent three American citizens in a rocket around the moon.

Most people seem to believe this nonsense, since they don't know the American people as I do. They are inclined to believe that the Americans are imbeciles who spend billions of dollars which are needed for decent housing, schools and hospitals, on a perfectly useless craze.

If I were an American citizen, I would respectfully, but very firmly, ask my great, wise and beloved President to take most severe steps against the spreading of such damaging rumors. It is necessary to inform your President of this space propaganda in German mass media, because American mass media certainly cannot have spread such rumors.

Hans Popper

EDITORIALS

Myths in the Middle East

The Israeli reprisal action at the Beirut airport was indefensible and should be condemned. So too were the earlier hijacking of an Israeli airliner and the shooting up of an El Al jetliner in the Athens airport, and the Arab states should not be permitted to escape responsibility for guerrilla activities which they in fact encourage. Of course the Israeli reprisal constitutes "overreaction"; but as the Israelis see it, their counteractions must be massive to be effective. Self-righteous condemnation of violence and counterviolence in the Middle East will have little effect; what is needed is a serious effort by the UN to carry into effect the resolution adopted by the Security Council on November 22, 1967, which won the approval of both the United States and the Soviet Union. The resolution provides today, as it did when it was adopted, the basis for a settlement between Israel and the Arab states.

The question is, why has the UN been unable to secure acceptance of the resolution by the belligerent states? Part of the answer may be found in an article in the January issue of *The Atlantic* by Charles Yost, which was written before he was named our new Ambassador to the UN. As Mr. Yost sees it, both sides are the victims of myths which prevent them from understanding where their real interests lie. The basic Israeli myth is that "strategic" boundaries and military strength can provide, to a nation of less than 3 million people confronted by twenty times that many adversaries, more permanent security than could an agreed settlement and international guarantees. A related myth is that massive retaliation by Israel will stop Arab raids. The basic Arab myth is simply that Israel is illegitimate and must be destroyed. (Other, less hypnotic, myths are mentioned in the article.)

As long as these illusions continue to exercise their despotic sway, it will be extremely difficult to get the parties to see that their real differences could be settled, with a little ingenuity, within the framework of the Security Council resolution. When an Israeli moderate talks sense, he is promptly undercut by a hyper-militant, and the Arabs point to the fate of the moderate as proof positive that they can never live at peace with Israel. And vice versa. It will not, therefore, be easy to subordinate myth to reality; the fantasies have been propagated too long and with such thoroughness that for either side to abandon those it cherishes would require, first of all, an extraordinarily courageous and far-sighted statesmanship on the part of its leaders.

As Mr. Yost notes: "Both sides are rightly circumscribed by the political consequences of the myths so long drummed into their peoples. They may not be able to recapture the necessary freedom of movement, no matter how much both common sense and national interest may counsel them to do so." He therefore believes that the initiative must come from the outside and that the natural place to look for it is at the UN. Mr. Yost demonstrates that there is no inherent clash of vital interests between Russia and the United States in the Middle East; the belief that one exists merely demonstrates that the two great powers, like the belligerents, are more swayed by myths than realities.

A final myth noted by Mr. Yost is that time works for peace in the Middle East; it does not. (See "Once More, With Blood" by Anne Tuckerman, *The Nation*, April 8.) The Security Council resolution has been permitted to languish much too long. If it is not implemented now, it will doubtless signal another round of mounting violence which, if it comes, will merely set the stage for more of the same. At such a juncture, it is some satisfaction to know that the country will be represented at the UN by a spokesman of Mr. Yost's experience, good judgment and clear understanding.

The Moon Will Wait

From a technological viewpoint, and in a sense from a human viewpoint, the Apollo 8 flight was a triumph on a scale without precedent. Only an engineer with some background in astronautics could fully appreciate the precision with which it was done and the risks that were faced and circumvented. Perhaps the tensest moments of all were at the very end, when the capsule had to re-enter through that 2-degree arc, with a quick fiery death awaiting the men if the angle was a little too steep, and a slow death by asphyxiation if it was a little too shallow.

Yes, a triumph, but not a time for euphoria. The moon landing for which NASA is now preparing (and in even greater haste because Apollo 8 was so successful) is far more hazardous. Why all the rush? It is not clear whether we are racing the Soviets or only ourselves. If the Russians still intend to compete—and if Apollo 11, scheduled for next summer, should end with the American contenders stranded on the moon—we might lose not only the crew but the race.

The project entails risks in any event, but these might be reduced if only we could relinquish our insistence on getting the men onto the great slag heap and back to earth before the end of the decade, the date which has assumed such mystic, fetishistic importance in NASA's thinking. As Apollo 11 (or possibly even Apollo 10) is now planned, everything will depend on the precise functioning of the lunar module in which the two men will ride from the mother ship to the moon and back. It must detach flawlessly, land at the prescribed spot, take off again, and couple with the main vehicle. The module will have no backup. Nor will there be more than a partial rehearsal—maneuvers in earth orbit, as planned for Apollo 9, are not the same thing.

Would it not be possible to guide an unmanned lunar module to the desired location on the moon and let it serve as a backup in case the module in which the two astronauts descend should be disabled in landing, or the engine should fail to fire for ascent? Remote control guidance is now so accurate that the back-up, unmanned module could be brought to a landing alongside the main vehicle. Still other precautionary measures might be considered—if it all didn't have to be done before January 1, 1970.

Robert Hotz, editor in chief of *Aviation Week and*

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Space Technology, rejoiced before the Apollo 8 flight that "with a Soyuz and an Apollo carrying the Hammer and Sickle and the Stars and Stripes, respectively, around the moon at about the same time, it would require a phlegmatic world indeed not to get excited at these extraterrestrial Olympics." That is one way of looking at it—the red-blooded sporting instinct, coupled with billions in business for the aerospace industry. But this juvenile, brutal approach is not the one that should dominate NASA's thinking at this critical juncture.

No Bid for Shale

The Interior Department's latest effort to get somebody interested in developing the government's oil shale land seems to have gone for naught. When bids were opened on December 20 for private leasing of three tracts containing $80 million worth of oil (see *The Nation*, December 23), Interior officials discovered that not a single oil company had bothered to submit a bid. The only bids at all, in fact, were $499,000 for two of the tracts by a small company called The Oil Shale Corp. and $625 for one tract from a man in Eugene, Ore. An Interior official termed the bids "absurd" and "ridiculous," and on December 26 the department rejected them.

Over the years, the oil industry has steadfastly resisted development of the shale lands because it feared oil from shale might compete with and undercut the price of their well oil. Yet some observers had guessed that the industry, confronted with growing criticism of their obduracy, might join the bidding—especially since the terms devised by Stewart Udall would have allowed lessees to sit on the land for seven years without paying a cent to Washington. However, the oil companies apparently were so confident of their control over the situation that they decided it was unnecessary to show even the most meager pretense of interest. One factor supporting this attitude might be Nixon's appointment of Alaska Gov. Walter J. Hickel as Secretary of the Interior. A man who made a fortune as a real estate developer and builder, and whose state's prime source of revenue is leasing oil lands, Governor Hickel is not expected to disturb the dormant *status quo* of the oil shale.

California Sleigh Ride

Despite a formerly merited reputation for zealous protection of the consumer (see "Nixon vs. the Consumer," *The Nation*, December 2), the California Public Utilities Commission last fall allowed Pacific Telephone rate increases of $50 million, supplementing the $36 million previously sanctioned by the Federal Communications Commission. Pacific earns about 12 per cent on its common stock and will now have a rate of return higher than what it enjoyed before the state commission reduced phone rates four years ago.

Pacific says that isn't good enough; it will go back for more to the state commission, where General Telephone has a $50 million rate increase pending and Southern California Edison is asking for $60 million. Some of the gas utilities have already filed their rate-increase requests. TVA-sized Pacific Gas and Electric is waiting in the wings, even though its earnings, and those of other California utilities, are up over previous good years.

The governor appoints the five utility commissioners in California. Pat Brown named some good ones, and the decline of California's commission dates from his departure from Sacramento two years ago. Within a month of taking office, Gov. Ronald Reagan replaced two of the three commissioners who had voted to cut Pacific Telephone rates in 1964. Almost immediately, Pacific filed for an increase. Last month, Reagan got rid of the biggest burr in his blanket, Commissioner Bill Bennett, whose term expired.

So now the commission is broken for riding and the utilities are in the saddle. They, in turn, will assure the public—through customer-financed canned editorial services, speakers' bureaus, ads and retainers—that they are the biggest taxpayers around (they collect more for taxes than they turn over to government); that interest on their long-term debt is terribly high (it is increasing by only 2.5 per cent annually and the interest averages 4 per cent, which any homeowner would envy); that gas and electricity (as in Pacific Gas and Electric and San Diego Gas and Electric) are fiercely competitive components of the free enterprise way of life; and that the smart set uses the Princess and the phone extensions (which return to the phone companies ten times what they cost).

Adding the Cubit

Harry Nelson, a medical journalist, wrote a story for the December 15 *Los Angeles Times* that may make legal history. The subject was Ray Tanner, a 33-year-old, 6 ft., 3 in. felon convicted of criminal assault. Tanner's lawyer entered a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity, based on Tanner's abnormal chromosome count. Tanner is an XYY. Of a human being's forty-six chromosomes, two are sex-determinative. For brevity, these are designated X and Y, in desoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) terminology. A normal female is equipped with two Xs, a normal male with one X and one Y. According to a hypothesis for which apparently there is some inconclusive substantiating evidence, the possession by a man of an extra Y puts him into a category which, in prison populations (where most of the investigating has been done), is characterized by extra height and pathologically impulsive behavior.

Without going into details, Nelson says that in one case, in Australia, the defendant in a murder case was freed because he was proved to be an XYY; in France the same defense did not avail. The legal status of the XYY syndrome in the United States is still to be decided. Insanity is a legal concept, and lawyers and judges of traditional temper will probably be inclined to hold that, even though a man is an XYY and even if this subjects him to unusual stresses by reason of innate aggressiveness, he still may be able to distinguish right from wrong and so remain responsible for his actions. Or, as Dr. Erik H. Marcus, an assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA, puts it: "The concept of right and wrong is a moral consideration and moral considerations are not in our genes." Moreover, the connection between human behavior and cell genetics is in an early research stage, and decades may be required to establish firm correlations—if indeed these are found to exist.

A more activist viewpoint came out of Dallas, where the annual jamboree of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, always scheduled between Christmas and New Year's, dealt in an early session with the potentialities of genetic manipulation. Dr. Robert L. Sinsheimer, a biophysicist at the California Institute of Technology and moderator of a panel on the subject, declared the symposium was a "cosmic event"; "We can be the agent of transition to a wholly new path of evolution. . . ." To which Dr. David Daube, a professor of law at Oxford and a specialist in forensic medicine, replied: "The safest course would be to lock all of you up."

But even as he recoiled from the horrors of scientific intervention in what over the aeons has been a province of blind nature, Professor Daube assured the geneticists that he knew it would be both wrong and futile to set limits to their research. He may have remembered that not so long ago, surgery and obstetrics were denounced by the theologians as the work of the devil. While genetic manipulation does pose formidable ethical and social problems, those who set their faces flintily against it are not, as Dr. Sinsheimer pointed out, "among the losers in that chromosomal lottery that so firmly channels our destinies." He spoke not only on behalf of the 250,000 children born each year in the United States with defects that might be remedied by genetic intervention, but also for the 50 million Americans who are classified as "normal" but who must compete in the computer age with an IQ of less than 90. And perhaps also for the XYY population, if the theory concerning them should be confirmed.

Charity and Junk

In *Detroit Scope Magazine* (December 21), under the caption "How Prosperity Is Killing the Charity Business," Ellen Karasik describes a situation which is unfortunately not local. For many years the industrial divisions of such organizations as the Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries, Volunteers of America, and the St. Vincent De Paul Society have operated collection services which pick up discarded furniture, appliances, clothing, etc., from the more or less prosperous classes and resell them for the benefit of the poor. In many of these organizations homeless and handicapped persons are employed to repair articles that can be profitably restored to operating condition. These divisions are expected to make a profit, however marginal, and receive no funds from the United Community Service, although other divisions of the same charity may receive such help.

In the past the industrial divisions have been in the black often enough to keep going. Now, in Detroit—in a period of prosperity, and with increased calls for pick-up (8,000 a week)—the four organizations listed ran a combined 1968 deficit of more than $250,000.

There are several reasons for this depression in the midst of prosperity, causing additional suffering among those who have already suffered enough. One is that with employment at a high level, agencies unable to pay much more than the minimum wage cannot compete for drivers and other help. Thus Goodwill, with thirty-eight trucks in Detroit, seldom has more than fifteen on the road and pick-ups are delayed for two or three weeks. Goodwill also must decline to pick up major appliances—refrigerators, automatic washers, driers, etc.—because many of its employees have only one arm and cannot handle heavy items. A related difficulty is getting and keeping skilled people for repair of automated machinery, much of which, after diagnosis (itself costly), turns out to be beyond rehabilitation. Formerly, when there was a market for scrap, Goodwill could sell these materials and at least break even, but with scrap selling at $4 a ton the cost of taking broken appliances to the junkyard is greater than the proceeds.

"Aside from not having the drivers," reports Dr. John Hoskins, executive director of Goodwill, "we're picking up trash. . . . The cost for picking up the salvage is two or three times greater than what the salvage brings. . . ." This despite the fact that Goodwill uses zonal pick-up, a highly efficient computerized system which cost J. L. Hudson Co. $80,000 to engineer for itself and which it donated to Goodwill. The system was put in national operation with the help of a federal grant of $850,000. Nevertheless, Goodwill is said to be losing money, and its national board is casting about for ways to stay in business.

Of course much money would be saved if people brought their contributions to central collection depots. Both the Salvation Army and Goodwill have experimented with collection boxes at shopping centers. In the Detroit metropolitan area Goodwill has 195 such boxes. The trouble is that so many people use them as a free trash-disposal system. This is true elsewhere. In the New York metropolitan area, a box was placed in a supermarket, but so many shoppers used it for trash disposal that Goodwill finally had to abandon it.

Reunion

The Nation takes great pleasure in announcing the return of Ernest Gruening to its editorial staff. In the past managing editor and editor of the magazine, former Senator Gruening rejoins the staff with this issue as Editorial Associate. Alaska has lost a fine spokesman in Washington, and the Senate is deprived of one of its most useful and distinguished members; but *The Nation* has regained an old and valued colleague.

John Steinbeck

Henry George and Bret Harte were first-generation Californians, although both were born elsewhere; Frank Norris and John Steinbeck were second-generation Californians (although Norris was born in the East). The identification with California is not fortuitous; all four were profoundly influenced by their exposure—and response—to certain qualities in the state's social environment. When their inspiration was drawn directly from this environment, they were fine artists (George's *Progress and*

Poverty is, in some respects, a work of art). But once they left California or tried to write about other scenes, they were disappointing. Norris' *Blix* and *A Man's Woman*, written while he was living in the East, hardly compare with *McTeague* or *The Octopus*. George and Harte never wrote about anything as well as they wrote about California. Norris, as many other California writers have done, misread his own experience. "Dying Fires"—a bad story—is about a California writer of talent who went East and was corrupted by the wicked Bohemian ways of New York.

John Steinbeck was a sensitive and accurate observer of two worlds: that of Salinas, "the salad bowl of America," and of Monterey, close by in terms of space but still quite another world, at least in the days of the fish canneries. His best work—*Tortilla Flat*, *Of Mice and Men*, *In Dubious Battle*, *The Red Pony*, *Cannery Row* and *The Grapes of Wrath*—stems from his intimate knowledge of these two quite diverse worlds. Little of what he wrote after *The Grapes of Wrath*, beginning with *The Moon Is Down*, measures up to his early work. *East of Eden* and *The Wayward Bus* are about California, but seen from a distance.

Steinbeck also seemed to have lost his political sense once he left California. At the outset of his career, he was actively interested in some of the social issues with which his fiction dealt. His San Francisco *News* series on migratory farm labor was reprinted as a pamphlet—"Their Blood Is Strong"—and used most effectively by the Simon J. Lubin Society. Later he lent his name to the Steinbeck Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers. But these interests lapsed when he moved East.

In his later years he managed to sound at times like a one-man "Voice of America," extolling American pieties and taking a hawkish position on the war in Vietnam. The difference between these two Steinbecks was that the first wrote about experiences and scenes he knew at first hand, the other did not quite know what he wanted to write about or what he wanted to say.

Appropriately enough, Steinbeck was buried in Salinas.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

URBAN CAMPUS PROTOTYPE

MERVIN B. FREEDMAN

Mr. Freedman is the author of The College Experience, *portions of which appeared in* The Nation.

San Francisco

I teach at San Francisco State College. Along with several dozen faculty members and students, I stand at a fifth-floor window and watch a noontime rally of strikers and their supporters. After an hour or so of speeches, the crowd displays a certain agitation. Police begin to appear on the scene. They march and countermarch in squads and platoons. Eventually skirmishing and some open fighting develop. Several dozen strikers and bystanders are clubbed and hauled off in paddy wagons. Some policemen are injured, mostly by rocks and other missiles. The warfare lasts for about an hour. An uneasy calm then settles on the campus, and at noon the next day almost the same scene is repeated, like a regularly scheduled public spectacle. [See "San Francisco State: How to Wreck a Campus" by David Swanston, *The Nation*, January 8, 1968.]

As I watch these terrifying events, various images come to mind—the Hapsburgs or Romanovs looking down from the palace windows through the snows of Vienna and St. Petersburg at the cavalry clashing with students and workers. From time to time the military quality of the scene below suggests that I have assumed the vantage point of some 19th-century general, Napoleon at Austerlitz, perhaps, surveying a battle from a hill through a spyglass. Since I was raised in Ocean Hill in Brooklyn and served in World War II for three and one-half years as an enlisted man, before I was commissioned a second lieutenant, identifications with emperors and generals are not particularly congenial. The most apposite image to come to mind is Oswald Spengler's—the Roman soldier grimly going about his business (in my case teaching my classes off-campus), while his world crumbles. But I am not a very good Roman soldier, either. I have too many doubts. So I go about in a whirl, torn by contradictory impulses.

Only the theatre of the absurd can do justice to some of the scenes at ground level. I stand in a crowd of strikers who are about to hold a rally. The crowd is San Francisco—pretty blondes dressed like Sacagawea, chic black girls with natural hair, assorted Oriental and brown-skinned young people conservatively dressed, and dignified black adults, goateed black young men, bearded and long-haired white young men, clergymen with clerical collars, gray-haired white adults. I recognize some people—students, faculty members, prominent San Francisco politicians. Who are the others—strikers, supporters, onlookers, townspeople, police spies? Who knows? Suddenly a voice booms out from loud-speakers: "This is Acting President Hayakawa." He is standing on the roof of the Administration Building 100 yards away. A great chorus of boos goes up from the crowd. President Hayakawa proceeds to pontificate over the loud-speakers in donnish tones. (The remoteness of leader from public somehow reminds me of Mussolini haranguing his vassals from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia.) Meanwhile the crowd at the strike rally takes up a chant, "Fuck Hayakawa" (although most of the older adults do not join in). The President terminates his remarks by wishing his audience a Merry Christmas. The crowd responds to this seasonal civility with hoots of derision and paroxysms of laughter. My companion throughout this scene, a young assistant professor, Yale A.B. and Stanford Ph.D., has been rendered almost catatonic. Finally he blurts out, "This is too much."

The situation of San Francisco State College baffles description and analysis. The Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front (composed of other minorities; for example, Orientals and Mexican-Americans) have called for a strike. Their demands, centered on more support and autonomy for black and other nonwhite students, faculty and programs, range from stipulations that most students, administrators and faculty consider reasonable to those that seem extreme and very difficult to meet—the demand, for example, that the college admit *all* nonwhite students who apply for the fall semester of 1969-70. Spokesmen for the Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front state that they will not compromise their demands. Certain activities disruptive of academic procedures have been carried out. Classrooms have been invaded, bomb threats have been phoned in, small explosive devices have been set off, fires have been started, etc. Serious injuries have been few and damage relatively slight, but it is certain that the climate is troubled and alarmed. Many classes now meet off-campus in dormitories, homes, churches and the like. A union of faculty members, an affiliate of the American Federation of Teachers, is attempting to obtain wider union support for a faculty strike. The split between faculty members and the board of trustees of the state colleges has been growing for a long time; now one of the faculty demands is that the trustees, who have been as adamant as the striking students in their refusal to negotiate, enter into discussion with strikers, both faculty and student.

At dinner parties I am harassed by the question, "What is the solution?" By now I have a reply ready. There is, I say, no solution in the present focus. The problem of San Franscisco State College is the problem of all urban campuses, and it is the basic problem of American urban society generally. Can whites, blacks, browns, reds, yellows, adults, youth, hippies, straights, revolutionaries, conservatives live together in sufficient harmony to maintain some orderly processes of society? The answer is not yet final, but the data at hand are not encouraging. Some years back I used to make predictions about complex social events, but I lack such confidence now. I offer the reader three alternatives:

(*1*) The disorders on campuses are but transitory phenomena which will end soon.

(*2*) During the next decade the San Francisco State situation will become the norm for urban college campuses and for cities generally. Disorder, explosions, fires, guerrilla warfare, strikes will be common events. At the end of this time a more just, humane and peaceable society will emerge.

(*3*) Out of recurrent tension and disorder will issue a Fascist state. College campuses and society generally will increasingly resemble South Africa.

San Francisco State is unique in some respects. It has suffered in recent years from an absence of leadership because of rapid turnover of presidents. The California state college bureaucracy is rigid and cumbersome. Militants in San Francisco are very militant, and conservatives in California, followers of Ronald Reagan or Max Rafferty, are very primitive. But the problems of San Francisco State are basically the problems of any urban campus, and the future of American higher education is increasingly the large, urban, commuter campus. No simple procedures are available for avoiding repetitions of the calamities at San Francisco State all over the country. The close interplay now seen in every big city between society at large and the urban campus is evident in the San Francisco State scene. The governor of California, the mayor of San Francisco, various state assemblymen and senators, clergymen, leaders of the black, Oriental and Mexican-American communities, and the San Francisco Labor Council have all entered the fight. Von Clausewitz's dictum may be applied to the student strike—it is simply a more militant form of political action.

The urban campus reflects the conflicts of urban society—nonwhite or non-Anglo militancy, alienated middle-class youth, repressive public opinion and public officials, heavy-handed police procedures, drugs, and the like. And as with society at large the system of academic government is not adequate to the task. Jeffersonian-style democracy and checks and balances cannot cope with the pace and the complexity of mass technological society. The traditional campus community also belongs to another age, the 19th century. In static times a system can carry an inadequate leader. When traditional procedures break down, the qualities of the leader assume crucial importance. The United States could accommodate Calvin Coolidge in the 1920s; Columbia University could do likewise with Nicholas Murray Butler. Such indulgences are no longer possible. The president of an urban college must grasp, make evident, and somehow cope with a bewildering variety of issues, for many or for most of which there are no precedents. He is thus sailing stormy and uncharted waters.

The president of an urban campus must attempt to fashion a viable institution out of a student body that is a very mixed bag. The interests of student groups are diverse and often conflicting—jocks versus radicals, upper-middle-class students with educational goals centered on personal development versus lower-middle-class students who are concerned with rising out of their parents' occupational status, minority groups versus more established groups, and sometimes one minority group against another. The governing of most private universities and colleges, where the student body is relatively homogeneous, is a far easier task.

The traditional concept of a campus community is based on the premise that people know one another and share many experiences and concerns. On a fragmented, urban, commuter campus this is hardly the case. The president frequently finds himself discussing an explosive issue with a group of students whom he has not met before. For all he knows, some of these young people may not be students. Should an ex-student be considered a member of the campus community? How about a resident of the local community who has never been enrolled in the college? Should the president refuse to talk to a young man or woman if it develops that he or she is an "outside agitator"?

Needless to say, public opinion is a force with which college presidents must reckon. In California Ronald Reagan, Max Rafferty, and such figures stalk the land, ever alert for signs of sexual immorality, pornography, drugs and radical or unpatriotic sentiments and behavior on campuses. Public support for their views is considerable. In the California gubernatorial election of 1966, Ronald Reagan campaigned very successfully against radicals and hippies on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. I should estimate that the citizenry of California oppose the strike at San Francisco State by a margin well above three to one. In response to this public opinion the trustees of the state college system and the regents of the university system have infringed upon certain faculty prerogatives—for example, in the Eldridge Cleaver case. In a time of George Wallaces and Max Raffertys it may seem ludicrous to suggest that college presidents must educate public officials and citizens at large on the basic issues of intellectual and academic freedom. But they must nevertheless try.

Students and trustees, legislators and public opinion are by no means the limit of the president's concern. When a campus is in turmoil one hears comparatively little about the faculty. This is a serious oversight, as any president knows. A faculty can immobilize a campus as effectively as any other group. One hundred students can bring in the police and cancel classes. Fifteen faculty members can block almost any program by talking it to death.

For the past nine months, I have been studying faculty attitudes toward student militancy and campus unrest. It may be said that faculty members are like other Americans at this time. They are somewhat demoralized, weary of conflict, and they are shifting perceptibly to the right in the face of radical challenge. Most campuses have a small group of faculty whose views resemble Hearst editorials circa 1938 and another minority which supports student dissidence. The majority of faculty members on an urban campus are liberals. Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy were their candidates. They want a fast compromise solution to Vietnam. They want justice along with law and order. But at the gut level of daily action things are not so easy. Respectable professional men bristle when confronted by obscene language, outlandish dress and bad manners. Black militants may frighten them. Differences in personal style can obscure areas of agreement and avenues of potentially profitable exploration.

Faculty members are lords of small empires and masters of orderly schedules. A teacher meets classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, researches and writes on Tuesday and Thursday. Forty-two lectures on the United States, 1865-1914, are to be delivered in the spring semester. The symphony orchestra will give a concert on December 1, 2, 3, and the Drama Department's performance of *Heartbreak House* takes place on November 10 and 11. Interruptions are resented. One faculty member said to me: "If the college wants to schedule a convocation on Vietnam, let them do it nights or weekends. The convocation took two days out of my teaching. I can't afford to miss two days, considering all the material I have to cover." Roger Heyns, chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, has made the point that the faculty presumes a college campus to be an institution that almost by definition is to be free of tension. A president must make the faculty see the unreality of such a view in these turbulent times.

The president's domestic complexities are not confined to students, faculty or academic administrators. He must give heed to campus police, secretaries, dormitory residents, business officers and other nonacademic staff. They are an important and neglected element of the community. When three black students meet, a campus police officer suspects that they are up to no good. Secretaries may quake when approached by a black man whose appearance is not respectably middle class. Hippy garb and grooming can be comparable sources of difficulty. These nonacademic contacts can contribute considerably to campus tension.

The financing of higher education for lower-class blacks and other American minority groups is receiving considerable attention at this time. An even more critical issue than finances is the question of what to do with such students once they arrive on campus. College presidents might begin to educate their constituencies concerning some of the implications of black studies. Militant blacks and their allies have thrown light on the hypocritical underpinnings of the "Land of the free and the home of the brave"—the slaughter of Indians, the unjust wars, slavery. They have helped to arrest the march of technology and scientism that a decade ago seemed destined to kill the humanistic spirit. They have greatly contributed to the realization that white, middle-class America does not necessarily walk hand in hand with God. And now they are taking on meritocracy, as exemplified by grades and degrees. They demand that colleges contribute to the development of students rather than that students be tailored to the abstract demands of professions, industry and the like.

Such fundamental issues must be explained and placed

within a framework of rational discussion. It may be that the conflicts besetting the urban campus cannot be solved by reason, but the president must live by the faith that rational debate is still useful. These are revolutionary times, and most middle-aged liberals are ten or fifteen years behind the times. They would have made good college presidents in 1955. They are of the alcohol rather than the drug generation.

In order to talk to dissident students today a president must know where "they are at." He must grasp their sense of outrage and their spirit of anarchy, and recognize the grounds on which they justify confrontation and violence. He must appreciate the appeal of anti-thought. He must be able to talk to students in a language that is not dead. The manners, style and language of rebellion are powerfully evocative. The worst of sins among dissident youth is not to feel. And tired old liberal rhetoric can smother feeling like a blanket. See what it did to Hubert Humphrey's standing with radical youth.

None of this is to suggest that presidents abandon faith in democracy and the meliorative possibilities of the college. They must attempt to draw dissident students into that framework. But the tragic view is in order. They may not be successful in so influencing their students, and it may be that reform of the American system of higher education demands confrontation, that meliorative procedures will not work.

At all events the time for playing it cool is past. I suggest that presidents eschew the role of behind-the-scenes diplomat and administrator and return to the 19th-century concept of president as teacher and orator. Heaven knows, their constituencies have much to learn. They might begin by pointing out to rebellious students that while a revolution evokes an extraordinary sense of freedom and possibility, evocation of a mood is not a political end in itself. History indicates that revolutions cannot be expected to conform to plan, but some coherent vision of the post-revolutionary scene is nevertheless necessary. French students took over the Sorbonne and then did not know what to do with it. They thereby lost much support from the French citizenry. Exegesis of the true state of affairs in the governing of colleges and universities is badly needed. Abuse of the trustees is often misplaced. To be sure, trustees can wield power in tyrannical fashion. More often, however, policy is determined by the faculty. The view of Columbia University as a medieval fief ruled by President Kirk and the trustees is myopic. Rather, President Kirk and his trustees maintained a very loose hegemony over a series of duchies and baronies, the various departments, schools and colleges, most of which enjoyed considerable independence. Above all, a president must find suitable ways for students to participate in the operation of the institution. Only then will students assume true responsibility. Given the nature of campus government, which has grown by accretion, this is no easy task.

A president must hold up to his faculty and his non-academic staff the picture of rigidity and intolerance in which all of us share. The times are too perilous to afford these luxuries. This is not to suggest that faculty members should abandon standards, but some openness and humility are in order. The president might remind a faculty member who is disturbed by disruptions of his class that in five years most of his students are not likely to remember his name, much less what they learned in the laboratory of Botany 1A on April 17. Above all, a president must exhort his faculty and staff to function in their professional environment as any mature citizen must live in our turbulent society—that is, tolerating much confusion and ambiguity. The faculty can ill afford short fuses and snap judgments. Some faculty members are quick to label almost all student protest and dissent an SDS plot to revolutionize American society. Such facile judgments needlessly polarize factions.

These days the chances are that the president who abandons the role of playing it cool and stands forth to exert moral force will be punished. The president of a complex urban institution faces an almost impossible task under the best of circumstances, and statistics show that they do not last long in their jobs. Like baseball managers they come and go, but unlike baseball managers their reasons for going are rarely publicized. A president who is fired for publicly standing by principle, whose firing therefore means something, is infinitely to be preferred to the president who goes out with a whimper, because he cannot do the near impossible—that is, hold the urban campus together. Certain elements of the public may enjoy the spectacle of a Socrates receiving his just rewards. A president, however, may inspire and unite his own constituency, his students and his faculty, by a display of moral leadership, a commodity which is usually in short supply and which appears to be critically lacking in the United States at this time. Perhaps some foundation could assume the burden of aiding financially those true teachers among college presidents who lose their jobs by taking unambiguous stands on matters of intellectual and academic principle. Foundations have been known to do less rewarding things with their moneys.

THE WASTED YEARS

LOOKING BACK AT JOHNSON

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

It's easy to understand why Lyndon Johnson's favorite philosopher is Eric Hoffer, the San Francisco longshoreman; Hoffer shares the President's deep suspicion of change, of Eastern intellectuals, and of people who can't make it on their own. Yet, as is often true of primitives who wander into the company of the mighty, Hoffer gives us—inadvertently, to be sure, for he would never have applied this to his hero LBJ—the best explanation of the Johnson regime: "no matter how noble the objectives of a government, if it blurs decency and kindness, cheapens human life, and breeds ill will and suspicion—it is an evil government."

Lyndon Johnson, if we take his own word for it, had noble objectives. He wanted to save Asia's soul. It may be that he misjudged the danger and perhaps it wasn't his business to dispense salvation, but no one can seriously doubt that among Johnson's reasons for leading this nation deep into that stupid conflict was the desire to "save" a pack of stubborn Orientals from the "sin" of communism. Just so might a west Texas camp-meeting preacher have dragged his drunken brother to the mourner's bench, whether or not the muscular salvation could be made to stick. The evangelistic impulses that have shaped our foreign policies in the last five years should not be overlooked. Johnson has told more than one person—including society writer Betty Beale—that God regularly comes to him with comfort and advice every morning between 3:30 and 4:30 o'clock. At one of those prayer breakfasts that keep Washington pure in heart, Billy Graham likened Johnson to Jesus in that he had "brought a sword unto the world," and Johnson is said to have felt pretty proud of the analogy.

Domestically, Johnson's objectives—that everyone, no matter how lowly and black, should be able to aspire to become as rich and democratic as he—were no less noble, but he had a much harder time keeping his mind on them. Despite the thin splash of nobility that gilds the frame of Johnson's Administration, the picture within does all those things to decency and kindness and human life that Hoffer was talking about; never, at least in this century, has a President so thoroughly bred ill will and suspicion. As to the how and why of its failure, the usual explanation is that Johnson sank so deep into the bog of Vietnam that he accidentally lost many of the domestic rewards he had meant to give to the American people. A better explanation, however, rests more with the man than with events.

Johnson failed because essentially he is a fickle romantic (except in his own business life), a trifler (except in military matters). Much more concerned with defending his pride than with holding a people together, Johnson surrounded himself with and took advice from tired men, toadies and second-raters. On the eve of his election in 1964, Johnson said it was an achievement "that I have spent my whole life getting ready for." And indeed he had spent a lifetime aiming for the White House, but he had not spent fifteen minutes planning what he would do once he got there.

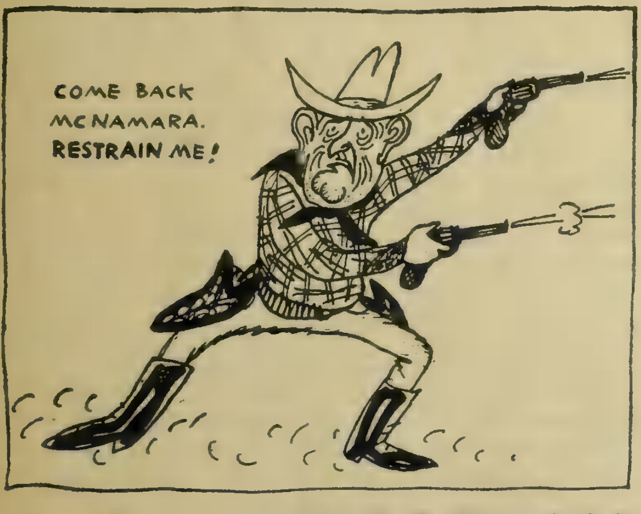
There is considerable evidence that Johnson imagined himself moving into the Presidency as a bigger-than-life Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose name for nearly thirty years he had dropped as spoor for the Texas voters to follow. A few weeks ago David Wise wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*: "At the end of the day his face, creased with fatigue, is curiously Rooseveltian, not unlike the large portrait of FDR that hangs on the wall above Mr. Johnson's rocking chair. There is cruel irony in this, for although Johnson admired no man more than FDR, there is no man he more wished to surpass. The Great Society was to have soared far beyond the vision of the New Deal." How far short of that Johnson fell, both in reality and in the minds of the people, is nowhere better measured than in the changing balance of the legislature during the two administrations. In 1934 the Democrats won 332 seats in the House, against 313 in 1932—the year Roosevelt was elected—and in the Senate increased their numbers from fifty to sixty-nine, although it is rare for a party to boost its Congressional power in a non-Presidential year. In 1966, two years after Johnson's overwhelming victory in 1964, the Democrats dropped from 295 seats to 246 seats in the House, and in the Senate from sixty-eight to sixty-four.

How does one account for the contrasting response of the nation to the first halves of the two Presidents' work? By 1934, explains historian Dexter Perkins, the Roosevelt administration had "convinced a great many groups of its good will." A great many important groups were just as convinced that Johnson's early burst of activity was spurious. Even at the height of his Presidential power, he inspired suspicion.

If Johnson ever really understood the record of the Roosevelt administration, on which he expatiated in so many speeches, there was no sign of that understanding in his own Administration. The laws enacted by Roosevelt to control and revive the banks, to control Wall Street, to guide wages and prices up in an orderly fashion, to stabilize the monetary system, to resuscitate entire regions (as with TVA), to balance agriculture between bloat and starvation—these were the formidable reform levers Roosevelt used to shift the nation's entire economic structure toward a more progressive course.

When it came Johnson's turn, he was either afraid to match Roosevelt's experiments in the important structural areas, or had no interest in them. Instead, he mimicked FDR only in the area of handouts—the PWA, WPA, CCC, relief strategy of Roosevelt—which may have been the most immediately meaningful to the voter, the most dramatic to his pocketbook on a short-term basis, but transient and insignificant when compared to other Rooseveltian maneuvers.

When Johnson took office, the banks were not too weak; if anything they were too strong, at least too domineering in federal fiscal matters. But he had no plans for changing the situation and developed none during the next five years. By the middle of Johnson's term, interest rates were the highest in forty years and uncontrolled except by the pessimism their own height created; he leaves office with rates in much the same condition. The dollar, many experts say, is dangerously weak, but Johnson turned away from that problem as Roosevelt never did. The condition of the middle-income and low-income farmer is today more precarious than it has been since the depression years, while the big farmers and the agri-businessmen loot the support programs. Johnson has not made a single move during the past five years to bring fair play back to the farm.



Abu, The Tribune (London)

It is true that under Johnson the Cabinet was expanded to include a Department of Transportation and a Department of Housing and Urban Development, both excellent and needed creations, but to date they signify more a regrouping of file cabinets than a redirection of national policy. The structural policies of the government are just about what they were when Johnson took over, the only difference being that the men who administer them are probably more disorganized and more dispirited than they were in 1963.

Back in 1957 Johnson complained to a friend: "I want to run the Senate. I want to pass the bills that need to be passed. I want my party to do right. But all I ever hear from the liberals is Nigra, Nigra, Nigra." Once in the White House he determined to take care of the liberals' Nigra and all those other irritating underfooters, and take care of them all at once, with quickie programs.

But few of the humanitarian laws put through Congress during the Johnson Administration maintained their substance even to the end of his term. Medicare, yes; some of the education bills, yes. Often, however, there has been an ugly counterweight. The job programs floundered—partly because LBJ was unable to attract men like Ickes and Hopkins, who kept Roosevelt's job programs cranked up—and partly because they were so poorly designed that they are remembered today mainly for the venality and waste that marred the bureaucracy at the top. As for the wider prosperity—the longest unbroken period of prosperity in American history—much of it was traceable to a war economy the other side of which is more than 30,000 of our young men killed and more than 200,000 wounded, not to mention the Vietnamese men, women and children who have perished. Two important civil rights laws were put through Congress, yet more Negroes attend segregated schools today than did when Johnson became President, and the trend toward two nations, cut along the color line, is swifter than at the time of Kennedy's death.

Except in his militant foreign policy, Johnson had a short interest span. Unsupported by strong convictions, his amiable intentions quickly grew limp. Having passed some law with a snazzy title, he seemed not to care much that appropriations did not follow in a quantity to make the new law effective. He was no doubt sincerely angry, as he often sounded, that poverty should exist; but he was rarely angry with Congress for skimping on money for his antipoverty programs. That, he said, was their business.

During the last year and a half of his Administration Johnson was, in fact, siding with the Congressional butchers when liberals in the Senate proposed expanding such programs. One bill, introduced in the Senate in 1968 by

Joseph Clark and others, would have authorized the expenditure of $2.8 billion on a two-year emergency job program—a concept far more ambitious than anything put forward by Johnson. The White House sent private word to the committee handling the bill that it should be killed, and in public Johnson was significantly silent. This silence so angered Robert Kennedy that for the first time he announced that he was "actively considering" running for the Presidency. Johnson didn't care; that was in March, and he had already decided to bow out. Having made that decision, he was through with trying to do anything for the country.

A White House aide said not long ago: "The President often speaks of how rapidly a President's power declines. A President must move swiftly to use what power he has in the beginning because that power tends to dissipate—almost like fuel in a rocket. There is a big explosion and things happen, then the thrust is lost and lost very quickly. President Johnson had his 89th Congress and then things started going downhill." The complaint makes little sense because after 1966 Johnson stopped *trying* to get anything really important through Congress. He bemoans a loss of power when for two years he has made no real test of his power.

In *The American Presidency,* Clinton Rossiter theorizes that "no man can hold such a concentration of authority without feeling the urge, even though the urge be honest and patriotic, to push it beyond its usual bounds." Many Americans have feared at one time or another during the past five years that Johnson was plotting superpowers for himself, and it wasn't a silly fear, for he did indeed use elaborate trickery to get the extra-Presidential powers that were incorporated into the Tonkin Gulf resolution. But the ambitions that carried him away when he looked toward reshaping Asia were not matched by ambitions to reshape America. Roosevelt risked loss of face—in fact, he lost face—trying openly to purge some of the lawmakers who opposed his domestic reforms, and trying to pack the Supreme Court to ease the way for his emergency programs. That was the kind of effort that Rossiter was talking about—an unexpected intrusion of the Executive into other areas because of an "honest and patriotic" urge to help the country. Johnson was willing to risk his career to wage war, but he was not willing to risk loss of face to reach what he proclaimed as his domestic goals. One can only conclude that he did not care that much about the home front.

He wanted—and usually got from his first Congress—laws that sounded excellent in title. Many of them are still mainly just titles. The program to control water pollution, for example, has not even begun to take shape, though it is now three years old. For Johnson, the proclamation of great battles, the heralding of "studies" and "White House conferences," the headlined statement of his awareness of certain evils—a sort of voodoo exorcism by naming the evil—were sufficient.

In 1964 he said he had launched the Pentagon on a "very comprehensive study" of the draft because he was worried about its inequities, but the study was allowed to die and he happily signed an extension of the old draft—perhaps because he would hazard nothing that might interfere with his war—for which, by September, 1965, he was drafting five times as many men as had been drafted the previous January. Or perhaps it was only because, as so often, he grew impatient with and tired of his reform before it came to much.

On occasion, fidgeting in the confines of Presidential decorum, Johnson would tell Ed Clark how much he envied him his old-fashioned ways of doing business in the Texas legislature. Clark (who became Johnson's ambassador to Australia) used to be the most powerful lobbyist in Texas, serving as the Austin operative for the Houston law firm, Vincon, Elkins, Weems and Searls (to which Texas Gov. John Connally will retire this year as a partner). The Houston firm in many important ways ran the state through Clark; but Clark did not bother to lobby the individual legislators—he climbed the back stairs each morning of the session and laid out that day's calendar with the lieutenant governor, an old friend.

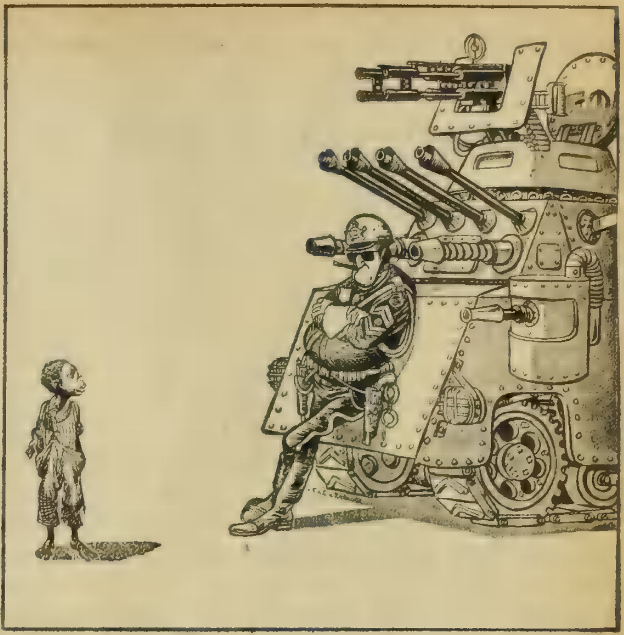
Johnson had had almost the same kind of immediate control over the affairs of the nation when he was Senate Majority Leader, and he grievously missed the cutting and whittling and bending that he used to do in the cloakrooms. But a President must build his wedge into the future with deliberate thoughtfulness, and Johnson preferred to depend on instinct and impulse.

If he had ideas of his own which he deeply believed in pursuing, one could not tell it from his acceptance of a hand-me-down Cabinet. As long as the old Kennedy crowd was willing to stay in line, they could hang around. He had no special notions about foreign affairs, so Dean Rusk was O.K. at State; it was the same with Udall at Interior and Freeman in Agriculture and, for practically the full run, McNamara at Defense. Loyalty, not fresh ideas, was what LBJ desired most of all. In military matters, however, he perked up sharply, taking a keen personal interest in the selection of all five members of the Joint Chiefs. First things came first.

Coldly detached as Senate Majority Leader, Johnson as President allowed himself the luxury of sentiment. All of a sudden he began to drip affection for the downtrodden Negro (he feared and hated the young blacks, whom he did not begin, or apparently want, to understand). In one of the most lyrical speeches ever made on the Negro problem, Johnson laid it out honestly on June 4, 1965, at Howard University:

> For the great majority of Negro Americans—the poor, the unemployed, the uprooted and the dispossessed—there is a much grimmer story. They still, as we meet here tonight, are another nation. Despite the court orders and the law, despite the legislative victories and the speeches, for them the walls are rising and the gulf is widening. . . . Negroes are trapped—as many whites are trapped—in inherited, gateless poverty. They lack training and skills. They are shut in slums, without decent medical care. Private and public poverty combine to cripple their capacities. . . . More than 73 per cent of all Negroes live in urban areas compared with less than 70 per cent of all whites. Most of these Negroes live together—a separated people.

He ticked off a number of rotten areas, and he concluded



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Great Society

with a promise to "dedicate the expanding efforts of the Johnson Administration" to correcting the racial evils.

But he didn't correct them, or try very hard to do so. He called a White House conference of labor leaders and sociologists and Negro leaders and, when it fell apart, he became angry and impatient with the blacks, and his enthusiasm for the mantle of Lincoln was never again very high. When the President's Commission on Civil Disorders came out in 1968 with a report saying that we were becoming two nations—the very thing Johnson himself had said at Howard—he signified his displeasure by refusing to acknowledge the existence of the report, much less give it any support. His slogan in 1965 was "We Shall Overcome," but by 1966 his slogan seemed to have become "Support Your Local Police."

One would be ungrateful, however, to complain about LBJ's stagnation, for in European affairs, where he took little action, things turned out rather well in at least one important area. Preoccupied with Asia, he has not given Russia much attention—and our relations with Russia are consequently quite good. Johnson may have some instinctive awareness that this is the case, for a few weeks ago *Newsweek* reported his appraisal of do-nothing Ike as "one of the most knowledgeable men about government ever to hold office in the U.S." In Johnson, too, inaction has sometimes given the appearance of knowledge.

While Johnson has all but abdicated the role of a creative Chief Executive during the past year, he has spent much of that time building his own fortune at home. It may well turn out that the Johnson financial empire in Texas is a more interesting chapter in history than the Johnson failures in Washington. He went into the Presidency with a fortune estimated at $15 million; he will return to Texas with a fortune estimated at $20 million—a healthy increase for a man who, supposedly, put his holdings in trust when he entered the White House.

Actually, Johnson has made little effort to hide what he has been up to. And what he has been up to includes abusing his public powers. He now owns, or indirectly controls, part of every bank in Austin. He also controls banks in Johnson City and in several nearby hamlets, and lately he has bought into at least one Houston bank. Some of the small banks—and all of the large ones—have profited substantially under the Johnson Administration by the use of federal moneys. Not long ago, for example, the Rural Electrification Administration, a federal agency under the Department of Agriculture, lent $25 million to the Lower Colorado River Authority, an outfit in which Johnson feels a very personal interest. The REA normally hands its money out piecemeal, to pay bills as they fall due, but in this case the REA made a singular exception and sent the LCRA the whole $25 million, before the construction project was even begun. REA officials admitted that they had never done this for any outfit except LCRA, but they also admitted they had done it twice before for LCRA—for a total of $55 million.

The LCRA deposited its money in the Johnson banks, a nice bit of federal cash for private banks to lend out and grow upon. It wasn't hard to accomplish; after all, Thomas Ferguson, chairman of LCRA, is a law partner and banking associate of A. W. Moursund of Johnson City, who is perhaps President Johnson's closest business associate.

Lyndon Johnson was 40 years old when he moved into the U.S. Senate and now, leaving the White House and public life, he is 60. He had had a few years in the House of Representatives, but did nothing important there; doubtless he can look forward to another ten years or so of active life, but except for the development of his Texas land-air-waves-banking empire, he is not likely to make any more headlines. He has had a twenty-year opportunity to whack his way into the history books, a rather remarkable twenty-year opportunity, and all the more remarkable for the failure of his achievement compared to what it might have been.

It would be absurd to put him down as a total failure—or as less than a success, if you set him against some of the other at-first promising fellows who came into the Senate with him in 1948: Russell Long of Louisiana, who has yielded so often to the wiles of the lobbyists; Hubert Humphrey, whom Liberals now view as the classic case of what might have been; Estes Kefauver, a great fighter for the people, but dead too soon to carry through his crusades; Clinton P. Anderson, spotty; Robert S. Kerr, self-seeking; Paul Douglas, like Kefauver, really too decent to hope for success in politics.

Looking at the Class of '48, it seems natural that Lyndon Johnson would be the one who finally made it to the White House. Crafty, unscrupulous but something short of corrupt, unburdened by a deep concern for the public welfare but knowing perfectly the script that any politician must memorize to be rated progressive—it was almost inevitable that he would get to the top. And that is probably one reason why so many Americans have disliked him so much—they have realized that in the long run, even without Oswald, Johnson was one of the grosser inevitabilities of the American political machine.

LABOR & STATE: MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

What's Good For Latin America

HENRY W. BERGER

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A report issued by the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on Latin American Affairs provides up-to-date information on the continuing adventures of the AFL-CIO overseas. Part of a larger review of the Alliance for Progress, the study is a research-staff working paper that examines the assumptions and efforts of American labor diplomacy in Latin America, the most extensive arena of AFL-CIO operations.

The report describes the alliance between the United States Government and the unions in seeking common aims of foreign policy. This involves not only a diplomatic liaison between government and trade union officials but also a formal political and monetary relationship between the government's Agency for International Development (AID) and the AFL-CIO-sponsored American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), a mutual admiration body composed of leading representatives of the unions and of the American business community. Founded in 1961 as the latest of a series of organizations concerned with labor affairs in Latin America, the AIFLD was in large part a response to Fidel Castro's revolutionary success in Cuba and the possibility that such revolutions might erupt elsewhere in the hemisphere. The AIFLD has been an instrument to combat any such developments through a program of educational, social and political assistance to favored labor elements. The Senate report charges that such aid has often amounted to actual interference in the internal affairs of Latin American unions and governments, that the AIFLD has used the funds and prestige of the United States Government to advance its objectives without government supervision, and that the AFL-CIO, which administers AIFLD, has pursued many of its aims on ideological terms which run counter to dominant social trends in Latin America.

The AIFLD receives the greatest part of its funds ($4,875,000 in 1967) from public funds. Specifically, according to the report, this money has constituted 92 per cent of AIFLD's budget since 1966, most of it channeled through AID. The remainder of the capital comes from the unions and participating business corporations.

The broad stated purposes of AIFLD are to promote democracy and capitalism. This conjunction is important, for it is evidence that American labor organizations, like their business counterparts, see capitalism as vital to an ideal democracy at home and abroad. J. Peter Grace (of W. R. Grace and Co. and chairman of the board of AIFLD) described these aims in an article quoted by the Senate Study:

> Through the AIFLD business, labor and government have come together to work toward a common goal in Latin America, namely supporting the democratic form of government, the capitalistic system and general well-being of the individual. It is an outstanding example of a national consensus effectively at work for the national interest of the United States and for the best interests of the people of Latin America.

This view is shared by AIFLD President, George Meany, the chieftain of the AFL-CIO. Speaking before the Council on Latin America on April 2, 1965, Meany declared that labor "believes in the capitalist system, and we are members of the capitalist society. We are dedicated to the preservation of this system, which rewards the workers, which is one in which management also has such a great stake." And, he added, "the investors of risk capital also must be rewarded." To his Latin American listeners, Meany's words were unmistakable: American capital investment in Latin America is beneficial to both workers and management, and the investors are entitled to a fair return on their investment. The AFL-CIO leader linked this to the effective operation of a democratic society, to which Latin Americans ought to aspire. Trade unions which support this particular version of society in Latin America are preferred over others and have benefited from AFL-CIO assistance.

The AIFLD training of Latin American union officials, at the expense of the American public, is a part of the endeavor. After a period of intensive preparation in the United States, some of these graduates are returned to their countries under an internship program, also financed by the AIFLD, to spread the gospel of American trade unionism and anti-communism to their co-workers. "We feel strongly," wrote one American union official to a Latin American employer in 1962, "that through the education of the workers, it will be possible to halt the wave of communism sweeping through Latin America." As demonstrated in the Senate committee report, these union organizers have also helped to provoke revolutions in their own countries against regimes judged unfriendly by the American labor federation and also by the United States Government.

Brazil is offered as an example where the AFL-CIO encouraged and supported efforts by AIFLD-trained unionists to overthrow the leftist government of Joao Goulart. Ironically, the Goulart regime was replaced by a military dictatorship which suppressed the labor unions—a development which presumably the American labor unions did not welcome.

Nor was this the first time that the AFL-CIO had supported an anti-Left revolution which led to a triumph of the Right. Similar results, for example, occurred in Guatemala where the leftist government of Jacobo Arbenz was overthrown in 1954 with the covert assistance of the United States in the form of money and arms, including planes piloted by U.S. citizens. There is no evidence that the AFL or the CIO (at that time still separate federations) had a hand in those specific operations, but the officers of the two organizations had long opposed Arbenz, applauded his collapse, and sent personnel to reorganize the Guatemalan trade union movement within ten days after the successor to Arbenz, Col. Castillo Armas, assumed the Presidency. Unfortunately, Guatemala has since been victimized by a succession of governments which have been variously incompetent, authoritarian and corrupt. Labor unions have suffered the consequences. Dissent against the present American-supported government has erupted into political violence claiming the lives of an American ambassador and other U.S. diplomatic officers; the regime is now confronted by a guerrilla movement against its rule.

None of this is really news. Indeed, neither is the continuity of official U.S. support for AFL-CIO foreign policy. It too is detailed in the Senate study. The government's decision in 1962 to make an initial $350,000 available to the AIFLD included $100,000 supplied from the President's contingency fund. This is remarkably similar to the $50,000 which Woodrow Wilson's administration provided the AFL in 1918 from the President's special fund to finance the creation of the Pan American Federation of Labor—an instrument designed to a large degree by Samuel Gompers, ostensibly to strengthen ties between the AFL and Latin American labor organizations.

The inter-American labor group of that period was also supposed to serve official U.S. foreign policy. The assistance from the government was offered surreptitiously to avoid an anti-administration reaction from home and abroad. The Senate report of 1968 points out that the present-day AIFLD arrangement "theoretically allows for a minimum of direct involvement in the Latin American situation on the part of State and AID officials, and thereby lessens the chances of State and AID officials becoming embroiled in the politics of Latin America. . . . The design is to insure 'clean' technical assistance for the entire democratic segment of the Latin American labor movement."

In its analysis, the Senate committee staff points out that many critics have attacked the AIFLD as a creature of the State Department. On the other hand, others complain that the AIFLD functions virtually without State Department controls, in spite of the heavy government subsidies. The Senate study appears to support the latter charge, especially since it recommends greater government supervision over the AIFLD. Actually, the question of who is controlling whom is essentially a bureaucratic matter, pressing for those involved, perhaps, but less important than the issue of overall policy upon which AIFLD activities are based. In this context the international ideology of the AFL-CIO, and for that matter of the United States, is really the major issue.

This salient question the Senate report overlooks. For in calling upon the State Department and its related agencies to supersede the functions of the AIFLD, the committee staff ignores the fact that Latin American critics often object to the policy as well as the tactics of American diplomacy. At the very least, the committee staff contradicts itself when it makes such a proposal, for it also notes the Latin American allegation that the State Department manipulates for its own ends the private groups that function in the hemisphere. In his slashing critique of the report, AFL-CIO President George Meany correctly demonstrates this weakness in the study's conclusions. But the more significant flaw which the committee *and* Meany fail to recognize is that changing the bureaucratic arrangement will not itself alter the policy, which both acknowledge to be the common property of the AFL-CIO and the United States Government. Both groups are committed to the maintenance of dominant American interests in the region (albeit under certain reformist rules and regulations), to the notion that American-style political institutions and capitalism are essential to a good society, and that revolutionary movements which challenge American ideas and interests are unacceptable. Neither is willing or able to see that assuring American investors "a fair return on their investment" may very well prevent the realization of any meaningful good society, democratic or otherwise, in many Latin American countries. Neither acknowledges that reformist measures, even where seriously attempted, may simply not be speedy enough or fundamental enough to produce real changes in the lives of many Latin Americans, and that in an increasing number of cases American interests are considered more secure under the aegis of conservative military regimes.

As for the unions per se, Robert Dockery, author of the first part of the Senate staff report, is perceptive when he notes that, contrary to myth, American labor has not been apolitical or a stranger to ideology. In fact, the unions have rigorously upheld the political ideology of the American private enterprise system, have usually engaged in partisan domestic politics to win economic concessions for their own constituents, supported labor movements allied with their own, and opposed unions and political parties which support ideas and actions with which they do not agree. In the past, labor based its attack against "unfriendly" unions on the ground that politics was inappropriate to trade unionism, when what it really meant was that a *particular kind* of politics was out of order because it did not agree with American labor's ideological biases. In more recent years that particular argument has not been so evident, but the essential policy has survived.

It is true that the AFL-CIO has had ties with some foreign unions which have included Socialists and supported particular Socialist measures. Without going into the content and fundamental character of the Socialist groups in question, the long history of such relationships shows that those friendships and alliances have existed for the most part only when the particular foreign unions or governments have accommodated themselves to the foreign interests of the United States Government and the American unions, or when the AFL-CIO felt it had no alternative to an even more undesirable situation. When it has believed its interests to be in danger or otherwise resisted, the AFL-CIO has opposed foreign unions and governments. At present this last point is most easily demonstrated by the AFL-CIO's widening split with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) and its vigorous opposition to the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), a nationalist, anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist, anti-Communist organization of Latin American unionists.

Such opposition, it has been suggested, has on a number of occasions resulted in active intervention in the unions and political affairs of other countries. This has been done, it should be added, often out of a quite sincere conviction on the part of various union officials that such action was in the best interests of the country involved, as well as for the security of American unions. Since World War II, in particular, such activities have been carried on with the usual explanation that international communism was about to extinguish freedom and free trade unionism. The assumption is questionable and the Senate subcommittee staff report might have stood on more relevant ground if it had called for a revision of the criteria whereby the American labor unions and the United States Government conduct their international activities.

NEW MISSION TO AFRICA

STANLEY MEISLER

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Nairobi, Kenya

When he gets to reviewing American images and interventions abroad, President Nixon might start with the way in which the State Department and other U.S. Government agencies overseas are sometimes upstaged by an old foe of his—American labor. For years, the AFL-CIO has pursued its own foreign policy in Latin America, boasting, among other things, of how it helped to bring down Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana (now Guyana). Now it is turning to Africa. Since the AFL-CIO activity there is fairly new, that might be a good place for President Nixon to choke it off.

In its foreign operations, American labor sometimes acts, or tries to act, as an arm of the U.S. Government. But it can be an uncontrollable arm. In January, 1968, for example, Vice President Humphrey visited Kenya with a large party that included Irving Brown, executive director of the African American Labor Center, the main agency for AFL-CIO's activities on that continent. American Ambassador Glenn W. Ferguson thought it unwise to include Brown because he is disliked by many Kenya leaders, who believe he has shown too much favoritism to Minister for Economic Planning Tom Mboya. Ambassador Ferguson cabled to Washington a request that Brown be dropped from the trip. But the AFL-CIO can sometimes be more powerful than the State Department. Enraged AFL-CIO leaders talked to Humphrey, and the Vice President overruled the Ambassador. Brown came along.

Brown's African American Labor Center was set up in 1965 when George Meany decided that the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions had become too inept to carry out the AFL-CIO's aims in Africa. The Center operates almost entirely on AID funds, about $2.5 million so far. But unlike other organizations that use AID money, the African American Labor Center undergoes little supervision.

The Center signs agreements with African governments for labor projects, AID not being in the picture at all, except to provide the money. In theory, it could veto a labor project and refuse to turn over the funds, but actually AID officials in Africa know little about the Labor Center projects in the countries where they are stationed. If they did protest, they would likely be ignored by their superiors in Washington.

The Center often gives office equipment and cars to African unions or creates vocational training schools; for example, a tailoring school and a printers' school in Kenya. But the Center also tries to fulfill the traditional AFL-CIO role of helping non-Communist unions fight alleged Communist unions. Indeed, the Center spends the largest portion of its AID funds on Nigeria's Trade Union Institute for Social and Economic Development, an arm of the union in Nigeria that is fighting the leftist Nigerian Trade Union Congress. Brown's deputy, Lester Trachtman, explains: "Our aim is to help build the African trade unions and see that they remain independent. The Chinese and Russians see that one of the best ways to infiltrate Africa is to gain control of the labor movement."

Sometimes American labor gets involved in activities that are less overt than those of Brown's Center. And sometimes labor organizations other than the AFL-CIO become entangled in foreign operations. That seemed to be the case early in 1968 with Peace with Freedom, Inc. Unlike the African American Labor Center, Peace with Freedom was not an agency of the AFL-CIO but a kind of free lance. In 1967, it was identified as one of the many private organizations that had received CIA money. Its other major source of funds was reported to be individual American labor unions. One of these, ironically, was the United Auto Workers, which for years has been criticizing George Meany and the AFL-CIO for their CIA entanglements abroad.

Peace with Freedom was directed by Robert Thomas Gabor, a native of Hungary who had become an American citizen. In Africa, Gabor and Peace with Freedom joined with two German labor-supported foundations to set up various cultural organizations that soon sponsored a good deal of the new publishing being done in Kenya, Uganda and Zambia. This insured that Communists were largely kept out of the vital field of communications in the three countries.

Gabor's work aroused suspicion in Kenya, mainly because he seemed too closely associated with Mboya, the Kenya leader who received a good deal of financial support from American labor before independence. Though they had no evidence, some Africans began to suspect that Gabor's cultural projects were a new way for American labor to pass money to Mboya. Last January, Kenya officials refused to let Gabor back into Kenya. He and another American were declared prohibited immigrants, a local newspaper hinting cautiously but pointedly that they might have been involved in CIA operations.

The incident embarrassed the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi. Ambassador Ferguson, who knew that the operations were controlled more by American labor than by the CIA, told a Rotary Club meeting in Nairobi: "It is sometimes wrongly assumed that the United States Embassy in Nairobi is responsible for the activities of all 3,200 Americans in Kenya. We have no control over the activities of every individual."

That, of course, is the nub of the problem to be faced by President Nixon. Does American labor have the right to operate freely abroad, sometimes interfering in the internal politics of a foreign country? Does it have the right to do this without any real control by the U.S. Government? Furthermore, should the U.S. Government foot most of the bill? These questions need to be answered in any U.S. review of labor operations abroad. And American labor ought to ask itself another question. Do all its machinations really help the people it wants to help? The ban on Gabor, for example, embarrassed Tom Mboya almost as much as it did the American Embassy. American labor can now probably help Mboya best by staying away from him and his country.

RULES WITH REASONS

THE BASES OF MORAL EDUCATION

RICHARD PETERS

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To the question—why do problems of moral education loom so large nowadays?—an obvious answer is that standards are no longer stable. A moral code cannot be taken for granted as it could, say, fifty years ago. Not that people now tend to fall short more frequently of the standards which they set themselves; rather there is much more dispute about what such standards should be. Older people are often shocked, not because the young have no standards but because they seem to have different ones.

There is something to this thesis, but not, I would suggest, quite as much as is often claimed. Perhaps in more settled and stable times parents were able to pass on a code, the details of which could be adequate for their children. When such conditions no longer obtained, after World War I, it is true that some of the younger generation did revolt on certain matters, proclaiming defiantly that morals were merely a matter of private feeling or of individual decision. But both their subjective stance and the reliance of the older generation on a tradition seem equally inadequate at this time. For, on the one hand, it sounds pretty thin to suggest that telling lies and being cruel are wrong just because of one's private feelings or personal decisions; and on the other hand, established traditions palpably cannot deal adequately with such an issue as sexual morality. The task of this generation is to work out a morality that does justice both to the "Victorian" view and to the progressive protest against it. My present purpose is to mark out such a middle road.

The first task is to identify what we are talking about when we speak of morals. What *is* a moral matter as distinct from a legal or religious one? The question is not as simple as it sounds, for moral rules cannot be identified simply by their content. Theft, murder and incest, for instance, are against the law; they are also religious sins and defy custom. And they are thought immoral. On the other hand there are some rules like those against lying and the breaking of promises that are generally matters of morality, and matters of law only under very special circumstances. Still other practices, like spitting, are highly indeterminate. Is it immoral to spit in the street? It is against the law in the subway, but in some homes it is quite customary when near a fire. What makes some say that it is an immoral practice and not just a filthy habit? What lies behind the conviction that some rules are matters of morality and others not?

It is surely the suggestion that *reasons* support such concepts as *good*, *right*, *wrong* and *ought* which gives them the status of moral rules. Such reasons mark out their importance. A rule is a rule of law if, roughly speaking, it has issued from a determinate source such as a king, a parliament or a judge. It may or may not be backed by what we would deem a sufficient reason, or deal with a matter of moral importance. If, on the other hand, we call something like shaking hands a matter of *custom*, we suggest that there's no such determinate source. Heaven knows where it came from and there may or may not be some point to it. If we were to speak of it as a moral rule, however, that would imply a reason, however limited.

To say that moral rules are those which have some backing in reasons does not, of course, go far enough; for reasons may be very peculiar. Imagine, for instance, a discussion about corporal punishment in which one person is against it because it gives rise to bruises. "What is wrong with a few bruises?" asks the other. "They turn blue," replies the opponent of such drastic measures, "and our bounden duty is to minimize the amount of blueness in the world. It's such a horrible color." We would think such a man morally mad, even though he gave reasons for his policies. And this would be because his fundamental principle, which made reasons relevant to him, was "Minimize the blueness in the world" instead of our commonly accepted principle of "Minimize suffering."

I've introduced this rather grotesque example merely to indicate the crucial point that fundamental principles are needed to make reasons relevant, and to confer *importance* on the moral rules which they support. The task of the moral philosopher is to show why a principle such as "Minimize suffering" is defensible, whereas a principle such as "Maximize suffering" or "Minimize blueness" is not. I cannot pursue the crucial task of justifying fundamental principles any further in this article.* I shall have to assume a general agreement that some fundamental principles—such as those of fairness, freedom, respect for persons and the like—are justifiable and that others are not. Such abstract higher order principles lie behind the conviction that matters like theft and the breaking of promises are wrong, and other things like holding a fork in the left hand, rather than in the right, are merely conventions. When, too, we wonder about the morality of such acts as spitting or extramarital sex relations we are looking at them through peepholes provided by such principles. The principles make us take account of some aspects of these practices rather than others.

My example, too, brings out the further point that there are different *levels* of morality. A small number of fundamental higher order principles are appealed to for justification of other lower order moral rules. Our duty, for instance, to obey the government obviously derives from more abstract principles such as the protection of the general welfare. But these lower-order rules are not all of a piece. Some rules, like those relating to spitting, depend very much on time and place; others, like those concerned with contracts or with noninjury to the person, are not as relative. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a society of men in which some such rules did not obtain.

This, I think, is where one of the widespread muddles about morality creeps in; people do not distinguish among the different types of rules within a moral system. They will think that because some rules, say about gambling or sex, are relative and depend very much on time, place and circumstances, *all* moral rules are similarly relative. In parts of Africa, it is said, men are encouraged to have more than one wife; in Europe only one; in the United States only one at a time. Therefore, all morals as to marriage are relative. And fraud, murder, rape and theft are then presumably just as "culture-bound" as spitting in the street!

It should not be thought, either, that any simple appeal to a lack of consensus about moral rules necessarily establishes anything of ultimate significance about their validity. If consensus were the acid test of validity, science would also be in an insecure position; for the scientific view of the world is accepted by only a minority of the human race. If there are good reasons for moral or scientific beliefs, the fact that many cannot grasp them is irrelevant. There are probably many in the Trobriand Islands—or in England—who cannot grasp Newton's laws. Is our estimate of their truth affected by this deficiency?

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Those who attack "absolute" moral principles often develop another type of argument. They say that such principles cannot be absolute because there are circumstances in which they must be bent a bit. What about "white lies"? What about breaking a promise to save someone's life? This is really a very feeble objection, because most people who believe that there are fundamental principles of morality also claim that these principles are subject to an "other things being equal" clause. If there is more than one fundamental principle, it must sometimes be the case that there is a conflict of principle. A person must nevertheless act in such cases, and whatever he does, *one* of his principles is infringed. A "white lie" is not told out of inclination or for gain or glory. It is told when the truth might cause needless suffering. In such a case other things are *not* equal. But because there are *some* cases where a principle must be infringed, nothing follows about the general duties involved. The general duty to tell the truth is not undermined by the fact that on rare occasions other duties are more urgent.

I have spent so much time on the refinements of morality before mentioning anything about moral *education* because I believe that efforts at moral education on the part of well-meaning parents and teachers are often hamstrung by confusions of the sort that I have indicated. The realization that some moral matters are far from straightforward leads to a generalized agnosticism about morality and to a lack of firmness in handing on rules to children. Children, it is proclaimed, must decide such issues for themselves. As if anyone—let alone a child—ever decided for himself that lying and cruelty are wrong!

Actually a child is well along to maturity before he can assess the rules which structure his life, can work out a code "of his own." This parallels the history of the race; for morality, as a code distinct from religion, custom and law, took a very long time to emerge. A small child lacks the subtlety of discrimination required to distinguish matters of morality from matters of law and custom, let alone to decide "for himself" on his moral principles.

How then can this process get started? Obviously this child must learn to use concepts such as "right," "wrong," and "ought." How can he do so except by being initiated into the code of a community, into a tradition? Much is picked up by imitation and identification—especially in the sphere of attitudes to others. But morality is not a skill like swimming, to be learned purely by imitation; it involves learning a whole family of concepts, which cannot be acquired without a great deal of instruction and explanation. Parents often think that they are teaching children not to steal by scolding or punishing them when they take what belongs to somebody else. They do not ask themselves whether the child has yet the concept of property, of people having rights to things, and of distinctions like that between lending and giving. Without a grasp of this family of concepts, a child cannot properly understand what stealing is. Moral education must always take account of where children are, and that requires considerable imagination. Because of his limited conceptual apparatus, a child's actions look quite different to him and to the adults who are judging him.

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* See my *Ethics and Education* (Allen and Unwin, 1966).

But learning to be moral is not just a matter of learning to apply concepts correctly to certain situations; it is also a matter of learning to behave consistently in the required way. Rules must regulate something and what they regulate are human inclinations. Children must develop early the habit of regulating their inclinations. They will usually learn to do this gradually if there is a steady and predictable pressure from their parents; for one of the most valid generalizations about human behavior is that people behave overwhelmingly in accordance with their understanding of what is expected and approved. That is why *consistency* on the part of parents is so important. If a child is brought up within a firm framework of rules, and is consistently approved of when he conforms to them, he will gradually take the rules into his own mind. In this way a firm basis of habits can be laid down. Without that start, a later development of an autonomous code is most unlikely. For how can children learn to adopt rules of their own and also learn to apply them intelligently to varying situations if they have not learned from the inside what constitutes a moral rule?

Very young children do not properly understand moral concepts. By that I mean that, though they can learn to regulate their inclinations with the consciousness that certain things are right and wrong, their grasp of the *grounds* for such judgments is very hazy. They regard rules, so Piaget argues, as more or less transcendentally laid down. The notion of the validity of rules, and that they are grounded in principles, takes much longer to dawn. So it is pointless to expect very young children to do what they should because they see the reasons for it. That will come later as their understanding increases and their sympathies and loyalties begin to extend to their contemporaries. In the early stages they have to learn to do what is right without properly understanding why.

Many readers may be shocked by such a suggestion. If so, it is perhaps because their view of learning is modeled too much on "discovery methods" in, say, mathematics whereby children can be induced, through appropriate questioning, to grasp principles, to have "insight," etc. That is one very important way of learning, but it obviously has little application to such things as mechanical skills or historical facts. The beginning of wisdom in understanding human learning is to realize that there are many ways of learning and many different *types* of things that have to be learned. And one of the palpable facts is that most things in life must be learned *before* they are properly understood. In any case, understanding is usually a matter of degree. Young children learn that bodies fall to the ground if you drop them; but they cannot possibly understand why. Indeed, how many educated adults can explain gravity? In the learning of skills, such as golf or cooking, great proficiency can be attained by a mixture of practice and imitation, without the slightest understanding of the underlying principles. Morality is not just a body of beliefs; nor is it merely a system of skills. But it is like both in that during the early stages traditions must be accepted on trust from those with more experience and wisdom. Trust is essential, for without that relationship between parent or teacher and child the basic body of rules cannot be imparted with firmness and without fear.

What should form the content of a basic body of rules to provide the substance for a tradition? It would obviously include either fundamental principles themselves, such as the consideration of people's interests; or such rules as those relating to respect for persons, for property and for the keeping of contracts, that fall under the fundamental principles. A few such rules can be insisted on, without constantly correcting children over trivialities. Many conscientious parents seem to me to lack discrimination in this respect. They make as much fuss over table manners

and tidiness as they do over lying and stealing. If children are hemmed in by rules, they have trouble developing a sense of what is morally important and what is not. I often doubt that parents are clear about this themselves!

Children vary greatly in the pace of their development, and no hard and fast rules can be laid down as to when the giving of reasons will begin to bite on a child's behavior. But one thing is apparent—reasons will be ineffective until the child's psychological development has reached the point where they awaken some response in him. A good reason for keeping a promise is the inconvenience caused to others if it is broken. But what does that mean to a boy who cares nothing about others? How can he even be moved by respect for persons if he has not gained the sympathy out of which such an attitude arises? How the psychological underpinning for morality emerges is a matter for psychologists, but I suspect that children largely learn to care if they are brought up by those whose own sympathy spreads like a contagion.

If all goes well, as the child begins to develop interests and companions outside the home, his capacity for moral reasoning will also develop—that is, if he is *encouraged* to discuss different points of view. In our highly differentiated society he will find that he has much need for such a capacity, because on many matters he will find that standards conflict. He may find, too, that social changes make some of his parents' views seem a bit old-fashioned—at least on matters that do not fall under basic moral rules. At that point there is some justification for saying that he must decide for himself where he stands. He will, however, be able to do so only if his early training has given him the necessary equipment. It is most unlikely that he will find that his parents have been mistaken on basic rules such as those relating to injury to the person and to property and to the keeping of contracts. On more relative matters, such as thrift, business ethics or sex relations, he may come to think that they are mistaken. It would be surprising nowadays if an adolescent of any spirit accepted all his parents' standards! But at least he should learn to accept or reject elements in the tradition into which he has been initiated by seeing how they square with fundamental principles. A solid basis of rules has to be passed on in such a way that a sane and sensitive morality can grow out of it. Reason must have an inheritance of traditions to work upon.

The view of morality I have here advanced assigns a crucial role to the authority of parents and teachers. both in laying down a foundation of moral rules and in encouraging children, as they develop, to strike out on their own. So I must end by saying a bit about authority, for I think that on this matter, also, there are many muddles. Our society has staged a successful revolt against the *traditional* concept of authority which gave unlimited prerogatives to men over women, to parents over children, to employers over employees. But in overthrowing this patriarchal type of authority we have tended to go too far, concluding that there is no place at all for authority—save, of course, in the sphere of law and state action. This all-or-none reaction overlooks the fact that in school and home, as well as in the state, there is a paramount need for authority—provided that it is *rationalized* and carefully related to the tasks at hand and the individuals concerned.

Authority is what bridges the gap between the generations, for unless authority figures are identified and accepted, knowledge and skill can be handed on only by coercion or bribery. In the old days children were often driven to learning things that were difficult. Progressive teachers in revolt against this approach appealed to the methods of the supermarket, where a premium is placed on appetite. The treatment of children fell in with the tendency of modern industrial societies to gear everything to consumer wants. Progressive therapists tended to forget the extreme plasticity of children's desires and the enormous part played by identification with others. This oversight is relevant both to the formation of wants and to the taking in of rules to control and channel them. Authority enters here as an intermediary between bribery and coercion. It should not be used, of course, to keep children in subservience but to bring about identification with the elements of a society that must be transmitted. A child may become interested in learning something like metal work because he admires his teacher; he may take into himself the code of a beloved parent. But unless he comes to sense what there is of value in the cherished pursuit, unless he comes to feel subjectively the rightness of a course of action, the teacher and parent have failed. Their task is to use their authority so that another generation will eventually grasp what there is of merit for itself in a style of life. They must work hard, in other words, to do themselves out of a job.

As children get older, self-discipline should take the place of imposed discipline. Constraints become internalized and children begin to weigh from within the validity of their promptings. But their tendency to be self-critical, to develop a code of their own, depends on the extent to which they must have kept critical company. The dialogue within reflects the dialogue without; that is why discussion is so important during adolescence. Those in authority over children will, therefore, attempt to get children to do what is sensible by appealing to their common sense instead of ordering them around or appealing to their own status. They will not say, "I'm your father and I'm telling you not to smoke," but will point out the dangers involved. It is a further question, however, whether a child's acceptance of good reasons should be the final criterion for his action. If a parent explains to a child why it is stupid and wrong to put objects on railway lines. and yet sees him doing so, will he stand aside and reflect that the boy is learning to choose? Parents must weigh their own fundamental principles against what is instructive for their children.

Example, of course, is crucial. Parents and others must provide a pattern out of which the child can eventually develop his own style of self-regulation. This is not likely to happen unless exercise of authority is rationalized and sensitively adapted to age, to persons, and to the tasks in hand. For the young will rightly rebel against the irrational expression of a traditional status. In brief, teachers and parents must learn to be in authority without being authoritarian.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Unexpected Revolution

RED FLAG/BLACK FLAG: French Revolution 1968. *By Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 252 pp. $6.95. Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END: May 1968. *By Angelo Quatrocchi and Tom Nairn. Panther Books (England).*

JEFFRY J. KAPLOW

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Lenin, who knew the value of a good slogan, would have appreciated the French revolutionaries of May, 1968, if only for their graffiti. The walls of the Sorbonne, the Odéon Theatre and the occupied factories were thick with them, and they were wonderful. *Society is a carnivorous flower. I take my desires for reality, because I believe in the reality of my desires. I understand that one could make a revolution, on condition of staking one's life.* But best of all: *It is forbidden to forbid.*

This was the revolution of liberty and fraternity as well as of equality. Neither a large share of the pie nor even all of the pie in its present state of indigestibility would suffice. There could be no contradiction between the three terms of the proposition. These were the revolutionaries who knew at last that equality, understood in the traditional Socialist sense of an end to private accumulation and exploitation, was meaningful insofar as it prepared the way for the flowering of the human personality, the creation of social, total men in place of the serialized, unidimensional, alienated individuals of advanced capitalist societies.

This was a new kind of revolution, in part because it was unexpected. Revolutions don't happen in developed Western countries, said the Marxologists. Intellectuals don't make revolutions, said the party-line Marxists. But the revolution did happen or, at least, began to happen, and it was the intellectuals who did it. So unless one wishes complacently to deny reality, the time has come to find out why.

Surely no series of events since the Paris Commune has called forth so extensive a pamphlet literature. In France, the number of words devoted to the subject can be counted only with the aid of a computer. And it appears, on the evidence of the two books under review, that the English are now ready to do their bit.

To ask why revolutions happen is not the same as to study the conscious motives of the revolutionaries. Seale and McConville concern themselves chiefly with the latter, while Nairn and Quatrocchi attempt to develop a theoretical framework from which to explain the former. I confess that while I find the journalists' chronicle skillfully done and useful, an excellent source book for the future historian, it is the second book that is truly original and stimulating. Although in some ways the books complement each other, their comparison shows the gulf that exists between a Marxist revolutionary world view (Nairn) and Left-Liberal conceptions (Seale and McConville).

Why did the students turn to the barricades? They shared a common perception of their action as a rebellion against frustration, anxiety and exclusion from power—against, it may be said, the silent acceptance in which they had been forced to live. They found that the fault lay not in the university but in the larger society, and specifically in the Establishment, the power elite, the ruling class, whose interests are best served by the continued existence of a quiet, docile, highly specialized, professionally oriented, politically unconcerned student body that will not, now or in the future, rock the boat. Little boxes, houses in the suburbs and 50,000 or more francs a year, and I'm all right, Jack.

Seale and McConville recognize this motivation when they speak of a revolt against the "inhuman efficiency of modern industrial life," made more acute in the French case by an overcentralized bureaucracy. They might have added the phrase, "under conditions of advanced capitalism," to their statement, further illuminating the use of words like alienation and the consumer society. Alienation does not in this context refer to some vague psychological malaise but rather to a lack of identity between the producer and his work, the individual and the community, each man and his self. Consumer is an excellent adjective for a society where men are expected to derive satisfaction not from their work but from the consumption of phantoms and fantasies, bottles of beer and television sets—but above all, a society in which the possession of things is supposed to replace human relationships.

Perhaps not all the students who manned the barricades were theoretically equipped to understand the connections between their own situation and the general lines of social development. But their consciousness of the situation, so far from being false, was pretty close to the mark.

This was a spontaneous revolution. Sparked by the action of numerous *groupuscules*, most prominent of which was Cohn-Bendit's Movement of 22 March, it took flame because of the stupidity and obstinacy of the university authorities. The intervention of the police attracted many more students to its ranks. But because this is true, it does not follow that the majority of its supporters were merely reformists who could be bought off with a few crumbs from Edgar Faure's table. Seale and McConville misunderstand the profundity of the movement and the nature of political education that takes place on a political barricade, if they believe this. After all, there is nothing like facing a *flic* to clarify one's ideas.

It is a sad fact that theory is far behind action in this new revolutionary movement. It is one thing to say that May, 1968, is explained by a revulsion against war and racism (the role of Vietnam as catalytic agent is of the first importance), to attribute the students' role to the heightened sensitivity and, to a lesser degree, consciousness that is theirs as members of the intelligentsia. Nairn attempts even more than this—he places the whole movement into theoretical perspective as the rebellion of the producers of alienated mental labor.

Now, students are workers, and they do produce, not merely consume, knowledge. Learning is an active process, an exchange between the teacher and the taught in which the respective roles are often reversed. The students' sense of this has long been implicit in their criticism of professors who lecture but do not teach, who think of their audiences as paying guests. It was explicit in demands that they be paid a wage—the slogan of the Union Nationale des Etudiants de France a few years ago. It lies at the base of the current revolt.

But this subjective *prise de conscience* proceeds from an objective base. Nairn argues that mature capitalism is a period "in which the forces of material production—the mainspring of all historical change so far—have brought about a decisive development in the forces of mental production." In order to survive, capitalism needs to generate an ever-increasing mental product in the form of the communications industry and information processing and, of course, to subordinate this mental product to the dominating power of material production. Consciousness is mass produced as a commodity. But "consciousness resists the form of commodity production by its very dialectical and social character." The bearers of consciousness fight against this misappropriation of their labor. The struggle is naturally concentrated in the universities, the factories in which consciousness as commodity is produced and where, consequently, deprivation is most directly felt.

Nairn is conscious of the audacity of his hypothesis and makes no excessive claims for it. As he points out, this is a time when theory has to be audacious merely to keep up with the practice. We have heard a good deal recently about the role of intellectuals in the making of revolution from writers like Mills and Marcuse, but Nairn is the first, to my knowledge, to offer us a reason to expect that revolution to come to pass. So whether he is right or wrong—and it is, clearly, too early to say—matters less than the use that may be made of his suggestions as analytical tools.

May demonstrated several things. First, that students and intellectuals have an unsounded revolutionary potential. It is to the eternal shame of the Communist Party and the traditional French Left in general that they failed to recognize the fact. *Ouvrierisme* or workerism has long been a feature of French Communist politics; at what cost is demonstrated by Georges Marchais' characterization in *l'Humanité* of Cohn-Bendit as a German Jew who dared to give lessons to the French working class. Leaving aside the chauvinism and the scarcely disguised anti-Semitism, we need only note how effectively this attitude serves to disrupt a militant and fruitful revolutionary alliance.

And that is the second demonstration of the May days, that French workers are still capable of thinking and acting in revolutionary terms, despite the much vaunted depolitization of the Fifth Republic. A substantial number of the 10 million strikers put themselves on the line for more than wages and a shorter work week. *Pace* Seale and McConville, they were not dreaming of their summer holidays whilst on the barricades. How hard contempt for the working man dies, even when he shows what he is capable of!

This is an era of political alliances, revolutionary and otherwise. So far on the Left, most of these have proven sterile, viz., the now defunct French Federation of the Democratic and Socialist Left. The words Popular Front still have magic to them, but the only way they can have any content is if cooperation around a common program is established among rank-and-file militants. Workers and students have got to take the initiative themselves in or outside of the traditional organizations, instead of waiting for party-union-club leaders to sign pacts vitiated at their inception by unwanted compromise and bad faith. The events of May showed that it could be done.

It is often said that there was no revolutionary situation in France last May, and this affirmation is used to denigrate the entire experience. But this is sour grapes of a traditional Left so well integrated into the system that it has long since ceased to believe in the possibility (or desirability) of revolution. May events must not be judged as one would judge the last ill-fated bid for power of some fading revolutionary leader but as a beginning.

Astride the Historical Schism

INTELLECTUAL ORIGINS OF AMERICAN RADICALISM. *By Staughton Lynd. Pantheon Books. 184 pp. $4.95.*

CLASS CONFLICT, SLAVERY, AND THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION: Ten Essays. *By Staughton Lynd. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 288 pp. $7.50.*

CYNTHIA L. ADCOCK

Mrs. Adcock's studies in history and journalism have centered on American radicalism and the Progressive Party.

> In times of change and danger when there is a quicksand of fear under men's reasoning, a sense of continuity with generations gone before can stretch like a lifeline across the scary present.

With this John Dos Passos quotation, Richard Hofstadter introduced his 1948 book, *The American Political Tradition*, a work suggesting many themes typical of American historiography during the 1950s.

Today, for a new radical breed of historian, the American past is no more reassuring than is the future; a sense of continuity might well foster a sense of futility. Can one take pride in the New Deal reforms when one-fourth the nation still lives in poverty, and far more still are insecure, restless and resentful about their condition? The Puritan myth that we are a uniquely chosen people with a historical mission now seems dubious.

The idea of national mission is at issue in the split between the "consensus historians" of the 1950s and the "New Left" scholars rising to prominence. Staughton Lynd, the young radical historian who made news in 1967 by journeying to North Vietnam, seems to stand squarely astride the schism in these two books. In one, *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism*, Lynd compiles a huge file of quotations on conscience, liberty, equality and human rights, as seen by 18th-century neo-Lockeans and abolitionists a century later. The American radical tradition is seen gradually expanding its definition of man's natural rights, into the belief that some ideas are innate in all men. Lynd defines the radical tradition according to this theory: that is, belief that a God has implanted in every man an "Inner Light" or conscience which speaks self-evident truths and demands natural rights. Here Lynd the Quaker takes over from Lynd the historian, for empirically, conscience is as likely to bolster feudalism as to posit natural rights.

The *Intellectual Origins* links Staughton Lynd to those older historians who saw Americans (with or without the Inner Light) as sharers of a common ideology of liberty, members of a consensus of long-standing continuity, men on the make who agreed on common rules of the game, rules given by God through the Constitution.

His other recent work, *Class Conflict, Slavery, and the United States Constitution: Ten Essays*, is quite different. In these fascinating, complex but clearly argued studies, events move in contradictory, crosswise fashion. Merchants and city workers unite in politics; rebel tenants support the British King; the South gladly agrees to prohibit slavery in the old Northwest territories, and conscience is mentioned only in its default.

In *Class Conflict*, Lynd resembles more other New Left historians. He reemphasizes conflict in American history; he rejects simple interest-group economic hypotheses for a complex interpretation using economic, cultural and psychological factors. (Other New Left approaches include the idea that

America has been a prisoner of its belief in a unique, God-given mission, a prisoner of the long dream of American expansion: that frontier expansion did not always promote democracy, but rather, geographical mobility obscured the lack of social mobility from the beginning, and permitted the nation to avoid resolving crucial social and economic conflicts. The Civil War, for instance, came only *after* the slavery issue could not be further compromised by westward expansion.)

Both conflict and compromise are essential to this historiography, and a good illustration is the three major tenets of Lynd's *Class Conflict*: *(1)* the American Revolution was waged by a coalition of diverse groups united only against British rule (groups like the neo-feudal manor lords of the Hudson Valley and their resentful rebellious tenants); *(2)* the diverse upper-class interests of this coalition were principal movers in enacting a Constitution to curb the small farmers and city artisans then dominating various state governments; *(3)* the basic conflict in writing the Constitution was not between large and small states, farm and commercial interests, nor even rich and poor, but rather between North and South as they divided over slavery, the one issue of "conscience."

Such new approaches to history have corollaries for politics, even if unintentional. Lynd wrote the *Intellectual Origins* to show that his was not the first generation of radicals antipathetic to economic determinism. *Class Conflict* is less polemical, but Lynd's purpose appears behind two statements. He quotes Jefferson, saying that "in the last analysis, one stood by and watched the great tree (of liberty) fall" repeatedly throughout history; earlier, Lynd explained one such case when a libertarian revolution was cut short:

> unable to summon the moral imagination required to transcend race prejudice, unwilling to contemplate social experiment which impinged on private property, too ready to rationalize their failure by a theory of economic determination, the (Founding) Fathers, unhappily, ambivalently, confusedly, passed by on the other side.

Lynd opposes a radicalism that relies on the forces of history, and supports a radicalism of "conscience."

In his individualized prophetic radicalism, Lynd voices, ultimately, a despair of democracy similar to that of many consensus historians. They often celebrated United States pragmatism and progress, but cast a jaundiced eye on most popular movements for greater equality and liberty. The Progressives were tinged with racism; the Populists were vulgar and backward-looking; the abolitionists were crabby men from a declining social class.

Most New Left historians accept these descriptions as accurate, but their mood is not soured thereby, nor do they in turn celebrate American moderates. A brief view of three of the more influential will illustrate their approach:

Without losing sight of Southern plantation owners' economic interests, Eugene Genovese equally emphasized the deep cultural values that shaped their commitment to slavery, and that ideologically ruled the whole South. "Slavery and its aftermath emasculated the black masses; they are today profoundly sick and shaking with convulsions," was his estimate, however reluctant.

The diplomatic historian, William Appleman Williams, wrote of the early American ideal of a corporate community guided by a strong moral sense; he demonstrated how the new Republic chose geographical, commercial and political expansion rather than face the issue of actually building that community. This helped explain the South's revulsion at Northern laissez-faire capitalism. Successful expansion and foreign investment fed the economy on capital from underdeveloped countries, but did not solve our domestic conflicts.

Christopher Lasch in *The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963* proceeded smoothly from a socio-economic class analysis of most 20th-century intellectual progressives and radicals to a sensitive psychological description of their characteristics—portraying them as confusing politics with culture, distrusting middle-class culture, and distrusting intellect itself. Thus many preferred to identify with "the laws of historical necessity" or "the working out of the popular will." Lasch's *Nation* study, "The Cultural Cold War" [September 11, 1967] suggested that this radicalism meant replacing that preference with greater trust in one's own values and powers.

The New Left historians focus on the interaction of material interests and psychological and cultural forces. To them, America shares the characteristic needs and foibles of all humanity; it is not unique, nor does it bear a special duty to history.

This approach is useful because it guards against dividing the world into villains and saints, progressives and reactionaries. Such an "existentialist" treatment builds no false opposition between "conscience" and "property rights." It shows how our forefathers, like us, struggled for a variety of goals—from paying the rent to building community. It avoids materialistic fatalism about change because it sees many possible paths for economic motivations. The New Left historians have the advantage of avoiding uncomfortable corners into which some scholars have been driven by their view of history. Not for them an oppressive sense of occupational irrelevance to "the forces of history"; after all, intellectuals play a major role in destroying restrictive systems of thought and encouraging change. Neither, for them, an elitist contempt for other, presumedly benighted, social groups; these, too, have a right to their own values, their own needs, their own conscience.

Biafra in Dixie

THE AMERICAN SERFS. *By Paul Good. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 188 pp. $4.95.*

R. M. ELMAN

Mr. Elman's most recent book is Lilo's Diary *(Scribner).*

The process of enforced starvation, dislocation, desperation, neglect which Paul Good's fine report on rural poverty discloses is commonplace today for many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of black and white families in the Deep South and Southern Appalachia, is not the result of individual backwardness, cultural lag, or family breakdown. As Good shows, it is the result of deliberate governmental policies and economic strategies. It is also an impoverishment that is not being alleviated, but is ongoing, proliferating; for to change the situation might involve discomforting wealth and privilege, might even involve some redefinition of widespread notions of productivity, or social and personal worth, or men's responsibilities to one another.

The roots of this American Biafra are, of course, to be found in our ruthless individualism, the insularity and ignorance of our prospering classes. It is that kind of ignorance which entrusts manpower training programs in South Carolina, for example, to white supremacists who then utilize such federal funds to subsidize the local resort industry with black chambermaids and kitchen help at less than poverty-level wages; and it is that kind of individualism which permits greedy coal operators or plantation owners to ravish Kentucky or Mississippi, leaving behind a human detritus

(Continued on page 58)

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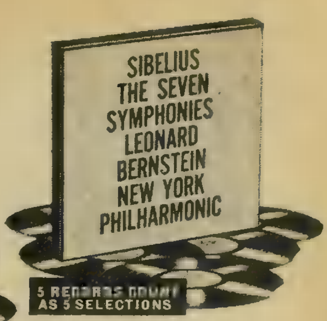
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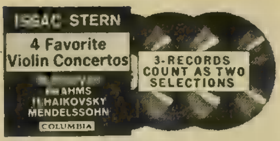
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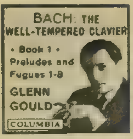
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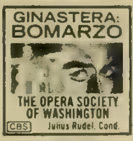
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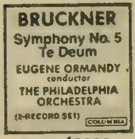
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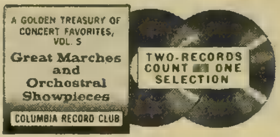
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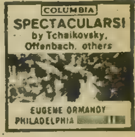
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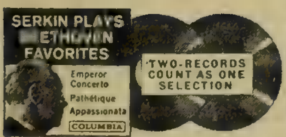
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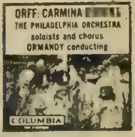
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of the unemployed and unskilled, miners and farm hands ignorant and maimed by their former trades, to whom we then minister with inadequate, short-term welfare programs, insufficient and unappetizing surplus foods, and so-called rehabilitation courses during which hundreds of boring and impertinent hours are scheduled to teach work habits (or the filling out of IRS forms) to men without the prospect of a job.

This is the post Kennedy-Johnson-OEO rural South, a seeming disaster area, but that same South which, we are told, is rapidly changing, being reformed. To the rural poor such changes mean that they are being squeezed off lands put in soil bank to migrate to the big cities of the Northeast, Midwest and California. To black tenant farmers it guarantees discriminatory agricultural services and growing quotas, at best; at worst, being thrown off your land for joining a co-op, or "redishin" to vote.

In short, if you're black, or just poor, it means that all the institutions of a purposely inadequate welfare state apparatus, administered for and by the privileged, can be turned against you so that an application for relief is viewed as anti-social behavior, the practical effects of your ignorance about birth control as lust, and the suffering and deaths of your loved ones as neglect.

With the eye for telling visual details, the ear for moving diction, of a skilled TV documentarian, and the outrage of a good journalist (but with only occasional lapses into bathos, sentimentality, special pleading), Paul Good has been able to put back all of that living nightmare quality into a Southland that has been bleached out for us by decades of chamber of commerce propagandists. It's a nightmare in which children die of starvation and disease while state governments turn down inadequate federal assistance programs as one way of encouraging the black man to go North. The rich and powerful are subsidized; the poor and weak are left to practice free enterprise; and the function of community action programs, alas, is to insure that the local socio-political-economic structure remains unthreatened.

As Good wisely points out, the effects go beyond the Mason-Dixon line. His report is based on a trip he took in the summer of 1967 when Newark and Detroit were burning at the hands of some of these refugees from federally subsidized genocide while the phony-baloney poverty hucksters were advising liberals and reformers to concentrate their efforts on the Negro's family structure.

Good's manner is impressionistic; he seeks to move us by evoking the scene, the people (often at the expense of explaining how the various political shenanigans occur), but he integrates this with interview data, the hard facts of incomes, policies, and who is doing what to whom. The problem is: who cares? Who really gives a damn? In the end, we all still prefer to blame it on the backwardness of the poor. In Orwell's day they were said to keep coal in their bathtubs; now we think it is a matter of who is sleeping with momma. We just don't care to know about any other kind of human evil. How does one go about relating to economic murder, malnutrition or the overkill of Kentucky's defoliation? Or public health policies of free enterprise pediatrics in our *enlightened* and *modernizing* era? How to swing with it?

Even interested parties, such as state civil rights commissions, are apt to be disconcerted when they are forced to look beyond their legalistic official rhetorics at this revival of Southern tribalism which our middle-class-oriented, technoparl, "modernizing" South is working toward. I recall reading some testimony by black Mississippians who told the civil rights people that they lived outside the cash economy, landless, workless, disease-ridden, hungry, without friends. One liberal member of the panel was astonished. He asked how they were managing to get by. The black faces replied: "That's just it. We're trying to tell you we're dying . . . *dying*."

I submit that to get people to really consider that fact is like asking Americans to dream that they will some day choose socialism.

MAN WITH BROOM

Driving home alone or with Angela,
I saw a sad 4:00 a.m. light
in the windows of one room
in a gradeschool by the road.

He's alone,
sweeping, looking at the floor
in front of him:
maybe twelve more years of school.

GEORGE BOWERING

Model-City Murder

SAMMY YOUNGE, JR.: The Story of the First Black Student To Die in Today's Liberation Movement. *By James Forman. Grove Press. 282 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES SHAPIRO

Mr. Shapiro teaches in the English Department at Briarcliff College.

It seems a million years ago, the Southern summers of 1964 and 1965. College students and teachers, mostly Northern, mainly liberal, journeyed into Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia to help work on such projects as freedom schools and voter registration. Though there were beatings and jailings, a good deal of steady fear and much brooding self-analysis, there were also the wonderful moments: the singing in churches before the marches, always ending with *We Shall Overcome*; the obvious improvement of what seemed, at first, to be almost helplessly backward students; the potential voters who, after all the threats, the cowardly night attacks and the doubt, did finally register.

But there was always the knowledge among the white volunteers that this was, in essence, a hit-and-run operation, that they were leaving before the job was done and, for many, the painful and increasing awareness of being resented and often hated—not merely by the white community, for this was to be expected—but where it really hurt, by the young black militants. Black Power was on the way, nonviolence was soon to be openly denounced both as a philosophy and tactic, and the Northern white liberal didn't quite understand why he was no longer loved, admired or listened to. Those who longed to be martyrs too often ended up as clowns.

For me, one of the black men who epitomized this attitude was Sammy Younge (whom I met briefly and admired) who seemed to delight in constantly putting down the eager white volunteers. After reading James Forman's biography I begin to understand. This careful study of Sammy Younge's tormented life and death (he was murdered on January 3, 1966, at the age of 21) is presented via a series of connected interviews with those who knew him best. It is the story of an extremely light-skinned Negro from a conservative black community (the "model city" of Tuskegee, Ala.), a portrait of an often effective but too often wild militant. If ever there was a born leader it was Sammy Younge. And if ever there was a confused man, often irresponsible, it was Sammy Younge. As this biography shows, he was all too dedicated, all too selfish, all too human. A mixed-up and exciting fighter whose eventual maturity, if it came, would have helped us all. Sammy Younge's life, his hang-ups, could be studied with profit by all those white liberals who continue to insist on being loved or even liked by black men at a time when this isn't possible.

What I remember of him are just a few scattered moments: Younge, driving like a maniac as he veered his Volkswagen around Alabama dirt roads; his open contempt for too many of his allies; and the two times I received the famous open smile so often mentioned by Forman's informants. They were probably the only two moments when we made real contact.

Both times were outside a Methodist Church in Tuskegee. As the book so well documents, Tuskegee was unique, "as a pocket of black affluence amid the poverty of a typical Black Belt county, and as a center of high educational and professional achievement in a seat of semiliteracy (white as well as black)." Along with some Tuskegee Institute students and some outside agitators Younge was trying to integrate the church services to prove to a community that was too proud of its accommodation to the *status quo* that all was not as it seemed. He had spent some time in an Eastern prep school, a fairly common experience for the more affluent blacks from the Tuskegee middle class, and he had often played the game of passing as white for the amusement of his buddies. That Sunday, he pulled back his shirt sleeves to prove to the deacon who was barring our entrance that, in fact, the church official's skin was darker than his. I was stupid enough to laugh. The deacon threatened to punch my head in and, stealing an often used line, I replied that if it were part of the churchman's religion to clobber people on Sunday, why go right ahead. Younge smiled. A week later, outside the same church (the little homily of the week posted on their bulletin board to the effect that God commands all Christians to make proper use of their leisure time) we were set upon by a mob swinging bats and bottles, carrying knives and guns. After it was over I was leading Sammy Younge's friend, Wendell Paris, who was bleeding from a serious head wound, into my car and got into a brief hassle with an officer. Sammy, standing by, threw me his second smile. What I did not know then was that Wendell had been injured protecting Younge, who had had one kidney removed while in the Navy. The other kidney was only partly functioning, and any blow to his side might have been fatal. His civil rights agitation was, in a real sense, a life or death proposition.

His death came six months later. Forman heard the announcement over a New York City radio station. "Samuel Younge, Jr., a student at Tuskegee Institute, was killed last night at a gas station in Tuskegee, Ala. Samuel Younge had been active in civil rights activity

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in the county. It is reported that he was killed while trying to use a white rest room at the gas station. Civil rights leaders plan massive demonstrations protesting his killing."

An article in *The Nation* ("Murder in Tuskegee: Day of Wrath in the Model Town" by Arnold S. Kaufman, January 31, 1966) has discussed this murder and the effect it had on the Tuskegee community. Needless to say, the killer was freed, the anger began to fade, but in some ways, Tuskegee Institute, and perhaps the town itself, would never be the same. Sammy Younge was their conscience.

Forman's work is at its best when Sammy's friends are heard from, but Forman's interjections are often an intrusion. The editor, for example, wastes too much time in a personal attack on Martin Luther King's role in the famous Selma march. What should have been important, for the sake of this book, was the effect it had on Sammy Younge.

For this biography is important as it shows us Younge's development, his hopes and his gradual exhaustion. His death served as a catalyst to others, but to try to understand his life might add knowledge to fervor. We try to do our best. But for the Northern liberal who often feels betrayed by former black colleagues Forman's book should prove that to be unloved is not exactly the ultimate punishment.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Tyrone Guthrie has written "What we of the 20th century have inherited is not a Shakespearean tradition, it is merely a legacy of 19th-century conventions." If, despite all the erudite guesses, we know little about how Shakespeare was acted in his day, we know even less about the performance of the classic Greek drama. And if we did know there would still be little point in producing those plays as they were done in the fifth century B.C. Theatre is as much the creation of its public as of its artists.

When Guthrie chooses to direct *The House of Atreus*—which is the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus as adapted by John Levin—for the Minnesota Theatre Company with an almost all-male cast (there are several women in the Chorus) and with all the play's characters completely masked, who shall say him nay? The masks and the costumes, which appear to be made of metal, induce a hieratic atmosphere; the vocal ambiguity resulting from the masculine sonorities in women's roles removes a sense of common humanity.

So far, so good: the masks and costumes are extraordinarily striking. The voices—particularly those of Lee Richardson as the Watchman, Agamemnon and Apollo; of Robert Pastene as Aegisthus, and of Douglas Campbell's Clytemnestra and Athene—possess admirable timbre. Robin Gammill's Cassandra is memorably poignant in its plaintiveness, while his Elektra expires in utterly woebegone tones.

The adaptation, except for the intrusion of prosaic clichés which may be designed for "comedy," is a lean and lucid extract from the mighty waves of sound and sense of the original as translated by acknowledged scholars.

But no play ever emerges; we receive only fragmentary impressions. Not without surprise, I laughed occassionally; by and large I remained indifferent. At no time was I convinced that Guthrie believes in the play as a serious statement about life. Guthrie's prodigious talent moves in the area of robust comedy. It is addicted to playfulness and to swirling melodrama; it is alien to tragedy. Occasionally in *The House of Atreus* he seems to guy the proceedings: a fact particularly notable in the final episode of the trilogy. Where Aeschylus may have intended irony, Guthrie's "atheism" winks.

The greatness of the *Oresteia* is its total vision of human history as an endless skein of crime, retribution and further agony to which men must adjust, find "right" and finally glorify. "God's most lordly gift," says the text in Richard Lattimore's translation, "is decency of mind." This is grandeur. Aeschylus' scope is the cosmic: he wishes to say everything possible about *all* of life. Of this the production gives no more than a provincially formalistic inkling. One may regard it as an ambitious and thus commendable gesture, but it is more theatre exercise than flight of the spirit toward tragic wisdom, which is the essence of Aeschylus' art.

The demands of Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* are modest compared to the Greek challenge; thus the Minnesota Theatre Company makes a pretty good and, in one respect, a brilliant, show of it. I might perhaps be more enthusiastic if I had not seen the Berliner Ensemble in one of the most completely realized productions anywhere in the theatre of the past twenty years, or that of Warsaw's Contemporary Theatre, which was fierce rather than funny. Still, the Minnesota production under the direction of Edward Payson Call is superior to that of Tony Richardson's in 1963, because, for one thing, in that fancy exhibit the director was more interested in himself than in the play.

Brecht wrote *Arturo Ui* in 1941. It was first produced in 1958, two years after his death, when its "lesson" was pertinent to a generation which had already begun to forget or never knew what had happened in Germany between the depression and the advent of the Nazis.

Brecht decided to make his instruction humorous. Another motivation for the style he chose to employ in this instance, a parody of Schiller's verse combined with elements of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, was to rob Hitler of any charisma which might still attach to his memory. Brecht made him a clown of the sort only a degraded society could have mistaken for a hero. His *Arturo Ui* is a mock gangster show, absurd in plot detail and in its bombastic doggerel. At every point Brecht makes unmistakable the analogy between his story of petty racketeers in a mythical Chicago with the rise of Hitler.

I was given evidence that he succeeded in this and that his enterprise is still useful when the young lady who was my guest at the show asked, "Did all this really happen?"—referring not to the crazy events of the play but to the historical recitation which is its "Chorus." So that the closing speech addressed to the audience by the actor playing Hitler continues to have a rousing impact: "If we could learn to look without gawking, we'd discover the truth in the heart of farce. If we could act instead of talking, we wouldn't always end up on our arse. This is 'the thing' we nearly mastered. Don't yet rejoice in his defeat, you men, for though the world stood up and stopped the bastard, the bitch that bore him is in heat again." Though more elaborate than the original German, George Tabori's translation is remarkably apt.

The focal point in the Minnesota production is Robin Gammill's Ui. He is not a better actor than Christopher Plummer, who played the role for Tony Richardson, but his Ui is more extravagantly vivid, vocally exciting and physically graphic.

There is a slight but significant contradiction between what the interlocutor says in the course of the evening about *Big Time Buck White* and what the playbill prints. In the latter it is called "a Play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti"; in the performance Big Time (the man himself) declares in answer to a question: "This is not a play but a *meeting*. If we had advertised it as a meeting you would not have come to see it."

Play or meeting, it is something which

happens happily on the stage of the Village South Theatre at 15 Van Dam Street. First produced in California under the auspices of Budd Schulberg's Watts Writers Workshop, it is partly improvised by the original cast which still acts it here.

It is eminently worth seeing—and hearing: I phrase my commendation this way because the most original attribute of the show is its language. It is not routine black man's lingo or hippie talk, though it resembles both; it is speech new minted in the mouths of the actors or the folk of the vicinity. It is richly expressive.

Almost completely identified with the show's language is the cast that speaks it. One gets the impression that the dialogue is the spontaneous explosion of the company's impulse. I shall not name any of its individual members because they are all integral to the play's texture, and thoroughly winning.

In robust frolic the show kids the innumerable splinter groups which may rise within the "civil rights" movement. It is in no wise a tract but a cartoon lark, a kind of stage jazz developed from a serious theme. The figures are fun-loving, rambunctious, competitive, canny, conniving, teasing, crooked and upright by turn—and always convincingly "real." The "ideology" of freedom, of kinship among all races, is communicated more naturally here than in most shows which aim at "reform" through exhortation. There is nothing so embarrassing in the theatre as the presentation of minority types as model human beings. *Big Time Buck White* is joyously free of that practice.

Very pleasant too and in every respect most agreeably presented is *God is a (Guess What?)*, a light morality play about a lynching (!) written by Ray McIver with nice music by Coleridge-Taylor-Perkinson, produced by the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue.

Coming back to Broadway, Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine*, at the Brooks Atkinson, is a comedy which deals with the kind of disoriented youth who lives in complacent disorder, a fellow supposedly typical of the beat and the hip.

The show's chief asset is Dustin Hoffman, an actor with a true gift for wry characterization. He was at his best in the Donald Ribman play (inspired by Turgenev) which was given several seasons ago at the American Place Theatre. He was also very good in Henry Living's *Eh?* at the Circle in the Square. He is also good without precise characterization, as in *Jimmy Shine*, because he is naturally a "character."

His quality is one of disengagement from every situation in which he finds himself: he always stands a little outside, looking in with a curiously bemused skepticism. He fits his present role perfectly. But I would suggest that he seek parts which require more particular delineation. Playing his quality only, he will repeat the pattern of his personality and become monotonous.

Also very tasty is Eli Mintz as a fishmonger. The "musical" number about the profits and pleasures of the fish business which Mintz and Hoffman do together is the high spot of the show.

It has other bright moments but it is composed of gags rather than observations. The material is similar to that of *Huui Huui*, recently produced at the Public Theatre, a play in which I found a certain health. That health was certainly not in its central figure—a would-be poet as Shine would be a painter—but in the author's understanding. Schisgal's play, even if it were proved autobiographical, is not written with true fellow feeling but with an eye to surface events. It is shoddy showmanship.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Ingmar Bergman is a man sensitive to human suffering, but over the years it has become increasingly ambiguous whether this awareness moves him to compassion or disdain. Pain disfigures and, aside from his Protestant implacability, I feel in Bergman an aesthetic withdrawal from a species so prone to it. His viewpoint is not only stern but remote.

Thus it is characteristic that when, in *Shame*, he makes an anti-war film, the war seems less an affliction than a punishment. Bergman is quoted (in *Atlas*) as saying that he made it "to convey the intense fear I experience," and yet the catastrophe described does not seem one that could conceivably happen to him.

As in almost all Bergman films, guilt broods over *Shame*. The central couple, both musicians, have fled the threatened city to live on an offshore island, and there they stubbornly blot out the darkening rumors of war. But it is clear from the start that they are blotting out much more than that. The man (Max von Sydow) is afflicted by a nervous disability that on occasion immobilizes and dehumanizes him. Thus when he turns bestial under the shock of bombardment one does not know whether to attribute his deterioration to the war or to an accelerated subjective decay. The wife (Liv Ullman) demands a child of him, but it seems evident that what she really seeks is the security of his masculinity. He does not have that to give, and their life together is subject to ugly outbursts and abject apologies. They are hideously ill at ease and in misery have turned their backs on so much common experience that it might be thought war befalls them because their induced aphasia makes them susceptible to external disaster. It may be that Godard is saying we are all guilty of war because we do not prevent it, but with his couple he does not indicate that any prevention, even any protest, was within their power. They resemble the Vietnamese, on whom bombs fall like a virus.

The war, when it reaches the island is nasty, but it does not look like modern war. It resembles rather armed delinquency. Like Godard in *Les Carabiniers*, Bergman does not want to acknowledge war's technical proficiency. Since its ends are mad, its means must be seen as feckless, a matter of neighborhood viciousness. But it does no good to deny war its competence, and the effect is to make the combat soldier the agent rather than the instrument of evil. I doubt that the revulsion against war can be propagated by reducing it to lethal bullying.

This particular conflict sweeps in upon the couple from one quarter and then there is an eye of calm. Into this steps Gunnar Bjornstrand, the local commissar, again playing one of Bergman's self-proclaimed hollow men. That character is one of his tics, and it doesn't much interest me because I don't much believe in it. There is a taint of easy poignancy about the self-indicted husk; I don't say he is synthetic, but the empty men I have met have for the most part been full of themselves.

The wind of war shifts, cutting down the commissar (whom the husband will not save because he has caught the man copulating dolefully with his wife in a ruined greenhouse). The couple then drag themselves toward the coast—the husband now reduced to the point where he will kill a boy for a pair of boots—and the illusory safety of flight in an open boat for hire to refugees with ready cash. The master of this crowded, unprovisioned vessel lets himself overboard in apparent remorse for taking his charges on a journey into the void (personal guilt dominates the film to the end), and the castaways drift into a sargasso of dead troops, which they attempt in feeble horror to fend off with boat hooks and oars. This is a "big scene"; it will be harked back to for years to come. It is, I think, too obviously labored over, and it is extended so far beyond its shock value that one begins to study its mechanics (how many of the "corpses" are floating extras, how many mere bundles of ghoulish gear?) with appraising curiosity. The film ends effectively with the boat a rind of expiring life on the horizon of an otherwise featureless sea.

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As film making, *Shame* is one of Bergman's great pictures. Its texture is a grainy, volcanic gray—very pure—with the sky providing the bright, cold gleam of metal. As often with Bergman, it uses objects sparely and with respect, so that everything well made can be appreciated (though there is one scene in which von Sydow takes out his violin and lectures his wife on its history, which seemed to me absurd between musicians who had been living together for years). There are haunting passages—a Hill of Calvary scene, for example, and when the boat arrives the emergence of the refugees from among the rocks, like marmots streaming from their burrows. The photographer is Sven Mykvist and he deserves great credit.

As for Bergman, he deserves great respect, but his stature diminishes as he withdraws. Artists cannot avoid observing and judging, but they must also manage to participate. Bergman, it seems to me, no longer does so: we are down here and he is out there, and I ask myself how he won that immunity. The situation can be seen in that last shot—a spark of life, remote and fragile on the knife of the horizon, awaiting extinction in the blink of Bergman's eye.

Jules Dassin, who is ever on the lookout for ingenious ways to instruct us, has rescreened Liam O'Flaherty's novel, *The Informer*, as a melodrama of Negro militancy. He calls it *Up Tight*.

SELF-PORTRAIT AT THIRTY

At last I've mastered
getting nowhere. Even my shadow,
as I kill time,
comes from behind
to surpass me.
It is an awkward moment.
But I tip my hat to him,

his to me.

PHILIP DOW

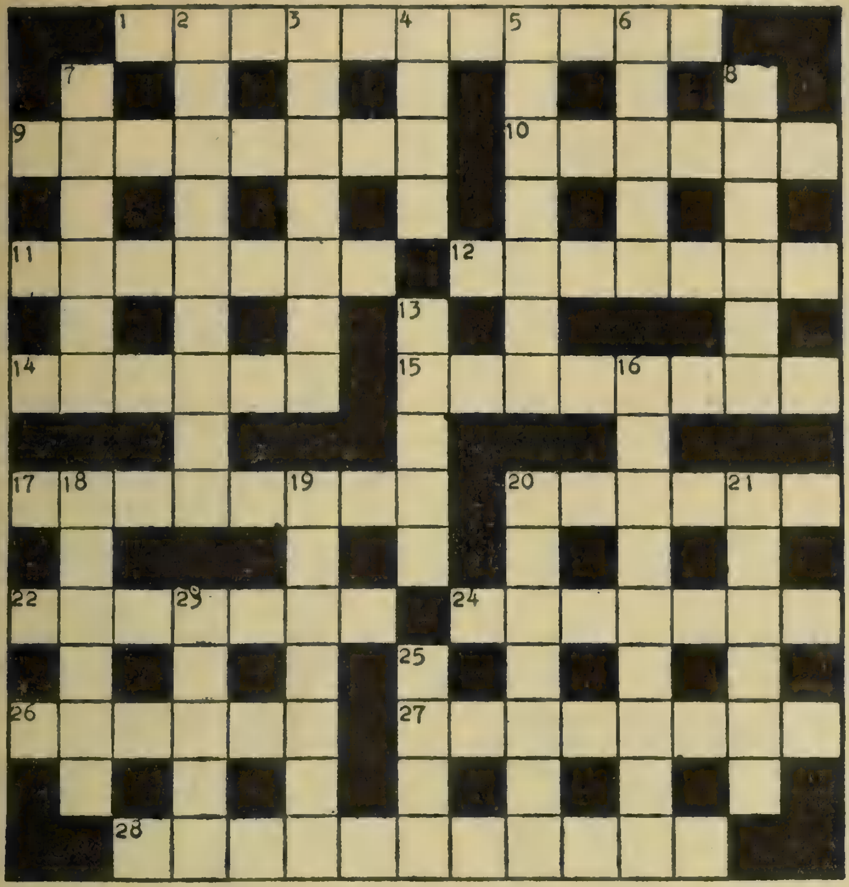
The cast, including Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee, Frank Silvera, Roscoe Lee Brown and with Julian Mayfield, until now a writer, in the title role, looks fine, but seems self-conscious with mission and very much aware of Dassin as the boss. The text, on which Mayfield and Miss Dee assisted the director, is a compulsive glossary of all the clichés, pro and con, that have grown up around the black revolution. The disconcerting effect is that the performers, while they look like real people, sound like brainless puppets. If the young Negroes who have repudiated and to a considerable degree supplanted the nonviolent movement are really this much addicted to mental knee jerks and ritual action the future is indeed unpromising. Flamboyant dress and assertive behavior are understandable and not unattractive, but rote thinking is a disaster in any group, and particularly in one that has decided to lay violent hands on its destiny.

I no longer remember in detail the action of *The Informer*, but I doubt that it could have been as knuckleheaded as it now seems in this version. How is it conceivable that a group of ruthless urban *guerrillas* would turn a weak member out into the streets to be snapped up by the first police agent who notices him drifting by? They could have locked him up, they might well have killed him; sending him to Coventry is schoolboy stuff, entirely out of character with the vaunted implacability of the "movement." Mayfield plays the pariah role with a good deal of feeling, but it is a weary business waiting for him to flounder into the inevitable snare.

Of course, Dassin may intend to warn the country, and particularly the blacks themselves, that ignorance of human nature and the history of uprisings is leading the movement into disaster. But I doubt that he was so motivated or that this cast would have willingly abetted him in such a venture. O'Flaherty's story was grim enough, but it played against the background of Ireland's eventual emancipation from the Crown; it does not seem to me likely that it would have been resurrected—rather awkwardly, for the details hardly coincide—unless those overtones were intended. In any case, Dassin, if he was issuing a warning, should have been explicit, and not allowed the viewer to wonder whether the implication he senses are no more than ineptitudes of presentation.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1280

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The last mark of the man of letters, perhaps winding up a court appearance. (5,6)
9 Having many relations. (8)
10 Points of view for old people? (6)
11 Reveals a number of things, when ordered to be so. (7)
12 See 13 down
14 Rather restricted pose about art, looking back at it! (6)
15 Up to a certain time in the bottom of the fortress? (8)
17 Teardrop in the shape of an owl, perhaps. (8)
20 Responds as a modern source of power does? (6)
22 The sort of mousetrap a helper might want to make? (7)
24 See 13 down
26 Place in Italy where work has to be organized about four. (6)
27 Given a lift (by the British, particularly)? (8)
28 Turning ill-gotten gains into it shows a certain amount of provocation. (11)

DOWN

2 See 13 down
3 One that might crawl to a stop on the street? (7)
4 Look like someone in Burke's? (4)
5 Stretches out and tacks on either side of them? (7)
6 See 19 down
7 Like Gray's ray serene. (6)
8 Canal boat? (6)
13 2 down, 24 across, 23 down and 12 across Implying captured fliers couldn't be exchanged on a one-for-one basis, particularly if Australian. (1,4,2,3,4,2,5,3,2,3,4,)
16 Romeo, for example. (9)
18 Such as Harvey might be Welsh as a matter of course. (6)
19 and 6 down Present type of free speech? (3,4,2,3)
20 Honor a point of view? (7)
21 One who makes doilies out of a rag? (6)
23 See 13 down
25 Might be a good safe opener! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1279

ACROSS: 1 Bar Association; 9 and 12 Catcher in the Rye; 10 Chiefly; 11 and 23 Square number; 14 Heckler; 15 Ended; 17 and 21 down Shallower; 19 Cuticle; 21 Overtake; 25 Elastic; 26 Emanate; 27 Permissiveness. DOWN: 1 Backstops; 2 Retouch; 3 Spherical; 4 Ogre; 5 Incinerate; 6 Thigh; 7 Offered; 8 Dyne; 13 Place kicks; 15 Encourage; 16 Deserters; 18 Average; 20 Embrace; 22 Totem; 24 Kepi.

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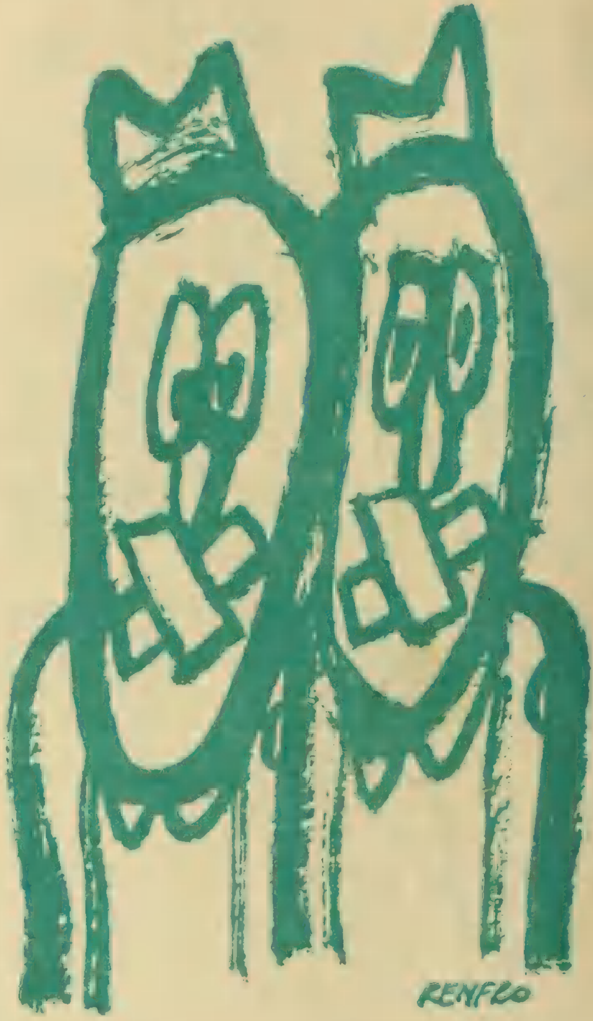

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LETTERS

on their own

Little Rock, Ark.
DEAR SIRS: Just finished reading Edward Witten's "Rhetoric of Ambivalence" [*The Nation*, Dec. 16] and I hope that his opinion of the New Left is not shared by too many of our young college students. . . .

Mr. Witten seems to think that a radical movement has to be tied into another radical movement to be successful. Student radicalism toward college administrations doesn't necessarily have to be linked to Black Power advocacy or labor movements to be successful. On their own, the labor radicals of the early 20th century helped to push labor to its high point of today. Radical students have overturned governments in South America, and student protests in America have lead to the "resignation" of a President and a change in foreign policy.

The New Left is just a name for a group of ever changing individual radical movements that can be successful individually. If the students, Black Power advocates, radical laborites and other radical groups were ever to successfully merge, then the downfall of the New Left would come. The New Left would then emerge as the norm and not the radical.

Sgt. Joseph A. Van Jossen

mailman's fight

Ithaca, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: John Stark ["A Letter Carrier Fights Back," *The Nation*, Jan. 6] has for several years been a friendly, courteous mailman. He reads and thinks, and we have had many pleasant conversations. Last November, however, I discovered that he is a hero, and I suspect that 25,000 other Ithacans have made the same discovery. Stark is courageously bucking the postal system . . . at considerable risk to himself and to his family. I think he will win his case, but in the meantime he will need some financial support. The address is: 413 North Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y. 14850. Incidentally, I am writing this without having consulted Mr. Stark. He will probably be embarrassed. He is that sort of person.

Robert B. MacLeod

next mission

San Antonio, Tex.
DEAR SIRS: With the spectacular success of project Apollo, the Nixon Administration will be hard put to it to think up a program that can capture the imagination of the nation. The national goal of landing on the moon having been virtually achieved, what national goal does the Republican Administration have for the next four years?

One that could engage the energies of the nation and achieve many subsidiary goals is a program to blow up the moon before the next Presidential election. . . . With man literally making rings around it . . . the moon is seen for what it actually is—a useless hunk of matter. It might have served a purpose in lighting the path of wayfarers in primitive times, but modern man has far better ways of finding his way around. A crude and ineffective way of providing light, the moon is offensive to anyone acquainted with modern theories of illumination.

Blowing up the moon would be a warning to all potential aggressors, terrestrial or extraterrestrial, of the awesome powers in the hands of the nation. The goal of national security, which everybody is striving for, would be immeasurably enhanced. It would, indeed, be the ultimate deterrent. . . . By destroying a lifeless planet, the United States would have demonstrated its belief in the basic sanctity of all forms of life.

Thein Wah

EDITORIALS

The Packard Dilemma

According to James Reston (*The New York Times*, January 8), when Robert McNamara resigned as president of the Ford Motor Co. in 1960 to become Secretary of Defense, his net loss was estimated at slightly more than $4 million. That is, after his seven years of service in the government, the appreciation of his Ford holdings (which he was obliged to sell), plus accrued dividends, lost salary, and possibly some stock option arrangements, would have totaled more than $4 million.

Mr. McNamara was a harsh taskmaster at the Pentagon, in the sense that while he was a big spender he tried to get the government its money's worth and to quash some of the fantastic projects that the generals and admirals sought to put over. There is no reason to believe that if he had been allowed to retain his stock, Mr. McNamara would have given Ford a better break than it got during his term in office, but the conflict of interest would have been blatant. Divestiture was a ritual that had to be performed. And it is to be noted that, far from rushing back to the lush pickings of the military-industrial complex, and there restoring his shattered fortunes, Mr. McNamara took another job in government service.

The case of David Packard, Mr. Nixon's appointee as Deputy Secretary of Defense, is far more complicated than that of Mr. McNamara in 1960. Mr. McNamara worked his way up in the corporate hierarchy and was adequately rewarded for his services, however valuable. In contrast, Mr. Packard is one of the founders of the Hewlett-Packard Co., a leading electronics firm which, perhaps even more than Ford, is in the thick of the military-industrial complex. As board chairman of the company which he largely created, Mr. Packard owns, with Mrs. Packard, 3,610,700 shares, worth approximately $289 million at the market. Dumping more than 3 million shares of an important company would create chaos on the New York Stock Exchange, and even the prospect of a gradual distribution would seriously depress the stock, which is now quoted at about 80.

In an effort to solve the problem without losing his nest egg, Mr. Packard has offered to turn over his shares to a short-term trust managed by members of the Hewlett-Packard board, with profits, if any, going to charity. Should the stock rise while Mr. Packard is in office, the gains will likewise be donated to charity. What is left, which presumably will not be too painfully depressed, will be returned to Mr. Packard on his retirement.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Packard is entering on his Pentagon duties with only the purest of motives, yet the proposed trust arrangement does not really solve the problem. For even though Mr. Packard, with $300 million, more or less, under the mattress, could have little concern about whether his stock goes up or down a few millions during his absence, he must have some solicitude for the aerospace, electronics and other military-oriented industries as a whole, and what is good for them will be good for Hewlett-Packard.

Congress will probably accept the trust arrangement as the best that can be made. It has the outward appearance of equity and solicitude for the public interest, and there is a real need for someone with Mr. Packard's technical background to advise the Secretary of Defense. Yet it is a compromise that will not satisfy some observers. As Hobart Rowen points out in *The Washington Post* (January 5), Packard is "the very prototype of the industrialist half of the complex that owes much of its success to the vast U.S. military budget." Rowen continues the argument by calling attention to the pressure for a continuance of big military budgets after peace is concluded in Vietnam, and questions Packard's ability to view impartially questions relating not only to his own company but to the whole philosophy of defense spending.

On this ground he is critical of Packard's appointment. But almost anyone else who had the necessary experience and know-how would be in the same position, with only a quantitative, not a qualitative or moral, difference. The only real solution would be to shrink the military-industrial complex to a magnitude actually required for defense. If anything of the sort happens under the Nixon-Agnew Administration, it will be a miracle indeed.

A Shift Not a Shake-up

The election of Sen. Edward Kennedy as Democratic Whip in the Senate by a 31-to-26 vote, and of Sen. Hugh Scott as Republican Whip by a 23-to-20 vote, represents not the highly significant "shake-up" it has been reported to be but rather a slight shift in power within both parties. Senators Kennedy and Scott should be distinct improvements over Senators Long and Hruska, but their victories reflect only a slight shift in power (the voting in each case was close) from the right wing of each party toward the center. Both the Dixiecrats in the Senate and their counterparts, the Far West and Midwest conservative Republicans, gave a little ground to their respective oppositions. In brief, it is a development that deserves to be mildly applauded but not "hailed" as a major triumph.

Senator Long, incidentally, was not the only loser in the Senate vote. The reasons which Senator McCarthy cited for supporting him were not at all convincing. Dislike and distrust of "the Kennedys" might be a reason for abstaining, as might personal political indebtedness to Senator Long. But personal political loyalty scarcely justifies a vote for Long. At some point, such loyalties must be subordinated to what is best for the party and the nation.

The Welfare Burden

As cities and states face the new year, it is abundantly clear that most of them are in serious financial trouble. From Los Angeles, an innocent among the big cities, comes word that the government faces "the darkest financial crisis in its history," with anticipated appropriations far outstripping sources of revenue. Connecticut will probably double its sales tax in order to meet the expected deficit. Wisconsin, a frugal state under a Republican Governor who promised a surplus, is faced with a huge deficit

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caused largely by an "unprecedented increase" in welfare costs. New York City, where deficits are eternal, needs an additional $500 million, but the word from Albany is that the state itself seeks $700 million in new revenue.

A common theme runs through all these stories: the welfare burden is increasing. New York City is, of course, a special case, but its figures are instructive. Ten years ago, the city spent $235 million on a welfare caseload of 239,000 people. Today the city has 1 million on welfare —one out of eight New Yorkers—and the budget request for welfare is now $1.7 billion. According to Welfare Commissioner Jack R. Goldberg, it is "perfectly conceivable" that the relief population could reach 3 million in the next decade. This constitutes an insupportable burden —insupportable, that is, in its present distribution of roughly 37 per cent federal, 33 per cent state and 30 per cent city. If there is anything to the proposition that there is no resisting an idea whose time has come, it should be possible today to shift the entire welfare burden—in stages—to the federal government, where it belongs.

The case for federal assumption of welfare responsibility is unassailable. First of all the problem is national. "The welfare phenomenon in New York," to quote Mr. Goldberg again, "is a national phenomenon. What's happening is happening in every urban community in this country, and what is necessary is for some specific and pointed changes in national, social and political policy." In Great Britain, as in most European countries, eligibility determination and funding are regarded as national responsibilities. And with the exception of welfare, most subsidy programs here—maritime subsidies, farm subsidies, etc.—are nationally administered. No one suggests, for example, that the city of Des Moines should make a "contribution" to the farm subsidy program. Migrants from Southern rural areas require assistance in the cities to which they are drawn, but the cities did not create the "push" behind the migration. Increased mobility alone is a strong reason for national administration of welfare.

Federal administration would remove the sharp discrepancies in standards and practices which currently exist and would be much more efficient. Welfare imposes an enormous administrative burden on cities, diverting energies and attention from problems which cities might be in a position to do something about—they can do little to minimize welfare caseloads. Local administration creates tensions and frictions, which in turn aggravate problems of municipal government.

Full assumption of welfare responsibility by the federal government could be accomplished for a sum which the Pentagon would regard as a pittance—by some estimates no more than $3.5 billion. President Nixon has had an able task force at work on welfare and related problems, and they have given serious consideration, we are told, to the desirability of shifting, by stages, the welfare burden to the federal government. This might give Congress a better understanding of the social consequences of policies for which it is responsible, and it might also dampen enthusiasm for larger military appropriations. Even a slight adjustment of the welfare-warfare ratio in the allocation of federal funds would be a step—if not a giant step—in the right direction.

Changing the Guard

The return of Ambassador Averill Harriman from the Paris peace talks will conclude the latest chapter of the long career of an energetic, patient and gifted man. In the unlikely event that Mr. Harriman never again lifts a finger in the public service, his community, his state and his country will remain deeply indebted to him.

Henry Cabot Lodge, who will replace him in Paris, has been lately denounced for his espousal, in the past, of the misguided war in Vietnam and for his perverse defense of the odious Saigon government. His repeated and clumsy misinterpretations of the Vietnamese situation clearly disqualify him, it is said, from occupying the U.S. seat at the peace table, in whatever shape it finally materializes. But of this we are not entirely sure.

If it is Mr. Nixon's determination to negotiate a swift settlement, who is in a better position than Ambassador Lodge to slap down, finally and without recourse, the pretensions of the preposterous Ky and his entourage? If even Mr. Lodge is impelled to repudiate his old protégé, Ky's farcical game should be ended once and for all.

Moreover, if Mr. Nixon foresees that peace can come only through compromise—which the American intransigents will decry as being "soft" on communism—he may be protecting his position in advance by sending into the fray a man whose reputation with regard to Communists is hard to the point of mulishness. If Mr. Nixon's strategy embraces one or both of these gambits, his diplomatic talent would have to be rated rather high. It could be.

Political Peonage

From the moment when we first learned of the extraordinary political generosity of the Seafarers' International Union, which bestowed $100,000 on the Democrats under rather unusual circumstances (see "Finger Pointing," *The Nation*, December 16), we have wondered how this union —by no means one of the largest—could spend money in politics like a sailor on shore leave. Its political fund is said to be the biggest maintained by any union.

Now, thanks to the curiosity and enterprise of *The Wall Street Journal*, we know where at least a large part of the answer is to be found. (The *Journal* also turned up the original story about the union's large gift to the Democrats, which was made in the wake of a ruling by Dean Rusk denying Canada's request for the extradition of Harold C. Banks, who had jumped $25,000 bail and fled to this country after being convicted of a conspiracy charge involving the beating of a rival union leader.)

It seems that the Seafarers have, over a period of years, collected unreported "contributions" from alien seamen. These seamen work on high-paying ships that fly the American flag—ships bound, for example, to Vietnam. Some of the ships are owned by the government or chartered to the Pentagon's Military Sea Transportation Service. Many, perhaps most, of the alien seamen are not even members of the union. They are needed because many American seamen jump ship in ports such as Subic Bay, in the Philippines, or Yokohama, in Japan, or get sick, or simply want to return home.

All told, the *Journal* estimates that several hundred thousand dollars have been contributed by these alien seamen to the union's political fund. Some individual "contributions" have been as high as $500 for a single voyage, with the donors not knowing the names of the candidates, nor the candidates the precise source of the funds. To say that these aliens "contribute" is a euphemism; they have little option in the matter, and indeed the whole procedure has the smell of a shakedown.

If American members of the union had been the sole contributors, then the 12,800 men would have had to contribute $39 each to account for the $497,338 which the union collected for political purposes through November 10 of last year. By contrast, the average steelworker or auto worker gives $1 a year for political activities. Under the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, public accounting is required only for contributions to candidates for President, Senator and Representative. But this year the Seafarers, in addition to such contributions, paid out $20,000 in speaking fees to Congressmen and $313,000 in campaign contributions to candidates for state and local office. Granted that the Seafarers have a vital interest in legislation—perhaps a more direct interest than other unions—still the way the union has been spending money in political campaigns now takes on special interest, in view of what is known about a major source of these funds. Union officials, of course, refuse comment. However, a combination of federal agencies, or possibly a Congressional committee, should be able to provide an answer to this question: what percentage of the funds so lavishly spent in politics by the union is contributed by alien seamen unable to vote in U. S. elections?

The Gadflies

One of the difficulties that confronts every conscientious reporter, even those imbued with the crusading spirit, is that most of the people he interviews are personally nice fellows and it is no pleasure to crucify them in print. The lower they are in the corporate or governmental hierarchy, moreover, the less point there is in giving them the works. The big shots, on the other hand, are not easy to reach and when the reporter does succeed in setting up an appointment, they often manage to persuade him of their good intentions, their duties to their stockholders (or the higher bureaucracy) and their own limited powers.

Ralph Nader is an exception to this journalistic weakness. His guiding principle is that the bigger they are, the harder they fall. He has been both forceful and fortunate. When he launched an attack on General Motors (first published in *The Nation*), some professional maligner in the company's employ tried the usual tactics, which backfired so badly that Nader became famous overnight.

Prominence has not mollified him in the least. He celebrated the new year by building a fire under the Federal Trade Commission, whose pants had been flammable for years, if anyone had had the temerity to apply a match. A team of seven investigators, organized by Nader, has completed a 185-page report calling for the resignation of Paul Rand Dixon, the head of the commission, and demanding a thorough overhaul of this agency's somnolent practices. According to John D. Morris, who reported on these salutary events in the January 6 *New York Times*, the investigators spent three months last summer interviewing officials and checking files, and such was their enthusiasm and persistence that they became known around the offices as "Nader's Raiders." Nader himself disclaims the honor; all he did, he says, was give the team, the members of which paid their own expenses, "some guidance and some leads." The active head is John Schultz, a 1968 graduate of the Yale Law School, which supplied a $500 grant. But without Nader's name, the project would probably never have been undertaken.

The FTC has been investigated before, but not by a band of law school guerrillas. In 1949, a commission headed by former President Herbert Hoover called the commission's record "disappointing" and said it had become "immersed in a multitude of petty problems." The Schultz team was more blunt; it said that "alcoholism, spectacular lassitude and office absenteeism, incompetence by the most modest standards and lack of commitment to their regulatory missions are rampant at these [high staff] levels."

Coming down to cases, the investigators accused the commission of relying too heavily on complaints by aggrieved consumers, instead of going out into the field, particularly in ghetto areas, or monitoring television commercials and the other kinds of hornswoggling that have become an accepted part of the American "free enterprise" system. Another commission failing is its touching confidence in "voluntary" enforcement by industry; too seldom, therefore, does it go into the courts and force compliance with reasonable standards of probity.

Recruiting practices are what one would expect. Partisan politics permeate the offices, graduates of Southern colleges are favored over those of Ivy League schools, and Negroes are hired "in their place," which is usually in the four lowest civil service categories.

This new and blunt report is refreshing and its importance is recognized by a long story in *Advertising Age* (January 6) under the caption "Naderites Blast FTC for Foot Dragging." A whole catalogue of frauds is listed—irritating mouthwashes, snide cigarette ads, subtle deception through image manipulation, and "the creation of demand through associations with sex, fear and power fantasies." The *Advertising Age* account is, in fact, much more severe than the one in the *Times*. And in another story in the same issue, *Advertising Age* reviews the gentle treatment of Geritol, which has been under a cease-and-desist order since December, 1967. What it amounts to is that Geritol's advertising agency experiments with formulas that will deceive the suckers as efficiently as before, while satisfying the lenient FTC requirements.

The Schultz-Nader report may signal the beginning of the rise of a new social ethic in the United States. A group of young lawyers and law professors, inspired by a successful crusader against the untrammeled evils of business, have here taken their social responsibilities seriously and put a negligent agency on the spot. One of them has the name of William Howard Taft IV. He does honor to his name, and so do all his colleagues to theirs.

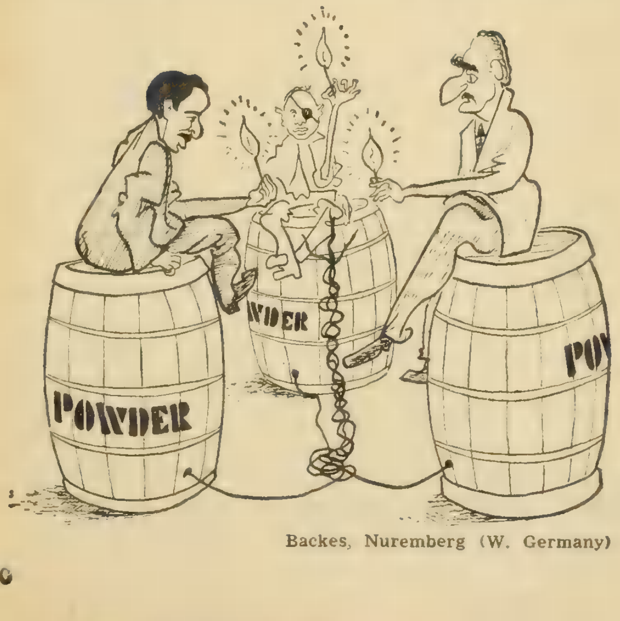
FIRE CONTROL AT THE UN

ANNE TUCKERMAN

The new year has brought a sense of renewed urgency to the task of finding a political settlement of the Middle East conflict, lest the rising spiral of terrorism and violence lead once more to a full-scale war. The Arab commando attack on the El Al plane at the Athens airport and the massive retaliatory blow inflicted by Israel on Lebanese civil aircraft—which was unanimously condemned by the Security Council—are but the latest manifestations of the guerrilla warfare which characterizes the present phase of the Palestine conflict. It has become obvious in diplomatic circles outside the Middle East that the situation must not be allowed to continue in this fateful direction.

A more effective political effort must be undertaken than a police precinct role (in the words of the representative of Brazil) now being played by the Security Council—it takes down complaints of incidents after they occur—and the disappointing mission of Ambassador Gunnar Jarring who, through no fault of his own, has been able to function up to now only as a letter box. The Soviet Union is especially eager for new initiatives because it finds itself in a position not unlike that of the United States in 1965, when Washington had to decide whether or not to increase its commitment in Vietnam. Moscow is being pressed by Cairo and other Arab states for additional military assistance, but is reluctant to supply them, lest they precipitate another Arab military venture. This time the Soviet Union might not escape involvement as easily as it did during the six-day war.

The alternative to this course is a political settlement, which Soviet diplomats have been urging on President Nasser with some measure of success. The natural framework for such a settlement is the Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967, which set forth among its basic principles the evacuation by Israel of recently acquired Arab territory, the cessation of Arab belligerency against Israel and freedom of navigation for all through Suez and the Straits of Tiran. (The reopening of the Suez Canal is a priority item for Soviet expansionism and its shipping of supplies to North Vietnam.)



Backes, Nuremberg (W. Germany)

The U.A.R. has announced its acceptance of this resolution as a "package deal," the timetable to be arranged by Ambassador Jarring. Israel continues to assert that each point must be the subject of agreements between the parties, in the presence, if necessary, of the United Nations mediator. Weary of losing diplomatic battles after winning military victories, Israel denies the right of any UN organ, or any outside power—or powers—to impose a settlement.

So far, the United States has backed the Israeli formula for direct negotiations between the parties, and the Johnson administration in its dying days was not likely to change its attitude. The Soviet Union hopes that under the new Administration a reorientation of American Middle East policy will produce a more "balanced" attitude that would translate itself into pressure on Israel by the withholding of arms. The Nixon team is proceeding very cautiously on this difficult terrain and is not likely to show its hand prematurely. However, the raid on Beirut airport—in response to which the United States for the first time condemned Israel—may provide a new element, because Lebanon is the only Arab country in the Middle East where a Western political and economic orientation survives—with American help. The government crisis brought about there by the Israeli attack may be followed by a dangerous upheaval of the sort only too common in the area.

In this climate of increasing tension, the United Nations—or rather its corridors and private chambers—provides an excellent ground for careful diplomatic moves between the big powers. President de Gaulle has revived an earlier suggestion—supported by U Thant—for a four-power conference or consultation to promote a settlement in the Middle East. The Soviet Union has emphasized the UN angle and is at present carrying on a major diplomatic campaign to have the permanent members of the Security Council (that is the same "four powers": the United States, the USSR, Britain and France) work out a formula to implement the November 22 resolution. As an additional enticement for support in international circles, Moscow is hinting at a territorial guarantee which would be exercised by four-power forces stationed, under the aegis of the Security Council, on both sides of the Arab-Israeli borders.

The detailed formulation of this program in carefully planned leaks is part of the war of nerves that Moscow is determined to wage on Israel, and which the Beirut episode has made easier. The big question that remains is whether or not President Nixon will decide to explore such schemes seriously. Will he be willing—and able—to exert pressure on the Israeli Government to accept a settlement on terms other than its own?

COLOR IN THE CLASSROOM

THERE IS NO PANACEA

IVOR KRAFT

Mr. Kraft, formerly child development specialist with HEW, now professor at Sacramento State College, has written frequently for The Nation *on educational issues.*

At the start of this decade, the educational debate reached a peak of heat and complexity not previously matched for a generation. The elements principally contributing to the emotionalism were integration and compensatory education, with minor controversy supplied by busing and IQ measurements. Cultural deprivation was an evil to be stamped out: normal achievement was a standard difficult to define.

Recently something new has been added to the Babel of voices and viewpoints. It is called community control or decentralization of the inner-city or ghetto schools (although it can be applied across the board to all the large-city systems). The question arises: have we entered a new stage in the great educational debate of our era? In order to show that we have not, a short summary of how things currently stand in education must be provided for those who do not regularly attend the debate.

The movement to integrate the schools across class and race lines is seriously wounded and languishing, but it is not yet dead and never will be. Some promising steps have been taken in Syracuse. Berkeley, somewhat of a special case but with a Negro enrollment of 41 per cent, has chosen complete desegregation, with support from black moderates and militants. Communities as diverse as Galveston, Tex., and Pontiac, Mich., are giving the Berkeley approach serious consideration. Complete integration remains the only logical and morally defensible long-term solution of America's public school problem, which is a white and not a black problem.

Even when achieved, however, integration is no panacea. Many teachers are themselves inept in a racial situation, they harbor conscious and repressed prejudices, they are fearful of confronting race conflicts, they resent having to live with a whole new set of psychological tensions. The children too have problems. Even a 7-year-old can be a confirmed segregationist, and some black children are ashamed of their color, having been indoctrinated to a sense of inferiority. These and similar problems are tenacious, and it will take more than one generation to achieve truly creative racial harmony in our land, where racism has been the rule for 300 years.

In a previous *Nation* article ("Retreat to Separate but Equal," November 27, 1967) I mentioned some of the evidence then available as to the effectiveness of remedial programs in black schools—"compensatory education," it is called. The verdict then of ineffectiveness and failure stands after a year. The More Effective Schools (MES) program of New York City is all but forgotten. Early childhood education (Head Start) does some good, but not much. Oddly enough, remedial and compensatory programs are perhaps best justified in higher education, despite conventional wisdom to the contrary.

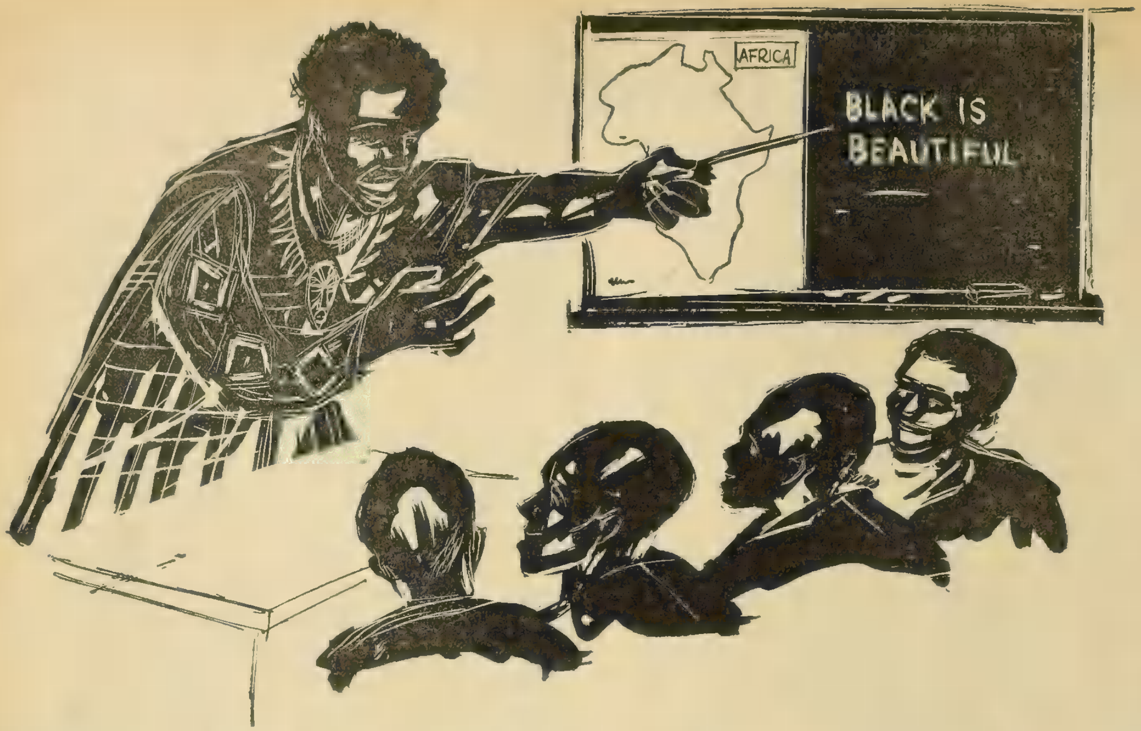
Few bother any longer with the old chestnuts about IQ and cultural deprivation. More alert researchers take it for granted that ethnic minority children have adequate intellectual endowment, and that it is a failure of the schools and not the children when this endowment does not surface. Preoccupations with once popular cultural deprivation ideas are seen as useless, since they are only crudely descriptive, not prescriptive.

We have learned to be wary of the power of the courts to redeem public education. The fourteen-year struggle to implement *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* has been sobering. Still, not all is lost. Now shaping up, in Michigan and Illinois, are test cases to challenge unfair state allocation procedures, which routinely reinforce fatter educational budgets for the suburbs at the expense of the needier central cities. [See "The Quality of Inequality" by Thomas P. Wilbur, *The Nation*, December 23.] This may result in more just apportionments, but it will by no means funnel enough money into the slum schools to resurrect them.

Seductive notions about the blitzkrieg power of nursery, elementary and secondary schools to lift the poor from poverty are also being abandoned. Those who run America's elementary and secondary schools have never dared to change the class and social order, and even if they did they would fail. Higher education is something else again, for by the end of the century more than 80 per cent of the citizens will attend colleges and universities. These adult student bodies and faculties will wield potentially great power for influencing America's chief institutions. Even now they command 35 per cent of the total educational budgets, and that percentage will grow. Today's wild and woolly student radicalism is not a transient digression from panty-raiding. Long overdue, it is an evidence of talent, conscience and emerging power (witness the influential anti-Vietnam activities of the campus).

But there is as yet no counterpart to such a power base at the elementary and secondary levels. There masses of children are being managed by a corps of teachers who are mediocre, meek and underpaid. Not only are they timid and prim in their middle-class status; they are inordinately protective of their professionalism, and unlike college faculties cannot be prodded and shamed into activism by their student constituencies.

While there is no power base for change in the elementary and secondary schools, there can be no doubt that a "power structure" rules the roost in American education. But it is a structure, not a monolithic center. The rulers are not an autocratic junta who impose their policies at will. The structure of power has three key elements, with conflicts among them: the fiscal authorities, the conservative boards of education and the mass teachers' organizations (NEA and AFT). There are certain peripheral fac-



tors—including the federal government, the courts, the lay citizens' groups, the schools of education—but these enter into the power structure only insofar as they affect the allocation of the money, hiring or firing of superintendents, and the control of teachers.

Does anything unite all elements of the educational power structure? Yes, briefly it is this: a desire for docile, conformist schoolrooms (law and order) which will successfully process the individual child through his 16th or 17th year, at which point he will enter either the college, the labor force or the armed services. All else, including intellectual achievement, spiritual growth, creative exploration, optimum development, freedom and joy, are sacrificed when they interfere with a lawful and orderly processing of children through the grades. The fiscal authorities, the boards, the administrators and teachers are united in dread of anything that may rock the boat of public elementary and secondary education with its $34 billion budget, 45 million pupils and 2 million teachers.

This does not mean that American public education is a wasteland of unmitigated mediocrity and conformity, as we often hear. Not quite so. A power structure rules the roost, all right, but it does not say where each egg shall be laid. Schooling can be deadly, yet there is something so intrinsically healthy about learning and teaching, at root it is such a nonconforming and individualized process, that it is bound to make allowances for human yearnings and exuberance. Quite a few children are doing good things, under decent teachers, in the best suburban schools.

Moreover, one tricky admission must be made in favor of the power structure—it is tricky, because the point is so easily misunderstood in the absence of a thorough discussion. Simply put, it is that a minimum degree of law and order must prevail in the schools if education is to go forward. Freedom, respect for the child, joy are simply not enough. Children must be told on occasion to shut up, and they must do so. They must not constantly bullyrag one another and their teachers. And when managed in groups they absolutely must learn to read and write by the 4th grade, otherwise all else reduces to futility.

With respect to the inner-city public schools, it is folly to romanticize the renascent element in ghetto unrest. Black is beautiful, but the ghetto is not, nor are its schools. America has never had a noble poor, black or white. In America, the goal has always been to get out of poverty as rapidly as possible. And when masses of the children of the poor are crowded into squalid, inferior schools, they do not behave like noble learners but like troubled, suppressed kids who reflect the wretchedness of their environment and upbringing. Bertrand Russell, who for a number of years ran an experimental school—and not for slum children—learned early that freedom and respect for the troubled child was not a cure-all:

> Whatever may have been the cause, many of the children were cruel and destructive. To let the children go free was to establish a reign of terror, in which the strong kept the weak trembling and miserable. A school is like the world: only government can prevent brutal violence. And so I found myself, when the children were not at lessons, obliged to supervise them continually to stop cruelty. We divided them into three groups, bigs, middles, and smalls. One of the middles was perpetually ill-treating the smalls, so I asked him why he did it. His answer was: "The bigs hit me, so I hit the smalls; that's fair." And he really thought it was.

Does this sound like a plea for law and order? It isn't. Russell and his wife put freedom, creativity and joy above law and order, but they realized that to get the former they did require a minimum of the latter.

Ghetto children are not maimed for life, and they can learn. But the atmosphere of the inner-city slum school is profoundly alien to learning. Community control will not dissipate this alienation. Only massive budgets—three and four times those now available—and extraordinarily dedicated and wise teachers (so rare that when one comes along, he spends a year in the classroom, writes a book, and then moves on to something else) can salvage the inner-city school. That is why, during the past decade, those who have known the score about public education have never been taken in by crash programs, compensatory education, teaching machines and schemes of reorganization; but have insisted from the start that only an end to class and racial isolation in the schools will initiate a regeneration of public education in America.

Community control does not bring with it increased budgets. That is obvious. But neither does it bring with it a new breed of teacher. The majority of black teachers are products of third-rate black teachers' colleges; their chief aim in life is to get away from the ghetto, not to sanctify it. Their major skills, alas, are those of custodianship. To be sure, here and there certain faddish devices will be introduced by community leaders, but children are not so easily conned. Dashikis, natural hair-dos, soul music in the cafeteria, and introductory Swahili all have some symbolic significance, but the children will still leave these schools unable to read and write. Moreover, dashikis and the rest can easily be absorbed into the educational establishment, which in its day has absorbed jitterbugging, sex education, conversational Chinese and the miniskirt. There is nothing in community control which threatens the white bourgeoisie, the black bourgeoisie, the Ford Foundation or a really clever union leader.

Speaking of union leaders and the Ford Foundation, a word is in order about the recent New York City fracas. It is instructive, but one must not generalize from it to other big-city systems. New York's educational Armageddon, still inconclusive, is unique. No other city has such a massive system, such a Byzantine educational bureaucracy, a union so militant and sure of itself, or an ethnic confrontation so intricately explosive as that between a 50 per cent Jewish teaching corps within black metropolitan communities numbering nearly 2 million. When to this is added inadequate budgets and raging politics, it becomes obvious that the New York situation does not invite solutions; it encourages survival tactics to avoid annihilation. The teachers fought, or thought they fought, for basic security, and who can blame them? A powerless and enraged community, long deluded by spurious promises of integration, fought for some measure of power, and who can blame *them*? The Ford Foundation and the bureaucracy were caught in between, but they were less blameless. They must have known that they were inviting chaos. Like the wily British promising the Holy Land to the Jews and the Arabs, it is as if they had got together and said: "Let's give them everything they want, and then wash our hands of the whole thing." Of course, not one got what he wanted.

McGeorge Bundy, in offering his scheme for New York City, said that it had nothing to do with power, and everything to do with better education for children. It is precisely the other way around. Assuming that we get various decentralization plans for the hundreds of inner-city schools of New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., and elsewhere—and it will come easier in most places than in New York—after the dust settles the schools will continue very much as they were before. Here and there a courageous and enterprising community board may recruit some really fresh blood to staff its schools, and there will be the usual honeymoon episodes. That is no different from what we have been getting occasionally from reform boards of education. But in the end the old pedagogical creeds will prevail; the slightly modified power structure will settle into a slightly modified rut. There will be certain redistributions of power and, as we all know, power is its own excuse for being. Certainly more blacks, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans will become principals and administrators, as they should. But this will merely repeat a phenomenon made familiar by the war on poverty: the slogan says maximum feasible participation of the poor, but the outcome is more upward mobility for the minority middle classes. That is good, but will it make the children well taught?

As for the somber and extreme argument that decentralization and community control will sink us deeper into the mud of segregation, producing the permanent institutionalization of inferior black schools, that view is probably no longer defensible. It is hard to imagine the black inner-city schools as being much worse than they are today. The trend is toward separate but equal, but community control is a response to this trend rather than its cause. Nor is community control necessarily hostile to integration in the long run. Under present circumstances we must honor black America's cry for self-determination; but community control or no community control, we must never agree to apartheid concepts of "black" and "white" education. There is only education. It is the responsibility of white America to keep alive the ideal of integration, and to prove its integrity, despite all frustrations.

It will not be easy. According to an AP release of August 7, the Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare offered this "realistic" advice:

> I think we have to be realistic. In a large number of big-city areas we have a lot of neighborhoods that are going to be completely black. If we can have good schools and good police protection, maybe that's better than to have fear and riots. And maybe another generation will have to deal with integration.

Whether or not this is realism, it is obviously not going to hasten America along the path of integration. And if this is what amounts to the progressive viewpoint under a Democratic administration—a view of "fear and riots" as the ultimate abominations, and a conception of "good schools" as being in the same order of goodness as "good police protection"—then it is foolhardy to think that Richard M. Nixon and his crew will hold high the banner of racial integration in schools, or anywhere else.

Thus, it is now impossible to quarrel with the determination of black militants and moderates that if the schools are to be black—and ever blacker—they are going to be black controlled. That is honest; that is fair. That is why community control deserves one little cheer.

LIFE ON THE LINE

CONVERSATION WITH CLEAVER

HENRY E. WEINSTEIN

Mr. Weinstein, a third-year law student at the University of California, has written of the Huey Newton case for the Daily Californian *and of a student delegation's visit to Governor Reagan on the issue of Eldridge Cleaver's lectures at the university for the* Sacramento Bee.

> You sit on your cold, steel-mattress bunk and watch a cockroach crawl out from under the filthy commode and you don't kill it. You envy the roach as you watch it crawl out under the cell door.
>
> *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison*

Berkeley

On the evening of November 21, six days before he was scheduled to return to prison as a result of parole revocation, Eldridge Cleaver made his last public speech at California Hall in San Francisco. He was visibly shaken as he stepped to the rostrum and commenced by saying, "I'm kinda stuck for words tonight." It was plain that Cleaver was more than upset by the prospect of going back to prison. He was "freaked out" in a manner akin to Rubashov in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*.

Cleaver no doubt had been reflecting on how things could have been different. After all, he didn't have to become involved with the Black Panthers, or he could have left the group when the heat was turned on. He could certainly count on making enough from *Soul on Ice* and his writing for *Ramparts* to live comfortably. Without attempting to deify him, it suffices to say that Eldridge Cleaver is not that sort of man.

As I entered Eldridge Cleaver's house on the 24th of November and watched the double-bolted door close behind me I was more than ever impressed by the fact that Cleaver had made a leap that is characteristic of the true revolutionary. He had put his life on the line for his beliefs. His words transcended mere verbiage and were continually translated into action.

And just before I left his house that afternoon Cleaver provided an insight into his thoughts at a moment when he must have been undergoing some serious self-examination. My roommate Dan Lang, who had accompanied me that afternoon, asked Cleaver if he would autograph his copy of *Soul on Ice*. Cleaver smiled and responded warmly as he inscribed the following:

> For Dan Lang. On a Sunday afternoon, the Sunday of Sundays for me. Perhaps my last Sunday. I don't know. No matter what, however, the truth is still the truth and the struggle must and will go on. All power to the people. The spirit of the people is greater than the man's technology.

In the preceding hour we had taped the following interview:

Weinstein: This fall there was considerable controversy over your participation in a class on racism at the University of California. What have your experiences been as a guest lecturer in the course on "Dehumanization and Regeneration in the American Social Order"?

Cleaver: The dialogue that we have been able to develop in the classroom has been satisfactory. The discussions have been fruitful. The conditions in the class are good but we have been hampered by political interference, for instance by the regents and the Governor. It is, of course, unfortunate that the students may not get credit for the course. They will simply have to balance that against the realization that they have come into contact with some new ideas. I would also comment that the class has been very helpful to me in developing my ideas.

Weinstein: Many of your public statements and also comments in *Soul on Ice* indicate that you think education and work with young people is extremely important. In this context what is the relationship of the Black Panther Party to black student union groups on high school and college campuses?

Cleaver: We have had good relationships with the black student unions at local high schools; indeed some of them have changed their name to Black Panther student unions.

The situation on the college campuses has been different. Before forming the Black Panther Party, Bobby Seale and Huey Newton tried to do some organizing at Merritt College, where they were students. They started the Soul Students group at Merritt. They discovered that there are problems with starting a revolutionary movement among blacks at the college level because almost all black college students are from the black bourgeoisie.

The black middle class are the most alienated from their roots; when the idea of black consciousness began to develop they had the furthest to go. Curiously enough, though, you also had the development of what is called "cultural nationalism" and some of this was a form of black racism.

The black students now in high school find it much easier to relate to the revolutionary ideas than do the black college students. When they get to college they will wash away this regressive phenomenon.

Another problem has been the compartmentalization of black college students. They have been viewed as a separate entity, but they must be seen as part of the larger community. They must be united to that larger community so that these groups can function together. This goes for white students as well. They have compartmentalized themselves too. Liberation must come and can only come from the entire community, not just from the colleges.

Weinstein: Huey Newton has been imprisoned; and you are due to go back to jail in a few days. Thus a significant portion of the leadership of the Black Panther Party will have been put out of circulation in one form or other. What have you been doing to develop new leadership?

Cleaver: This is obviously an important problem. We are continuously trying to develop new leadership in the party. We have some people ready to take over if the current leadership is put in jail, or something similar, but not enough. We want the Black Panther Party to be a self-perpetuating group, not a one-man organization.

Weinstein: It has been asserted that one of the major problems of the Panthers and other such militant groups is infiltration from hostile organizations, such as the police. What difficulties have you had with *provocateurs*?

Cleaver: There is no question but that the pigs have attempted to infiltrate our group. This is something we have been aware of for a long time and we try to cope with it. For obvious tactical reasons I can't go into details, but I will say that *provocateurs* were involved with that recent gas station holdup.

Weinstein: The mass media play a large role in shaping attitudes about race relations. The major television networks and newspapers are often critical of black militants. In this regard, what do you think is the role of the Black Panther paper, in terms of both the black and white communities?

Cleaver: The establishment press has a monopoly on the dissemination of information in the United States. This monopoly can be broken. It is absolutely essential that we develop our own media. Political movements and political organizations need media both for ideological reasons and for the interpretation of events. In this regard, the establishment press is unreliable and must be viewed as an enemy. Our own media can serve to further communication between blacks and whites. Indeed our own media will serve as the "glue" that holds the movement together.

Weinstein: Do you think that the material presented in the Panther paper has a similar impact on most of its readers or is subject to varying interpretations?

Cleaver: The Black Panther paper is not fully developed as yet. We have had many problems with the paper. I am the editor but I do not have the time that really needs to be given to the paper. There certainly has not been a standardization of much of the material in the paper. As a matter of fact, there have been many contradictions in the positions taken in the paper. Part of this is because of time pressures and the fact that we don't have uniform editing processes.

Some of these contradictions in the paper have been detrimental; they have had an adverse effect on the goals of the Black Panther Party. We need a full-time staff, but there are financial problems. And the paper must appeal to some people who are politically unsophisticated.

We need the paper though, and given all the problems we do have it is still better than nothing.

Weinstein: Many individuals do not seem to understand the meaning of some of your rhetoric. Phrases such as "Free Huey or the Sky's the Limit," for example, have been interpreted in several ways. Could you elaborate upon this?

Cleaver: When we use an expression like "Mickey Mouse Reagan" or "Donald Duck Rafferty," I think it is clear that this is a put-down; it is meant to be derisive.

The phrase, "Free Huey or the Sky's the Limit," is also clear, but has broader ramifications. When we say this we mean that Huey must be set free or the country will be destroyed; there should be no misunderstanding about this.

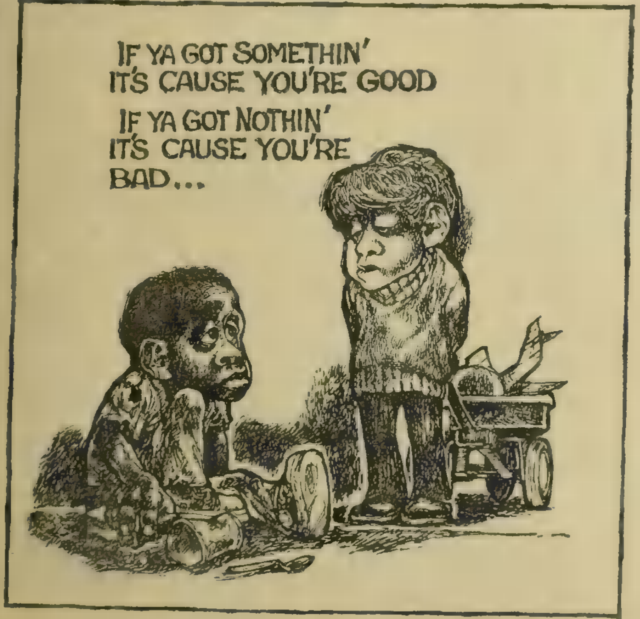
But you also have to consider that when we were saying this before Huey's trial we were engaged in psychological warfare. We were striving for a mass mobilization. We were attempting to educate the public. The establishment uses psychological warfare too. They were trying to railroad Huey Newton into the gas chamber. The Black Panther Party countered by threats and by focusing attention on what was going on in that courthouse. We kept Huey out of the gas chamber, but he still is not free. This is due to the effects that establishment propaganda had on the jury.

"The Sky's the Limit" is an old American term; people should understand it. They just would rather interpret it differently. The police felt that they understood what we meant and that's why 15,000 National Guardsmen were called up, ready to move at the end of the trial. They expected a certain sort of reaction and wanted to wipe out the Black Panther Party. But right after the end of the trial we told all the Panthers to stay off the street that night. Huey said we should carry the legal case as far as possible. This freaked out the cops; two of them shot up our office. This was another form of psychological warfare on our part and it worked to some extent.

This psychological warfare must now move in other directions. But it must be remembered that our actions are always geared to our position and resources. If we could take Huey out of jail forcefully we would, but right now this simply is not possible. So it becomes a question of getting into a position to implement what you have to do. And that is why we still mean it when we say "Free Huey or the Sky's the Limit."

Weinstein: Is your paper staffed solely by blacks, and if so how does this fit in with your coalition with the Peace and Freedom Party?

Cleaver: The paper is put out solely by black people. We do, however, print articles by white people in the paper. I think that this is a policy to be encouraged because the final movement must unite whites and blacks if



R. Cobb

we are really going to deal with the problems that confront us.

Weinstein: What is the relationship of the Black Panther Party to organizations such as CORE, SNCC and the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union?

Cleaver: We have no relationship to CORE. As far as I am concerned they have become part of the power structure. This concept of "black capitalism" is merely part of the welfare-capitalist phase of oppression. It is simply another example of indirect control of blacks by the power structure. The forms of exploitation have been modified so as to continue to deceive the oppressed classes.

SNCC was essentially a movement rather than an organization. SNCC never had a membership as such. To do what has to be done in this country you have to include the masses in the machinery of your organization; SNCC couldn't do this. Lately, SNCC has been attempting to make this transition from a movement to an organization.

The movement orientation is certainly a large part of black history in the United States. Such an orientation is now obsolete. There is a pressing need to proceed to the organizational stage.

We need national organizations. We must unite all the regional organizations of blacks, even though they are acting to solve local problems. The Mississippi Freedom Labor Union, which you referred to, is a case in point. At present such a group can have only a transitory effect.

We need a national organization to unite the various efforts into one. That is one of the things the Black Panther Party has been attempting to do. This national organization, however, need not be the Black Panther Party. We would join a better group if such a change becomes necessary. Certain members of SNCC fell into a "reactionary trap" in this regard, and were reluctant to effect certain mergers because of their desire to maintain themselves in positions of power. What we need is merger rather than internecine conflict.

Weinstein: There has been a lot of talk about the potential for a revolutionary movement in this country which would unite blacks, students and poor whites. Yet what seems to be happening is not a revolution on the Left, but a revolution on the Right with lower, middle-class whites rallying behind the standard of George Wallace. Do you see this development as a serious problem?

Cleaver: The people who are supporting Wallace are simple-minded and politically naive; they do not understand the problems facing this country. When Wallace renounces the Establishment these people respond to him. But I do not feel they are really sympathetic to his alternatives, so I have no long-range fear of Wallace.

It requires a shrewd mind, however, to understand, deal with, and break through racism in this country. At the present time you have working-class people who are basically comfortable and who won't come into the streets: this is the problem of the Left. Although these people have jobs and are relatively comfortable, they are miserable and dissatisfied. They are suffering spiritually as a result of the oppressive lies that have been imposed upon them. This deterioration of their condition is increasing. Politically conscious people have to make these working-class people see how racism is affecting their lives and project a Left alternative to these problems. That is what it will take to get these "comfortable people" to move.

Weinstein: In recent lectures that you have given at Berkeley and in a current issue of the Black Panther newspaper you have talked at length about the origin and nature of "ethnic power." You have talked about Mayor Alioto evolving from Al Capone, Police Chief Cahill evolving from Machine-Gun Kelly, and Arthur Goldberg evolving from Arnold Rothstein. Although people weren't talking about Jewish, Irish and Italian power the way people are talking about Black Power today, a similar process was taking place. In terms of this sort of group consciousness, what direction do you see the Black Power movement taking?

Cleaver: We don't want black people to go through the melting pot and perpetuate the system. If this happens, black people will simply be functional lackeys and torpedo the possibility of black liberation. We want to change the system.

The melting-pot theory is the basic myth of the United States. This theory defines the United States strategy and tactics develop from the definitions created by this theory. The melting-pot myth has created an artificial "oneness" that obscures many problems.

The type of ethnocentrism that has developed in the United States is not a good thing if we want the earth to continue to exist. It was once a social apparatus created to survive certain sorts of hostility. It was a protective device. But times have changed, and we need non-ethnocentric people who are able to identify with humanity in a broad sense. This sort of unity is the only way to solve the problems we have here in the United States and in the world.

For example, the Irish, as an oppressed group, used to put pressure on the power structure. But eventually the Irish moved into the system, and their ethnic loyalties soon were manipulated by politicians. The Irish are now among the bourgeoisie, but they are still manipulated by ethnic loyalties. Now these loyalties perpetuate the *status quo*, and thus many of the Irish are now being manipulated by their enemies. This is indicative of a basic development among ethnic groups in this country—that the ethnics who are in a better position manipulate the less fortunate in their own group.

Weinstein: Revolutions are usually brought about by individuals who feel desperate about their circumstances. As a class students are comfortable, at least in a material sense, as contrasted to blacks. Will coalitions between white students and groups such as the Black Panther Party ultimately break down because of this difference?

Cleaver: Students are not politically naive in contrast to the white adults we were just talking about. They have a social consciousness. Therefore it doesn't matter if they are well-off materially because their values are affronted by what they see in society. Throughout history we can see revolutions that were led by people who were well-off but had an intellectual and spiritual motivation.

Thus far, students have pursued a course of radical dissent but not that of revolutionary action. It has been like an extended field trip to upset their elders and it has not gone far enough. The students have stopped short of what is needed. They probably won't be willing to take up guns and execute the regents, as they deserve.

The revolutionaries of the future may come from the students when they go out into the world. Some will not be able to find their place in the outside world. But the foundation for a real revolutionary movement is not here yet.

Weinstein: At the present time the Black Panther Party has a coalition with the Peace and Freedom Party. One of the major dilemmas facing such coalitions is what sort of critical role the whites will play in terms of what the blacks are doing. Since the National Conference on New Politics (NCNP), held two summers ago, what we have seen for the most part is not viable, working coalitions but whites acquiescing to the blacks, somewhat because of guilt feelings, rather than offering constructive criticism. What effort does this have on such coalitions?

Cleaver: The guilt problem is part of the racial heritage of America. But such guilt feelings make many people nonfunctional from our point of view. This stance of acquiescence can be detrimental if a black is advocating a bad program. Such a white cannot distinguish between what different blacks are saying; all he recognizes is that a black is saying it. Motivation that is spurred by guilt doesn't make for reliable whites, and we have had many problems with people of this type.

Weinstein: In a recent issue of the Black Panther paper, Huey Newton issued a position paper discussing the nature of the BPP-PFP coalition. One point which he made was that while white radicals used psychedelic drugs extensively, blacks should not do so. How do you account for the apparently different types of discipline that are needed in groups of black militants and white radicals?

Cleaver: The Black Panther can't be effective in dealing with the power structure if its members are high or drunk. Some of the people getting high will have to stop. I realize that some people will react to this by calling us the "New Puritans" but it simply will have to be done. People will have to begin to relate to a sort of revolutionary morality.

Drugs are one of the means that people have used to escape, but we must concentrate intensively on revolutionary struggle. Sex and LSD can't be used any more as escapes, and the leadership must set an example.

When we first started our police patrols this was not much of a problem. The desire to be with the cadre was the source of discipline. The people wanted to "be in shape" because they knew this was necessary if they were carrying guns on the patrols. Morality flowed from activity.

This has lapsed for some people because the patrols have ceased. The notion of morality from activity must be recaptured. The source of this, of course, is political awareness. We conduct political education classes in the Black Panther Party. Developing political awareness is hard to achieve but we are making progress.

The white radical movement is at a different stage, and thus their concepts of morality can be expected to be different. When the white movement moves into the stage of organizational activity they will see the wisdom of the sort of morality I have been talking about. It will develop naturally.

Weinstein: According to the current status of your parole revocation case you are due to return to prison on Wednesday. What will happen on that day?

Cleaver: I am supposed to call my parole officer at 8:30 in the morning on Wednesday. I am planning on continuing my daily life as normal. I will give my scheduled lecture on Tuesday at the University of California. We will have to wait and see.

Weinstein: Any concluding remarks?

Cleaver: I may be cut off from the movement here. I would encourage people to develop an intransigent attitude toward the enemy. They should view the enemy and his efforts with contempt.

Pain should incense us all the more to speed up the movement for liberation. But the people also must use their minds to understand the enemy and his tactics, to develop counter-tactics, and to break his strategy.

Let the struggle continue. It should intensify, come hell or high water.

I'm not going to say good-by because I'm not gone.

SCHOLARSHIP OR COMMITMENT

A HASSLE OF HISTORIANS

JAMES GILBERT

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Milling around in the corridors of New York's Statler-Hilton during the American Historical Association meeting, December 28-30, thousands of graduate students and professors must have felt that this was Mayor Daley's revenge. The meeting, originally scheduled for Chicago, was moved to New York after a strong demand by the membership not to convene in the city that had shown the world the grim guts of the Democratic Party. Enormous confusion resulted from overcrowded halls and elevators which seemed to run nonstop from the basement to the roof. Long lines of graduate students waited patiently to use house phones, that didn't always work, trying to establish get-it-yourself job interviews. Interesting positions were available, of course, but these were filled by a process resembling the National Football League player draft. And for those few superstar historians, always looking for a new job, there was the ritualistic greeting which has become almost like a fraternal handshake: "Are you happy at . . . ?" The skillful answer blends present dissatisfaction and a suggestion of wanderlust with a denial of disloyalty to the current alma mater—into one word.

Aside from an unusually heavy dose of frenzy, this convention was most notable for its politics and for the efforts to organize a caucus of radical historians. "We all know that something is wrong with the AHA," claimed Arthur Waskow, "but we don't know what it is." The American Historical Association is one of the largest liberal organizations in the country. But its political leanings are incidental to its function, and the result has been a liberalism of indifference. The Association publishes a journal, acts as a clearing house for jobs, and holds conventions which are both reunions and scholarly events. Behind these benign activities, however, there lies the power of numbers of men who command the attention of a great many students and who carry publishing houses into the black with the purchases they require for courses. As in other professions, the AHA reflects the activities of its members. Scholarly papers presented at such conventions sample the work being done in the field, whether radical or conservative. The search for originality insures attention to such ideas.

The current convention suggested, however, that the detachment of the historical profession may not be permanent. The political function of the historian, whether he likes it or not, is up for grabs. He is under pressure from students to make his work reveal something about the nature of social change. And often he is concerned to reconstruct the past because of his malaise about the present nature of American society.

Such attitudes provided the gist of the panel discussion on Saturday night, December 28, of the relationship of the historical profession to politics. However irrelevant or disastrous it may seem to the younger generation of historians, the cold war showed itself alive and well in the mind of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who chaired the meeting. Countenancing the decision to quit Chicago, Schlesinger suggested that historians also might take a swipe at the Russians for their invasion of Czechoslovakia by refusing to attend, or if in attendance, by protesting, at the International Congress for Historical Sciences in Moscow two years hence. The more traditional position was expressed by AHA president, John K. Fairbank, who suggested that no political position ought to be implied in the organization's activities or in the selection of convention sites. Perhaps he understood, as Schlesinger did not, that if it were a policy to make symbolic protests against countries for the evils of their foreign policies, very few meetings could be convened anywhere. Both Schlesinger's and Fairbank's remarks were wide of the focus provided by the most important speech of the evening. Christopher Lasch's appeal to historians to involve themselves with new ideas and with unused concepts, his demand that they stop being ideologues for the *status quo*, brought the question of history and politics to the point where it belonged.

Lasch's suggestions were echoed in efforts to organize a radical caucus within the AHA. Perhaps, since historians are among the last of the large social sciences to produce a radical caucus, it was inevitable that there should be a twin birth. The reason for two competing caucuses stems primarily from the growing separation between scholarship and political activism within the university. The aim of radical historians can no longer be merely the confrontation of conservative ideas and establishments. They must deal also with the problems which beset the whole Left today.

The first radical caucus was held on December 28, sponsored primarily by graduate students from the University of Wisconsin. Before an audience of about 700, several speakers chided the AHA for some of the statements of its past presidents, defended the usefulness of scholarship, and called for the creation of some sort of formal organization. After twenty minutes or so of groping around, avoiding arguments and issues, a newsletter was established—in lieu of further talk. As the audience melted away, some to publishers' cocktail parties, the meeting folded. It looked as if the scholarly Left might once more paste over its splits and factions with newsprint.

But the second caucus on Sunday, December 29, revealed that the first meeting had been merely a dress rehearsal. A smaller audience heard Eugene Genovese, Christopher Lasch and Helmut Gruber tackle the problem of radical scholarship. Lasch's remarks best caught the meaning of the present dilemma in personal terms. The breakdown of liberalism, he argued, had destroyed the rationale for the disjointed work which historians were doing. Isolated monographic studies could still be written in pursuit of truth; nothing diminished their value, but the historian himself had difficulty seeing the relevance of his work to social change. The meeting itself was testimony to the desire of historians to alter this situation. To overcome this isolation, Lasch proposed a larger, national organization whose aims would go beyond the academic world—an organization to which scholars could contribute their work and political activities.

This translation of the acknowledged split between scholarship and activism into political terminology stated what was unsaid on the previous afternoon. As Eugene Genovese put it, the issue was whether to defend the university and work within it to transform it according to the ideals it glibly asserts, or by a revolutionary act to confront it and expose its links to other institutions in society. The issue was between professionalism and 100 per cent radicalism, even though most positions were between these two extremes.

Behind Genovese's statement was the question of the meaning and uses of radical scholarship. The radical professor, because of his successes in working within the structure of the university, is obviously on the defensive. The internal structure and the exterior relationships of that institution have all been called into question by the left-wing students, who demand that the historian make his work relevant. The results of such demands have so far been inconclusive; much of the dialogue among scholars has broken on the definition of terms. Relevancy, radicalism, even professionalism, are words sufficiently ambiguous to serve as slogans for different programs of educational reforms.

However, some clear points are emerging from the confusion. Historians have been asked to write about the past with an eye to the present and the future. They have been asked, and rightfully, to deal with American history as if it were made by all men, not just by elites. They have been reminded that they must illuminate not only the textual obscurities of New England theologians or literary intellectuals but also the shadowy and insubstantial record left by the inarticulate. But that is not all. Historians have also been asked to create in their own work a guide to a better future. Here all detachment falls away, and scholars find themselves caught in the dilemma of their own success in the university, and confronted by their own students.

New Left history with all its incoherence and its internal squabbles, is today established in American historiography, and is fast producing an impressive collection of works. Whatever it means—which is at least several things—New Left history has contributed some permanent conceptions to understanding the American past. It makes its way, even though stumbling and blocked at times. Those, for example, who scoffed ten years ago at new interpretations of American foreign policy, generally do so now, not to students but in the privacy of their own generations. Yet the very success (and first signs of aging) has brought New Left scholarship to an impasse.

Sunday's meeting expressed a whole range of attitudes about the role of historical scholarship—from defense of its present circumstances to one lone call that the historian quit the university and organize for the revolution. In all the positions, one tendency is clear: a great deal is being asked of the historian—perhaps far more than he is capable of as a scholar. If he quits historical research and leaves the university, he gives up the battle for the past. Yet he cannot remain oblivious to the demands of the present. Even if he cannot predict the future, he can suggest a great deal about the process of social change. He can teach about the present by learning about the past. But more important, if the historian is really committed to teaching and to the ideals of education he must challenge careerism, outmoded classroom forms, formal and inhumane social relations with students. The ideals of scholarship and teaching need no more defense than the ideal of the university. But what these ideals mean in reality is yet a mystery. At a minimum, however, the defense of the university ideal must mean an assault upon the educational process as it exists today, and an end to pitting students and faculty members against one another, and to compartmentalizing and isolating knowledge. Historians have often compartmentalized their lives, have spurned students, have pursued careers, have published and then perished as human beings. It is not the AHA that has created this situation. No organization or profession is in the long run much worse than its members.

CIVIL RIGHTS

NIXON'S FIRST TEST

GARY ORFIELD

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If Richard Nixon as President fulfills his Southern campaign pledges, he will dismantle the civil rights enforcement machinery which, since 1964, has brought much of the South to the brink of a successful social revolution. While public attention has been focused on riots and black militancy, federal power has seriously weakened some of the main props of Southern segregation. At a time when many in the North are concluding that integration is impossible, it is working well in much of the South. A permanent transformation of Southern institutions seems possible if federal pressure can be maintained for a few years more. The choice must be made by the new President and a few members of his Cabinet.

Victory for civil rights in the long Congressional battles was but a first step. The declarations of national policy embodied in the 1964 and 1968 Civil Rights Acts and the 1965 Voting Rights Act gain meaning only as the resources of the Executive bureaucracies are committed to forcing action on issues of great political sensitivity.

The new Administration's decision on the hotly debated issue of the school desegregation guidelines provided by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare will be the first clear indication of Mr. Nixon's intentions. His Administration will confront a spectrum of other civil rights questions, ranging from voting rights and equal employment to open housing. In most cases, decisions will be incremental, gradually determining a policy through key appointments, budget decisions and determinations on individual cases. On the central symbolic issue of schools, however, President Nixon will be faced with a clear policy choice on an unambiguous deadline.

More than a year ago, in October, 1967, Southern school officials were given until September, 1969, to comply with the 1954 Supreme Court decision and the 1964 Civil Rights Act. After fifteen years of gradualism, the Johnson administration set that date for ending federal subsidies to local governments that continue to defy the Constitution. Richard Nixon has threatened to suspend the deadline and permit indefinite continuance of separate and unequal education in the Deep South.

Mr. Nixon describes himself as a "liberal" on civil rights. In his victory statement he promised to "bring us together." His commitment to racial justice, however, has been heavily discounted by those most vitally concerned—

the black voters. The day after the election the nation's leading black newspaper, the *Chicago Defender*, covered its front page with a drawing of a weeping Martin Luther King, tearing up his 1963 Lincoln Memorial speech that told of his dream of victory over racial bias.

Southern power in Congress has traditionally forced blacks to look to the President and the courts for protection of civil rights. The conventional wisdom of American politics is that the President is particularly sensitive to the interests of the Negro community because of its great significance in the city vote of the large swing states where national races are often decided. In the 1968 election, however, Nixon demonstrated that at the present level of racial polarization it is possible to win the Presidency, while writing off the black vote in the South and in the metropolitan centers. No President in recent times has owed less politically to the black community.

But Nixon is a minority President and he must decide whether he will attempt to construct the majority he needs to govern and to be re-elected through a moderate strategy of racial accommodation, or through a conservative approach that appeals to Wallace supporters. The "Southern strategy" of his campaign suggests a preference for the latter course, and an ominous confirming sign is his appointment of John Mitchell, architect of that strategy, as Attorney General. Washington columnists Evans and Novak have recently reported that Harry Dent, Strom Thurmond's understudy in South Carolina politics, will coordinate school desegregation policy from his position on Nixon's White House staff.

In Southern speeches during his campaign, Nixon strongly hinted that he might abandon the bipartisan coalition committed to completing the task of desegregating Southern schools, as mandated by the 1964 Civil Rights Act. While George Wallace lashed into HEW bureaucrats, and Hubert Humphrey called for full enforcement, Nixon took a confusing middle position that satisfied many Southern conservatives without fatally damaging his support by progressive white Republicans. His statements permitted Strom Thurmond to promise the South that Nixon would retreat on the school issue. The GOP carried five states of the old Confederacy, including Senator Thurmond's South Carolina. Nixon's political debt to Thurmond is large, and it is clear that Thurmond will ask the new President to do by Executive fiat what the South Carolina Senator could not achieve in the Senate.

In his first Southern television address, Nixon implied that he did not believe in withholding federal aid to force desegregation, and that he felt that the 1964 Civil Rights Act could be carried out under a system called "freedom of choice." The phrase sounds democratic enough, but it describes an approach to desegregation based on the assumption that local authorities have no legal responsibility to end racially separate school systems. "Freedom of choice" provides that each student be offered an opportunity to transfer once a year. It is based on the theory that the Supreme Court did not order actual integration in 1954 but only an end to some of the formalities of legally enforced segregation. In practice, it permits localities to maintain separate black and white school systems indefinitely, the constitutional right to an equal education being made available only to those families willing to take the risk involved in openly challenging the caste system. It is as if, for example, the constitutional right to freedom of assembly were extended only to those willing to demand it publicly from a hostile local group bitterly opposed to free assembly and dominating both the local government and the local economy. After extensive trials the courts have found that "freedom of choice" generally fails to meet the requirements of the Constitution; they have accordingly ruled that local authorities must promptly take whatever affirmative action is needed to abolish separate school systems.

Speaking in North Carolina, Nixon not only supported "true freedom of choice" but also expressed his skepticism about the one real enforcement tool available to the federal government. Short of military intervention or decades of district-by-district Justice Department litigation, the only federal lever to encourage local compliance with the Constitution is the threat to withhold aid funds. A provision to end federal subsidies to defiant local governments was overwhelmingly supported by both parties in Congress when it was written into the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Nixon, however, said that it was "dangerous" and "going too far" to withhold federal school aid.

Later, under criticism by such GOP progressives as Senator Brooke (Mass.) and Senator Goodell (N.Y.), the Republican candidate took a more ambiguous position. In news conferences in Anaheim, Calif., and in Detroit, he said that federal aid should be denied in "a clear case of segregation." He claimed, however, that HEW had exceeded the intent of Congress and was trying to implement "enforced integration." These key terms were left undefined. In an October campaign stop in Williamsburg, Va., Nixon again supported "freedom of choice," except where it was "a subterfuge for perpetuating segregation." Once more, the words simply indicated that some decision would be made after the election.

Should the new President decide that "free choice" is all that the law demands, he will put himself in direct conflict with the rulings of the federal courts. In the historic *Jefferson County* case in the spring of 1967, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, with jurisdiction over the Deep South, ruled that desegregation plans did not satisfy the demands of the Constitution unless they actually eliminated separate school systems. The court held that local officials have the responsibility to take any necessary steps to create a unified school system.

In May, 1968, the Supreme Court completed the job of destroying the basic legal arguments for "free choice." The court held that the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of "equal protection of the laws" could not be fulfilled so long as a "pattern of segregation" remained. State and local governments, responsible for creating and perpetuating a school system that subverts this right, were now responsible for dismantling the illegal separate school systems. "In the context of the state-imposed segregated pattern of long standing, the fact that . . . the Board opened the doors of the former 'white' school to Negro children . . . merely begins, not ends, our inquiry whether the Board has taken steps adequate to abolish its dual, segregated system. . . ." Local authorities were ordered "to convert to a unitary system in which racial discrimination would be eliminated root and branch."

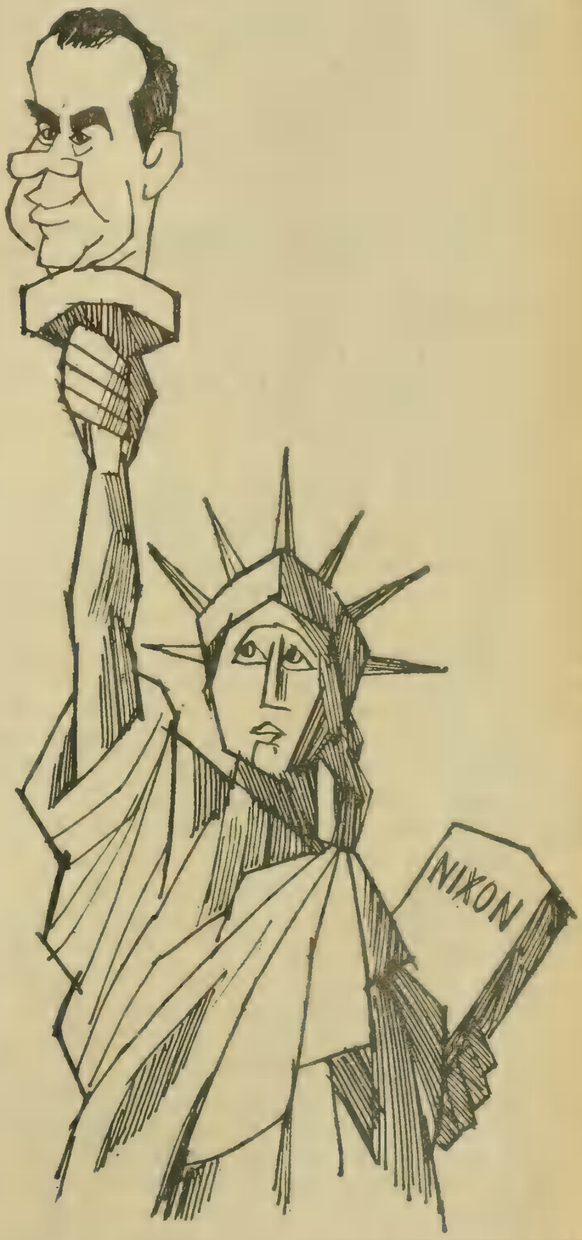
In his North Carolina speech, Nixon castigated the desegregation program as an attempt to "force a local community to carry out what a Federal administrator or bureaucrat may think is best." Later, he repeatedly charged that HEW had gone beyond the law. But the school desegregation guidelines are not bureaucratic whims. The HEW standards are actually very little more than a distillation of the case law defining unconstitutional discrimination. Since early in the program, the standards actually enforced by HEW have tended to lag seriously behind the most recent court decisions.

Nixon's decision will be crucial because the South is only now beginning to move in the direction of eliminating separate schools. While Thurmond and Wallace claim that segregation is eternal, two-thirds of the 4,500 school districts in Southern and border states now have unitary school systems. Hundreds of the remaining districts have tentatively agreed to merge their separate school systems to comply with the HEW deadline of September, 1969. Even in South Carolina, a third of the districts have filed such plans already and another sixth are under court orders to comply with the recent Supreme Court decision. Under combined administrative pressure from HEW and legal pressure from the Justice Department and the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the job could be largely completed during the next school year.

A lapse in federal determination would give a new lease on life to the most flagrantly unequal schools in the South. Remaining opposition is concentrated in the rural areas where the caste system has been most rigid and the schools most systematically unequal. Nowhere is the myth of "separate but equal" a greater mockery. A recent study of the almost completely segregated schools of Alabama's rural black belt, for example, found black children in schools that typically cost to build one-fourth as much as those housing white students. The white schools had broader curriculums and more than twice as many library books per child. A black child was four times more likely to find himself in a school with an enrollment below the minimum size for an adequate educational program, as specified by Alabama education authorities. For the foreseeable future, that is what local control means in the Deep South. Unless the President is prepared to enforce federal laws requiring local change, generations of black children may be doomed to such schools.

Should Mr. Nixon continue present enforcement policies, he would not be supporting the overenergetic use of the fund withholding power. Approximately 98 per cent of Southern and border state school districts are at present receiving federal aid. Funds are cut off only after lengthy negotiations have proved completely fruitless and after a hearing examiner, the Justice Department and the secretary of HEW have reviewed the case. National civil rights groups, local black leaders and the U.S. Civil Rights Commission have all criticized the Johnson administration for excessive caution in enforcing the law. During a 1967 hearing of the House Judiciary Committee, Rep. Clark MacGregor, a regional manager of the Nixon campaign, accused HEW of transforming what Congress had intended as a clear and simple regulatory function into a protracted negotiating operation permitting long-term local defiance of the law.

If the Nixon Administration retires from the school desegregation battle, the entire burden will be shifted to the civil rights organizations. Primary reliance would have to be placed on the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which has handled the vast majority of Southern school litigation. In the words of Jack Greenberg, director of the Legal Defense Fund's program, the consequences would be "extremely serious." Existing manpower is barely adequate to handle current litigation covering fewer than 10 per cent of Southern school districts. Moreover, federal district judges are products of their home states



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

and are appointed with the approval of state politicians. They would find themselves in an exceedingly uncomfortable position if asked to force local officials to do more than the President, the Attorney General and HEW's Office for Civil Rights said was necessary. The probable result, Greenberg says, would be token integration and "interminable litigation." In a recent interview Attorney General Ramsey Clark predicted a "tragic erosion of black respect for law should Nixon refuse to enforce the Civil Rights Act."

The school issue is only a part of the immense task Mr. Nixon must undertake to fulfill his pledge to reunite the country. It is true that in few areas does the law so clearly demand full equality, but on few issues is the political pressure against enforcing the law so intense. When Southern segregationists approach the new President for payment of his political debt, he will perhaps recall his advice to his party in 1966: "Southern Republicans must not climb aboard the sinking ship of racial injustice. . . . Any Republican victory that would come of courting racists, black or white, would be a defeat for our future in the South, and our party in the nation. It would be a battle won in a lost cause." Perhaps he will also reflect on his debt to the moderates. Just a week before the election, a Harris survey showed Nixon receiving the support of 38 per cent of those who believe that racial change should be accelerated, and 43 per cent of those who favor a continuation of the existing rate of progress.

The decision on Southern schools will have an importance far beyond the South. If there is to be any hope of a peaceful solution to the racial crisis, the new President must demonstrate that he is as committed to enforcing laws protecting human rights as he is to those protecting person and property on the city streets. Should he abandon the struggle to carry out the simple demands of the Constitution, he would give the clearest possible sign that there is little hope for lawful change. Promises of a new departure in overcoming racial division would be discounted as worthless rhetoric from a President who refused to protect the basic right to equal education.

'BUY SOMETHING'

FIVE MYTHS OF CONSUMERSHIP

DALLAS SMYTHE

Mr. Smythe, who heads the division of Social Sciences at the University of Saskatchewan, was chief economist of the Federal Communications Commission from 1943 to 1948, during part of which time James Fly was its distinguished chairman.

Andrew Fletcher said in 1704, "I believe if a man were permitted to write all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of the nation." Our culture includes not only traditional forms of "high" culture such as painting and literature but also "popular culture"—the radio and TV, the screen and theatre, pocket books, phonograph records, popular songs, pornography, both "hard" and "soft," etc. Indeed the borderline between popular culture and all consumption goods has been obliterated by Madison Avenue. For at least a generation now we in North America have become accustomed to endowing our automobiles with virility, our refrigerators with sensual pleasure, our breakfast cereals with athletic prowess, our shaving cream with the taste of lemon/lime. I argue that our popular culture is dominated today by an economic system that regards life, people and things primarily as aspects of consumption. The basic myth of our culture is that consumption is the goal of life.

Twenty years ago Harold Innis said that the purpose of institutions is to help us make the right decisions at the right time. He went on from there to say that the application of mass production to the communications industry (referring then just to print media and radio) had atomized previous institutions—the family, the church, the labor union—over the preceding eighty years. We must now recognize that the constituencies of these institutions are substantially under the control of the private government which is our privately owned economic system. This is not to say that evil men run the economic system, or that a conspiracy has betrayed our nonbusiness institutions or taken them over. But it is to say that, pursuing its rational self-interest, the business community *as a whole* has created a situation whereby we subordinate our lives to its values. We live according to the consumption myth. How does it work?

A society, looking at North America as a unit, is like a voluntary organization—a club, or a neighborhood improvement association—in that it works from an agenda that is agreed to either explicitly or implicitly. What is left off the agenda does not get considered attention. And popular culture, by filling our time with commercial actions and values, sets an agenda which gives consumption the top priority. I recall a recent advertisement in *The New York Times* which filled a full page with the message: "Buy Something." The popular culture's imperative—"Buy Something"—is the most important educational influence in North America today.

Just as a society lives by the agenda set by its popular culture, the popular culture rests on the agenda established by mass communication. The top priority for the mass media is consumption. Mass communications market mass-produced consumer goods. Without the marketing services of the communications media, the consumer goods industries—food, automobiles, drugs, etc.—could not dispose of their mass-produced products.

The mass media perform this marketing function by educating the population to be dutiful consumers. The educational process starts early. Before they can read, almost before they can talk, children are exposed to the bombardment of advertising messages on TV and radio. Skillfully engineered "point of sale" displays reinforce the educational experience when a mother shops the supermarket, with her child perched on the shopping cart, monitoring the whole operation. In this way, the child learns the importance of products. Lessons so learned are reinforced daily throughout our lives.

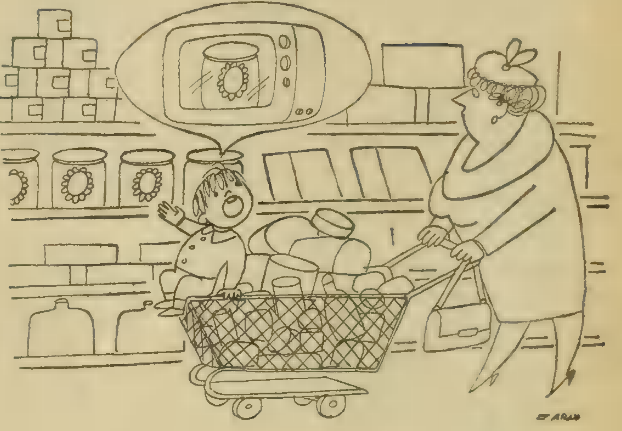
The explicit commercial message is thus the prime item on the commercial mass-medium agenda. Commercial announcements on TV cost much more per minute than do the entertainment programs they frame. They are engineered with great care and much experimentation by the most sophisticated techniques.

This raises an interesting question. Is the broadcast program material the product which the commercial broadcasting industry produces? The program material cannot be the chief product because it brings in no revenue from the audience to the broadcasting station. In fact, in economic terms, the program material broadcast commercially is a giveaway—an inducement to the population to become viewers or listeners. The chief product of the commercial broadcasters is the audience itself. Viewers and listeners are counted by market surveys, evaluated in terms of income level, age and sex, packaged and sold to advertisers.

In saying that the program material is a giveaway, I do not mean to overlook its importance. It is in fact carefully engineered. Take *The Monkees*, for example, which was engineered as any consumer commodity is engineered. The market was researched. Other entertainers, and particularly the Beatles, were analyzed to determine what characteristics in a program would "deliver" a young audience to the advertiser. A formula was developed, and the agency or network set out to recruit the elements that would fill it. The young men who came to comprise the Monkees did not even know one another until this process was near completion. From among hundreds at auditions, each was selected because he best embodied some appeals, some myths, which would "draw" and "hold" the audience. But this was only the beginning. The Monkees had to be publicized, advertised. Crowds had to be created and manipulated to produce pushing and fighting for autographs. The public had to be taught to resonate when the myth which is *The Monkees* was mentioned. At that point the broadcasters were ready to produce *the audiences* for *The Monkees* which could be sold to the advertisers.

Finally, on this point, national advertisers tell their writers just what sort of entertainment they wish to broadcast. One major advertiser of breakfast food in the United States and Canada not long ago was instructing its writers:

> In general, the moral code of the characters in our dramas will be more or less synonymous with the moral code of the bulk of the American middle class, as it is commonly understood. There will be no material that may give offense, either directly or by inference, to any organized minority group, lodge or other organizations, institutions, residents of any state or section of the country, or a commercial organization of any sort. This will be taken to include political organizations, fraternal organizations, college and school groups, labor groups, industrial, business and professional organizations, religious orders, civic clubs, memorial and patriotic societies (Anti-Tobacco League, for example), athletic organizations, women's groups, etc., which are in good standing.
>
> We will treat mention of the Civil War carefully, mindful of the sensitiveness of the South on this subject. No written material may be used that might give offense to our Canadian neighbors. . . . There will be no material for or against sharply drawn national or regional controversial issues. . . . Where it seems fitting, the characters should reflect recognition and acceptance of the world situation in their thoughts and actions, although in dealing with war, our writers should minimize the "horror" aspects. . . . Men in uniform shall not be cast as heavy villains or portrayed as engaging in any criminal activity. There will be no material on any of our programs which could in any way further the concept of business as cold, ruthless and lacking all sentiment or spiritual motivation.



Similar instructions go out to writers from many national advertisers. If such a process took place in schools or universities we should call it indoctrination and brainwashing. It is no less brainwashing when it takes place on the instruction of private business. Commercial indoctrination educates us in the myth that consumption is a sufficient goal, a sufficient substance for life. This is the basic myth.

A second, correlative myth cultivated systematically by mass media and the private enterprise system, is that the consumer is king; that he rules the system; can always turn off the switch, is in fact free to choose among products. If there were any substance to this myth, the Madison Avenue myth makers and their platoons of consumer preference engineers would not have done their job and not earned their salaries. Unfortunately, they have done their jobs and earned their salaries, large though they may be.

A third myth grows directly out of the pivotal importance of the commercial mass media to the marketing of goods. This is that some special magic resides in "communication." When an institution, be it the family, the church, a government agency, a business organization faces any kind of internal problem, the up-to-date "sophisticated" reaction is to call the difficulty one of communication. The aura that attends the doctor, or for that matter the medicine man, now surrounds those who call themselves experts in communications. Possibly no single person has contributed more to this mystification than Marshall McLuhan, whose brilliant but unsystematic essays serve to confuse people and thus create the mystery which requires the services of a medicine man for practical application. The hearty welcome which McLuhan's theme, "The medium is the message," receives from advertisers, their agencies and broadcasters is not surprising. If the content of the mass media is not important, if the medium *is* the message, then criticism of program policy is irrelevant. "The medium is the message," whatever McLuhan means by it, translates only too easily into the proposition that the act of consumership is the sufficient object of the exercise.

The fourth myth connected with the consumer system is designed to obscure the fact that the huge corporations which dominate North American economic life have preempted large chunks of the roles formerly played by other institutions. In the United States, where this myth originated, it centered on the assumption that the corporation is a legal entity and hence similar to an individual. Thurman Arnold put it this way in *The Folklore of Capitalism*:

> Since individuals are supposed to do better if left alone, this symbolism freed industrial enterprise from regulation in the interest of furthering any current morality. The laissez-faire religion, based on a conception of a society composed of competing individuals, was transferred automatically to industrial organizations with nationwide power and dictatorial forms of government.
>
> This mythology gave the Government in Washington only a minor part to play in social organization. . . . Government in Washington was supposed to act so as to instil "confidence" in great business organizations.

One way of exposing this myth is to define government. It is any organization the final decisions of which are subject to no immediate appeal. In North America, then, there are parallel systems of government; the private and the public. And in essential matters the former has the last word. President Kennedy came off second best when he tried to overrule the steel companies a few years ago and his successor learned the lesson.

The fifth myth arises out of the fourth. It is that if the public government makes decisions in matters of communications policy application, this is censorship and automatically bad, but if private government makes such decisions, all will be well. A relatively small number of such decisions, made in the operation of the mass media of communications, involves the mass production of enormous amounts of content. I suggest that the myth that public government is malevolent while private government is benevolent is insupportable, especially in the absence of democratic process in the private government's decision making.

If this analysis of the myth-making picture of our consumption-tied economy is valid, what could, what should, be done about it? This is a question which the young people who so disturb many of us have been wrestling with for some time. While there is no single explanation for the increasingly urgent protests being made by beatniks, hippies, the New Left and the Yippies, one evident basis for their behavior is that they reject the consumer-tied system as inhuman, immoral and indecent. Their studied defiance of convention in matters of dress, hair styling and domestic arrangements is a protest against the irrelevance of the pursuit of consumption on a continent and in a world where other goals should prevail.

They tell us what these problems are: stubborn pockets of poverty where the delights of consumption are bitter illusions; neglect of the right of minority groups to a cultural identity of their own; abuse of the environment by the pollution of air and water which an unplanned economic system forces on us; irrational military adventures; imperial exploitation of underdeveloped by developed nations, and so on.

The young people's protests overlap those of the blacks whose concern for "soul" is also a defiance of consumership values. By their irritating, even infuriating, tactics, the young people are trying to force our attention upon these problems. Before cracking down on them from positions of power in the North American institutional structure, we should listen carefully to what they—the young and the blacks—are protesting.

If these protest movements do not manage to get the agenda of problems sorted out more sensibly—if the consumer society manages to absorb these rebellious people into safe, Establishment niches, then we shall be in trouble even deeper than we are today. We shall have proved ourselves so indoctrinated to the consumption-based life that we no longer care enough to take over our own institutions and make them serve our human needs.

Do I have a panacea—any easy solution to the problems arising from our slavery to what Erich Fromm calls the "*homo consumens*" myth? Of course not. I do feel that an essential first step toward that solution is to confront the facts honestly and, as Freud said, to face our guilt squarely. Assuming that that was done, I would say the next step was to rub the brainwash off some traditional notions. For example, the notion of planning. Faced with the necessity of planning for survival, the people of this continent have never shrunk from it. And I mean by planning simply policy making, followed by action, regardless of whose toes are stepped on.

We face a seamless web of persuasion and power based on the consumption drive of North American private industry. If the people are to be masters of their own fate they must plan for cultural survival. Planning does not mean breaking the machines or denying ourselves the benefits of modern technology. The Scandinavian countries, Holland and Switzerland, have disposed of that bugaboo. Planning does mean that public decisions must be accepted even when they tell private enterprise when and where and how to invest its capital. That is the nub of the planning issue and it must be squarely faced. If we do not accept planning on those terms, we have no real proposal for putting man first and consumption second. If we do plan on those terms, the mass media and the popular culture will be obliged to cultivate myths more compatible with human dignity and human values than the cluster of myths surrounding the consumption which now guide our lives.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Joey and Sebastian Grown Up

AND OTHER STORIES. *By John O'Hara. Random House. 336 pp. $5.95.*

THE BEASTLY BEATITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B. *By J. P. Donleavy. Delacorte Press. 403 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

There they stand, O'Hara and Donleavy, brooding out at us from the dust jackets of their latest books, both dressed in herringbone tweed jackets, placed boldly before their possessions, two American Irishmen who have made it and damn well act the part. Though the part seems less an act with O'Hara. He stands before his grand house and Ford wagon, under his Eton cap, pulling away at a nonfiltered cigarette, a fearless man of means. Donleavy's photograph, on the other hand, looks like a put-on which didn't come off. He hides behind his trim beard, in his knickers and socks, leaning on a carved cane, before a castlelike country manor. But there is a slouch in his shoulders and a wince in his eyes which work against his jaunty pose. O'Hara seems a Pal Joey grown rich and old, Donleavy a Sebastian Dangerfield grown heavy and wistful. Perhaps this analysis is a bit of fancy. (Johnson said, "The Irish are a fair people—they never speak well of one another.") But, if so, I am only projecting onto the photographs of O'Hara and Donleavy impressions conditioned by their latest works of fiction.

And Other Stories collects eleven O'Hara stories and a novella. About status, passion and aging, they are in a way footnotes to his major novels. O'Hara's characters are here punished excessively for breaches in decorum, like Julian English in *Appointment in Samarra*. They are driven by uncontrollable passions, like Grace Caldwell Tate in *A Rage To Live*. They make it and then wonder whether it was all worth while, like Joe Chapin in *Ten North Frederick* and Alfred Eaton in *From the Terrace*. They kill the things they love best, like Robert Millhouser in *Ourselves To Know*. In other words, these stories are redundancies, perpetuations, without variations of themes.

O'Hara's techniques have not changed either. These are sensibility stories, often dependent upon delayed revelations. Self-revelations: a woman discovers that it was Lesbianism not infidelity which drove her into divorce; a young man discovers he lacks the quiet self-mastery needed to be a gangster; a playwright discovers that his dead, father-obsessed beloved, was wrong about her father's merits and, therefore, not worthy of love. Mutual revelations: a farmer who had to leave college (like three others in this collection) confesses to a girl that he is forever trapped; an aging couple confess their infidelities to each other; an aging society widow confesses to Arthur McHenry (Joe Chapin's law partner) the sexual perversions of her dead husband.

O'Hara's characters fittingly adjust themselves to his theme and docilely help him complete his patterns. They cannot sustain the kind of self-mastery they and O'Hara value. Joe Chapin—whom we know will have an affair with a girl his daughter's age, then consciously drink himself to death—tells his law partner:

> I'm not a puritan, but if people like you and me don't follow certain rules, how can we expect other people to? I'm speaking of the people that grew up without our advantages and the young people you hear so much about today.

But, even if there are "rules," O'Hara's characters cannot abide by them. They slip down—infidelity, Lesbianism, *parti à trois*, alcoholism—victims of themselves and counters for an author who slides them over a glaze of realistic details toward their carefully arranged ironic ends.

Though they are always fun to read, O'Hara's stories leave you with nothing, patterns without purpose. His famous dialogue is always bright, assemblages of American jargon: went the limit, putting out, all the way, on the make, snatch, quail, gash, dike, madly in love. You can be interested, too, in his gratuitous information: distinguishing the status implications of the Packard roadster and the Mercer phaeton; learning when they began to drink Rob Roys in Pennsylvania; discovering just who George Olsen, a 1920s dance band conductor, was. But finally, irony is all. His stories impinge, when they do, because they make striking cases for disillusionment; they embody poor (though often rich) schmucks driven by passions, aspiring to successes which will turn empty on them. But the characters are too weak and the patterns too strongly contrived to be plausible. Besides, O'Hara has told it all before and better.

It is no surprise that Donleavy cannot sustain the jaunty pose he is attempting in his dust-jacket photograph. Unsustained poses and qualified jauntiness have been his concerns since *The Ginger Man*. There, Sebastian Dangerfield sought unqualified happiness—"ease and comfort and quiet is all I want"—by absorbing into himself all people and all things without giving a drop of himself in love. When circumstances won't yield to his insistence he overwhelms them with his imagination, as when he becomes the suave Percival Buttermere, O.B.E. He runs through those who love him, across Dublin, increasingly aware of the impossibility of his quest. He senses that if he cannot absorb all, he will eventually lose all; he will die. The best he can manage is a shaky, jaunty pose before this awareness. "When I die I want to decompose in a barrel of porter and have it served in all the pubs in Dublin."

This is Donleavy's simple, touching theme: the impossibility of fulfillment, no matter how many advantages—of vitality, wit, beauty or money—one presses into the service of one's quest. George Smith, in *A Singular Man*, is rich, unselfish and shy, but he can only feel happiness for a night. In Donleavy's shorter works—*Meet My Maker the Mad Molecule* and *The Saddest Summer of Samuel S*—he clearly turns a corner. The undercurrent of sad awareness becomes dominant; the jaunty poses and wild ways of his picaros become muffled in tones of pathos.

In *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B*, Donleavy posits a hero who is everything that Dangerfield was not. Balthazar ("possessor of treasure") is blessed with wealth, beauty, the capacity to love and be loved in return. But he can hardly survive, despite his advantages, in a world split by war, raddled by bad luck, rife with meanness. Balthazar is separated from those he loves—his father, his uncle, his nanny—and seeks completion by loving others, a simple but impossible quest. He learns in bed with Bella, a new nanny, that "love is for everybody wherever it may be no matter what you are." Sexual love then becomes his "holy grail." But, when he and Bella are discovered by his mother, Balthazar learns another lesson: "true love is always sure disaster."

Dangerfield reappears in this novel as Beefy, a character of uncompromising charm and selfishness. Like Balthazar, he will try to win happiness from those who, themselves thwarted, would deny its existence, like the boys' headmaster, who knows "that without rules chaps would be waltzing naked in Picadilly." While O'Hara's Joe Chapin feels he should be sustaining "rules" in which he disbelieves, Donleavy's Balthazar and Beefy try to break past impediments. Beefy imagines bawdy breakthroughs—"do the indecent thing to do, if possible"—and Balthazar imagines an ideal love with his beautiful Fitzdare, "away in the soft green peace Fitzdare." Both fail. They are caught with women in Beefy's room and chucked out of Trinity; Beefy is disinherited; Fitzdare dies. "Life is always travelling to a sorrow," Balthazar says.

Though both O'Hara and Donleavy would agree with the sad findings of Fitzgerald—that other American Irishman to whom they both owe much—when he said, "the natural state of the sentient adult is qualified unhappiness," they have different ways of demonstrating their sadnesses. O'Hara's people are pushed around by his plots and their own impulses, puppets to whom things happen. Donleavy's people press the possibilities of life with high style and win many tactical victories of great hilarity—Balthazar has the joy of seeing a sex-hating Irish landlady become so infuriated that she drops her false teeth onto a floor soaked by his broken bottle of urine—before they are defeated. Donleavy's vision of sadness seems earned, won by a search of all the possible routes toward happiness. O'Hara's vision of *nada* seems contrived, slickly stacked cards blocking straw men. So, finally, the photograph of O'Hara, looked at more closely, reveals a hint of desolation which seems more convincing than his writing. But it is hard not to fancy a hint of joyfulness behind the pained eyes in Donleavy's photograph, the joy of the artist who can embody his vision, however bleak, the self-certainty of the writer who can so eloquently move his hero to name his pain:

> Reach up and gather all this world. Before dark or any other people should ever come. And find you sheltering. As all hearts are. Worried lonely. Your eyes quiet. By the waters cold. Where sadness lurks so deep.
>
> It doth
> Make you
> Still.

Isolated Successes

AGENTS OF CHANGE: A Close Look at the Peace Corps. *By David Hapgood and Meridan Bennett. Little, Brown & Co. 244 pp. $5.95.*

STANLEY MEISLER

Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *was formerly deputy director of the Office of Evaluation and Research in the Peace Corps.*

Since the beginning, most writers about the Peace Corps have either derided it or heaped praise on it, but never understood it. In this book, David Hapgood and Meridan Bennett, two former officials of the organization, never mock or gush about it but always understand it. Their work is tough, realistic criticism, so tough and real that it is sometimes cruel and occasionally unfair. But it tells us, as no other book has, what the Peace Corps is all about.

In assessing the work of the 30,000 volunteers sent to the Third World since 1961, Hapgood and Bennett conclude that "as a contributor to development in the Third World, the Peace Corps can make no great claims to accomplishment. . . . Volunteers have filled a lot of jobs, but their utility on those jobs, and often the utility of the jobs themselves, is questionable."

The writers do see more hope for the future. "An enormous potential clearly exists in the Peace Corps. . . ." they write. "If the Peace Corps can build on the isolated cases of its success that its volunteers have registered, then its help to the Third World could be much greater than it has been to date."

But, even if the potential for development is unrealized, Hapgood and Bennett see a great deal of worth in the project. "Though they have not yet contributed much to development . . ." the writers go on, "the volunteers have justified John F. Kennedy's idea many times over by what they have learned. What they do with that learning in later years will be the measure of what the American people are getting for their money. In our opinion, we Americans are likely to draw high dividends from our investment in the Peace Corps. Americans are getting a very special education at a bargain price: This is the clearest result of the Peace Corps experiment. . . . Returning volunteers have helped to take a lot of the mystery and fear out of the American view of the Third World."

Although it may not sound that way, their assessment is gloomy and their praise rather faint. The surest way to destroy the outfit would be to encourage volunteers and officials to look on themselves as part of a great educational experiment instead of a serious attempt to deal with the development problems of the Third World. If the Peace Corps really is no more than "a very special education at a bargain price," it ought to pack up. Despite what they say, the conclusions of Hapgood and Bennett make the venture seem like a failure.

In reaching their conclusions, Hapgood and Bennett set down the most debilitating problem of the Third World, the syndrome of poverty that makes its victims feel dependent, suspicious, hostile, and inadequate:

> The victim of the syndrome often sees his survival as beyond his control. . . . He is suspicious of the people he has grown up with, unwilling to extend them confidence enough to cooperate in mutually beneficial projects. . . . He meets the outside world with hostility, and frequently the familiar world as well. . . . Hope is a luxury he cannot afford.

Moreover, they go on, "change is a threat. The citizen of the underdeveloped world tends to be inflexible, to resist that which is new."

Development comes when these poor overcome their resistance, inflexibility and fear, and accept some change. A volunteer can contribute to this development if he serves as an "agent of change" and helps the fearful poor build enough self-confidence to overcome the inner barriers. A good "agent of change" recognizes that he must deal in small, timid steps, for even the smallest and most timid change seems awesome to those afflicted with fear.

The book acknowledges that some volunteers show "apparent effectiveness" as agents of change. The best volunteers are those who understand the local culture, use and adapt local techniques to improve production, keep their own powers limited and unobtrusive, and help open new channels of communication among the poor. But Hapgood and Bennett believe very few volunteers have so far had the sensitivity and guidance to do this job well.

Volunteers and planners in Washington have failed, according to the authors, because they have often attempted to impose American attitudes and techniques on the people they were trying to help.

This faith in the innate goodness of American ideas reaches deeply into the Peace Corps. The writers describe Corps officials in Washington who sometimes assigned volunteers overseas without too much concern over what they would be doing, confident that any contact with volunteers would have to be valuable to people of the Third World. "If you peel this assumption to its core," Hapgood and Bennett say, "you find a colossally ethnocentric attitude: That we Americans are so good (or skilled, or democratic, or whatever) that our very presence among the less fortunate is a benefit in itself."

The book rightly describes the work of the Peace Corps as cultural imperialism, as intervention in the affairs of others. "Do Americans have any right to thrust themselves into distant societies so different from their own?" Hapgood and Bennett ask. They never answer the question, except to note that American intervention is probably inevitable. But it is clear from the tone of the book that they do not like the idea much and are troubled by it.

In fact, Hapgood and Bennett seem hung up on this issue. They sometimes assess the value of a change on how American or un-American it is. Since the idea of change itself or development or modernization can be construed as somehow American, or at least Western, a reader sometimes gets the feeling that the authors might be uncomfortable with any change at all that is provoked from the outside. That, of course, is a false impression, but Hapgood and Bennett do seem to carry their argument to an unfair extreme in their discussion of Peace Corps work in education.

There is sharp criticism of the organization for its mad rush into teaching at the beginning. "Teaching was . . . the easiest job for the Peace Corps to take on," and it blindly filled almost any request by a Third World government for teachers. But the schools of the Third World are often less concerned with development than with the perpetuation of an elite class. The writers call these schools "the stronghold of the elite . . . a class of overprivileged rulers, more concerned with cars and other material goodies than with progress, holding the masses in profound contempt." By supporting such schools, the Peace Corps "has laid itself open to the charge that it is implicitly encouraging the ruling elite to spend lavishly on an irrelevant school system while starving the nation's other needs."

Hapgood and Bennett are justified in making so sharp an attack on this rush to teaching. But they are just as sharp in condemning the Peace Corps's attempts to reform its teaching programs. In the last few years, some officials have insisted that volunteer teachers are useless unless they make an attempt to reform the elitist, unthinking, rote-learning educational systems of the Third World. But the book dismisses this as another form of cultural imperialism, insisting that a volunteer teacher who helped his students to learn problem solving, democracy and creativity would be helping them learn American values. Recalling that French colonial teachers once required their African students to read from a book that began, "Our Ancestors, the Gauls, were tall men with fair hair and blue eyes," Hapgood and Bennett say, "it does not take too great a leap of the imagination to visualize . . . the school children of the Third World reciting to their approving volunteer teacher: 'Our ancestors, the Founding Fathers, were democrats and innovators. . . .' "

This strikes me as a rather churlish and offhand way to dismiss the work and potential of almost half the volunteers in the Peace Corps. Since most Third World school systems are irrelevant, and since most will continue to

caterpillar

6

Caterpillars are strange,
hard to tell which is
The head — OLSON, DUNCAN —
sort of medieval armored horse
— McCLURE — or hind end like
helmet of knight — SCHWERNER —
front end sort of
tribal — ADRIENNE
RICH! — be feathered, fanged — ESHLEMAN — whiplash form — KELLY,
BIALY, HELLER, EARLY, EIGNER,
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exist anyway, it does not shock me when Peace Corps volunteers infuse them with a few American values to try to make them more relevant to the Third World. Perhaps I am just a little less squeamish than Hapgood and Bennett about cultural imperialism. But, though I see more hope for reform in the teaching programs, I would agree that the Peace Corps has spent too much of its energy on education and not enough on activities like rural development that are more relevant to the modernization of the Third World.

In a sense, the publication of this book itself is a tribute to the organization. Both Hapgood and Bennett were members of the Peace Corps Evaluation Division, a staff of writers, journalists and lawyers whose job was to travel abroad and analyze the work of the Peace Corps. Under the leadership of Charles Peters, a former West Virginia legislator who is now publishing the *Washington Monthly*, the evaluators were tough critics who forced the Corps into painful self-analysis and helped it profit from its foolish blunders. For years the Peace Corps had been hearing the same kind of tough talk from Hapgood and Bennett that they are now dishing out to the public. This kind of self-criticism is rare anywhere and probably unique in the United States Government.

All in all, I found the conclusions of the book too harsh. I think the volunteer group is more successful than it admits, at least compared to the massive blunderings of other American organizations on the murky, ironic and heartless paths to development. But Hapgood and Bennett set the terms for any intelligent discussion of the matter. They know the problems of Third World development. They know the terror of change in the frail bodies and souls of the poor. They know the cultural snags that entwine the volunteer. They know the limitations and potential of young and innocent Americans. Tough and harsh, they help us see the real Peace Corps.

French Characters

AN IMPERSONATION OF ANGELS: A Biography of Jean Cocteau. *By Frederick Brown. The Viking Press. Illustrated. 438 pp. $12.50.*

SACHA GUITRY: The Last Boulevardier. *By James Harding. Charles Scribner's Sons. 277 pp. $6.95.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

Frederick Brown does not love Jean Cocteau, whose biography he has written; he is fascinated by him. Or to put it more precisely, he is dazzled by the world and times which Cocteau sparked. *An Impersonation of Angels* is a scintillating portrait of that remarkable period, from 1900 to 1929, which the French have named *la belle époque.*

It was the time "when fashion, politics, literature and journalism milled together with noisy self-acclaim in surrounding cafés, torn by the Dreyfus affair but united by a common passion for theatre on stage and off. Everybody played a role." For all that, there was more to that enchanted day than the twitter of "café society." It was a time of creative ferment in a constellation which included such varied luminaries as Proust and Picasso, Bergson, Valéry and Gide, Stravinsky and Matisse, Debussy and Ravel, Diaghilev and the Surrealists.

What is especially notable in Brown's book is that though he was born in 1934, and could not have seen Cocteau act Mercutio in a dilettante but highly decorative version of *Romeo and Juliet*, his description of the occasion is altogether accurate. This is as true for the figures he discusses. They are drawn with an unfailing eye for the telling detail: we actually seem to be in the presence of these talented men and women.

Brown is severe—at moments almost "bitchy"—with Cocteau, but I regret to say that he is more or less right. He sums up at one point by saying that Cocteau "devoted more of his energy to the persona than to the self." He speaks further of Cocteau's being "fertile in stillbirths," and "opining brilliantly." His more substantial criticism of the Cocteau *oeuvre* is genuinely perceptive, displaying an understanding of Cocteau, not only in his work but in his person. Brown is an acute psychologist whose animadversions are not limited to malicious anecdotes or gossip. While he divests Cocteau of his motley he makes us comprehend the tragic aspect of the naked man underneath.

Why, one may ask, if Brown cannot admire Cocteau, should he have taken the pains to write so thoroughgoing an account of his life? The answer is not only the one I have suggested above: that Cocteau in his incessant activity tried to make himself part of every significant literary and artistic movement but because his undoubted gifts were of a kind—common everywhere among the smart sets—which glitter and flash to the astonishment and applause of all those to whom the arts are a show, a rarified circus rather than an essential human communication. "He invented a style," Brown says, "a style . . . melodramatic yet spoofing, wise and wisecracking, irreverent but somehow sadly aware that it lacks the confidence or the energy to make a statement of its own touting and mourning its own sterility." Its spirit tends toward the "sleek and invertebrate, given to cumulus landscapes, ghosts, clowns, pierrots and pale, pale children."

This is well said as is almost everything else in the book. Brown possesses an extensive vocabulary which errs occasionally in the ornamental use of words denoting exotic finery and gems. He also is given to Anglicizing foreign terms. Among other blemishes—the book may arouse resentment in certain quarters—is his inclination to generalize from his subject's particular case to areas where the author is on unsure ground, as in his slighting of certain phases of Picasso's and Stravinsky's art. And though what Brown says in regard to Cocteau's homosexuality is in itself penetrating and convincing, there are misgivings when he extends the diagnosis to homosexuals as a "breed."

Still this biography conveys a sense of Cocteau as a man—versatile, witty, thoroughly aware, deeply troubled: a flawed poet but a poet nonetheless. The reader still cannot help being attracted to the handsome elegant of intense gaze who could say "that the writer [is] a prison from which the works escape, only to be pursued by police the world over." Such a man merits all the attention Brown has lavished on him.

James Harding's biography of Sacha Guitry covers almost exactly the same historical moment as Cocteau's. Cocteau was born in 1889 and died in 1963: Guitry, born 1885, died in 1957. Both were fantastically voluble and precocious: Cocteau entered the social whirl at the age of 15, Guitry had his first play produced at 17 and achieved success at 20. Both were prolific, but while Cocteau wished to reign in the world of (pretty nearly seven) arts, Guitry's realm was that of that bright-light theatre once supreme in all the continental box offices and salons of *haute couture* entertainment. He wrote, acted, staged about 120 plays, and did the same for more than thirty films.

Though Harding summarizes the plots of many of these plays and films, his book conveys greater excitement about the froufrou of the boulevards than about the theatre as craft or art. We learn very little about Guitry's rehearsal methods, his work with actors, his technical procedures; we hear a good deal about his fabulous art collection, his *bons mots*, his five glamorous wives, his fashionable coterie; Harding's Paris is gay Paree. The subtitle of his book—*The Last Boulevardier*—is most appropriate.

One of my first attempts to write theatre criticism when I returned from my student days in Paris was a profile-essay on Guitry. It began with the phrase, "Sacha Guitry, the minnesinger of cads." What I meant is exemplified in some of the Guitry quips quoted in Harding's book: "To be married, to have a mistress and to desire her with somebody else makes it look as if one is becoming faithful to one's wife again—more or less"; or, "As for the man who runs away with your wife, there's no worse punishment than to let him keep her"; or again, "Beware of the women you marry, because the ones who don't deceive you will reproach you for it all their lives—as if it were your fault, while often enough it isn't even theirs!"

Guitry no doubt possessed seductive charm, a gracefully flippant ease as an actor combined with perfect diction, and a voice of pleasantly nasal sound. He had a voracious appetite for pretty things and pink sentiments from jewels to fine paintings and other *objets d'art*. He was the prime courtesan of the Parisian stage.

It is good to learn from Harding's book that Guitry had never collaborated with the Nazis as had been reported. (His two months' imprisonment on this unfounded charge is the one truly painful note in his career.) The greatest pleasure I derived in reading the book was a nostalgic one, induced by its cast of "characters." The charming playwright, Tristan Bernard, the odd and crotchety dramatic critic Paul Léautaud (Maurice Boissard) about whom I wrote my first published piece, and the writer, Jules Renard (author of *Poil de Carotte*), were "originals" as captivating or eccentric as anything they created. Such beings aglow with the full folly of living seem to be extinct in our contemporary American cultural galaxy, which has seldom little more to recommend it than intellectual fuzz, secretive backbiting or moneyed gloss.

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Playing the Game

THE REMNANTS OF POWER: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson. *By Richard J. Walton. Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $5.94.*

HARRY BARNARD

Mr. Barnard is writer-in-residence at Roosevelt University, Chicago. He is the author of Eagle Forgotten: The Life of John Peter Altgeld *(Bobbs-Merrill) and other biographies.*

Richard Walton, who served as Voice of America correspondent at the United Nations, quite properly views the last years of Adlai Stevenson as tragedy. The subtitle of this long lament—reminiscent of a betrayed lover's sad grieving—is quite apt. But Walton errs, I think, in viewing the tragedy as wholly Stevenson's. Rather, it concerns Stevenson's personal following, especially those individuals in very high places in the current Establishment who professed to be his very dear friends.

A good many of them used Mr. Stevenson for their own purposes. They professed to share his values with respect to the issues of war and peace. But they were really hawks. Or they were merely opportunists who did not care one way or another about the cold war, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Vietnam, or even the United Nations.

They allowed Mr. Stevenson to think that they agreed with him. They applauded his speeches. No doubt they were sincere at times in their enthusiasm. Especially the lovely and chic ladies whom he continually attracted. But what he apparently did not realize was that many, if not most, of those admirers were really applauding his rhetoric, while they went on supporting the cold war, and accepted everything we were doing in Vietnam.

They also "accepted" Adlai, for all his eccentricities. They eagerly invited him to their posh apartments and country estates, gave him the use of their offices and other personal privileges, laughed at his jokes, lent their women as his escorts. But their hearts belonged to the Establishment that stood for nearly everything Stevenson opposed. And why not? Most of those in his intimate circle were Establishment people, or its servitors, including several top-flight columnists.

Was not Stevenson also an Establishment man? Yes, he was: member of a "first family" of Illinois, a product of Choate, Princeton and Harvard (with Northwestern's Law School only a kind of afterthought), member of prestigious corporation law firms, and all that. But there *was* a difference. He wanted, perhaps naïvely, to reform the Establishment's ways and thinking. Such, at least, was the tenor of his great utterances. But precious few were his associates who showed that they took to heart his "call for greatness." Later, when the chips were down, and they had a choice between Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey, or between Steve Mitchell and Dick Daley, most of them were with Humphrey and Daley, right down the line with the cold-war Establishment.

Then there were the leaders who were not especially bosom friends. One may start with the Kennedys and then go on to include Truman, Johnson, Acheson, Rusk, and so many others who had what Stevenson did not have—the power to shape foreign policy. They too praised him.

Worse than that, they took him in. Frequently, they made him an instrument of their policies. "Adlai is my official liar in the UN," John Kennedy supposedly once laughed about the man who had so eloquently urged that our public leaders "tell the truth."

Rusk paid him great deference, as he should have. Stevenson apparently had everything he needed—beautiful women as assistants, both staff and secretarial; sleek limousines and liveried chauffeurs; luxurious offices and more luxurious living quarters in the Waldorf; jobs for all his friends—everything, that is, except what he apparently most prized, an intelligent, honest foreign policy.

True, Walton documents that Stevenson declined to the very end of his days to disavow *publicly* the Johnson-Rusk policy on Vietnam. Also, that Stevenson positively rejected the idea that he resign in protest over Vietnam—this section forming one of the most interesting and revealing parts of Walton's valuable book. But there is no doubt that Stevenson did in fact oppose the Johnson-Rusk foreign policy.

There is also no doubt that he intended to resign at the end of 1965 because he could no longer stomach his dubious connection with Johnson and Rusk. Yet he would not have given his opposition to them as the reason. As he several times told friends, "That would not be playing the game." He was a gentleman and gentlemen abide by the rules, be it soccer or the fate of the world.

That, of course, was Stevenson's tragedy. Not even for the sake of his own integrity could he rise above being a gentleman in politics. But, as I have indicated, this book really documents, and well, the point that the greater tragedy concerns the influential people who formed the Stevenson coterie.

They live on to continue their high-level mischief. Stevenson was what he was. Even in violating his own principles, and Walton insists he did, much to Walton's anguish, Stevenson was true to himself as a gentleman.

But those others—the hypocrites and sycophants in the worst sense—remain influential. That is real tragedy, not only for them but for the country today.

Where Are the Playwrights?

CATHARINE HUGHES

Miss Hughes covers Off-Broadway and Off-Off-Broadway for Show Business. *She has worked off Broadway as an assistant director, and her play,* Madame Lafayette, *was produced there successfully several years ago. She is a theatre consultant for the New York State Council on the Arts.*

Every so often drama critics, human despite all, have moments of optimism—usually early-season moments. And occasionally they lead to such headlines as: PLAYWRIGHTS ARE ON THE WAY BACK.

The Sunday Telegraph (London) being an eminently respectable medium and its critic, Frank Marcus (*The Killing of Sister George*, etc.), being a responsible journalist, one's heart leaped with hope. Perhaps, against all evidence to the contrary, Mr. Marcus had come upon something. Perhaps there was still room for other than the Living Theatre—often admirable—Tom O'Horgan, and derivatives of Peter Brook. Perhaps we really were about to rediscover words and ideas in the theatre.

Alas, no. After slaps at Britain's National Theatre ("It was clear that [playwrights] were disqualified . . . on account of being alive"), which seemed gratuitous, given present repertory and future plans, and at the Royal Shakespeare Company (where they were disqualified "on account of being British"), which seemed more accurate, given the RSC's markedly mediocre "American season," he placed his hopes on new signs of life at the Royal Court. May they be fulfilled. But as no one, certainly not Mr. Marcus, needs reminding, the Royal Court is not what it once was. And the fall entries in its proposed resurgence have been something less than auspicious.

Nevertheless, Marcus did raise *the* question: "Where have all the playwrights gone?" Obviously not to visit the Queen; and by common consent, they were not on Broadway in this season's first semester. Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally and Leonard Melfi, with the collectively titled *Morning, Noon and Night*, have scarcely set the populace to shouting. Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven* was noteworthy only for its good intentions.

Are they, then, Off-Broadway, where once the action was? Today, Little Broadway might be a better name. Allowing for the one or two exceptions that prove the rule (Mart Crowley of *The Boys in the Band*, and perhaps Horovitz, will be worth watching next time round), what once was the playwright's hope is now more often his despair. Its most successfully recent offerings—both artistically and financially—have been musicals: *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown, Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris, In Circles*—all perfectly splendid in their own terms—or plays such as *Futz!* and *Tom Paine*, more interesting for directorial techniques and supposed shock value than for the writers or ideas they revealed. Lincoln Center's great discovery of late last season, 22-year-old Ron Cowen, may some day prove as good as a few indulgent reviewers say he is. (His recent television special, however, was not encouraging.) But *Summertree* was little more than a sentimental, poorly structured soap opera. One had the feeling that some critics, overanxious for the Repertory Company to succeed, were patting it on the head a trifle prematurely. Perhaps some day someone will explore fully why, in almost exactly the same five-year period that Lincoln Center Repertory has been in existence, Olivier's National Theatre has developed into what is probably the finest company in the English-speaking world. Surely the desire of actors to work with Olivier is not the only reason. Nor is the British Arts Council subsidy, which in fact is rather small.

Perhaps Off-Off-Broadway has attracted the writers? Here, one treads with care. It is the current sacred cow (more often for those who have seen a half-dozen of its productions at two or three of the better theatres than for those who have seen several dozen more widely scattered). It is to the late sixties what Off-Broadway was to the fifties—the place where it's happening. It can be good, and it can be absolutely atrocious, and the risk is for the taking.

Unfortunately, the risk is getting greater. With some fifty or sixty "theatres" now functioning on one basis or another, quality is in some cases markedly off. (I have seen more rank amateurism in the past two or three months than in all of the preceding year.) But that is not the only disturbing thing about the current state of Off-Off-Broadway. With occasional exceptions, it is only marginally what it set out to be. When it began—an event variously dated as September 27, 1960, when a Greenwich Village coffeehouse called Take 3 presented Alfred Jarry's turn-of-the-century *avant-garde* play *King Ubu*; somewhat earlier with Cafe Cino; or in terms of consistent production of new works, at the Judson Poets' Theatre in 1961—the intention was to provide new writers with a forum, a place to experiment, a place to fail. To some extent it has done so, and reality has perhaps dictated the departure: fifty or sixty theatres, some of them offering a new production every few weeks, often in the form of two or three one-acts per bill, will quite obviously run out of new writers, at least of writers worth attention. The consequence is an increasing number of revivals, fine in their own right, but seldom sufficiently well produced to do the plays justice; and a plethora of indifferent to shoddy work.

One dares to hope that some day soon the chaff and the wheat will be separated, that Off-Off-Broadway will undertake the sort of self-reappraisal that alone can save it from what it threatens to become—the province of dilettantism, narcissism, and self-celebration. The threat of fifty or sixty small groups speaking only to themselves is not an idle one, as anyone can attest who has been in lofts, basements and back rooms containing an audience of a dozen or less (and those not infrequently in some way related to the production). If theatre is not a "popular art," neither is it, as someone remarked recently, an exercise in artistic masturbation.

All of this is not to deny that some interesting work, even some exciting and potentially important work, is being done OOB. It is unquestionably to be found —at the Judson Poets' Theatre, at Theatre Genesis, at Cafe LaMaMa, at the tiny Playbox, and a few others. The odds are not of the best, but theatrical odds never have been. However, the approaches taken by a few of the theatres provide some indication of just how curiously the OOB deck is stacked.

Al Carmines, the energetic young associate minister who guides the arts program at the Judson Memorial Church (and wrote the music for the hit *In Circles*), describes Judson as a playwrights' theatre. And, to a greater extent than some of the others, it remains so, despite increasing specialization in musicals. At least there is more emphasis on text, somewhat less inclination to directorial self-indulgence and novelty for its own sake. It gave Sam Shepard's *Red Cross*, revived Off-Broadway last season, its first production (though the newer Theatre Genesis is really Shepard's base), and has presented some of the work of Rochelle Owens, Rosalyn Drexler, Maria Irene Fornes, Lanford Wilson, H. M. Koutoukas and others.

By contrast, Thresholds is an intimate third-floor loft theatre, seating forty people. One recent production, a dramatization of Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*, is representative of the let's-scuttle-the-playwright approach. According to the director, the aim was to take Carroll's narrative poem about an unlikely crew that sets out in quest of a snark as the basis for "a redivision of responsibility for the theatrical event," in which the actor takes on "the responsibility of making the play happen," and the acting ensemble "can share in the playwriting." It brings seven actors into the playing area, where they then begin to stretch, exercise, and utter sounds ranging from guttural to musical. They study themselves in mirrors and, in theory, prepare for the roles they are about to create. Eventually, they go off on their voyage, each assuming what the director terms a "facial mask"—of a beaver, a rabbit, a Britannia-Rules-the-Waves bellman, etc.—as an external aid to the achievement of an inner reality.

The evening had its moments, but far from enough of them. And one could ask oneself whether there were not many more of them for the director and cast than for the audience, whether the repetition of such approaches will, in the long run, suffice even for the performer. Mr. Carroll was not around to complain.

At Cafe La Mama, now firmly established in a new foundation-endowed home, director Tom O'Horgan holds forth. O'Horgan (*Hair, Futz!, Tom Paine*) is a talented young man, perhaps the most inventive and enterprising that the New York branch of the New Theatre possesses. Whether he, and what he represents, is good for the playwright is another matter. If it is sufficient for a director to take a bad play, most recently Rochelle Owens' *Futz!*, and make it into a Theatrical Event, O'Horgan is very good indeed. Probably, neither he nor Miss Owens sees it that way; quite possibly, both think it a good play. What it is, of course, is a good excuse.

Everyone has heard of *Futz!* by now —that little love-in-the-barnyard drama about a man and his pig, Amanda, and how they make out together; how the wicked villagers, ignoring the fact that Amanda's obviously the right girl for him, do in poor Cy Futz for the crime of being different. It is a mediocre play, with no originality of thought and deprived as to language; a modern morality about people blind to their own faults and self-righteous about what they consider the faults of others.

Futz! is important, if that is the word, as a symptom of the increasing sublimation of script to displays of directorial virtuosity, or what sometimes passes for it. In the article referred to in the first paragraph, Marcus lamented the "disdain for the writer" in London's experimental theatre, "the actors preferring to strip to mumbled improvisations of their own invention." In America, this tendency has gone a good deal further. Joseph Chaikin's Open Theatre workshop set out to evolve a form in which playwrights, directors and actors, working together from the start, create the play. Jean-Claude van Itallie's interesting *America Hurrah* and Megan Terry's *Viet Rock* are its best-known achievements thus far. Richard Schechner and his Performance Group have carried matters somewhat further with *Dionysus in '69*, a work with antecedents perhaps less in Euripides than in Antonin Artaud.

Artaud, that tragic and erratic genius to whom the New Theatre, and Peter Brook in particular, owes so much, asserted: "We shall not act a written play, but we shall make attempts at direct staging, around themes, facts or known works. . . . I propose a theatre in which violent physical images crush and hypnotize the sensibility of the spectator seized by the theatre as by a whirlwind of higher forces." Proclaiming "No more masterpieces!" he called for "a theatre which eliminates the author in favor of . . . a director who has become a kind of manager of magic, a master of sacred ceremonies."

With or without Artaud, O'Horgan's aisle-hopping, let's-be-friends actors, nudity, animal noises, consistently high decibel level and acrobatics; Brook's ritualistic howls, hisses and gasps, huge gold phallus, and jazz band in his production of Seneca's *Oedipus* for the

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British National Theatre, are all perfectly valid, at least for as long as they do not become ends in themselves. Too often, they do.

Irving Wardle of the London *Times* wrote: "For me [*Oedipus*] represented the dead end of the Artaud movement in Britain: a tragedy by the ultimate master of the 'theatre of cruelty,' whose equal eminence as a stoic philosopher was blotted out by stage bloodshed. . . . What remains are the bare bones of a mighty legend, supporting a mounting series of empty horrors presented by a ritualistic group of principals versed in Oriental movement, and a chorus who intensify the ceremony with drumming, Karate gestures, and spasms of mirthless laughter . . . . [It is] concentration on mindless visceral emotion at the expense of intellect."

THE THIRD WORLD

This loud morning
sensed a small cry in
the news
paper
caught somewhere on
an inner page
I
decide to travel for lunch &
end up in an automat
White House Cafeteria
looking thru a little window
put a nickel in the slot
and out comes
fried rice
Taking a tour
of the rest of that building
I
hear a small cry
beyond the rice paddies
between floors where
the escalator sticks
and remember last night's dream of
attending my own funeral
at a drive-in mortuary
not really believing
I was that dead
Someone throwing rice
All the windows dry
Tipped the coffin open & laughed
into it
and out falls
old funnyface
myself
the bargain tragedian
with a small cry
followed by sound of Che Guevara singing
in the voice of Fidel

Far over the Perfume River
the clouds pass
carrying small cries

The monsoon has set in
the windows weep
I
back up to
the Pentagon
on a flatbed truck
and unload the small brown bodies
fresh from the blasted fields!

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

But somehow it works—or, rather, it worked in *Oedipus* and it has worked in at least some of Brook's other productions, though certainly not in all. The reason, I suspect, is that, Wardle notwithstanding, Brook's direction is *not* nearly so "mindless" as the work of some of his imitators and emulators. Although often self-indulgent, Brook is not a director discovering a new toy. "I have sometimes been accused of wanting to destroy the spoken word, and indeed in this absurdity there's a grain of sense," he observes in *The Empty Stage*. "Is there another language, just as exacting for the author, as the language of words? Is there a language of actions, a language of sounds—a language of word-as-part-of-movement, of word-as-lie, word-as-parody, of word-as-rubbish, of word-as-contradiction, of word-shock, or word-cry? . . . The theatre needs its perpetual revolution. Yet wanton destruction is criminal; it produces violent reaction and still greater confusion."

Brook, at least, realizes that heat is not really a substitute for light, that the idea of "shocking" the audience into a new awareness, of evoking its response and moving it from its lethargy is legitimate only to the extent that *where* it is moved is not simply another vacuum. Young though it is, the new, highly physical, visceral theatre already finds itself threatened by what must seem the greatest curse of all: the dullness of repetition. The second or third time round, nudity is taken more or less for granted; by now the assorted Anglo-Saxonisms produce the same glassy-eyed indifference as does an Arthur Miller Home Truth; and the actor who hands out flowers had best bring the watering can the next time.

One thing the New Theatre—and by this I do mean the relatively quiescent Theatre of the Absurd—hasn't done for us lately is make us think. (Neither, for the most part, has the old, but that is another matter.) And, of course, it is still ideas, rather than effects, that are likely to do so. The New Theatre has not been able to go beyond the surface; achieving momentary immediacy, it has not shown that it has anything to say. Often visually arresting, it has thus far not known what to do with the attention it may fleetingly compel. (Does one respond in any way deeply—assuming one is not a voyeur—to the extended nudity of Terrence McNally's *Sweet Eros*, or to being dragged into participation in the orgy or rock dancing of Schechner's *Dionysus*?)

All this might be less depressing if it were not for the fact that, by relying on the actor's experience of his art—and, presumably, of himself—and the director's ability to startle, shock or surprise, today's experimental theatre steadily and consciously diminishes the playwright's role to that of providing only the framework. Frameworks are notably lacking in perception, sensitivity or depth. Theatrical experimentation with form—even sheer theatrical gimmickry—is vital as a force for breaking with the stereotyped thinking of the past. But when the audience begins, as it inevitably will, to shrug and ask what's new, the New Theatre may find itself with writers who have never created a true character, fully explored an idea or motivation, or followed it to its conclusion; with "playwrights" who can do little more than provide the outline for a directorial extravaganza. Extravaganzas are notoriously short-lived.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

As a postscript to the *Ring* operas recently reported in these pages, the Metropolitan Opera presented on December 21 its only other Wagnerian presentation of the current season, a revival of *Die Meistersinger* that, by comparison, vividly demonstrated the shortcomings of "normal operating procedure" in such repertory. This opera is, after all, one of the half dozen summits of the art, and in its requirements of both mass and detail provides a touchstone of an opera company's resources and capabilities.

While the *Ring* operas were presented without cuts, *Meistersinger* is currently abridged to the extent of about thirty minutes. These cuts are neither as numerous nor as brutal as those practiced in the 1950s, but some are exceptionally ill chosen. To remove Hans Sachs's "Hat man mit dem Schuhwerk" (at his renunciation of Eva in Act III) is rather like playing Act III, Scene 3 of *Hamlet* minus the "Now might I do it" speech; a visible gesture may express the decision made at this point, but it can hardly convey the structural climax implied by Wagner's crucial development of the "Wahn, Wahn" music and the "Shoemaker's Song" from Act II. This particular deletion leaves major musical threads untied and must, moreover, be effected by a harmonically clumsy splice—all for the sake of four minutes' running time. I suspect that these cuts are made to avoid running into orchestral overtime, but if they are done to minimize audience fatigue, they bespeak a dubious comprehension of the nature of musical time: there is no easier way to make a coherent work seem "long" than to fragment its coherence by omitting essential musical discourse.

The level of orchestral execution was disappointing throughout the evening, save in the Prelude to Act III, where the relaxation of Joseph Rosenstock's generally precipitate, underarticulated tempos gave the wind and brass a chance to relax and play not only accurately but also musically. And, for all its flaws, the orchestra shone by comparison with the chorus, which is by and large, day in and day out, the most consistently trying feature of Metropolitan performances—ragged in ensemble, uncertain of intonation, and raw in tone. A particular visual offense, amidst the generally attractive staging, was the gaggle of buxom altos and middle-aged tenors who passed for "apprentices," although the campy ballet that accompanies the procession of the guilds runs a close second.

Aside from a few gaggy double-take routines, the stage action was well planned, subject to the acting limitations of some of the singers. And, to complete the picture of an average night at the Met, there was a wide spectrum of vocalism, including at least three highly satisfactory performances: Karl Dönch's brilliant Beckmesser (if only he would *sing* the Doctor in *Wozzeck* this well!), Loren Driscoll's elegant David, and Giorgio Tozzi's consistently improving Sachs (already a distinguished dramatic portrayal, but lacking ultimate vocal security). Ironically, the cuts were primarily at their expense (especially Tozzi's), although all the singers suffered equally from the mucilaginous and hasty orchestral proceedings, and none could overcome the absence of structural articulation in the performance as a whole.

The point of all this is not once again to belabor the Metropolitan management for its way of doing things. Nearly every improvement one can imagine for this performance would have cost money: more rehearsals, some restaging, more and better choristers, a better conductor—for that matter, even restoring the cuts and adopting more reasonable tempos, which would run into overtime. And money is just what the Metropolitan hasn't got (it is, naturally, irritating to see them spending money on such trivia as *Adriana Lecouvreur*, or new productions of *Tosca* and *Trovatore*, but these were paid for by funds donated specifically for the purposes. It is an unhappy fact that operatic works as large and complex as *Meistersinger* are subject to a special kind of inflationary spiral: they cost so much to present that they are done less frequently; therefore their revival, at increasingly longer intervals, requires an even heavier schedule of rehearsals, especially by the orchestra.

Once upon a time—say in the 1930s—when the entire Wagnerian canon was performed every year, the orchestra needed (and doubtless got) less rehearsal. Nowadays, given the turnover of orchestral players, a production such as next year's *Siegfried* (last performed in 1962, and before that in 1951 and 1957) may well need as much rehearsal as if it had not been played in decades. Even Karajan's highly polished *Walküre* of last season has lost some of its luster a year later, and when *Wozzeck* was "revived" in 1965 after a four-year lapse, the original significant (if hardly triumphant) effort turned into a disaster.

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there was also the general indifference to dramatic and visual values (between 1920 and 1948, only one Wagnerian opera was invested with fresh scenery). These factors meant that, given suitable singers (Flagstad, Melchior, Schorr and the like were in residence for much of the season) and a competent conductor (Artur Bodanzky, later Leinsdorf, Szell, Busch, Reiner and others), the operas of Wagner and Strauss—nothing more difficult was attempted in those years—could be managed as part of a routine repertory operation. (I am not suggesting that the performances of thirty years ago were significantly better—but much more was attempted, and the musical achievement, if not its visual counterpart, was quite comparable.) Today, the need for more rehearsal, the expenses of adequate staging, and the jet-propelled unwillingness of leading singers and conductors to spend the entire season in New York—combine to make steady diets of Wagner and Strauss (let alone anything more complex) almost indigestible for a repertory company. As a result, only a few such works can be done every season, and the spiral continues (sometimes in peculiar ways: one leading Wagnerian tenor—almost the only respectable one, at the time—stopped coming to the Met because they couldn't offer him enough performances).

In compensation, the Metropolitan now offers a more varied repertory, if hardly an up-to-date one: instead of nine Wagner operas and two of Strauss, we have this season three Wagner, two Strauss and one each of Britten and Berg. But this kind of opera depends least on what the Met provides best (singing), and most on great conductors and adequate rehearsal. If the Met cannot continue to present these works adequately, we shall need more than the operatic "Museum of Modern Art" that New York's musical life now so grievously lacks; we shall not even have a respectable historical museum. The forthcoming revivals of *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Peter Grimes* and *Wozzeck* will provide important evidence as to whether such works are still viable in a normal operatic economy.

THEATRE

ROBERT HATCH

Jules Feiffer's first play, *Little Murders*, has arrived at Circle in the Square in Greenwich Village after vicissitudes on Broadway and out of town. It is an excellent evening in the theatre; that it is an excellent play I would not be so quick to say, but it has been directed by Alan Arkin to resemble a most eventful one. Actually, not a great deal happens.

Happens, that is, in terms of human intercourse. Feiffer's stock in trade is the multiple-frame cartoon in which a contemporary type thinks aloud, his ruminations rising, station by station, from specious rationality to veritable dementia. That, basically, is the device he has adapted to the stage, both for the overall development of the play and in its individual scenes.

By his title, I take Feiffer to mean that we are killing one another, institutionally and interpersonally. Gunfire can be heard in the streets at the opening and it has risen to a pandemonium of urban violence at the close. Meanwhile, within the depressed but almost classless apartment that is the single set, familial guerrillas are at work. The father is a pugnacious loser, the mother a believer in the power of aphorisms to uphold standards; there is a disheveled son, stewing in idleness, who confides that what he wants to do, really, is direct movies.

A daughter comes home with her latest fiancé ("another of those fags," her father fears in advance), and these two set the domestic sound tracks in motion. It is a cacophony between the generations, but also intragenerational. The daughter is a revolting combination of two repellent types—daddy's best girl and the competent American female. She can spar three rounds with anything in pants, she is Little Miss Fixit and she is determined that everyone shall live up to what she sees as the best in them. She is perfectly miserable in her frustrated need to be bossed around, but unhappily her young man (and apparently all her previous young men) is supine in combat, passive in love, disengaged from tradition, and bored with his own professional success. These nonentities in a vacuum aggress at one another according to their several humors, but it is here that Feiffer's gift for lampooning his age in isolated boxes works against his aspirations as a playwright. *Little Murders* never generates an organic life; there is a good deal of physical contact, but almost no intellectual or emotional reaction. The characteristic episode is a monologue on a rising pitch, with the speaker flinging himself into a chair or out the door on the climax, and his recipients left gazing at their shoes. Indeed, three persons—a Jewish judge who blesses America for having allowed his immigrant parents to wreck their health on his behalf, a Greenwich Village pastor to the hippies and a paranoid police captain—are brought on to give just one long monologue apiece. The interplay on stage is so minimal that I could not understand why, after the girl is killed by a sniper's stray bullet, her husband (there has been a marriage) should be suddenly transformed into a relentless operator. If you were to ask me what the play is about I should be reduced to ticking off the illusions, prejudices and perversions that Feiffer cites as disfigurements of our society. More comprehensively I could not say, because plays are about what people do to one another, and these people do nothing.

That, I have no doubt, is how Feiffer sees us—a multitude of isolated mouths prating poisonous nonsense—and he has a point, if a somewhat simplified one. It may be, though, that the stage is not the best place for stating it. One comes from *Little Murders* feeling more beaten upon than enlightened.

Nevertheless, the script is funny—dangerously funny, because Feiffer draws his characters from among his audience, and his lines can be heard in the lobby during intermission; more humiliatingly, they can be heard coming from your own lips on the way home. Feiffer is one of those artists who compel life to conform to their visions.

Linda Lavin is a small-boned girl who has some trouble living up to the physical specifications of the daughter; otherwise, the cast gets itself well set in Feiffer's uniforms. The three walk-on monologists, Shimen Ruskin, Paul Benedict and Andrew Duncan (in the order mentioned above), have obviously been polishing their lines for weeks before audiences of delighted friends. Each of them now possesses a sure-fire night-club turn.

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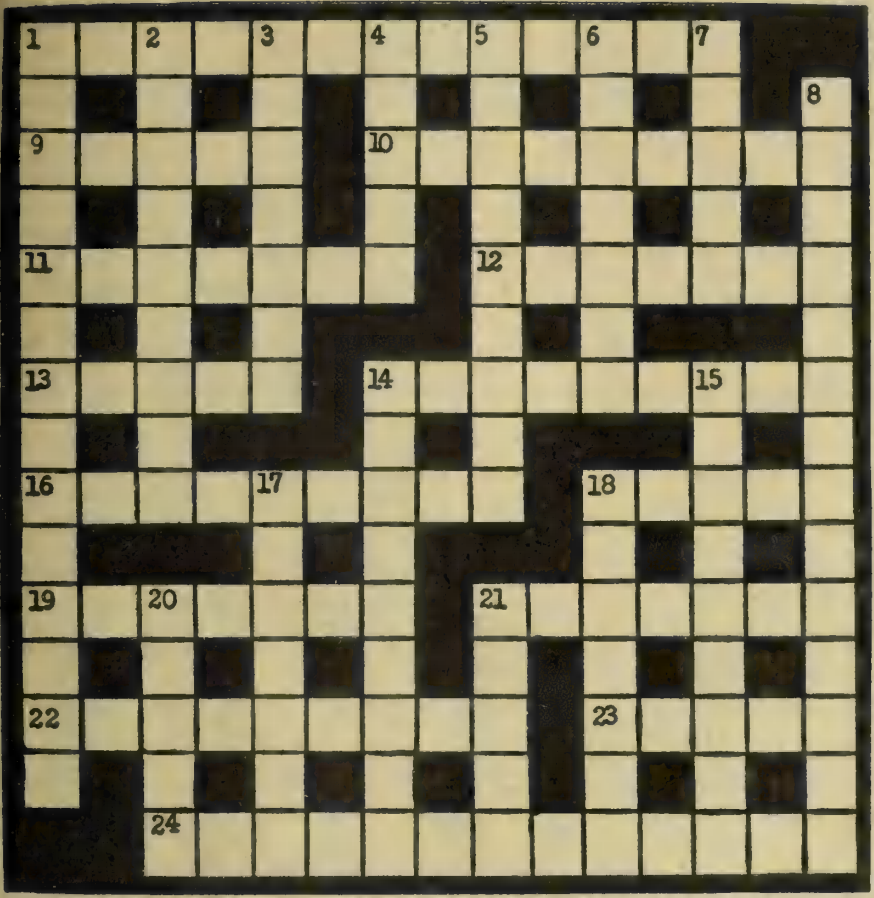

ACROSS

1 Those in it are not the heaven's brightest! (5,8)
9 Sound guides for the city. (5)
10 Broken out as sure as a union outfit, in a way. (9)
11 Surpass an alternative exit sign? (7)
12 Within it I always show up first. (7)
13 A pseudonym for a writer or two. (5)
14 No charge for minor surgery, depending on what the writer might do. (4,5)
16 Spray starch around and push their form of power, perhaps. (9)
18 Let out, or taken on? (5)
19 Arranged in layers. (7)
21 See 14 down
22 Moore's charms, when young? (9)
23 Does it have nothing to offer in architecture? (5)
24 By doing it, one can create items of contemporary revolution. (8,5)

DOWN

1 Thieves' haven of dissenters? One hopes not to resort to it! (4-3,7)
2 What athletes shouldn't do in obvious downpour. (9)
3 One who is stupid gets in before long to pose as an English writer. (7)
4 One might give us character, subject to review. (5)
5 They dispense things in fine shape. (9)
6 Insinuate it might be not yet out? (7)
7 Kernel emission containing resin. (5)
8 Was being stubborn the sometime quality of the Minotaur? (14)
14 and 21 across Good grief, why the megaphone? (3,6,3,4)
15 Did De Quincey have it, or perhaps even Rip Van Winkle? (9)
17 Might be associated with coffee, if you're thinking of Bach. (7)
18 Is the toe matched by this? (3-4)
20 Looks like a Tarzan-type statement of a dwarf, after drinking too much of it? (5)
21 Pipe and barrel represent two types of it,

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1280

ACROSS: 1 Final period; 9 Multiple; 10 Angles; 11 Several; 14 Strait; 15 Bastille; 17 Predator; 20 Reacts; 22 Abetter; 26 Tivoli; 27 Elevated; 28 Instigation. DOWN: 3 Asphalt; 4 Peer; 5 Reaches; 7 Purest; 8 Vessel; 13, 2, 24 and 12 A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; 16 Inamorato; 18 Rabbit; 19 and 6 The gift of gab; 20 Respect; 21 Tatter; 25 Yegg.

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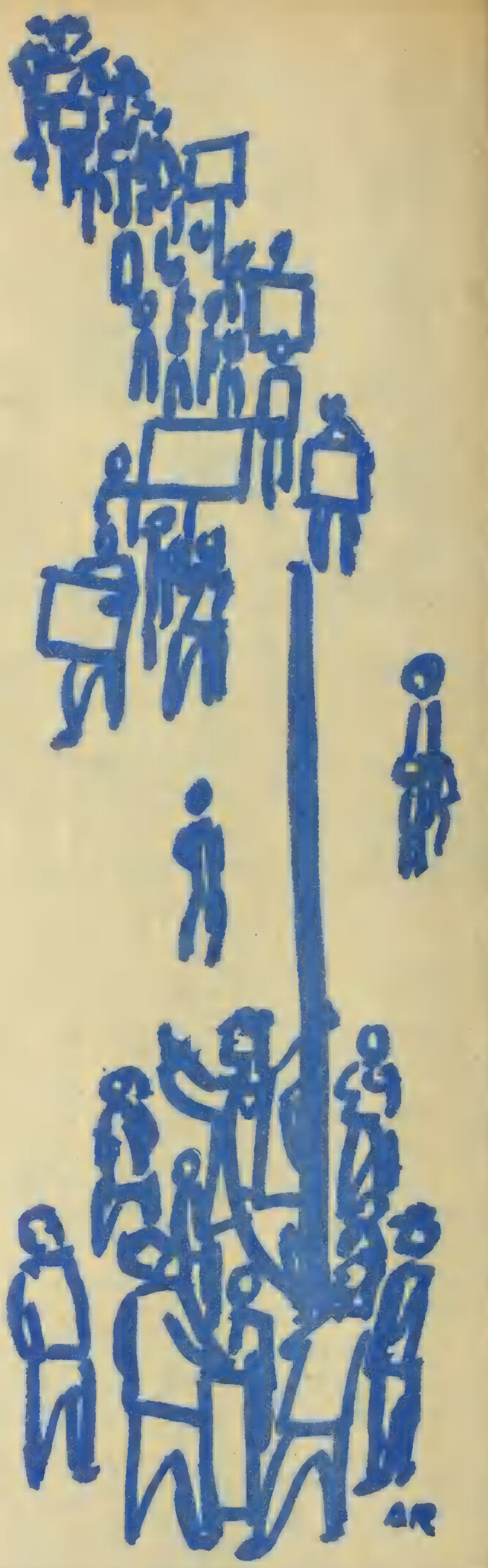

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LETTERS

within the cage

New York City

Dear Sirs: "Nothing makes life safe," said Elizabeth Bowen in *The House in Paris*. Your editorial, "Bulletproof Illusions," in the Dec. 2 issue, pretends to give an answer to an unsolvable problem—something *The Nation* rarely does. . . . There *is* no answer at present as to how to protect our public officials from assassination. You give the impression that President de Gaulle is safer for not being surrounded by a battalion of security forces. But in an essay in *Time* magazine, printed after Robert Kennedy's death, I read the following, also urging the United States to look to France for helpful ideas:

> When de Gaulle travels, his car [this presumably applies also to the new Citroen] is flanked by tough *Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité* troopers on motorbikes; helicopters hover overhead, and the pace is a brisk 80 miles an hour or more. In towns en route, operating rooms are reserved in hospitals and a supply of de Gaulle's blood type is stocked.

If de Gaulle has survived three or more assassination attempts (and does the fact of survival indicate lack of danger?) it is not because he has strolled alone and barefoot down the Champs Elysées, being wary only of stepping on sharp sticks and nails. *Florence Victor*

The intention of the editorial in question must have been obscure, since Miss Victor misunderstood it. We agree with Miss Bowen, nothing makes life safe; and for conspicuous politicians the risk is particularly great. All we meant to suggest was that the degree of safety which can be attained will be gained through the relationship of the leader to the people. Security measures taken in the absence of a harmonious relationship are largely showmanship. They may have a negative effect, since they advertise the fear of assassination and may stimulate the gunman to penetrate a shield which cannot be invulnerable if the man within it is to do his job. *Editors*

Marines on trial

Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Sirs: This is an appeal for moral and financial support for two Marines, Lance Cpl. Thomas J. Met, 21, and Pfc. Young C. (Gary) Gray, 19, who are being court-martialed for having spoken out strongly against the Vietnamese War in a sanctuary held for them at the University of Hawaii in November. Because of the publicity generated by the four-day sanctuary in the midst of the largely military population of Oahu, unusually heavy charges have been made against these two men with possible sentences of more than twenty years' imprisonment for each.

The Hawaii Resistance's support of Met and Gray has included obtaining for them the best possible legal defense, by a civilian lawyer with a background and training in military cases. Legal fees for the two upcoming courts-martial, and likely appeals to follow, will be at least $2,500. Checks for this purpose may be sent to: Committee for Conscience, c/o Prof. James W. Douglass, Department of Religion, University of Hawaii, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822.

The Marine command in particular is determined to make these men pay heavily for making public their opposition to the war and appealing to the conscience of other Marines. Support for their right to make such a stand in conscience can be given by writing to: Col. F. C. Opeka, Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station, c/o F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96615.

James W. Douglass, Asst. Prof. of Religion
University of Hawaii

EDITORIALS

Auld Lang Syne

The occasion of the President's farewell address to the Congress—the setting, the overtones, the scene—was of more interest than his message. He always appears to best advantage when seen in this setting, in surroundings that are familiar to him, and among those with whom he feels at ease. The Congress was quite willing—even bipartisanly eager—to cheer him on his way. He is one of them; they know and understand him as he knows and understands them. He would have liked to go along with the $50,000 proposal for Congressional salaries, but the legislators were happy that he recommended $42,500. At the end the scene was rather like that in a fraternal lodge when Past Masters, Grand Vicars and Exalted Rulers are introduced one by one, smile benevolently, and with a little coaxing finally stand and bow to the inevitable "rising ovation." For a time Congress was rising and sitting with such frequency that some of the more venerable must have become a bit winded. It was auld lang syne, even if President Johnson was not exactly a jolly good fellow.

As to the message, about all that can or need be said is that the President ticked off what he regards as his major achievements—virtually all in the domestic field—and urged Congress to continue along lines he has charted. But what he said had a great emptiness. As in his prior State of the Union message, the President still does not seem to realize the character of the times, or sense what has gone wrong. It was still as though this country has no problems that a few more Great Society measures, generously funded, would not remedy. In brief, the occasion is more likely to be remembered than the message. With regard to the latter, one wonders if any of Mr. Johnson's aides reminded him of President Eisenhower's farewell address on the dangers of militarism and the military-industrial complex. President Eisenhower, on that occasion, left the country a message from which it will quote for a long time; President Johnson left us quoteless.

Battle for the Mind of Nixon

In a situation like the one the United States now faces in Vietnam, only the top of the iceberg is revealed to the public. The great submerged mass, however diligently the news media may try to discern its shape, is hidden from all but the immediate participants in the drama, who cannot afford to reveal much of what they know. They let out only what suits their purposes, personally or as members of a group.

Nothing else can explain the appalling lack of hard news regarding Vietnam in the days preceding the inauguration of Richard M. Nixon. There has been no end of conjecture regarding the shape of the table about which the negotiators would gather, but about the state of mind of Mr. Nixon himself—which is the element of paramount importance—we have been told nothing. That he was subject to all kinds of pushing and hauling there can be no doubt, and that this struggle in and around him will continue for at least a few weeks is highly probable.

Subjectively, Nixon is not impossible to figure out. Riding to McCarthy's hounds was a major factor in putting him where he is, and while he may now feel that redbaiting has served its purpose and that he would fare better with a more statesmanlike pose, he cannot afford to appear "soft on communism." It would be logical, then, for him to temporize, to regard the drag-out, wear 'em down technique as the least risky in dealing with the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. This technique, moreover, dovetails with the wishes of the satraps who function as the government of South Vietnam and who, if they cannot have perpetual war, will postpone the advent of peace as long as possible. And it would explain the appointment of the hawkish Henry Cabot Lodge as the new U.S. chief negotiator, and the retention of both Ellsworth Bunker and William P. Bundy.

But there is the North Vietnam side to be reckoned with, and they are able to exert pressures of their own. They will want to show Nixon that they are not push-overs, that this war cannot be wound up as easily as some of the American generals have implied. If the enemy finds it militarily feasible, they may engage us in another round of vicious fighting, or instigate among those in the South Vietnamese government who are prepared to work with them a coup which would at the very least eliminate the ex-vice air marshal, now vice president, Nguyen Cao Ky.

Other domestic pressures are likely to come from the American business community—pressures not to be underestimated in a business-minded Administration. Except for such immediate beneficiaries as the aerospace corporations, U.S. big business has written off the venture in Vietnam as a losing proposition. These astute operators are more concerned about the stability of the dollar than about the precise terms of the settlement in Vietnam. They are prey to another worry—the increasingly explosive situation in the Middle East—and that must be Mr. Nixon's worry too.

All in all, Mr. Nixon would seem well advised to overcome his fears, grasp the nettle, and wind up the Vietnamese embroilment as soon as possible. Squawks he can deal with, on the ground that it was not a war of his making (few remember that he counseled sending in American aircraft when the French were dying at Dienbienphu), and he will stand before the public as the great peacemaker. He will find support among Democrats and Republicans, among Americans and foreigners. Clark Clifford's influence in Washington will not evaporate when he turns over the Pentagon to Mr. Laird; Stuart Symington remains in the Senate and so does George McGovern, together with the all-powerful Senator Russell. The Republicans would like to end those weekly U.S. casualty lists. The Swedes did not decide to recognize North Vietnam on a whim. And on the battlefield, while the morale of the American generals remains high, ominous reports are circulating about disaffection among the enlisted men, and racial conflict within the services. It all adds up to two words: get out.

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Lost Cause

Dr. Edward U. Condon is a dedicated scientist who, on behalf of the integrity of science, allowed himself to get involved in the investigation of UFOs (unidentified flying objects). He never had a chance. The best that could be expected is that he would make a good try, and Dr. Condon has done that. In a lifetime of taking on tough jobs, he has always come out with credit. He proved to be too much even for Sen. Joe McCarthy, and when the Air Force asked him to tackle the flying saucer mystery, he was equally undaunted.

When he and the University of Colorado team accepted the assignment, *The Nation* editorialized ("Can Dr. Condon See It Through?" October 31, 1966) that if the investigators came up with anything less than the little green men from Mars, they would be "crucified." We also thought that the report might explain some of the small number of genuinely puzzling sightings, and perhaps more important that the psychologists on Dr. Condon's staff might be able to provide some insight into the reasons for so much credulity based on so little evidence.

That editorial is reprinted in the Condon report, 200,000 copies of which are being put out by Bantam Books with commendable celerity. In the meantime a disaffected staff member already has a book out, and undoubtedly there will be others. But anyone who is seriously interested should read what Dr. Condon and his associates have actually said, rather than some of the distorted compendiums of the 1,485-page report that are bound to get into circulation.

The Colorado report disposes convincingly of almost all the cases investigated, but three or four remain unexplained. Several involve puzzling radar sightings, and in one case an optical photograph was taken, and all the factors involved—geometrical, psychological and physical—"appear to be consistent with the assertion that an extraordinary flying object, silvery, metallic, disk-shaped, tens of meters in diameter, and evidently artificial, flew within sight of two witnesses." Fabrication of the photograph could not be ruled out, but the witnesses did not appear to be the kind of people who would engage in such tomfoolery.

The Colorado team concluded that "further extensive study of UFOs probably cannot be justified," thereby getting the Air Force off the hot spot which the flying saucer furor had created. Henceforth normal intelligence gathering activities of the Air Force should suffice. This conclusion was confirmed by an eleven-man panel of eminent scientists convened by the National Academy of Sciences. The panel was unanimous in the opinion that "this has been a very creditable effort to apply objectively the relevant techniques of science to the solution of the UFO problem."

Nevertheless a sizable section of the public persists in the belief that "flying saucers" represent visitations from other worlds. What can account for the existence of this mass of "true believers"? We are supposed to live in an age of ever increasing rationality—and to some extent, in some quarters, this is true—but science and its methods also inspire stout resistance, especially where the subject is one of ancient myth and emotional connotation. Since it would be sensational indeed if beings from another world thought it worth their while to come calling, many people are willing to believe that it must be so. And one result of the recent magnificent advances in cosmological knowledge, as of our tentative probings into space, is to make earthlings feel their loneliness—we yearn for neighbors among the stars. Hardly any of these true believers have seen, or even thought they saw, anything, but they insist on crediting the stories of those who did see something—stories which on investigation almost invariably turn out either to be unreliable or to have a naturalistic explanation.

A certain amount of intellectual damage is done by gullibility. Lord Russell insists that one should not believe anything for which there is no rational evidence; among other evils it makes systematic deception, such as that practiced by governments on the governed, all too easy. Those who are conditioned to credulity in childhood are likely to remain credulous all their lives. This indeed is one of the reasons why children should not be subjected to what has been aptly termed "science pornography." One of the conclusions in Section 1 of the Condon report is that children "are educationally harmed by absorbing unsound and erroneous material as if it were scientifically well founded. Such study is harmful not merely because of the erroneous nature of the material itself, but also because such study retards the development of a critical faculty with regard to scientific evidence, which to some degree ought to be part of the education of every American."

The report recommends that teachers should refrain from giving credit for school work based on reading of UFO books and magazine articles, most of which, like the astrological lore in the newspapers, present as truth material that is patently false or based on gross superstition. In this area alone the report performs a public service of no small importance.

Mayor Lindsay

John Lindsay is reported to be undecided about whether he will seek re-election this year as Mayor of New York City. We hope that he will decide, and soon, to announce his candidacy.

Mr. Lindsay's qualities as a person and as a politician impressed us long before he became mayor of New York, and his performance in that impossible office has fulfilled our confidence in his leadership. He has not performed any miracles, but we never thought he would; even miracle workers must have something going for them. That he has made some mistakes is not surprising. But he has never ceased to communicate his concern for the city's residents, his devotion to the city itself—its history, its traditions, its special qualities—and he has made a valiant effort to induce those who feel about the city as he does to help him find ways and means of mitigating, if not "solving," some of its more intractable problems.

It is no small achievement, and one due largely to his personal leadership, that the city has to date been able to avoid serious civil disorders. Being mayor of New York is a grueling experience. The rewards, if any, must be bestowed in heaven, for the office has been the graveyard of politicians throughout the city's history. Only someone who loves the city as Mayor Lindsay does could reasonably be expected to endure the daily punishments which the office inflicts on the incumbent.

The Democrats may come up with better candidates than they have offered in the recent past, and we therefore reserve judgment until the cast of candidates is known. But it would be a great misfortune for the city if Mayor Lindsay decided not to run again.

Justice–a Bit Deferred

In his farewell address President Johnson urged us "to make our country more just," an objective from which few would dissent. And we are perhaps moving in that direction, if at a sluggish pace. After nine security hearings, John Paton Davies, Jr., dismissed from the State Department in 1954 as a possible security risk, has finally been given clearance fifteen years later. Mr. Davies, a distinguished career diplomat, is clearly the beneficiary of the spasm of conscience that assails Washington officials as they are about to leave office.

On the same day the U.S. Court of Appeals ordered the release of Morton Sobell, who might be described as a bystander victim of the Rosenberg spy hysteria, after serving almost twenty years in prison. Clemency was not involved; Sobell won his own release by good conduct, but it took a court order to secure it. He should have been released long since. (See "The Sobell Case" by Stephen Love, *The Nation*, June 23, 1956; "Perspective on the Sobell Case" by William M. Kunstler, *The Nation*, November 12, 1960.)

Bodies or Ballots?

Six commuters on the Long Island Railroad were recently given rough and stupid handling by the police because they had sought to protest, by the only practical means available, the wretched service of a line which—to quote *The New York Times*—"insults 200,000 commuters every day." The six refused to hand over their tickets promptly to the conductor, although it was clear that they had them; one commuter displayed his ticket prominently in his coat pocket. All the same, the protesters were removed from the train at the next stop and turned over to the police. Three young secretaries, part of the group, were hustled off to the Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village, where one of them, she later told the press, was forced to disrobe and subjected to the humiliating physical examination given narcotic addicts and prostitutes. The next day Judge J. Wolfe Chassen dismissed the charges. "Why aren't these people," he asked, "entitled to the service for which they paid?" A happy disposition of what might seem to be a minor incident, but a larger issue is involved.

Must a citizen use his body as he once used his ballot in order to force a public agency—in this case the Metropolitan Transportation Authority—to redress valid grievances which he shares with 200,000 similarly situated citizens? As we pointed out recently ("Lesson of the Year," January 6), it is becoming more and more difficult for genuine public grievances to win consideration on their merits. True, the courts are enlarging the scope of "representative" lawsuits—that is, actions brought on behalf of a group or class of persons to redress a group grievance—but this is a slow and costly process. The ombudsman idea is good, but more applicable to individual than to group grievances.

Besides, in most instances the trouble relates back to an earlier decision taken without due consideration of the issues, the options or the possible consequences. Government and quasi-government agencies are more and more inclined *not* to listen before they decide; if they listen at all, it is usually after the decision has been taken, and even then they attend in a perfunctory way. Nowadays most legislative and administrative reviews are at best pseudo-hearings, designed to create the appearance, not the substance, of consultation. For example, only five-minute presentations are allowed witnesses representing responsible organizations in testifying against a military appropriation bill, the magnitude of which has already been determined. They register their opposition, but they cannot secure the right of consultation. And decisions taken without consultation are difficult to reverse; sometimes the consequences are already irreversible. The habit of making decisions without proper consultation breeds an arrogance which is apt to brush aside subsequent protests as of little moment.

At a packed luncheon meeting during the recent Commonwealth sessions in London, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau told a fascinated audience that the central political problem of Canada is to find a way to give "disenchanted minorities—the picketers and protesters—a voice in the government of the country. If the social order is a fraud, it should be torn down." Ways and means must be found, he insisted, by which grievances can be given direct and honest consideration. "We will have to restructure political parties," Mr. Trudeau said, "so they can become vehicles for dialogue, for protest and for involvement."

True, but this is only a part—and a small part—of the answer. We must go further and devise a variety of means, which can be tested, by which citizens in a mass industrial society can be consulted about decisions affecting them and the consequences of these decisions. (See "Where Power Belongs" by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, *The Nation*, August 26, 1968.)

No Work for the Hangman

For the first year in the history of this violent country, not one person was legally executed in 1968. Only one execution took place in 1966, two in 1967. In prior years there had been a marked and continuous decline from the large numbers (about 150 per year) in the period when capital punishment was generally approved by people of all creeds, ages, economic positions and education. Today the various opinion polls indicate that more and more people everywhere, and with greater vehemence, oppose the death penalty; despite the well advertised hue and cry against crime in the streets, a majority is now against execution for any offense. Legislative action, however, has not kept pace with popular opinion, because of pressure from the police and prosecutors, the passion of its proponents, and the same inertia that kept witch laws on the books long after they were ignored. In most of the Western world, the death penalty has either been abolished or is in disuse. Thirteen of our states have joined in abolition; virtually all the others have ceased to carry out executions.

At the same time, there is at present an "inventory" throughout the nation of about 500 persons under sentence of death. With respect to these, a dilemma confronts the courts, and particularly the U.S. Supreme Court: how may their lives be saved without the courts' doing violence to the principle that public policy is set by the legislatures? This problem confronted the California Supreme Court when it recently refused to end capital punishment by a 4-to-3 vote. One of the majority members, himself strongly opposed to the death penalty, felt he had no right to end it judicially. The same court set aside the death penalty in two cases directly before it and decided to review all pending death cases on the basis of the landmark *Witherspoon* decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, handed down in midyear.

In the *Witherspoon* opinion the Court said, for the first time in history, that prospective jurors may not be excluded merely for their scruples against capital punishment. [See "The Death Penalty and Fair Trial" by Walter E. Oberer, *The Nation*, April 6, 1964.] It affirmed Witherspoon's conviction, but set aside the death sentence. In a footnote, the Court declared its ruling retroactive—it would apply to all cases, regardless of when tried. Since then, cases everywhere in the country have cited *Witherspoon* with the same disparity of result that prevailed in the period between *Escobedo* and *Miranda* (cases involving police interrogation of accused persons), making it evident that the highest court will have to state more specifically what it intends the true meaning of *Witherspoon* to be.

The Court is already in the process of considering other aspects of the problem not resolved earlier. In its *Witherspoon* amicus brief (prepared by the writer), the American Civil Liberties Union pointed out that a jury in a murder case is given no legal guidelines for deciding between death and a lesser sentence; its power is absolute, and this can make it an instrument for passion and the gravest injustice. While the Court did not then consider the point—perhaps because it concluded that there can be no rational guidelines in an irrational situation—it has recently granted a review in another case in which that very point is raised. As this case and others reach the Court, it may conclude that in a practical and constitutional sense it alone, and no other tribunal or legislative body, can dispose of the dread "inventory" of 500 condemned persons (including Illinois' prime problem, Speck) and rid the nation of the extreme and irreversible penalty. After all, the death penalty has become "cruel and unusual" in the constitutional sense (since it is so seldom and so capriciously carried out), and this obvious fact may well be recognized by the Court.

Society will then be obliged to look to sensible solutions, rather than anger and passion, for its conduct of criminal justice.

ELMER GERTZ

INSURGENTS IN CAUCUS

CLUB BUSINESS ON THE HILL

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The successful unhorsing of Russell Long as Democratic Whip in the Senate and the effort to depose John McCormack as Speaker in the House certainly do not portend a militant liberalism in either body of Congress. They were housekeeping ventures.

A few weeks ago Russell Long went around getting commitments of support for his re-election as Whip, and since at that time there seemed little likelihood that he would be opposed at all, he got thirty-nine assurances, more than enough to put him back in. But that was no token of his popularity. Since his election as Whip in 1965, the oilman-Senator from Louisiana has gone out of his way to offend other Senators, and since the spring of 1967 he has been viewed by much of the Senate as a dangerous scatterbrain.

On April 13, 1967, the Senate voted 48 to 42 to repeal a bill it had passed the previous winter, which appropriated $14 million for the election campaigns of both Democratic and Republican candidates, and $26 million for the expenses of Senatorial candidates. Long was determined to protect the slush fund if he had to destroy the session doing it. For a month he disrupted Senate business. His bullying tactics were denounced by his colleagues as a "vice"; Senator Symington upbraided him publicly for forsaking his duties. Senator Scott said: "The proceedings here have humiliated the Senate. They have humiliated the country. I think we have become a laughingstock." Long responded by ordering Scott to retract his "insults," and Scott shouted back, "Don't threaten me!" That exchange was not carried in the *Congressional Record*.

Nor did the *Congressional Record* convey the true bitterness which other Senators began to feel in their hearts for Long after those cockeyed weeks in which he carried out a semi-filibuster for a bill that nobody else in the

Senate really cared about. *The Wall Street Journal* called Long's performance "extraordinary," and reported that his antics had "increasingly alarmed other Senators." The *Journal, New York Times* and other major newspapers predicted that Long had probably spoiled forever any chance he might have had of becoming Majority Leader.

By the time 1967 was out, it was also clear that Long had perhaps spoiled his chances to hold on to the Whip's job, and it certainly took no great jarring of loyalties for Edward Kennedy, a year later, to cut loose enough of Long's "committed" support to win. Senators don't mind too much that one of their colleagues is a racist or a devotee of the special interests—both of which Long is—but when he disturbs the decorum of The Club, he is in trouble.

One who had promised Long his support last fall but quickly switched to Kennedy was Ralph Yarborough of Texas. This was a significant switch because the two men are quite close on economic matters and Long had done little favors for Yarborough that might have been expected to hold the Texan in line. For instance, Yarborough lacked sufficient seniority to get a seat at John Kennedy's funeral, so Long gave him his own ticket.

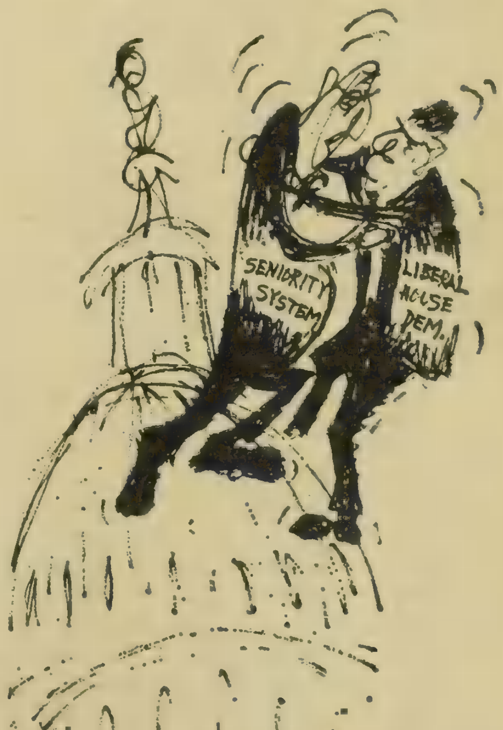
In 1962, Long and nine other Senators tried unsuccessfully to keep the Telstar (Comsat) development from being given away to American Telephone and Telegraph. They took a lot of abuse, not only from colleagues but from the press as well, and from that ordeal they developed an enduring closeness. Long was the leader of the filibuster; Yarborough and Gore of Tennessee and Burdick of North Dakota are the only three others in the group who are still in the Senate, and it is noteworthy that they all voted against Long for the Whip's job. Aside from everything else (including Long's insistence that anybody who doesn't approve of the war in Vietnam must be no patriot), Long had offended many Senators by insulting and haranguing them in defense of Dodd when the latter was up for censuring.

Kennedy was not elected because he is looked upon as promising material for leadership; in fact, he has the reputation, justified or not, of being a little slow-witted. Nor was he elected as the result of "Kennedy charisma." The Senators voted for him simply because Long had for months been judged unfit. Kennedy will give more push to Democratic programs than Long did (that won't be hard; Long, according to *Congressional Quarterly*, supported the Administration less frequently than did Republican Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa), but at the same time Kennedy has no record of being a strong fighter for liberal causes. His principal asset will be his ability to work with Majority Leader Mansfield, himself a rather weak man, who was made weaker by the fact that Long and he were incapable of working together and often found themselves working against each other.

The effort to unseat McCormack as Speaker of the House was much more interesting because it was more complex. The 243 Democrats in the House can be divided roughly into three portions of eighty each: Southern Democrats, big-city machine Democrats and program liberals (with some overlapping between the latter two groups). To win the speakership, alliances must obviously be made among the groups. Morris Udall thought he might be able to do it. He is sent to Washington by a rather conservative constituency but he votes moderate. Being a Representative from Arizona—which has no natural enemies—he figured he might wangle support from all three factions. He thought for sure that he could attract sixty or seventy votes on the first ballot, perhaps as many as ninety.

But several things went wrong. Udall never managed to persuade the Southerners that he wasn't being used as a battering ram by the wild-eyed liberals of the House—in this case meaning the Brock Adams Brigade. Adams, from Seattle, Wash., qualifies as wild-eyed by House standards because he is hot to correct the draft inequities and get on with cleaning up the city problems. His strategy offends the House leadership, moreover, because he is convinced that if he can stir up enough public indignation, the House will be forced to remove the old fogies from their positions of policy domination and put in some young fellows who are willing to make social changes. The House leadership resents the use of public opinion in this way, and Adams is considered far out of line.

Adams let it be known last fall that he was going to nominate somebody—he didn't know just whom—to run against McCormack. Shortly before the balloting caucus was held, he and fifteen colleagues sent out a telegram inviting others to attend a strategy breakfast. About forty accepted. Udall, because he was invited and because he was soliciting support, showed up, although he was leery of getting too close to the Adams group. It may have been a mistake for him to go, but it was a mistake he was



Pat Fink

almost forced to make. His opponents used it to warn the Southerners, especially, that "here come those liberals again," and the result was that Udall got a dozen fewer votes than he had been promised.

Other forces were working against him. Udall had voted for the right to work law and McCormack has a spotless pro-labor voting record; so George Meany, president of the AFL, passed the word along to the Congressmen from the labor states that Udall was taboo. Another Udall miscalculation was his determination to try for a secret ballot. He thought that some who had promised McCormack their support when he solicited it last fall would, if they could switch secretly, be happy to vote for Udall now. It worked just the other way; Representatives, some who have a good liberal voting record are procedural conservatives, and although they would have been ashamed to stand up and vote for creaky old McCormack, they were content to do so in private. And although Udall is an extremely likable fellow, some liberals don't think he fits in with their crowd. One of these, a Californian, said later: "I looked at Udall and I remembered that he had voted for right to work and had led the fight to decapitate Powell, and I remembered that we don't vote alike on public power, and I said to myself, 'This guy ain't all that good anyway.' Udall is a marginal district guy, and they make bad Speakers. McCormack's district permits him to do whatever he wants to do."

The traditionalists made their share of mistakes in this engagement, too, and these may be costly in the long run. For one thing, McCormack's pals used pity as a weapon, urging members to cast their votes for the gangly old Bostonian because "John just wants one more time as Speaker and then he's going to retire." As soon as the voting was over, McCormack—who must have heard what his friends were saying, but who had made no effort up to that point to correct them—announced that he had no intention of retiring after this term. Many who voted for him out of sentiment, it is said, now feel like suckers and are just waiting for an opportunity to get even.

They also made the mistake of running over the insurgents in too brazen a fashion. Tom Rees of California, for example, came to the caucus with an innocuous and constructive amendment to the rules which would have required that any amendment of more than twenty-five words made on the floor of the House must be printed and distributed to the members before voting. Rules Chairman Colmer of Mississippi, running the caucus, refused to give Rees the floor. Colmer, not knowing what Rees was going to bring up, was afraid it might be something that would embarrass the leadership. Rees, needless to say, is still furious, and so are a number of his buddies. They are plotting trouble for the leadership in the weeks ahead. Don Edwards of California said: "All evidence is that the conservative coalition is hardening and the McCormack-Boggs-Albert arrangement with the Southern Democrats is pumping along better than ever. Two years ago, I was allowed to offer an amendment in caucus, but this year they wouldn't allow it unless we made prearrangement with the Establishment."

Just what are the insurgents unhappy about? Their discontent really has less to do with ideology than with procedure. They feel that they have no chance to be heard, to get consideration for their bills, to give their opinion on such critical items as the appropriations bills. They feel left out.

Adams puts it like this:

> The system, because of the way it's working—the procedures and the people who make them work—are becoming more and more removed from the controversies and the pain spots of America. Under the seniority system, the people who arrive at power are from the uncontested areas, from the South and from the one-layer big-city districts.
>
> When Congress continues on with business as usual, the newer people are unable to bring in a feeling for the issues that are really troubling the people back home. Each session Congress repeats what it did in the previous session. Appropriations discussions will be between McCormack, Mahon (chairman of the Appropriations Committee), and maybe Bow (ranking Republican on the committee). They don't discuss it with us. When it comes on the floor, only Appropriations Committee members talk, and they talk in order of seniority. No one else is supposed to know anything. Debates are *pro forma.*
>
> To my knowledge, the appropriations bill hasn't in eighteen or twenty years been ready when it was due. It goes on being discussed to September or October—long after the fiscal year has begun. Agencies don't know what they'll get to work with. Bills for agriculture, defense and housekeeping are passed first. Anti-poverty bills are passed last and therefore they are starved to death or allowed to dangle.
>
> Either we should change the fiscal year, or we should work five days a week to finish the appropriations legislation by June 30.
>
> This is all controlled by the leadership—the Speaker and the chairmen of fourteen committees, nine of whom are from the South and the rest from safe constituencies. The only way I know to break it down is to tell the public about it and hope public pressure will change things.

The insurgents are also unhappy with the House Democratic Campaign Committee, dominated by 81-year-old Mike Kirwan of Ohio, whose idea of how to win a campaign is to build a canal in the disputed district. The Democratic Campaign Committee has about one-tenth the money that is available to its Republican counterpart, and that makes disgruntled Democrats feel their side isn't trying. Kirwan's defenders, on the other hand, say that Lyndon Johnson has creamed off much of the funds that would normally have gone to the committee.

In an effort to appease the unhappy minority, McCormack has agreed to make some procedural changes. The most important of these is his promise to hold a Democratic caucus once a month (he has held only three caucuses in the past two years). But holding them is one thing, and permitting open debate is another. Heretofore he has discouraged the use of these meetings as family get-togethers, where Democrats would be allowed to fuss and stew and work things out. That freedom to grouse and propose would be the most beneficial thing that could happen to the House Democrats, but it is unlikely that McCormack, at his age, will develop enough flexibility to welcome debate.

Mobsters in Pasture: Nostra Jersey

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook, one of whose books, The Secret Rulers, *deals with Mafia activities in New Jersey, has been a lifelong resident of the state. He began his distinguished career as a crime-and-police reporter on the Asbury Park* Press.

New Jersey—an accident of nature and an accident of man—is undergoing one of its periodic and accidental crises. It is wracked by the inopportune rediscovery of ancient fact (whisper this: the state is the playground of the Mafia), and its legislators are playing out a high farce entitled, "Who, Me?" When it comes to farce there are no better actors in the world than the members of the New Jersey legislature, but then they have played the script so many times. The drama always begins the same way: Some earnest prosecutor, shocked by his discoveries, incautiously opens his mouth to assert that the state is infested by underworld vermin; he then asks the inevitable question, "How come?" Instantly, he finds himself transformed from prosecutor to defendant as those practiced legislative Thespians strut the boards and shout at him, "Who, *me*?"

The current comedy, which is convulsing an audience from the Delaware to the Hudson, began when Assistant State Attorney General William J. Brennan 3d (Supreme Court Justice Brennan's son) made an innocent little speech before a journalism society in early December. Afterward, some perspicacious soul asked him a question about official involvements with members of the Mafia, and Brennan, in an unguarded moment, rendered the off-the-cuff opinion that some legislators were "entirely too comfortable with members of organized crime." The indignation of the pure of heart, a fraternity that embraces each and every member of the New Jersey legislature, promptly filled the press with its clamor.

To appreciate the comedy in this breast beating, one must have a picture of New Jersey's past, recent and remote. When the great glaciers receded, they left behind two gouged-out river beds, the Hudson and the Delaware; in between was that jigsaw-shaped buffer that became known as New Jersey. The state has sometimes been described derisively as a cow pasture lying between New York and Philadelphia; and though the term is perhaps unjust—no cow pasture ever stank like the refineries and chemical plants of North Jersey, or was ever worth a fraction as much—there is about the description a nubbin of truth.

New Jersey from earliest colonial times has been the pawn of its great neighbors. Of all the thirteen original colonies, it was the most accidental. No hardy settlers from Europe set out envisioning "the Garden State" as their earthly paradise. The Swedes braved the ocean to settle Delaware; the Dutch, to buy Manhattan from the Indians. Then, gradually, both spilled over into the emptiness that was New Jersey—the Swedes in the south, the Dutch in the north. They were followed by Englishmen desirous of escaping the Puritan fanaticism of New England.

Uncharitable souls have suggested that New Jersey has no business existing as a state at all; that Pennsylvania and New York ought to carve it up and have done with it. Indeed, in colonial times, that was very nearly the situation. The Royal governor of New York was also the governor of New Jersey, which existed only as a sort of appendage to its big neighbor. This second-class status led some governors to consider New Jersey and everything in it fair game, and the looting was prodigious. When, in addition to patent official thievery, one Royal governor took to dressing himself up in female attire and parading upon the bastions of his New York fort, berouged and skittish, the humiliation became too much for the unruly, obstreperous colonists in New Jersey. They composed a scorching document of protest and finally got a governor of their own and their separate identity.

It is an identity that has been often compromised by the state's sandwich status between those two magnets of commerce, New York and Philadelphia. In the Prohibition era, this accident of geography led inevitably to the state's involvement in the major operations of gangland. The colossal, extralegal thirst of Manhattan and the City of Brotherly Love (not to mention the home-grown desires of Newark and Elizabeth and the state capital, Trenton) was a bottomless well—and New Jersey was the pump that did its best to fill it. The state's far-stretching bays, fed by innumerable creeks and rivers winding deep into the isolation of pine forests, made it an ideal haven for the rum-runner and bootlegger.

No one will ever know how many gallons of Scotch and gin flowed in over the lonely beaches or were unloaded into waiting trucks at rickety docks up some of the winding streams. But all the folklore of the times, plus all the evidence of easy inebriation, says that the total must have been huge, with official corruption to match.

After all, it was hard to keep the illicit traffic secret when the liquor trucks went rumbling right up "main street" in the small morning hours. A legend of the times relates how one county sheriff, usually soused to his official ears, rode shotgun on the bootleg trucks as they clattered almost past the columns of the courthouse. All of this, of course, was scuttlebutt—and remained scuttlebutt—for one good reason: no one looked; no one wanted to look. The monkeys who see, speak and hear no evil had nothing on the politicians of New Jersey.

There came that sad, unfortunate time, however, when even New Jersey officials couldn't remain absolutely blind and deaf. New York City, as it will once a generation, had decided to reform itself and had elected Fiorello H. LaGuardia as its mayor. That fiery little man set out to clean things up; he even took ax in hand and, defying a court order, personally demolished the slot machines of Frank Costello, a display of insolence that shocked the underworld. Then he announced on radio in his shrill voice that he was chasing all the "tinhorns" out of New York and "over the bridge" into Jersey.

LaGuardia made only one mistake. Those he chased weren't "tinhorns," but multimillion-dollar barons of underworld gambling fiefs—the new emperors of the underworld, harvesting a take even richer than that of Prohibition. Willie Moretti pioneered the New Jersey cow pasture for the mob, and he found the pickings so delightful and the climate so healthy that the rest of the troop came tumbling after. Frank Costello's right bower, Joe Adonis, set up shop, backed by his *eminence grise*, Albert Anastasia. For the entire decade of the 1940s, the mob under this leadership ran wide open in New Jersey, as though it owned the Statehouse and everyone in it.

Joe Adonis established some of the plushiest gambling casinos seen this side of Las Vegas and the Bahamas; even in wartime, with gas rationing in effect, fleets of Cadillacs made the nightly trip from New York across the George Washington Bridge to bring their cargoes of well-heeled sheep to the shearing. The operation was so vast, its business details so intricate, that Adonis set up a capitol of crime in the closely guarded back room of a tavern known as Duke's almost opposite the entrance to Palisades Amusement Park. There he held daily council with his board of directors, and one day each week was set aside for Apalachin-type conferences with the top powers of gangdom. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics, District Attorney Frank Hogan's office in New York, the New York Police Department's Bureau of Criminal Identification—all kept a check on the crime capitol in Duke's, but to this day there isn't any evidence that officialdom in New Jersey was aware that Duke's even existed.

Other kinds of awareness, however, were sometimes forced upon it. Occasionally, some busybody of a New York reporter would stick his long nose into the bubbling New Jersey pot, and then a Manhattan paper would come out with a nasty story about the Bergen County racket haven. When this happened, official wattles would turn turkey-red and there would be a counter-headline flap about a no-holds-barred investigation to re-establish the purity of the Garden State. When matters thus threatened to get out of hand, a prosecutor would be named to bust the rackets. The poor fellow who took the job, all sincere and trusting, had no notion that he had just been hired by Robespierre and that the tumbrel was waiting.

One dramatic decapitation that has always seemed to tell all one needed to know about New Jersey occurred in the late 1940s. John J. Winberry, a former Treasury agent, had been given one of these "cleanup" assignments, and it wasn't long before he began running into sand banks of quiet sabotage. Once, when he wanted to raid some bookie spots in Perth Amboy, he telephoned the Governor's office for help. The Governor notified the Attorney General; state police were assigned to make the raids—and within one hour and twenty minutes after Winberry had initiated action at the very highest levels of the state, the mob back in Perth Amboy got a tip-off and quietly closed up shop for the day.

With this kind of "help," Winberry's investigation dragged along without producing the kind of sensation that a special investigator needs if he is to justify his hire. If he can't make the headlines, a rackets buster is fair game for those who don't want the rackets busted. This was pointed out to Winberry one day in early November, 1948, when he was in District Attorney Hogan's office, exchanging information with Hogan's aides. Winberry agreed that he would have to produce a big case soon, and he decided upon a bluff.

Searching through mounds of tax records, he had uncovered the names of some underlings who worked in gambling establishments run by the mob in Middlesex County. Everybody suspected that Joe Adonis was the brains of the operation, but there was no proof. Winberry decided to gamble and see what he could shake out of a couple of the small fry who lived in Brooklyn.

Taking along a New Jersey state police sergeant and a New York detective, Winberry began to pound on doors. There had been an especially gory gangland murder in New Jersey not long before, and Winberry, by holding the specter of a murder rap over the heads of the Brooklyn underlings, finally broke them down and made them talk. And so he got the vital, clinching evidence he needed: two witnesses, men who had worked in the gambling halls, identified Joe Adonis as their boss, as the man who hired and paid them and directed the gambling operations.

Winberry scored his great coup on the afternoon of November 12, 1948, and the morning of November 13, a Saturday. On Monday, Winberry was fired.

Three years later, history repeated. This time New Jersey's innocence was upset by that champion disturber of the racket peace, Estes Kefauver. The late Senator from Tennessee was bearing down hard on the mob at the time; he had been given Winberry's detailed information on the New Jersey rackets; and he was threatening to come into the state and hold the kind of hearings that would make the roof of the Statehouse shudder. To ward this off, Nelson F. Stamler was appointed a special prosecutor and rushed into Bergen County to clean up the mess.

Stamler did everything that was expected of him—and more. He rounded up Adonis and several other gang lords, and the boys in the Statehouse would probably have been singing Christmas carols if he had stopped right there. But Stamler got carried away. Bergen County, as he later confessed, was an education to him; he had had no idea before he went there that crime and corruption could be so criminal and so corrupting. Possessed of an irrational desire to get to the bottom of things, he began to indict police chiefs and municipal officials all over Bergen County; he wrote a magazine article in which he suggested that the slaying of mobster Willie Moretti hadn't been gangland's private idea but had been motivated by the need to protect political interests from the loose wagging of Moretti's tongue.

One needs no crystal ball to know what happened next. Stamler was fired, and all investigation of official collusion with the mob went to the incinerator. Even the local small fry whom Stamler had indicted flitted away like minnows escaping through a gaping hole in the net. Nobody got hurted, as the mob would say.

Such are the New Jersey traditions that bring us down to the present—and Brennan. The year 1968 was rough all around, and not just for Mayor Daley and the Chicago police. First, as far as New Jersey was concerned, there was *Life* magazine. In its issue of August 6, it published what purported to be the transcript of telephone conversations between Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher, a Hudson County Democrat, and Joseph (Joe Bayonne) Zicarelli, reputedly the Mafia boss of the city that has given him his nickname. Congressman Gallagher, *Life* charged, was the "tool and collaborator of a Cosa Nostra gang lord." The Congressman denied it, denounced *Life*, went off to the Democratic convention in Chicago, and got himself renominated and re-elected by the faithful in Hudson County.

The Gallagher unpleasantness was still fresh in memory when along came Prof. Henry S. Ruth, once a special attorney for the Justice Department's Organized Crime section and later deputy staff director of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice—certainly a man in a position to know what he was talking about. Testifying at a legislative hearing in September, Professor Ruth declared that "official corruption in New Jersey was so bad that organized crime could get almost anything it desired." Another expert witness assured incredulous New Jersey officials that Professor Ruth had spoken nothing but the truth. It was enough to ruffle the feathers of any politician, and a state investigation was ordered. Enter Brennan.

Everyone who knows him agrees that Brennan is a thoroughly decent human being, with a high sense of honor and morality. That, perhaps, has been his trouble. He joined the staff of Atty. Gen. Arthur J. Sills a year ago, having had no previous experience in trying criminal cases; but Sills had such high regard for him that, after the Gallagher-Ruth episodes, he gave young Brennan charge of a Mercer County grand jury empowered to look into official corruption. In this capacity Brennan had access to state police files and to a number of federal investigative dossiers, and it is apparent that this reading matter shocked him. The result was that, in one unguarded moment, he committed himself to the "too comfortable with organized crime" yardstick for measuring official conduct.

That one phrase tripped all the political sirens in New Jersey. An indignant legislature denounced Brennan for having cast an aspersion on every member of its august body; it demanded that he name names, submit proof. Brennan said he had what he considered significant information on only three members of the legislature; later, he said there were some indications that three others might be "too comfortable" with you-know-whom. In the midst of the furor, as so often happens any time one lifts the lid on New Jersey, other voices contributed other charges.

Ronald Sullivan, New Jersey reporter for *The New York Times*, wrote almost offhandedly that, according to his informants, horse races were being booked and numbers peddled right in the office of the Hudson County prosecutor, T. James Tumulty, who sent Sullivan an invitation to appear before the Hudson County grand jury and reveal all—especially his sources of information. Sullivan respectfully declined the invitation to play detective for the prosecutor.

Still more unsettling, to the legislature at least, was the contribution of Mrs. Claire Curran Johnson, a former reporter for the now defunct *New York Mirror* and now an aide to Sen. Joseph C. Woodcock Jr., a Bergen County Republican and chairman of the Senate Committee on Law and Public Safety. Mrs. Johnson recalled that she had once telephoned Senator Woodcock's counterpart in the Assembly, C. Richard Fiore, of Newark, to request his cooperation on law and public safety matters.

Fiore, according to Mrs. Johnson, had said that he wanted to "talk to Woodcock about that." He went on to say, Mrs. Johnson reported, that he had obtained his position as chairman of the Assembly Law and Public Safety Committee to "stop these kind of things."

"There's a lot of pressure. You just don't know how much pressure. Jerry is unhappy about it," Mrs. Johnson quoted Fiore.

As a former reporter, Mrs. Johnson had a pretty good idea who "Jerry" might be, and she asked Fiore if he meant Jerry Catena. Again she quoted him: "Yes, Jerry Catena. I've got to stop these kind of things. I've got to stop these kind of things."

Gerardo (Jerry) Catena may not be well known to large segments of the public; he has never attracted the kind of publicity that attached itself to Al Capone or Frank Costello or the late Abner (Longy) Zwillman. But in the underworld he's a real power. As long ago as the 1940s, he was one of the eminents spotted in frequent attendance at Joe Adonis' crime councils at Duke's; his relatives were tied by documented records to the Middlesex gambling games that John Winberry investigated; and ever since the greatest power broker of the Eastern Mafia, Vito Genovese, has been secluded in federal prison on a narcotics conviction. Jerry Catena has acted as his deputy, ruler of the Jersey wing of Genovese's redoubtable "family." Against this background, Mrs. Johnson's revelation of her telephone chat with Assemblyman Fiore raised a gale. It became obvious to everyone that something would simply have to be done.

After much backing and filling and sparring over procedural matters, a special legislative committee headed by Sen. Alfred R. Beadleston, a Monmouth County Republican, was appointed to hear Brennan's charges. From the outset there wasn't much question who the defendant would be. Brennan was elected for this role by the virtually unanimous sotto voce vote of the New Jersey legislature. Even before the hearings opened on December 30, a number of legislators were denouncing the young prosecutor as the most irresponsible of men, and at least one assemblyman was suggesting that the Supreme Court should discipline him.

When the hearings began, the impartiality with which a legislature investigates itself went on display. The Beadleston committee's chosen counsel, Sidney P. McCord, Jr., described somewhat irrelevantly as an expert on constitutional law, showed by his questioning that he considered Brennan a rascal whose every statement must be examined with the utmost suspicion, but that, on the other hand, a legislator is a dignitary to be treated with all the deference due his title.

Brennan confirmed previous leaks in the newspapers that his three primary "too comfortable" targets were Sen. Sido L. Ridolfi, a Democrat of Mercer County and a power in the upper House; and Assemblyman John Selecky, Republican, of Mercer; and David J. Friedland, Democrat, of Hudson. All three are lawyers.

Senator Ridolfi's entanglement resulted from his having served as the attorney for John Simone in two house purchases and in the incorporation of Simone's Atlas Sanitation Service, Inc. Simone was identified in police files, Brennan said, as a captain in the Mafia family of Angelo Bruno, the reputed mob boss of Philadelphia and, according to federal informants, a member of the national commission of the syndicate. Bruno's underworld army carves up many of the lush rackets of South Jersey, and Brennan seemed to think it significant that two of Simone's associates in Atlas Sanitation were mobsters with ties to Bruno, and that a third was a bookmaker with a record of recent arrest. Senator Ridolfi told the committee he had had no knowledge of Simone's racket ties. "These were three regular, normal business transactions that any lawyer would have undertaken," he said.

Brennan's charges against Assemblyman Friedland involved a murkier bit of business. One John DiGilio was identified by Brennan as an associate and "enforcer" for Bayonne Joe Zicarelli and Harold (Kayo) Konigsberg in the loan shark racket. DiGilio had been arrested by state police on the charge of "threatening death or injury for the purpose of extortion or malicious mischief"—in plainer language, for telling a loan-shark victim to pay up, or else. While the case was pending before the Hudson County grand jury, DiGilio acquired Assemblyman Friedland for his attorney—and Friedland somehow "settled" the case: the complaining witness stopped complaining, the grand jury voted "no bill," and DiGilio was exonerated. Brennan said it appeared to him that Assemblyman Friedland had been a "go-between" in fixing the case.

Friedland was the most indignant of the committee's witnesses. He angrily repudiated the "go-between" imputation. He had had nothing to do with the criminal case, he asserted; he had merely represented DiGilio in a "civil matter." He acknowledged that he had understood a "usurious" loan was involved, but apparently he never connected usury with the underworld. DiGilio had been recommended to him through a labor union; he didn't believe then, doesn't yet, that DiGilio was a criminal or had any record; and he had merely talked to "the other lawyer" in the case to achieve "a settlement," never to the accusers of DiGilio. It had been a case of pure legal professionalism, and Sidney McCord, a pure legal professional himself, evidently saw it as such, for he expressed no curiosity about what might have been in Assemblyman Friedland's mind when he somehow became acquainted with that nasty word "usury."

McCord and the committee, no member of which uttered a question throughout, had to stretch the incuriosity of the human mind to almost superhuman limits when they came to the case of Assemblyman Selecky. In introducing this item on the agenda, Brennan had testified that the Newark *Star-Ledger* and the Trenton *Times*, both of which circulate in Selecky's East Windsor Township near Hightstown, had carried the following news item last April: A state trooper on patrol in a wooded area of Millstone Township had come upon a man standing beside a most suggestive excavation. It was a hole 6½ feet long, 2½ feet wide and 3½ feet deep—dimensions that would be instantly recognized by any gravedigger. The man who was standing by this opening had dirt on his hands and clothes, and dirt was caked on a shovel and pickax the trooper found in the trunk of his car. But when the trooper asked the other what he had been doing, he replied: "Thinking and meditating."

The author of this instantaneous bon mot turned out to be Salvatore Profaci, Jr., a nephew of the late Joseph Profaci, ruler of a Brooklyn Mafia family that has long been among the most dreaded of the five families of New York. Parenthetically, it should be noted that the Profaci name is not entirely unknown in this section of New Jersey. As Brennan pointed out, it was on a chicken farm near Roosevelt, only about 20 miles from the site of Salvatore Profaci's digging, that FBI agents last year uncovered several corpses in an old Profaci burial ground.

Salvatore Profaci was later arrested on a motor vehicle charge and for using loud and abusive language to a state trooper. When his case came up last September 19, Assemblyman Selecky appeared in court for him as a character witness. There also, for the same purpose, was the police chief of Selecky's home town. Sidney McCord, in questioning Brennan, tried to show that Assemblyman Selecky might very well not have read the papers closely on gravedigging day. Brennan acknowledged that the prosecution in the traffic case hadn't made any mention of the incident; acknowledged that he thought it would have been brought out if the prosecutor had known about it. Ha, McCord proposed in triumph, if even the prosecutor didn't know, what right have you to assume that Selecky must have known?

The implications in this comforting assumption endured only until Selecky got on the witness stand. Yes, the Assemblyman said, he had read about the gravedigging incident. He had "looked at the article in disbelief." He said he knew Profaci as the part owner of a bar in Hightstown; that he had represented Profaci in three different real estate transactions; and that he had the highest regard for him "as a good citizen in the community where he resides." As for the gravedigging incident, "When I saw him afterwards, as gentlemen will, I joked about it and he told me in essence what it was about."

Probably no more titillating aside was ever dropped into the middle of a crime hearing. Assemblyman Selecky's reference seemed to open the gates to a host of questions. Just what does one gentlemen say, in jest, to another who has been found digging a lonely grave? Wouldn't such an incident raise some doubts in the mind of one gentleman about the sterling character of another? And just what was "the essence" of it? Though one could almost hear the jaws drop in the press gallery as Assemblyman Selecky testified, Sidney McCord and the members of the committee were inattentive at this point and McCord, with no interruption from anyone, passed quickly to other matters.

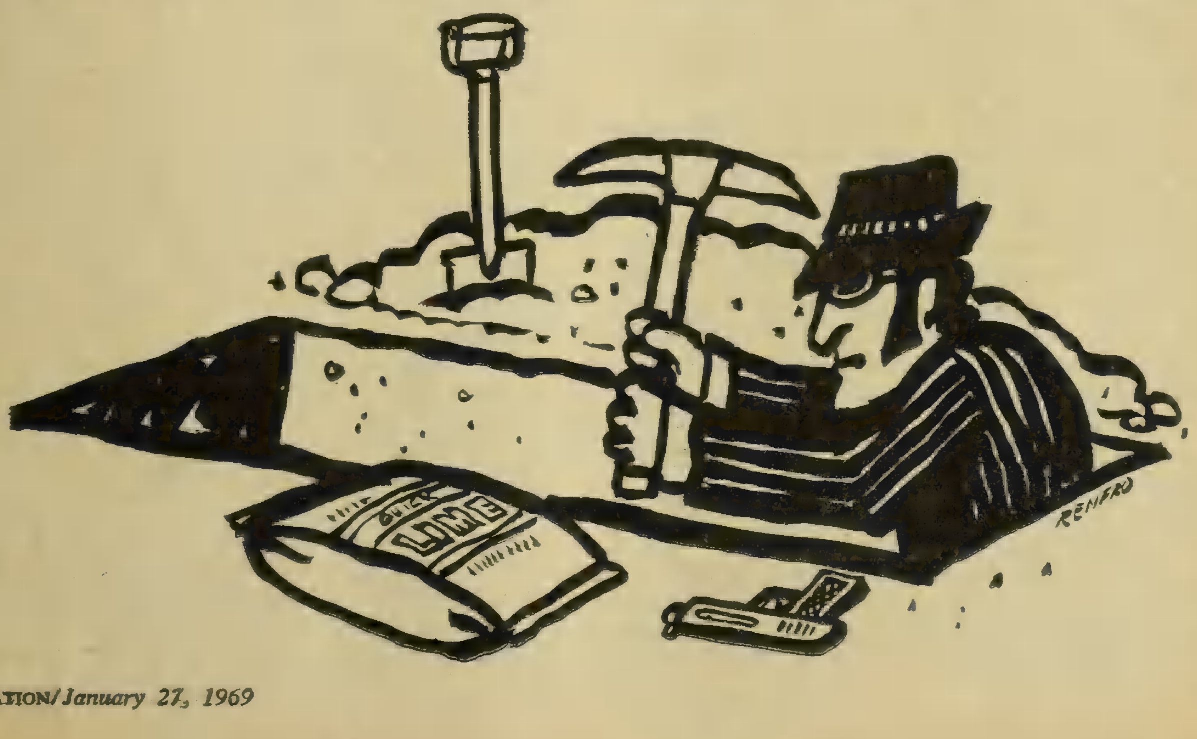
When his turn came, Assemblyman Fiore testified that he couldn't "recall" ever talking to Mrs. Johnson and implied she'd made the whole thing up. As for Jerry Catena, Fiore put it this way: "I never met Jerry Catena and I wouldn't know him if I fell over him." Subsequently, a telephone call slip was introduced into evidence showing that a thirteen-minute call had been made from Mrs. Johnson's home to Fiore's number on the day she said she had talked to him. Fiore couldn't explain it.

The names of the three lesser "too comfortable" legislators were eventually leaked to the press. They are veteran Sen. Frank S. (Hap) Farley, of Atlantic City, a long-time Republican power in the upper House; and Assemblymen John J. Horn (D., Camden) and Lee B. Laskin (R., Camden). All three indignantly denied any indiscreet associations, and Sidney McCord denounced Brennan's material on them as even "flimsier" than that against the first named legislators.

The investigation still goes on, but William Brennan at his own request, so it's said, has been removed from further contact with criminal investigations and will devote himself to more mundane matters in the Attorney General's office. A federal task force has come into Newark to probe New Jersey crime, and Attorney General Sills has named a new crime-fighting team.

All this makes headlines, but the principal loser so far seems to be Brennan, the crime fighter. He has taken a pounding. The tone was set by McCord and the legislators after that first public hearing. "Flimsy," they shouted about Brennan's charges. "Flimsy," read the headlines, echoing them. It became the editorial fashion to beat Brennan over the head because he had opened his mouth—and then failed to "make" a case against anybody. Even so distinguished a journal as *The New York Times* lashed out at Brennan and seemed to miss the real point of the issue he had raised.

Brennan had never contended that he could prove legislators guilty of any crime. He had merely suggested that being "too comfortable" with organized crime is unethical in a public official. Anyone familiar with the long history of official ducking of the crime issue in New Jersey, anyone who realizes that the state, despite repeated exposures, still harbors some of the most notorious thugs in the East, must be forced to suspect that some powerful influence is operating somewhere. It can hardly be by chance that in New Jersey it is the rackets buster who is busted—not the rackets boss. This situation has repeated itself again and again, and if the legislature of New Jersey cannot



recognize the implications in that repetition, it is so much the worse for the people of New Jersey.

What William Brennan has suggested is a higher standard. It is not enough for a public official to be able to prove that he did not have *his* hand in the cookie jar; he has no business representing or associating with someone so discovered. In some cases, it is true, legislators may honestly not know, but they cannot *always* not know. And because they are officials, because they have a public trust; because they certainly have sources of information not available to the citizens at large, it is their business to know. If they neglect this business, there should be no place for them in public life.

Until that kind of tough high standard is adopted, it is safe to say that the mob will continue to get almost anything it wants in New Jersey.

WEST COAST PARTIES

CALIFORNIA WEATHER BREEDER

MICHAEL HARRIS

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San Francisco

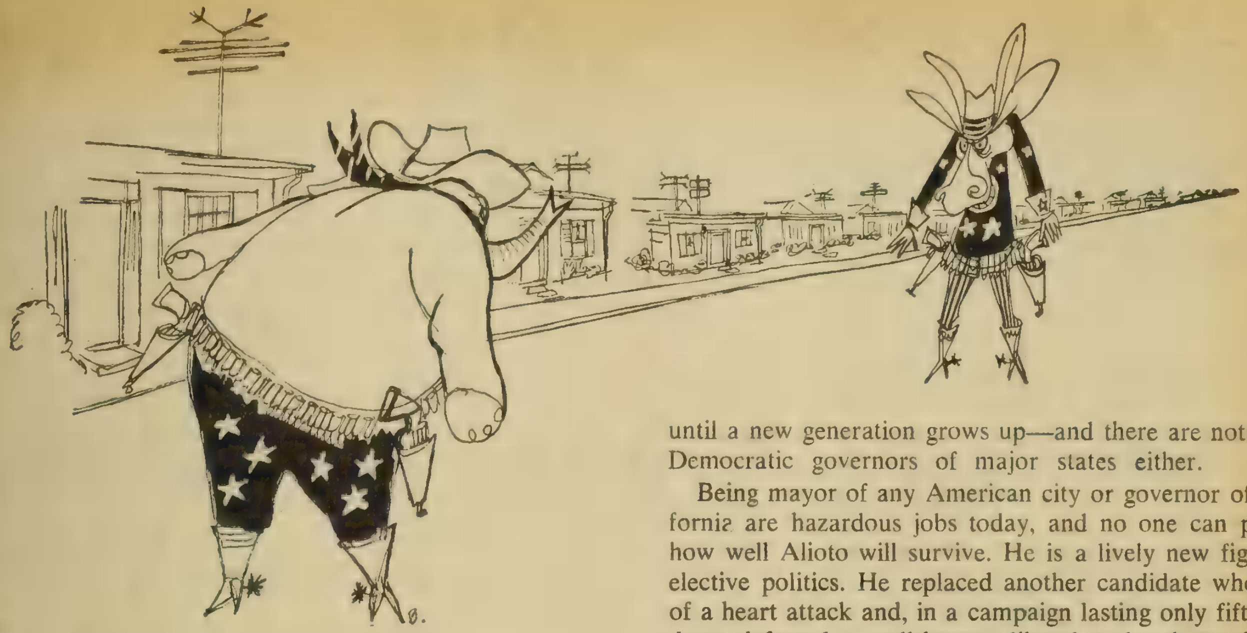
Jess Unruh, when he served as Speaker of the California Assembly, was recognized as the most powerful Democrat in California. He earned the cautious and not altogether friendly respect due a leader who channeled campaign funds to his fellow Democrats, gave favors to obedient Republicans, and won a measure of national prominence from the unlikely base of a seat in a state legislature. Now that the Republicans have regained control, he is often described in flattering terms that, however gratifying, may portend a lack of power. At 46, Unruh seems to be regarded by an increasing number of his associates as an elder statesman like Alf Landon or former Gov. Edmund G. Brown. In short, the belief grows that Unruh's career may be rapidly closing and that California is about to offer a new slate of Democratic leaders to the nation.

The extent of the defeat suffered by the California Democrats last November is not apparent from reading the election returns. The Democrats found comfort in the capture of a United States Senate seat and in retaining the party's 21-to-17 edge in the California delegation to the House of Representatives. And though the Republicans now have control of the state legislature for the first time in a decade, the margin is as thin as mathematically possible—an Assembly of forty-one Republicans and thirty-nine Democrats, and a Senate of twenty Republicans and nineteen Democrats, with one seat to be filled in a special election which the Democrats are expected to win. (A Republican lieutenant governor will cast tie-breaking votes.) But it took an astonishing combination of luck and gerrymandering by the Democratic legislatures of the 1960s to produce those results.

The voters' sentiments can be understood better by looking at the vote totals. Unofficial though complete returns show that the Republican candidates for Congress in California amassed a total of 3,741,454 votes to win seventeen seats. The Democratic candidates gathered only 3,036,062 to get their twenty-one. The story was the same in the legislature, where the Republican dominance would have come earlier and far more solidly if there had been proportional representation.

Nor can the new U.S. Senate seat be classed as a triumph. It wasn't won by the Democrats; it was abandoned by the Republicans. Thomas H. Kuchel, more popular with Democrats and independents than with his own party, lost in the June primary when militant Republicans decided to be true to the spirit of Orange County and back Max Rafferty, ever eloquent in his warnings about communism, pornography, lawlessness, sex and exuberant beards. The returns showed the militants were right about their part of the state: Rafferty carried Southern California, which has more than 60 per cent of the state's population, by a narrow margin, but lost the state because his ideas proved too primitive for the San Francisco region, where Shirley Temple Black, a candidate with a similar appeal, had been defeated in her campaign for Congress a year earlier. All nine counties bordering San Francisco Bay voted against Rafferty, and among them they provided Democrat Alan Cranston with his victory margin. If they had run a more presentable candidate, the Republicans would have won the Senate race easily.

For the third election in a row Republicans could point to gains in the state legislature as a result of their Cal-Plan—a carefully devised program to regain control of the state's political machinery by concentrating on districts where the Democratic incumbents were vulnerable. The strategy was well financed, and last year was expanded to include special help in the few districts where Republican Assemblymen were in danger. But 1968 was a preliminary skirmish for the 1970 election. The state legislature elected then will draw new district lines for its own two Houses and for the forty-odd Congressional seats California will have as a result of passing New York in population. Development of the areas dominated by what Southern Californians like to call "conservatism" will mean a substantial increase in representation for the new suburbs that have replaced the orange groves between Los Angeles and San Diego. This is the fastest growing area of the United States, and it has regularly re-elected Congressman James B. Utt, sponsor of the Liberty Amendment to wipe out the income tax; Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, who opposes the teaching of evolution in the public schools, and state Senator John G. Schmitz, who laughingly said he publicly acknowledged his membership



in the John Birch Society "because I had to do something to get the liberal vote in Orange County."

The mood in California's southern counties is often described as a distillation of the drift to the right throughout the country. Gov. Ronald Reagan has demonstrated how the blue-collar voter can be won over to the GOP by a tactful appeal to his feelings of insecurity. In recent years voters in the modest suburbs have been the ones who have most enthusiastically rejected new schools for their own children, turned down bond issues for parks, and shown the greatest skepticism about proposals for social and economic reforms. This has not been a matter simply of regionalism. Both the wealthiest and poorest neighborhoods of San Francisco overwhelmingly endorsed a bond issue last November for playgrounds in the ghetto area of Hunters Point, but opposition from lower-middle-class districts caused the measure to fall slightly short of the two-thirds affirmative vote required for passage.

But moods change, and Mayor Joseph L. Alioto of San Francisco, who hopes to be elected governor in 1970 and President in 1972, thinks he can take over the delicate middle ground that served as the political foundation for Republicans Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren and for Democrat Brown. The battleground on California campuses may be between the Left and the rest of society, but in elective politics the contest is between the Right and the middle.

The Presidency seems a distant and scarcely realistic goal for a man who has been Mayor of his home town for only a year. However, the dynamic Alioto will be able to boast of being one of the four or five most electable Democrats in the country if he can accomplish the extremely difficult task of winning the governorship—a challenge the literary Mayor might compare with the dreadful quests imposed on knights in the days of chivalry, quests which, completed successfully, brought all kinds of rewards. There are not at present many heroes to enter in the jousts of Camelot—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy may be the last until a new generation grows up—and there are not many Democratic governors of major states either.

Being mayor of any American city or governor of California are hazardous jobs today, and no one can predict how well Alioto will survive. He is a lively new figure in elective politics. He replaced another candidate who died of a heart attack and, in a campaign lasting only fifty-nine days, defeated a well-known liberal and a better-known conservative. He is a millionaire lawyer, the son of a Sicilian fisherman from San Francisco's North Beach. Alioto went through law school on a scholarship at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and joined the New Deal as an antitrust lawyer in the closing days of the depression. Unlike many of his trust-busting colleagues, Alioto did not switch sides and begin defending corporations when he went into private practice. He chose the riskier, but as it developed, far more prosperous role of representing clients who sued major companies for price fixing, restraint of trade and other monopolistic abuses. Alioto's most celebrated success was a $1.9 million settlement he won in 1966 for Sam Goldwyn after fifteen years of litigation against Twentieth Century Fox and a regional theatre chain; many of his other big cases have gone almost unnoticed. Few people in the country have ever heard of a chlorine trust, for example, but Alioto has won a series of cases against chemical companies. The agreement in the New York portion of the cases alone called for recoveries of about $7 million for the city and its schools.

Alioto took office last year in a festive mood, and San Francisco was excited by what it saw. The man seemed to catch the spirit of the city as fully as the sullen Mayor Samuel W. Yorty of Los Angeles typified his community. Alioto enjoyed city life. He had gone to the opera twice a week every season for years, he flew to Paris or Rome when he could get a brief vacation, and he was a director of the Spoleto Festival in Italy. He decided to brighten up his entry into office by holding a six-hour series of receptions—a big musical program at the Opera House, the traditional receiving line in the domed City Hall, and two neighborhood receptions in black and Mexican-American neighborhoods that had contributed heavily to his victory. When he appeared before the Latin audience, he borrowed a fiddle from one of the musicians and joined the mariachis in a chorus of *La Paloma*.

The Mayor makes, thus, a lively but rather old-fashioned political appeal. Not everyone is enchanted. He has not proved to be a man who can stir students as

Eugene McCarthy did, and he cannot capture the idealistic magic that marked Adlai Stevenson's 1952 campaign. Alioto supports social reform but his critics accuse him of settling for tokenism. He is tolerant of individualism among the young, including his own children, but he has dismayed some of his strongest liberal supporters by backing up the Police Department's controversial tactical squad when its husky, combat-equipped young officers have moved violently against demonstrators. He has tried to pursue a middle course by bringing in mediators between the adamant protesters at San Francisco State College and the equally adamant Governor Reagan. Perhaps his most interesting quality is one that few politicians possess. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alioto seems to be able to keep his supporters from defecting even when he is doing things they don't like.

The Mayor's Presidential ambitions were enhanced when he met last year with top governmental and political officials in Washington and Chicago. Alioto found that it was he who was dominating meetings with men of much larger reputation. When the Democratic Mayors held joint press conferences at the Conrad Hilton Hotel during the Democratic National Convention, Alioto was surrounded by reporters after the sessions broke up, while mayors of larger cities walked off the platform alone.

Alioto displayed some interesting strengths and weaknesses at Chicago. Toward the close of the convention he looked out the window of his 25th-floor suite at the Hilton and said: "Look at those troops and all that barbed wire. Who the hell needs barbed wire? Think how it must look to those kids there. I think I'll go down and talk to them."

Followed by several nervous aides, the Mayor went past a line of rifle-bearing National Guardsmen and joined a group of Yippies and other protesters listening to speakers denouncing the Democrats' choice of Hubert Humphrey, whom Alioto had nominated the night before. The Mayor was recognized by some visitors from San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district.

"Shake hands with a neo-Fascist," Marvin Garson, columnist of the underground San Francisco *Express-Times*, said sardonically. Alioto had provoked the New Left a few months earlier when he applied that term to demonstrators who threw bricks and bags of animal blood at Secretary of State Dean Rusk during a San Francisco visit. The Mayor shook hands with Garson and his friends, listened quietly for a while and then said, "Get behind Humphrey. You have no real objection to Humphrey."

The listeners groaned. Alioto had shown his personal courage by walking among the angry demonstrators, but it was not the first time that he had seemed unable to grasp what those who disagreed with him were talking about.

Chicago marked a climax for Unruh, the man still regarded as Alioto's chief rival for the Democratic nomination for governor. He had come to the convention as the leader of a delegation committed to the late Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. He led a move for Edward Kennedy, gained informal commitments from 900 or more of the delegates and then, after losing with dignity, returned to California. He commanded a strong precinct organization in Los Angeles and had good areas of strength elsewhere, but Unruh ignored the Presidential race until almost all the McCarthy forces were ready to switch over to Humphrey—and by then it was too late.

A Humphrey victory in California on November 5 would have thrown the race into the House of Representatives. Instead, Unruh concentrated on trying to preserve his party's control in the Assembly, where the Democrats had a 42-to-38 edge. When the Republicans took control, Unruh suffered a major personal defeat.

But this was only part, perhaps the least important part, of Unruh's troubles. Though Chicago showed him milder and more fair-minded than leaders of other major delegations, Unruh has been the closest thing to a political boss many Californians have ever known. Californians who might otherwise approve of Unruh and his ideas reject him as "Boss Unruh," calling him by his damaging old nickname, "Big Daddy." Though there are many in both parties who believe that he would make an outstanding governor or a brilliant Senator, he appears increasingly unelectable.

Perhaps the brightest recent news for California Democrats was Sen. George Murphy's announcement that he would run for a second term. It had been expected that the ailing Republican ex-actor would decide, after several years of scarcely detectable accomplishments in Washington, to retire in 1970. Some persuasive Republicans may still succeed in talking him out of the race, so that he can be replaced by the seemingly unbeatable Robert H. Finch. At least Finch looked invulnerable on his safe perch as a lieutenant governor who mildly deplored Reagan's cutbacks in mental health and social welfare programs without ever seeming disloyal to the state administration. The new jobs of serving as Nixon's chief domestic aide and as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare should prove more interesting and rewarding for Finch, but they pose political risks. He will be forced to make hard decisions on racial and social matters.

It appears that the Democratic nomination for the Senate may settle in 1970 on 34-year-old John V. Tunney, a three-term Congressman and close friend of Sen. Edward Kennedy. The two young politicians were roommates in law school, and each is godfather of one of the other's children.

Tunney, a son of the former heavyweight champion, is a transplant from Connecticut who settled in the desert area of southeastern California. Despite a liberal voting record, he has been building up his majorities in successive elections in his conservative district. Last November Tunney had a remarkable triumph, winning re-election by 52,800 votes. While he was gathering 63 per cent of the vote—carrying even the idle-rich oasis of Palm Springs for the first time—Humphrey picked up only 39 per cent in the same district.

"The people in my district had the feeling they could vote for me even though my political philosophy was not the same as theirs because I had stated my views to them honestly," Tunney said during a recent swing through the major cities of the state. He got good receptions at meetings with "checkbook Democrats" in Los Angeles and

San Francisco in his quest for financial support for the Senate race.

"The voters knew my opinions, and they knew what they were getting," Tunney continued. "It's my feeling that California is going through a phase where the voters want officials who are sincerely outspoken on the issues."

It may be that Californians, as Tunney suggested, have become more interested in voting for forceful candidates than they are in what the candidates are forceful about. California will help determine the nation's political philosophy over the years, but its choice may be made not on the basis of ideas or even of slogans. The decision whether the future will belong to the Center or the Right may depend on who looks more appealing on television—the familiar Ronald Reagan with his snappy wardrobe and perfectly preserved black hair; or the interesting new Joseph Alioto with his expensive New York suits and retreating hairline; the comfortable looking George Murphy with his blandly friendly air, or the youthful John Tunney with his bustling, toothy vigor.

WAR PROFITS

THE TAX-COURT PEEPHOLE

SANFORD WATZMAN
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Washington

Although much is known about *some* costs of the war in Vietnam—for instance, casualty figures and spending totals are updated and reported endlessly—it is still premature and rather naive to ask how much profiteering there has been. Those in the know realize that to get an answer one must peer through the only peephole in Washington which affords an overall, if imperfect, view. Anyone may go and squint; the place is the Public Records Room of the U.S. Tax Court, where corporations that are secretly accused of profiteering make their troubles known when (but only when) they file an appeal.

But this peephole is like an astronomer's telescope. Because it takes time for starlight to reach the earth, scientists see galaxies, not as they exist today but as they blazed in space hundreds or thousands or millions of years ago. Similarly, a sighting through the Tax-Court peephole reveals almost nothing yet about Vietnam. Instead, more than fifteen years after the truce at Panmunjon, one gets today, for the first time, a panoramic view of the Korean War. It takes that much time to adjudicate cases.

December 16, 1968, was a great day for the excessive-profits watchers. For them, the Korean War was finally brought to a close in a ruling handed down by Judge Charles R. Simpson. It was the end of an era, and those at the peephole were now free to turn their attention to the war in Vietnam. Patience will be required, for the first tantalizing glimpses of the stepped-up war in Vietnam, as it was in 1965, are just now coming over the horizon in Tax Court.

Judge Simpson held that the LTV Aerospace Corp., a subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc., No. 8 on the fiscal 1968 list of the top 100 defense contractors, had indeed realized $750,000 and $3.5 million in unwarranted profits. When? Why, in 1952 and 1953. Judge Simpson told the story in a highly technical written opinion that covered 92 pages, including charts and statistics. The opinion was noteworthy because it decided the last of the so-called "air-frame" lawsuits which, taken together, dominated profiteering determinations made by the U.S. Renegotiation Board as a result of the Korean War and its aftermath. The first such dispute to be resolved involved the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. A Tax-Court action on October 12, 1959, upheld board findings against Grumman that totaled $3 million for 1951 and $5.5 million for 1953. LTV Aerospace, too, wound up getting no relief in the court.

Eight corporations were hit in the "air-frame" cases.* Each is a member of the select 100 club. The biggest blow was dealt to the Boeing Co., which the board assessed a total of $34,284,165 for four years. Boeing challenged the board's gross accounting methods and took its chances on an appeal to the court, thereby laying its books open to a more detailed audit by the FBI, as provided in the Renegotiation Act of 1951. The result was that Boeing was found to have amassed not $34 million plus in excessive profits but *$41 million.* North American Rockwell Corp. had better luck; a determination of $33 million for four years was knocked down to $27 million. Martin Marietta Corp. went from $19,175,000 to $17,875,000; Lockheed Aircraft Corp. from $19,579,227 to $15,750,000; McDonnell Douglas Corp. from $19.5 million to $18.5 million, and Fairchild Hiller Corp. from $2 million to $1.8 million. As already indicated, Grumman and LTV came out "*even.*" These figures do not include interest paid the government, but that was a relatively minor factor. Interest on the assessments stopped running three years after appeals were filed in court. Not until 1962 was the law changed (but not retroactively) to keep the interest going until cases were finally settled. In any event, the rate is only 4 per cent with no added penalties, compared with the 6 per cent and heavy penalties that individuals and corporations pay on income tax debts. On the other hand, what the eight corporations paid out in lawyers' fees is not visible through the peephole, and government officials will not even hazard a guess. The findings of the board in the eight groups of cases came to

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* In each case the corporation is identified here by its current name; for instance, the LTV litigation was begun by the old Temco Aircraft Corp., a predecessor of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc.

$140,288,392. Justice Department attorneys acting for the board did not lose a single case; they were sustained on a total of $134,675,000 in the decisions and settlements that followed appeals.

Viewing all this as background, the observer begins to develop a sense of eternity. For now emerging in the context of Vietnam are two of the same eight corporations that figured in the Korean War "air-frame" cases. On July 26, 1968, McDonnell Douglas returned to the court to protest a board finding of $8 million. Thirteen days later, Grumman reappeared to challenge a determination of $7.5 million. Both cases involved the companies' 1965 fiscal years, but watchers with visual acuity were treated to a surprise bonus. The McDonnell papers referred incidentally to a 1960 case in which the board and the corporation quietly agreed that McDonnell should refund $2 million to the U.S. Treasury. This brought the known cases against McDonnell (since 1953) to four, not counting the current appeal. Like the Internal Revenue Service, the board is bound by strict laws of confidentiality. It must not divulge the identity of any corporation that it duns; its proceedings are conducted in private. Therefore, except for McDonnell's own disclosure, tangential to the 1965 case, the 1960 finding would not have become a public record.

The McDonnell papers included a letter from the board dated last April 30. The communication praised the company for its production of the F-4 Phantom airplane—"one of the finest of its type"—and the Gemini spacecraft—"an outstanding success." But the board went on to say: "It is apparent that the government's requirements were responsible for the contractor's significant growth." And: "In view of the contractor's long experience in the . . . space programs and the years of development and production of the F-4, the Board is of the opinion that the government should receive significant benefit from this expansion of [sales] volume, either through lower prices or in renegotiation." The letter continued:

> In conducting its renegotiable business during the review year (1965), the largest volume in its twenty-six years of operation, the contractor benefitted greatly from government financial assistance. In addition to the use of government-owned facilities reported at a cost value of $43.7 million at the beginning of the year, the contractor also received a very large amount of progress payments. Such payments amounted to $323.4 million at the beginning of the year, or 63.9% of inventory applicable to contracts in process.

The board observed that renegotiable sales (those sales falling under the board's jurisdiction) were up 15.6 per cent over 1964, were 77 per cent higher than in 1963, and more than double those of 1960. The letter concluded:

> Returns on capital and net worth at the beginning of the review year, allocated to renegotiable business on the cost of sales ratio, amounted to 32.6% and 76.6% respectively. In the prior year the return on capital was 25% and on net worth 52%. In fiscal year 1960, returns were 26.6% and 58.9% after elimination of excessive profits. . . . The effect of the determination is that the contractor will retain a renegotiable profit of $75,420,000, or a profit margin of 7.6% on adjusted renegotiable sales of $990,915,000. . . . The determination would leave the contractor returns on capital and net worth of 29.4% and 69.2%.

McDonnell replied that the board juggled figures, with the result that it "bunched earnings" of the company in the year in question, to the disadvantage of the corporation. It also disputed the board's decision to disallow $2.5 million in charitable contributions as part of the company's cost of doing business. McDonnell asserted that the board erred in failing to give weight to the contractor's efficiency, to the financial risk that was involved, and to the company's inventive contributions to America's defense.

Grumman in 1965 was a designer and developer of naval aircraft, a major subcontractor for the F-111 fighter plane, and a producer of an orbiting astronomical observatory and a lunar module for the Apollo space vehicle. A board notice dated last May 21 alleged that the company had renegotiable sales in 1965 of $813,717,000, with a profit of $52,76,000, or 6.5 per cent. Grumman was said to have had "a return on beginning-of-the-year allocated net worth of 81 per cent, a rate which, in the opinion of the board, clearly indicates excessive profits." The board asserted that the company benefited from government-owned facilities valued at $61 million. It further charged that "44 per cent of . . . renegotiable sales were under comparatively riskless, rapid-pay type contracts that put no great financial burden on the contractor." The board found that "an increase of 47 per cent in sales was accompanied by an increase of 162 per cent in profits," and that the additional profits for the year "exceeded the contractor's total profits in any prior year in its history." The finding was intended to reduce the profit margin to 5.6 per cent. Grumman retorted that the board unfairly refused to allow certain costs, did not properly credit the company for its increasing independence from government aid, and that insufficient weight was given to corporate efficiency, know-how and risk. Grumman's view, paralleling McDonnell's, was that the board had acted "erroneously and arbitrarily and capriciously."

As these pleadings were entered in court, the board was fighting for its life in Congress—and, in fact, it was technically dead. This tiny and obscure independent agency, headed by five men who serve at the President's pleasure, subsists on a budget of merely $2.6 million and has less than 200 employees—making it something of a flyweight champion among government bureaus, both in terms of its size and its pound-for-pound (or dollar-for-dollar) effectiveness in recovering for the government far more than it spends. It is not a permanent agency; Congress must periodically renew its lease on life. By June 30, 1968, the board had "died," its authority to require annual statements from defense contractors having expired while a renewal bill was pending in Congress. However, the board remained in business, occupying itself with a formidable backlog as it waited for the lawmakers' decision.

At the beginning of the year, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, *The Nation* and a group of Ohio Congressmen, inspired by speeches delivered earlier by Rep. Henry Gonzalez (D., Tex.), had launched a crusade to retain and strengthen the

board. During the Korean War the board had had 742 employees and a much broader jurisdiction. But its staff and its powers to review corporate records began to deteriorate after that war, and even the steady escalation in Vietnam had failed to revive White House and Congressional interest in the agency. The campaign to save the board ended with a measure of success last September, when Congress finally agreed to give it a three-year extension (a longer life span than it had ever been accorded before), and to enlarge slightly the scope of its operations.

During this period of tension for the board, some interesting disclosures were made. For instance, Gonzalez brought out the fact that fourteen corporations that kept getting called on the carpet by the board were having no trouble winning new defense contracts. The Texan had Congress' General Accounting Office (GAO) conduct an investigation for him. Then he reported to his colleagues that, in the four years before 1968, nine companies were cited twice for profiteering by the board, three others were accused three times each, and two corporations had become the object of proceedings in each of four years. GAO officials had informed Gonzalez that, "to the best of our knowledge, the Defense Department does not give weight to the Board's findings in selecting suppliers of defense materials . . . nor do the Board's findings diminish a company's chances of receiving another contract." GAO recommended exchange of more data between the Defense Department and the board, adding that facts supplied by the board could help the Defense Department to sharpen its procurement practices. Because of the rules of confidentiality, GAO did not identify the fourteen corporations. About the same time, Rep. William E. Minshall (R., Ohio) inserted a statement in the *Congressional Record* showing how the board was instrumental in disallowing excessively high salaries paid to executives of defense-oriented corporations. One case cited by Minshall concerned two brothers who had paid themselves a total of $94,000 in one year. But the board found that the pair had done nothing to earn their pay since they were devoting all their time to another company. Salaries are a factor in renegotiation proceedings because, to the extent that they are part of a company's overhead, they have the effect of ostensibly reducing profits.

The board's 1968 annual report, released on December 31, contains fresh indicators of excessive profits traceable to the Vietnamese War. Nearly one out of every five corporate statements filed with the board were denied immediate clearance and closer scrutiny was ordered. The comparable percentages were 16.8 in 1967, 13 in 1966, and 9.6 in 1965. Although only part of a contractor's business is reviewable by the agency, the board, reporting on what it *did* see, disclosed that 3,351 corporations, with renegotiable sales totaling $35.3 billion, enjoyed profits of $1.9 billion, while 676 other companies, with renegotiable sales of $3.5 billion, suffered a loss of $125 million. "When compared with earlier fiscal years," the board observed, "these figures indicate a continuing decline in both the number of 'loss' contractors and the amount of 'loss' sales." In fiscal 1968 the agency made forty-six determinations of excessive profits totaling $23 million, against eighteen for $15.9 million the previous year. Also, a new trend appears to be developing. In the first sixteen years of the board's existence, it won grudging agreement from contractors nine times out of ten when excessive profits were alleged. But in fiscal 1968, corporations refused to accept the finding in nineteen of the forty-six cases.

The annual report, the only meaningful document made public by the board in the course of a given year, deals with generalities and overall statistics. It never discusses individual cases. So one is forced back to the the peephole at Tax Court, and the confrontation with eternity. As it happens, eternity squares with the official view.

"There is no foreseeable end to the conditions which make [the Renegotiation Board] necessary," House Speaker John W. McCormack was advised in a letter from the Administration last February 23. Pleading for an indefinite extension of the board's authority, the letter pointed out: "Even if the Vietnam conflict were to end in the near future, the end of international tensions is not in sight. Hence, there will be a continuing demand for new and increasingly complex aircraft, missiles, space vehicles and other specialized items; and huge purchases will continue to be made under conditions similar to those now prevailing. Market-tested prices do not and cannot exist for costly, novel and complex military and space products. For this reason, prices must be negotiated, often with sole source contractors. Such negotiated prices are necessarily based upon uncertain cost estimates because reliable cost experience is not available. . . . The profitability of the contractor's performance of all his contracts are recorded for his fiscal year. Renegotiation provides an after-the-fact review of such profits. Thus it affords the only means for assuring that the profit outcome of procurement is reasonable."

RACE RELATIONS IN ENGLAND

THOMAS LAND

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London

After a year of violent debates over the wisdom of granting a Magna Charta to Britain's racial minorities, the actual passage of the Race Relations Act—one of the most important new laws in the nation's postwar legislative history—has come as an emotional anticlimax.

Employers, trade unions, banks, finance and insurance companies, hotels, bartenders, school authorities and an endless list of others are now breaking the law today, and are punishable by heavy fines, if they discriminate against anyone because of his color. The argument over the race issue in Britain is being maintained only by the die-hards. What remains is the task of solving it in practice.

The law defines discrimination as treating a person less favorably than another on grounds of color, race or ethnic or national origins in the provision to the public of goods, facilities and services and in employment and housing. Immediately affected are more than 1 million colored people in Britain, drawn largely from Africa, Asia and the West Indies, and comprising roughly 2 per cent of the population. There are in addition an estimated quarter of a million colored Britons, most of them second-generation immigrants, who are either already on the employment market or will soon leave school.

It was largely to avert an explosion of disappointment from the young at being denied equal working and earning opportunities that the Race Relations Act came into force. During the first two years of the law, firms employing twenty-five or fewer workers will be exempt. In the third year, that number will drop to ten, and after four years all employers are to be covered.

If an employer discriminates in good faith in order to maintain a racial balance of workers, he does not break the law as long as that balance is "reasonable." What is reasonable remains a sensitive and controversial question, no doubt to be tested before the courts. Britain's lawmakers have at this point passed the buck to the judiciary.

People of whatever color who have been wholly or mainly educated in England are not, for the purpose of maintaining a "racial balance" in employment, to be counted as members of an immigrant group. This means that the colored graduate cannot be refused a job on that score.

One important exemption under the law is employment in domestic service.

In housing, the law makes it illegal for anyone with the power to sell or let residential accommodation, business premises or land to discriminate against colored customers. The principle applies in fixing the terms of an agreement as well as in deciding whether to sell or let.

The housing provisions of the law have been obviously designed to put a stop to the spread of racial ghettos in the industrial centers. They affect Britain's more than 6 million owner-occupiers of homes, the real estate business and, eventually, town planning.

By-products of the law include the disappearance of advertisements attaching racial qualifications to offers, such as "Europeans only," and the dispersion, so far as is known, of unofficial neighborhood pressure groups intent on keeping blacks out and home prices up.

Yet there remains a narrow field where the latter can still effectively operate. The sale of wholly owner-occupied premises is exempt under the law as long as no use is made of the services of a real estate agent or advertisements of any kind. And racial discrimination in housing is still permitted in cases where the owner shares the rented accommodation with his tenants.

Complaints of discrimination in housing are to be lodged with Britain's Race Relations Board, which initially seeks conciliation and, if possible, a written assurance against further discrimination. If it fails at that level, the board can instigate legal proceedings, seeking a court injunction to stop future acts of discrimination and asking financial compensation for damages. The court may grant compensation on many grounds, including "loss of opportunity" for benefits which a person might have expected to receive except for the act of discrimination.

In industry, all complaints of alleged discrimination are referred to the Department of Employment and Productivity, which has its own machinery for the elimination of the color bar. But if industry is unable to settle its race problems, the Race Relations Board may take them up. This would normally happen when a party was dissatisfied with a decision made by the industrial machinery.

Separate schemes for dealing with race relations are being established by the individual sectors of industry, and each one of them must be passed by Mrs. Barbara Castle, the Minister for employment and productivity. Her department has so far approved sixteen such schemes; twenty-four are under discussion, and ten others are still being prepared. This means that out of Britain's working population of 24 million, fewer than 5 million are thus far covered by schemes which have been approved.

The Race Relations Board, which may have to take up many cases affecting industry while the voluntary schemes are pending, was established under the Race Relations Act of 1965, the Labour administration's first, ineffective, attempt to rid the nation of the unofficial color bar. The new law has considerably increased the power of the Race Relations Board. However, conciliation remains its first and foremost task, sought by its local committees dotted throughout the country.

And conciliation is urgently needed in some fifty British industrial centers where the availability of work has attracted migrants from other parts of the country as well as from overseas. Britain's population density is one of the highest in the world. The problems of growing congestion experienced by its largely urban population provide a prime breeding ground for racial friction.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Medicine: The Calculated Risks

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS: Experimentation on Man. *By M. H. Pappworth, M.D. Beacon Press. 228 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.
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With this opening paragraph Dr. Pappworth lays out the subject of his book:

"For several years a few doctors in this country and in America have been trying to bring to the attention of their fellows the disturbing aspects of what have become common practices in medical research. These practices concern experiments made chiefly on hospital patients and the aspect of them which is disturbing is the ethical one. In their zeal to extend the frontiers of medical knowledge, many clinicians appear temporarily to have lost sight of the fact that the subjects of their experiments are in all cases individuals with common rights and in most cases sick people hoping to be cured. As a result, it has become a common occurrence for the investigator to take risks with patients of which these patients are not fully aware or not aware at all and to which they would not consent if they were aware; to subject them to mental and physical distress which is in no way necessitated by, and has no connection with, the treatment of the diseases from which they are suffering; and in some cases deliberately to retard the recovery from that disease so that investigation of a particular condition can be extended."

For all practical purposes the above completes the discussion. The rest of the book is an extensive documentation, in some cases perhaps a little irritatingly high-pitched, but otherwise basically sober reporting. The book is divided into chapters, each of which explores another area of the thesis, such as, "Experiments on the Dying and Old," "Experiments on Infants and Children," "Patients as Controls," "The Inducement of Illness in Subjects," etc.

The illustrations are selected from scientific publications, and the variety testifies both to Dr. Pappworth's industry and the prevalence of the disorder he is describing.

Among the more harrowing examples he offers are:

(*1*) "In 1954 heart catheterization was performed on sixteen children, aged eleven to sixteen, and one adult aged twenty, ten of whom had active rheumatic heart disease, while the other seven were recovering from acute rheumatic fever. In the latter group the disease was considered to be inactive, although four had valvular disease.

"The experiment consisted in passing a catheter, under X-ray control, via the main arm vein into the subclavian vein of the chest, thence into the superior vena cava, thence into the right atrium of the heart, and so into the pulmonary artery. . . . At the same time a tightly fitting face mask and nose clip were applied to each child's face, so that samples of air breathed out could be collected for analysis. After blood samples had been taken from the heart (through the catheter) and pressure recordings within the heart were obtained, the children were made to 'cycle' on a special machine, and they did this with the cardiac catheter and face mask remaining in position.

"The conclusion reached as a result of this experiment was: 'Active rheumatic carditis interferes with the functional efficiency of the heart.' This fact, however, was not only already well known but was well established. The purpose of the experiment had been, as is so often the case in experimental medicine, merely to confirm some existing knowledge."

(*2*) "A group of Cuban doctors" (working in Cuba in 1935) "not only gave spinal anaesthetics to a group of pregnant women but then proceeded to perform translumbar aortography on them. This was the first time that translumbar aortography had ever been done on pregnant women and its purpose was to study the abdominal circulation in advanced pregnancy.

"After the spinal anaesthetic, with consequent paralysis and loss of sensation of the lower limbs and trunk, the patients were turned to lie face downwards. A six-inch needle was then pushed through the mass of muscles adjacent to the vertebral column until it entered the aorta, the main artery of the body. When blood flowed in 'a pulsating stream' a contrast medium was injected through the needle and serial X-ray films were taken of the aorta and the renal arteries. The experiment was done on twelve women during the eighth month of pregnancy. One woman died of meningeal haemorrhage following the lumbar puncture given for the spinal anaesthetic."

(*3*) "Diabetic coma is a very serious condition with a high mortality. The longer the patient has been in coma prior to its energetic treatment the worse the outlook. This condition is associated with a profound fall of blood pressure. In order therefore to investigate the mechanism by which this fall comes about, it was decided by a group of research workers to pass cardiac catheters for special estimations on a group of patients admitted in diabetic coma. Oxygen consumption was also measured by a special apparatus.

"This was done on five such patients, whose period of coma prior to admission varied between five and eighteen hours. One of these patients was aged seventy-one. All died, not because of this investigation, but because of the seriousness of the condition. I find it impossible to justify such a procedure which was purely experimental and very unlikely to have been of the slightest value to any of those particular patients."

In the last few pages of his book Dr. Pappworth undertakes to explore the ethical principles and legal considerations involved, proposes what he believes to be helpful legislation, and concludes with a noble sentiment—"the return of the physician friend."

Pappworth is concerned perhaps with what may be nothing more than an extension of the old "town and gown" conflict. The patient comes to the physician for help in a time of need, for counsel, relief from pain or fear, for a cure. He is not deliberately seeking the role of subject in an educational or investigational process. As Holmes (the doctor father of the Justice) says, in *Scholastic and Bedside Teaching*, "I pay the captain of the Cunard steamship to carry me quickly and safely to Liverpool, not to make a chart of the Atlantic for after voyages."

If the doctor's role is really only to help patients immediately and directly, and not to teach or learn, one can quote Hippocrates to the contrary. Certainly one aspect of the physician's role is the transmission of skill and knowledge, some part of which process may not always be entirely beneficial to the patient, since students of surgery are certainly not as skilled as the teacher of surgery. Yet they must attempt some surgical procedure for the first time, in order to become progressively more skilled.

This is not simple hair-splitting or

IN THE WOODS

"I grew like hair to your clothes."
In the woods, red ivy marked the way.
The ants streamed with nervous terror.
My hand fled over her breasts like a vine.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN

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casuistry. At some point or another one must face up to the fact that the extension of knowledge requires tests, that the improvement of skills, techniques and knowledge itself requires experimentation and that at some point, "patients are human guinea pigs."

But this is not to say that there are no ethical principles involved. An earlier writer in the same field, Dr. H. K. Beecher of Harvard, exposed a whole series of useless, dangerous, even fatal experiments carried on in the name of science, pointing out that "An experiment is ethical or not at its inception. It does not become ethical post-hoc—ends do not justify means. There is no ethical distinction between ends and means."

To experiment on patients against their will or without their knowledge is inexcusable and does smack of the Nazi medical crimes. There is nothing that should prevent us from insisting on voluntary consent of the person upon whom the experiment is to be performed: from assessment of the danger of experiments on human beings by previous animal experimentations, or from assuring proper medical protection and management of the experiment. These proposals were adopted by the American Medical Association in a report of their Judicial Council over twenty years ago.

Pappworth insists on an enlargement of this thesis, and he formulates as his first principle his version of the Golden Rule, "Do not unto any man that which you would not have done to yourself," the advice of Rabbi Hillel. After graphic descriptions of some of the suffering to which subjects are exposed, where the advancement that might be made in research is small, for instance, or where the patient may die of the experiment though not of the disease, one is horrified. There are physicians, however, who do see these procedures as an advancement of knowledge.

I recall, as a soldier in the Second World War, reading an account of a campaign in which I participated, where the units with which I was fighting took heavy casualties. The report of the event stated: "The General took a calculated risk." In some of the experiments described in the book, the doctor (like the general) is said to have performed a "daring experiment," the patient, of course, taking the risk.

Pappworth's second principle is the principle of valid consent, that is, that the patient should know what he is consenting to and should be able intelligently to give consent. With children the matter becomes doubly complicated. Shall parents be permitted to allow experimentation on the children, particularly in those situations in which the benefit will not accrue to the child himself but to "other children" as the experimenter may say?

Pappworth's third principle is that certain subjects shall be prohibited from being experimented upon because their consent cannot be obtained validly: the mentally sick, the aged, the dying. He goes on to add the points made by the AMA years before that there should be previous animal experimentation and evidence of the experimenter's competence in performing the tests; that proper records should be kept in order to judge whether the patient had any ill effects following the experimentation and whether the results justify further investigation and use.

A good many unpleasant ghosts are raised in these discussions—the Nazi doctors, for example, and the concept of subhuman creatures upon whom one may and should perhaps experiment as much as one pleases. Who will be next after the retarded and the mentally sick? How can we stop the unnecessary duplication, dangerous and ill-advised tests already determined to be without value? What shall we say about the university hierarchy in which publication is desperately required for promotion so that innumerable tests and various clinical reports have to be submitted in order to accumulate bibliography?

At the time this book was written, Dr. Pappworth had not yet had the opportunity to become acquainted with what may be the grisliest of all examples in the field of human experiments, the heart transplants. His book condemns kidney transplants, which had had some publicity at the time of his writing. He mentions the risks to the donor, and the very small chance of saving the life of the recipient. He mentions the mystery of transplant rejection which the scientists are working feverishly to overcome. But in spite of the complexity of the procedures and the skills required, he points out the danger that many will undertake such transplants even where their skills and competence are unequal to the task, because of the demands of the community, or for prestige, or even for gain.

There is also the danger to the recipient. Just as a donor may be sacrificed "prematurely" for the sake of the experiment, may not a case be cleared for transplant where the risk of dying from surgery is greater than the risk of dying from the disease? And the pressures to find a recipient, corrupting the operator, may on occasion be as great as the pressure to find a donor.

It is impossible to discuss Pappworth's book without going into the question of heart transplants which have received such enormous publicity. In view of Desmond Smith's essay ["The Heart Market," *The Nation*, December 30], however, it is only necessary to relate this subject to the general matter of ethical principles with which Pappworth's book is concerned. Such new discoveries which are difficult to apply and very expensive, as the heart transplant operation or the artificial kidney, raise additional issues and offer perplexing dilemmas.

Will the lives of the mortally afflicted be saved? Do these discoveries offer promise to all? The heart transplant—clearly not. The artificial kidney—possibly, but at a great price. Will (and you might read "should") society earmark billions of dollars for artificial kidneys for a few thousand sufferers who will die otherwise, when it does not appropriate lesser amounts to save the lives of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of inadequately fed or untreated fellow citizens who die prematurely of nutritional deficiency, correctable diseases uncorrected, preventable diseases unprevented? What are our priorities?

A new trend in hospital design is evolving to keep pace with the growing transplant business. Will this be an accelerating trend, always upward, medicine's biggest business in the next twenty years? It will undoubtedly accelerate the already soaring costs of medical care. Are we prepared to spend larger and larger percentages of our gross national product on medical care? It is over 6 per cent now. In view of the desperate needs for housing, education, food, do we want to spend 10, 50, 90 per cent of our treasure on medical services?

Will we see the motto—"Here where death rejoices to aid the living"—now restricted to the autopsy room, become the frontispiece of the hospital?

To all of the strictures offered by Dr. Pappworth and others on the dangers of uncontrolled human experimentation, the heart transplant adds a few others. Shall one wait until the donor is dead, since a heart which is still beating is much more likely to continue to beat in the recipient? And if one need not wait until the heart has actually stopped beating, at what point shall the donor be considered dead, or sufficiently dead, for the heart to be removed? And by removing the heart from a patient who seems to be nothing more than a vegetable anyway, due to an accident or incurable disease, isn't society letting him be of some use? But isn't this just one step from the following imaginary situation: An eager surgeon has his prospective recipient ready and waiting. A donor is not readily available (accidents that day were a little lighter, mortal disease lessened, the angel of death had moved to another hospital). Perhaps the surgeon would like to see a particular patient of the right size, or weight or age selected, and have him ready for use.

There is a story going around (it may be true) of a donor who was lined up for a heart transplant. The recipient, however, at the last moment decided against having a transplant, and died. The putative donor was recently discharged from the hospital.

This sort of talk may appear to be a reckless calumny on the medical profession, and a kind of smart-aleck antiscientific irresponsibility. But one cannot help recalling the "resurrectionists," the echo of Burke and Hare, and the situation in Edinburgh when anatomical specimens became so scarce that medical schools, in dire need, were prepared to pay huge sums for a body. Obliging local lads would then dig up bodies barely buried in order to meet the demand. Later a pair of ambitious entrepreneurs undertook to provide bodies before they were buried, and succeeded so well that an unknown number, whispered to be in the hundreds, were murdered for science and profit.

But these gloomy predictions reflect only one part of the ethical dilemma of medical experimentation. The physician's job is to heal, yet to do his job well, new knowledge must be constantly uncovered. The history of the past century is evidence enough that if it can, it will be done. However it may well be that the cause of mankind requires slow and careful developments, while the cause of science may be better served by an impatient unconcern for human values. Who will weigh the considerations? Is the cause of science separable from the cause of mankind?

Science sets up too many situations in which individual human beings are expected to make ethical decisions with too little guidance as human beings or professionals. The matter of "informed consent" has been struggled with to the point where experimenters who now operate with federal funds are obliged to give some earnest of their having obtained valid consent from the subjects. This cannot be transformed wholly into a mockery, but it can be circumvented. Many sincere investigators are nevertheless impatient under the restrictions placed upon them, and use every legal means to bypass the consent mechanism. In experimental cancer therapy and in the treatment of certain types of mental illness, where the cases are demonstrably hopeless, the temptation is unbearable.

Invasion of privacy is another area in which intolerable pressure is put upon investigators by their need to have information available, and the contrary ethical principle that no one should be deprived of the right to dispose of himself (or information about himself) without his consent. Many who are concerned about the invasion of privacy inherent in experiments that may do physical harm or injury are far less concerned about such invasion where it may do mental or emotional harm. The huge data banks that are in the process of being established will provide wonderful epidemiologic tools and will no doubt serve to provide more effective and efficient service for patients when their ills and quirks can be stored in the computer's memory to be called upon from any place in the country, or even the world. Yet to what other use this information may be put is hardly known, and a police state use cannot be discounted in the cyclically changing political attitudes of our country.

Not too long ago a patient is said to have lost a claim in a jury trial against a negligent driver, as a result of which accident he suffered serious injuries, because his medical record, subpoenaed by the court, contained a psychiatric note that he "may have been" a latent homosexual. Whether or not this influenced the jury cannot be known, but his attorney feels it may have weighed heavily against the plaintiff. What other kinds of medical evidence may be prejudicial for other reasons, and in other times used to imprison or punish victims whose innocent histories are stored in the computer?

Finally, in the promising and threatening field of genetic change manipulated by man, who will then become the subjects of professional decision when science learns to cope with the DNA molecule and genetic transformation? What steps will be taken to protect not only the individual but unborn children where the experiments may or may not have baleful effects on future generations?

Even now unconscionable tests are being conducted, loading the atmosphere with contaminators that may have long-range genetic effects about which we as yet know nothing. Substances that produce genetic change are sold commercially and any move to change the situation is adopted reluctantly for fear of interference with the entrepreneurial system.

A macabre sidelight on the potential shortage of "material" and necessity for offsetting legal consequences to the surgeon is offered by a conference held in September. This was amusingly titled "Social Aspects of Heart Transplants," and among other matters it concluded "that new legislation should be adopted to allow persons to carry cards donating their bodies upon death for transplants or other scientific uses."

The newspaper reported at that time that Dr. Denton Cooley of Houston, who had already performed eleven heart transplants, said he could have done twenty-five more if he had had enough hearts.

Dr. Francis Moore of Harvard indicated that ten times as many organs are needed as are at present available. It gives some force to the joke going

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—C. T. Hsu, Saturday Review

". . . one of the two classics of the Chinese Revolution, the other being **Red Star Over China."—Martin Bernal**, New Statesman (London)

around: "Drive carefully, Dr. Barnard is waiting."

Others are recommending wider use of cadaver organs generally—such a small incision, how can the family object? This has more merit, of course, in the long haul—when cadaver organ banks may become as much a reality as blood banks. Actually such social usefulness of corpses ("we use everything from the pig but the squeal") may offset the strictures of selective use and reduce the probability of creating corpses on demand.

As work *for* man shades into work *on* man, how can we protect man from his fellow man, particularly when he comes in the guise of physician, friend, counseler and helper? Perhaps the tangle of health and hurt, of life and death, purveyed by the single agent—the doctor—is only a paradigm of the tangle and dilemma of all of us in our social relationships. Early man is known to have experimented with trephining, cutting holes in the skull for what purpose we will never know. Let the spirits out? The pus? Create exquisite suffering? Religious ritual? Scientific investigation?

We are well on our way to the exploration of the universe of space around us. But it seems that it will be a good many generations before we explore adequately the space within us.

To Be A Salvation

GEORGE ELIOT: A Biography. *By Gordon S. Haight. Oxford University Press. 616 pp. $12.50.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

George Eliot's life is heavy stuff for a biography. The mornings at the desk, the scratching pen, the headaches and colds, the deaths of relatives, the records of annual earnings, the exhausting Sundays "at home"—there was so little health, so little joy. A dank cloud of consciousness seems to have hung over everything. Nor is Gordon Haight, her latest and most thorough biographer, a man to make the most of the prosaic. Haight adheres unadventurously to the bare rock of record. The consequence is a biography that, though solidly built of stone, exists without echoes, without voices or laughter.

Not that this—or any other biography of George Eliot—could fail to interest. For as her life was the truest, so it was the noblest of her stories.

Quiet determination was its keynote, self-fulfillment its theme. "She is an honest woman," Thackeray's daughter, Annie, said of her, "and goes in with all her might for what she is about." So indeed had the young Mary Anne Evans gone into the religious question that racked her age; the result was a long alienation from her family. And so she "also went" into her liaison with George Henry Lewes ("I have done nothing," she said, "with which any person has a right to interfere"); the result, in this instance, was social ostracism. And so, at 60, she did enter into marriage with John Walter Cross, whom she had long addressed as "nephew," and who was twenty years her junior. She needed love, masculine management, intelligent companionship—and gained them. What others said or thought could not deter her. Her imperatives came from within.

Such was the tenor, the meaning, of George Eliot's life. And yet not even self-fulfillment seemed to satisfy her. When she began life with Lewes, she was 34—too old to escape, in Emily Dickinson's phrase, "a Doom of Fruit without the Bloom." The wells of delight had gone dry. Nor had life, as she saw it, ever been more than a barren conception. To the feelings, it was pain; to the spirit, a famine. At 46, after a decade of fame, she declared: ". . . to me early death takes the aspect of salvation." Affection and glory—not even these balanced the emptiness. To her, indeed, only one thing seemed better than death: "the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation."

It was chiefly through her fiction that George Eliot sought to be a salvation. Here was not merely another means of self-fulfillment but, even more, a reason for living. With *Adam Bede*, her first full-length novel, success enveloped her. She had written from her heart and—behold, had found the pulse of the day! Yet so titanic is vanity that her success did not astonish her. Nor was it ever to be enough. With each new effort she strove to increase her power. She was out, after all, to save the world; and in the last analysis this meant saving herself from despair.

And though her art could do little to help others to live, it did indeed help them to bear life. It was confession, inspiration, absolution, all in one. It told of the hungers of the self; it told of the need for self-denial. Dressing up Duty in the majestic robes of Fate, it conquered the age with a resonant abstraction. The conscience of the Victorians whispered "Renounce!"—and in tones ineffably sad, George Eliot echoed "Renounce!" And how learned, how wise it sounded when *she* said it! What a savior she seemed! Of *Silas Marner*, even Thomas Huxley could fervently say: "a book to do great *good* to people."

Her charisma grew. Worshipers fell to the ground and kissed her feet, waited outside concert halls to touch her coat, kept tear-stained handkerchiefs as relics. In her low, penetrating voice they thought they could hear "the mystery of a world of feeling that must remain untold." She became the enigmatic Gioconda of Duty. Lewes took to calling her Madonna. And all the while she showed in every tête-à-tête—F. H. Myers observed—"an almost pathetic anxiety to give of her best . . . —to utter words which should remain as an active influence for good." Decidedly pathetic, however, were words she let drop in the last year of her life: "I am so tired of being set on a pedestal and expected to vent wisdom." Playing Madonna had not proved so blessed after all.

The novels may be read as an apology for the life. Despite her determination and independence—indeed, because of them—George Eliot lived deep in guilt. In consequence, her work became a kind of anti-biography. Though she herself grew from a child into an adult, her heroes and heroines take the journey back again, only too glad to renounce their illusory right to rebellion. The novelist's life speaks of freedom and of the need to think clearly and act honestly; her books quash freedom under an "absolute and peremptory" Duty, and deluge the head with the "emotive" waters of the heart. This cosmopolitan novelist enshrined in her pages the provincial pieties of her childhood. Having fulfilled her own socially "wayward" impulses, she nonetheless persecuted waywardness in her fiction, demonstrating, in book after book, its "awful Nemesis." Through novels that urged others to content themselves with the "infinite issues" attending "everyday duties," she herself reached out for greatness and glory. Except as shadow meets with sunlight, her work did not meet with her life.

All that was weak in George Eliot went into her fiction; almost all that was strong was left out. And now her novels are growing yellow with age. The notable, the very tremendous, exception is *Middlemarch*. Here her clear head, her scorn of intolerance and conventionality, her belief in independence, break through and dominate. The book is worthy of her life; it is honest and true. And even though it may not do "great *good* to people," it helps to make up, as is the way of art, for that sorry insufficiency of things of which its author, beyond all wisdom, was so mournfully aware.

Slump in Sages

MEN IN DARK TIMES. *By Hannah Arendt. Harcourt, Brace & World. 272 pp. $5.95.*

PAUL ROAZEN

Mr. Roazen is the author of the recently published Freud: Political and Social Thought *(Knopf) and teaches political theory at Harvard.*

Political philosophy has fallen on bad times. There has been, as Sir Isaiah Berlin once put it, a slump in sages. In pragmatic America it is always easier for scholars to gain support and recognition for narrow empirical research projects than for more speculative examinations of the fundamental premises of our political and social thought. Thinking about how we think should be the theorist's job. But when political philosophy is pursued, too often it is simply academic and irrelevant to the contemporary world.

Hannah Arendt is that rarity, a public philosopher with an audience. She has fully earned the right to be considered one of our ranking social thinkers. Her *Origins of Totalitarianism*, which examines the links between anti-Semitism, imperialism and totalitarianism, is a splendid study, full of ideas. Her *Eichmann in Jerusalem* was capable of upsetting intellectuals, especially Jewish ones, all around the world; this book remains a shocker—for the terrible historical tale it tells, for the trial it records, and for the viewpoint it presents.

Men in Dark Times is a collection of assorted essays about leading Central European intellectual figures of the last century (with the exception of the opening essay on Lessing). Despite an occasional tendency to pontificate, Miss Arendt can be a very moving and eloquent writer. Some of these essays were originally written in German and their English translations do not read as smoothly as the ones composed in English. Though this is not a major book of the author's it does present some of her most characteristic outlooks.

A refugee herself, Miss Arendt is a messenger of ill tidings. The rise of Hitler put an end to the rich cultural life of a Continental intelligentsia, forcing many of its members to flee and scatter abroad. Other men at other times have found it easy to perceive the break in their personal lives as a shattering of the Western tradition. Maybe each of us is doomed to nourish his own provincialism. For those educated in the best of Western culture, the disruption of their own societies was almost bound to foretell the decline of the West. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that, despite the holocausts of this century, culture—even of a distinctively Western variety—has in fact succeeded in flourishing outside the German-speaking world.

Against the background of her general theme that our era is one of public darkness, Miss Arendt's form of cosmopolitanism has given us some brilliant essays on individual figures. The study of Rosa Luxemburg, for example, is wonderfully evocative of a human being, and presents an outstanding account of a great and neglected figure in the history of socialism. A few pages on Pope John XXIII make him live as a simple man of faith and humanity, at the same time a most impressive Prince of the Church.

A very long and devoted chapter on Walter Benjamin attempts to give this man of letters his due recognition, although her essay fails to convey persuasively the sources of her enthusiasm for his talent. (Miss Arendt is responsible for some of Benjamin's work appearing in English now for the first time, and a debate is already under way over his contribution to literary and moral life.) A fine, clear essay on Bertolt Brecht illustrates her range of appreciation; she is most interested in him for his political and social convictions, and the way his ideology could conflict with his art. Yet it is the poet in Brecht, as well as his playfulness, which has captured her imagination. Miss Arendt also sensitively treats Isak Dinesen, Hermann Broch, her teacher Karl Jaspers, as well as her personal friends Waldemar Gurian and Randall Jarrell.

No such book of reviews, addresses, essays and tributes can be expected to have the satisfying coherence of a sustained or developed argument. Such a collection almost necessarily acquires a continuity more of mood than of logic. These articles do form a piece, however, with her larger body of work, which has focused on defining the limits of the public realm. Although she writes so often on literary subjects, and demonstrates a real talent for understanding the artist's dilemmas and inner conflicts, in the end Miss Arendt takes her stand on moral and political grounds. As a public philosopher she toils on, contributing by her illumination to relieving public darkness.

A Slave in Our Time

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUNAWAY SLAVE. *By Esteban Montejo. Edited by Miguel Barnet. Translated from the Spanish by Jocasta Innes. Pantheon Books. 223 pp. $4.95.*

OLIVER T. MYERS

Mr. Myers is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

The possibility of running into a person who grew up as a slave, someone who might recall with a clear mind the circumstances of slavery and the event of abolition, has now about reached zero in the United States. This is not so in Cuba, where slavery did not end until 1880, nearly twenty years before independence from Spain was won. A few years ago, Miguel Barnet found Esteban Montejo, an ex-slave who had reached manhood almost at the same moment he became a free man.

Montejo was born into slavery around 1860 (he gives that date, although the interviewer and editor suggests a year or two earlier), ran away into the forests as a teen-ager for a life of solitary and illicit freedom, and did not emerge until he was convinced that slavery had indeed come to an end. In 1963 Miguel Barnet, a young poet and folklorist, gathered the story of his life through tape recordings and friendly chats over a two-year span, and this remarkable book is the result, a series of talks with a man whose mind is as free and open as his spirit had always been. It probably would not have attracted as much notice twenty or thirty years ago as it does now; for we have rediscovered slavery and have been forced to consider the cultural heritage of some of our friends and neighbors as Africans, and as American slaves.

Montejo (Barnet condescendingly refers to him as Esteban) was a born loner. He found slavery intolerable, not so much for its cruelty or repression, as for the total absence of independence, the independence he was to crave even during his years of freedom. "Lots of Negroes wanted to be friends with me, and they used to ask me what I had done as a runaway. I told them, 'Nothing.' I have always been one for my independence. Idle gossip never helped anyone. I went for years and years without talking to anyone at all."

It must have been something then for Barnet to get Montejo to talk enough to put together a book of this length. Reading it through at one sitting would make Montejo sound like a garrulous old man, which he was not. It should be kept in mind that this is not the usual sort of oral history, in which an articulate, sophisticated public figure, with the help of a skillful interviewer, creates his intimate portrait of an age; what we read in three or four hours was wrung from Montejo over a period of years of painstaking interviewing and creative editing.

But this is also one of the faults of the book. Barnet admits to extensive rewriting, paraphrasing and inserting "words and expressions characteristic of Esteban wherever they seemed appropriate." Adding to this the necessary checking of certain dates and historical facts, there is some doubt as to how much is Montejo and how much Barnet. The editor's introduction is brief, consisting of a few lines describing the meetings between the two and some historical background. It omits any information on Montejo's activities since the war with Spain, except that he was a member "for many years" of the Popular Socialist (i.e., Communist) Party, and had been retired for forty years. One must assume then that it is Barnet's personal interests which show up in the attention paid to exotic customs, descriptions of African rites, and the operations of the sugar industry in the 19th century. Since there are very few footnotes, it must be supposed that Montejo has a fantastic memory for detail or that Barnet has supplied some material from other sources which he is attributing to Montejo. In all this, the ex-slave remains too much a shadow figure.

The other major fault is that the translation, however accurate, fails to suggest the speech of an (illiterate?) centenarian of Afro-Hispanic birth. This is partly due to the Briticisms of the translator (*treacle, bloody*), which would slow down an American reader under any circumstances; but it is unbelievable that a person like Montejo should speak of "feckless drifters," or drop a "woe betide" into a conversation. And to read: "Then the swine had the cheek to start to explain . . ." is to think only of a British colonel at Khartoum. The careless editing of the English also leads to misspelled Spanish words (*guerilla*) and American Presidential names (MacKinley).

Once past these obstacles and into the genuineness of Montejo's experiences, the reader is drawn into intimate contact with an engaging personality. Old Esteban is a firm believer in magic but is patient with nonbelievers; he's more confident that his truths will prevail than the churchgoers are. He is on the whole tolerant of other sorts of people, including his enemies, although he has learned not to trust anyone.

He is in fact quite willing to concede some good to the Spanish and even to the Americans. He is basically a man of peace, but is ready at the age of 105 to take up the machete "in all the battles to come." His survival in the jungle was a triumph of instinct and common sense; these talents and his subsequent experience carried him through the war, and through a full century of life.

The lack of personal involvement with other people is perhaps the most striking characteristic in his make-up. He never sought people for companionship, but could feel personal loyalty in the extreme stress of combat. His greatest passion seems to be that expressed in his hatred of the Americans, which may be played up a bit by Barnet. But here is something more like racial and personal pride than politics or nationalism. His passion for women never led him into a permanent liaison, something that would have threatened his dearly loved freedom. He expresses a mild curiosity about possible children he may have fathered, but as he never felt any family ties to earlier generations there are none to the succeeding.

His detachment lends an air of objectivity to much of his story, but at the same time raises questions about his political involvement. It is difficult to comprehend his party membership; it seems inconsistent that a person who had shunned personal entanglements should have submitted himself to the discipline of the Communist Party. This part of his life is passed over very rapidly. Why? Certainly the political activities of Cuban workers in the early years of this century would have been as interesting as the processing of sugar. And the book would have gained by the inclusion of more of the man Montejo in his authentic accents, and less anthropological exotica.

Morning Coffee with Sillitoe

IGOR HAJEK

Mr. Hájek, foreign literary editor of the Czech Writers' Union weekly Listy *(during the recent stormy period* Listy *was formerly* Literarni listy, *and before that,* Literarni noviny*), is currently on leave of absence in London, interviewing English and American writers for his magazine.*

Alan Sillitoe does not radiate the self-assurance acquired through a good education and success: he is neither urbane, elegant nor eloquent. His self-confidence stems from a quiet conviction that the way he is going is the right one. Like his prose, his speech does not flow easily; each sentence has the sound of an irrevocable pronouncement, spaced with long pauses. He tends to be a little distracted and nervous, and I assume this is because he became an intellectual late in life. He does not smile very often and I did not see him laugh. For him, writing is hard work, not play, and a whimsical self-irony is alien to him. He was wearing a grayish shirt which by cut and color reminded me of a metal worker's overall. He gives the impression of a man engaged in a fight. But I begin from a different angle:

Hájek: In the middle of the fifties, there was much talk of the Angry Young Men, Kingsley Amis, John Braine, John Wain, Colin Wilson and others. A few years later, a number of working-class novels appeared by such writers as Len Doherty, David Lambert, Dave Willis and Margot Heinemann. Some critics put you at the head of this new list of proletarian writers. The so-called Angry Young Men refuted any suggestion that they ever were members of a literary movement; this was perhaps most vehemently denied by Kingsley Amis. Was there any organized movement as far as the working-class novelists were concerned?

Sillitoe: I'm not aware of anything of that sort and have not even read the books of some of the writers you have mentioned. I cannot understand why people are always looking for trends and movements. Writers work just as all others: miners, engineers, psychologists. From their point trends do not exist. Why should they exist in writing? Although I admit that looking from a distance some similarities may appear, the writer himself usually does not realize it.

Hájek: A few weeks ago you published a new book of stories, *Guzman, Go Home*, but many people still know you chiefly as the author of one short story, "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," a story which seems to be overshadowing everything that you have written so far. How do you feel about it?

Sillitoe: I think those people are absolutely right. This story of a working-class youth is at the same time the statement of my artistic integrity. I shall never write anything to uphold this Establishment and this society. And I'm ready to stick to my principles even to a self-damaging extent. One has to be very careful about moral decisions in this society.

Hájek: Do you think that the English society can be potentially dangerous to you?

Sillitoe: Maybe to others, but not to me any more. Once you start to fight there is no danger, you either die or keep fighting. Each individual has to make a choice: either to accept this society or stand up against it.

Hájek: What are your main complaints about it?

Sillitoe: It's rather difficult to say; the English society is simply not part of me. Whatever I have against it I say through my characters: every character in my books has an opinion, and they are all mine. On the other hand, it is very difficult to write about something you hate, you have to try to understand and even show some sympathies. That is why people, who consider writers from a political rather than artistic viewpoint, accuse them of being treacherous: they take this for sympathizing with the enemy. Also, they want to know what exactly are the writer's own views. But a writer's views, that's a broad category. If they ask me what I am, a Communist or Socialist, etc., I can only answer that I'm on the Left, beyond that I can't say much. . . . A writer never stands still. When you are young, everything is simple, but I am not young any more, I'm 40 and that means that I am leaving a lot of simplicities behind. Basic beliefs stay, but things now look more complex.

Hájek: What do you think about young people today?

Sillitoe: I can hardly say anything about them, because I do not know them that well. After all, my experience may be different from theirs. . . . My own life has been shaped by the fact that at 17 I was working in a factory. There I became politically active; the three years that I spent in the factory seemed like an eternity: at 17 I was already an old man. I believe that work is finally the most important factor in a person's life and if you want to know about young people today you could learn all about them by exploring their work. . . . They say that young people are suspicious of the older generation who have an aim in life. At 17 I didn't have an eye on the future. I went to a factory which existed; I had a girl friend and she existed; everything else was beyond me. Earning a living takes from you the capacity to see into the future. And the majority of English young people work hard—in Sheffield, Manchester, Glasgow, that's where you would have to go to know them.

Hájek: It seems to me that the title story of your book stands a little apart from the others, dealing with the interrelation of art and politics. Would you say that it is in any sense programmatic?

Sillitoe: I had a hard time writing it; that was five years ago. As an old Nazi, Guzman was such a despicable character that I had to joke about him; otherwise I could have no sympathy for him. Making fun of him helped. The framework of the story is that an English artist getting away from politics arrives in Spain. There he meets a man, Guzman, who in his youth wanted to be an artist, but as he also yearned for a father to provide him with an intellectual shelter, he joined Hitler. The English artist is saved; he realizes that it is not possible to avoid politics. You cannot abandon political realities, otherwise you would have to hand it to people who would make it bad for you. There is much psychological engineering going on in England today to make art and politics separable. The aim is to make artists accept the Establishment and become part of it. But politics is a part of everyday life and a writer cannot avoid it just as he cannot avoid psychological research. However, for him the only way to engage in politics should be through writing. He should not address crowds and he should keep out of organizing. And he should make statements only if compelled to do so by a very deep inner force.

Hájek: What is the role of the mass media in all this?

Sillitoe: The role of the newspapers is to distort human life, the writer's duty is to preserve it. He is in direct conflict with newspapers. The lie by which newspapers live seeps down from their owners.

Hájek: But what about Capek, I suppose you would not know his journalistic work, but for instance Hemingway . . .

Sillitoe: . . . and Graham Greene, too. But they left after a time. They moved from lies to truth. On the other hand, highest ideals do not always work out in practice. Individual journalists may be honest people, but they have to do it because they have wives and children. I can understand that and excuse it. A factory is different; there you are not dependent, you can leave and find another job at any time. . . .

Hájek: Without risking unemployment?

Sillitoe: It is not that difficult to find a job nowadays.

Hájek: You said that there was no sense in looking for literary trends. But what is the present state of English literature?

Sillitoe: I think that for a capitalist country English literature is in a quite healthy state. There are, however, strong right-wing tendencies in literary circles here; those people are the Stalinists and Zhdanovites of English society and they have a few hundred thousand ready to listen attentively to their pronouncements. The recent scandal about Yevtushenko's candidacy for the Oxford professorship was instigated by them and by the English editors who traditionally like poets to attack one another. I do not remember two workers attacking each other in the factory and neither do doctors or engineers engage in that pastime. Writers do and they are being encouraged to do it, because the English dishonor their writers. In this country, as in any other, a writer is liked if he is loyal to the system. But it is the writer's duty in a sense to be disloyal. In the modern world, he is one of the few people who are listened to, and his primary loyalty should be to his integrity and to his talent. He can speak up in many ways; the best way is to write a book.

Hájek: What if he cannot publish it?

Sillitoe: I can only tell you what I would do if I were in that situation. If this happened to me in England, I would go back to work in a factory. I know that I would need some time to grow my muscles again, and I know that it is easy to say it in this marvelous flat. Perhaps I could work as a driver or find some other kind of job. If I were threatened by prison or asylum as well, then I would do everything to get out of the country, although I am quite aware that a lot of things may make this decision difficult—to face the drop in standard of living, etc.

Hájek: Would you be able to continue writing about England while living in another country?

Sillitoe: I'm absolutely sure I would. Even after ten or twenty years spent abroad. Actually I lived in Spain from 1952 to 1958 without any contacts with home. And it was there, in Fascist Spain, that I wrote "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" and part of "Key to the Door." It is a desperate measure, however, for a writer to leave his country. And not all can stand the separation. Dostoevsky kept going abroad; he wrote *The Idiot* in Florence, and you cannot tell. Turgenev lived outside his country

ARTICULATION

Night.   The winedrinking
begins
There must be something
arbitrary about who you give
your love. So let it be.
Let me go on dreaming
floating on her hair.
Honesty is to introduce an
instability into an instability.
I am the cloud, floating
because I am still objective.
I am the black goat
by the thatched hut.
I am going to go out now
into the mud. It is no good
thinking it out for yourself.

DAVID RAY

longer and it began to show. Forcible exile is even worse: Bunin was steadily declining. But Gorki suffered as much for staying in Russia: they both deteriorated.

Hájek: Doesn't it also depend on . . .?

Sillitoe: . . . whether the writer comes from a large or a small nation, I know; I evaded this problem as I thought it may embarrass you. Certainly it does. Members of large nations may find it easier to live abroad, as they usually meet with influences of their own culture all over the world. This applies especially to the English. But it is not that simple: the French mostly do not stay abroad; they just travel a lot. A writer can never be safe; I can lose my ability to write in three months wherever I am. What has been very helpful in this respect is a capacity I gained in the factory to not look ahead. Perhaps it is not so good, but it is definitely part of me.

Coffee was getting cold on the simple plywood desk in Alan Sillitoe's study, suggestive of a workbench. We continued to talk for a while about his recent visit to the USSR and then we drank up the coffee and said good-by. Outside, it occurred to me that a man could acquire Sillitoe's feeling about everything being temporary even if he had never worked in a factory.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

BRUNO'S DREAM. *By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 311 pp. $5.75.*

In her twelfth novel, Miss Murdoch once again invents a gallery of absurd and grotesque characters, marches them through a series of zany relationships that are wildly improbable, and makes us care intensely about them. The two who stand out here are the title character Bruno and his servant, Nigel. Bruno lies on his deathbed, ancient and deformed by illness, surrounded by the debris and bitterness of his past, and has a final vision of his life and death that is dazzling in its revelation. The mystic, omnisexual Nigel, possessed of powers he chooses to use only in moderation, provides insights into the lives of his fellow characters which grant them dimensions still broader than the considerable ones Miss Murdoch has allowed them to exhibit for themselves. There are at least two other truly memorable characters in this prophetic romp; all have it in common that they are at first pitiful, then hilarious, and finally, somehow, glorious.

CROSSINGS. *By Chuang Hua. The Dial Press. 215 pp. $3.95.*

Although there is something dreamily engrossing about her novel, Chuang Hua's young Chinese-American heroine is the kind of woman who seems to get consistently and literally beaten up by men, whom she both attracts and maddens by her mysterious and unalloyed passivity. It's all accounted for here in the flashback sequences, which sketch Fourth Jane's childhood as a member of a Chinese family that emigrated to America and continued its tight structure of loving but terrified obeisance to a powerful father; but, background or not, it is hard to care about Fourth Jane as she goes through the dainty, precise, emotionless motions of her affair with her married journalist lover in an unnamed European city. Instead of seeming charged with unreleased emotion, she seems only stunned by a past she can neither absorb nor discard. The descriptions of that past are interesting, but Fourth Jane is not.

TO FIND A MAN. *By S. J. Wilson. The Viking Press. 185 pp. $4.95.*

This book tries so hard to be a warm-hearted, funny-but-sad Jewish novel, and fails so badly, that it's a phenomenon. During a summer that is to mark the end of their childhood, the hero's beloved friend has need of an abortionist, and he is appointed to find one. All the characters are *menschen*. Mr. Krumhauf: "Look at it this way. Six million Jews were destroyed. If you married her and she had the baby, well, wouldn't it be like cutting the number to five million, nine hundred and ninety-nine. . . ?" There is a possibility that Mr. Wilson's tale might have made a creditable short story, but he can't decide whether he is Meyer Levin or Bruce Jay Friedman, and he's had to pad out the novel by pages of Broadway-type monologues by other Mr. Krumhaufs, so that it is finally not sad, not funny but only doggedly clever.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. *By Michael Bernanos. Translated from the French by Elaine P. Halperin. Houghton Mifflin Co. 107 pp. $4.95.*

What are they talking about? ("A great symbolic novel. . . ." *L'Express*; "A dark and beautiful exploration of interior landscapes, the craters of the mind." *The New York Times.*) It is difficult not to wonder what kind of attention this badly written and tedious novel would have received were it not written by the prematurely dead son of Georges Bernanos. Although it comes complete with human cannibalism, man-eating plants and the huge blue eye of a great Someone, the longest and dullest acid dreams on record don't begin to approximate it for boredom. I'm surprised that people who have no trouble making fun of Kahlil Gibran fall back in awe at M. Bernanos' baleful allegories. (Some typical pomposity: "While negotiating the various stages of our journey, we had headed toward an objective that for us could only mean salvation. Having achieved our goal, what would we really discover on the other side?") Audiences who admire either *Mount Analogue* or *2001* should particularly be warned away.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A prominent London producer's habitual word of praise is "clever." I am never able to tell whether it is an example of English understatement or indicates a reservation. *Hadrian VII*, Peter Luke's dramatization of Baron Corvo's novel (Helen Hayes Theatre), is a clever play. By this I mean that it possesses more cunning than content, more adroitness than substance. Its skill consists in flattering its audience with a comfortable feeling that what it is seeing is intellectually sharp, humanly perceptive, artistically polished, while in truth it is mostly hokum that employs a great many devices of the middle-class theatre ever since there was one.

The original author, Fr. Rolfe, who wrote under the pen name of Baron Corvo, recounts the story of a man (himself to a large degree) of strong religious conviction who, despite or because of his fanatic devotion to Christian (Catholic) faith, as well as his acerbic forthrightness, has been denied the priesthood he fervently desires. He imagines himself elected Pope—the Hadrian VII of the title—and in that lofty station bringing about extraordinary reformation in Church practices: the most significant (and impossible) being the abandonment by the hierarchy of all its secular interests and possessions. This fantasy is the novel which Rolfe writes while he remains an impecunious painter, photographer and author.

We see Rolfe as a person plagued by doubts about everything, beset by all manner of venial sins, including an aptitude for insult. But he is no hypocrite, he has an alert mind, he is especially talented in the use of language, and he will have no truck with anything but the core of Christian revelation.

The play's message suggests that religion is to be respected even by those who profess none, and that the truly devout are not to be identified with the often shady machinations of the clerical bureaucracy. This "lesson" is one that everybody can noncommittedly approve. It is here couched in well-rounded quips besides being animated by a villainous Irish-Protestant bigot as the antagonist, a shrewdly genial Italian prelate to add local color in splendid cardinal red (that blazes handsomely on the stage) and well-phrased invectives hurled at the myrmidons of the Church. All of this is softened by touches of sentiment on behalf of the humble, the modestly pure in heart, before whom the acidulous Rolfe himself melts to kindness. Every scene is composed of a disguised stereotype.

Though less strenuously stylish, the play is written after a fashion which reminds me of the literary self-congratulation in *The Lion in Winter*. *Hadrian VII* may therefore be set down as engaging, entertaining or whatever other encomium conveys an emollient without injurious ingredient. For purposes of publicity, one may go so far as to declare it "one of the best plays of the season," for on Broadway at the moment there is only *The Great White Hope* and *The Man in the Glass Booth* to set beside it. In itself the play is what the French characterize as *le faux bon*—the fake good, the "sophisticated."

Its unquestionable success is Alec McCowen's performance as Rolfe. His acting is a technical triumph. Every reading and intonation is meticulously calculated and hits the designated target of intention perfectly. The observation is sound, the execution precise, the effort tremendous. There is more intelligence than feeling, more craft than personality, more *stage* experience than experience. I admire the performance—high-grade professionalism is always gratifying—but it is not important acting except by comparison. It is basically dry and thin.

This brings me to a matter of general consideration in regard to the present state of the American theatre. The fact that the two outstanding current performances (apart from that of James Earl Jones in *The Great White Hope*) are being given by middle-aged English actors—Donald Pleasence and McCowen—is certainly not a matter of national superiority or of innate talent. It occurs because the English theatre provides its actors far more opportunities to act than does the American stage.

This is evident with Julie Harris in *Forty Carats*, a play from Paris by Jay Allen (Morosco). It is an innocuously smooth little comedy dedicated to the proposition that a man of 45 may marry a girl of 17 and a lady of 42 may marry a youth half her age without damage to any of the parties. It is nicely played by the entire cast and for Miss Harris, beautifully gowned and looking very pretty (I didn't like her third-act hair-do), it is a cinch of natural charm and ease.

Miss Harris is at least as good an actress as Joan Plowright, but while the English actress was playing Ibsen, Chekhov, Shakespeare and Harold Brighouse (*Hobson's Choice*), Miss Harris appeared in only a few minor movie roles, two near farces, and several television shows. Compare, to continue the parallel, the careers of such highly endowed actors as Alfred Lunt and Fredric March with those of Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave or John Gielgud. Marlon Brando, an actor of extraordinary subtlety and power, has done very little with his native capacity, while Paul Scofield, Albert Finney, Peter O'Toole, Alan Bates employ to the utmost their abilities on stage (and screen).

I understand the thoughtless exaggeration of the critical fraternity: we want to keep our theatre *going*. Thus pleasant shows are constantly greeted by such superlatives as "the best" of the season, of the year, of the decade. I fully expect any day that a review will recommend a show as being the best on the north side of 45th Street. *Promises, Promises*, a new musical with book by Neil Simon (from Billy Wilder's film *The Apartment*), music by Burt Bacharach, profits largely by such standards.

Bacharach's score, in particular, has enjoyed a highly favorable press. Its notable lack of good tunes is saved by "rock" noises, supported by conventionally soothing choral harmonies piped in from off-stage. The sentiment of the story is routine, but the permissiveness toward the ugly-vulgar—as in the case of the four elderly married gentlemen who use a minor employee's apartment for their weekly hanky-panky with sundry girls—is made genuine by audience recognition. There are a number of laugh lines, all of which I forgot ten minutes after they had been spoken.

The chorus provides one very cute girl (I'm sorry I can't identify her by name); Jerry Orbach in the lead is remarkable for his honest good will and hard labor; Marian Mercer does a winning bit as a good-humored, bright-witted lady on the loose, and Larry Haines is a practiced comedian of inevitable effect. Everything moves with reassuring dispatch, and a good time may be had by all those who can afford hot-ticket prices. The show is an enormous hit and one can safely call it the best musical on 44th Street—though there is always *Hello, Dolly!*

At the Forum of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center are two one-act plays by Charles Dizenzo, collectively advertised as *An Evening With Merlin Finch*. The author takes a dim view of business office routine: it either freezes folk into perpetual foolishness or drives them crazy without liberating them sufficiently to break their bonds. He is even more scathing about middle-class family life, especially as it affects the young. These plays are extravagant farces with some truly merry moments.

Though he hasn't yet achieved the keen edge of Albee's *The American Dream*, the author may be said to show promise. I suspect that his plays might have been more telling if the director, George Sherman, had not forced the fun so much with raucous tones and breakneck pace, pressing the plays closer to burlesque than to satire. Or were the textual gags too sporadic to give the evening a consistently jocose body?

Some recent Broadway entries which I might have noticed closed too quickly to be worth the space. I mention them here simply to say that the "worst" in our theatre is not as inferior to the "best" as we might suppose from the harsh reviews the former receive. A comedy by Herb Gardner revealed an endearing strain and offered Robert Dishy, an unusually deft young character actor, and deliciously giving Brenda Vaccaro, both of whom afforded pleasure. Dorothy Loudon was really nice in a hapless musical.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Grazie Zia, written and directed by the 24-year-old Salvatore Samperi, recalls *Fist in His Pocket,* the work of another young Italian, Marco Bellocchio, who is best known in this country for *China Is Near.* The pictures are similar in that they lure the viewer, lightly, with no appreciable pressure, into experiences much more excruciating than he is made ready for by the tone of the pieces. Centuries of fiction have conditioned us to trust that the author will not display a grinning skull without having given the preliminary warning of a thunder clap; we learn to survive life without the protection of portents, but in fiction we depend on them. Both Samperi and Bellocchio are candid about what is going on, but they take advantage of the audience's somewhat arrogant assumption that its expectations will be respected.

The two films are related also by the fact that Lou Castel plays the male lead in both of them. Castel is a commanding and eloquent young actor whose career may be in some peril from the fact that he conveys mental illness so convincingly. Let a handsome young actor play around with psychopathology a couple of times and no audience is going to be happy if he shows up on a third occasion in surgeon's kit or offering to drive the heroine home. Castel is in some danger of being typed.

Alvise, son of a wealthy businessman, is paralyzed from the waist down (or so everyone believes) and confined to a wheel chair. (Castel handles the wheel chair with a dexterity that would please Chaplin.) He is definitely not an object of pity. Bright as hell, and as nasty, he is arrogant, sadistic and cunning. No one can stand him except his aunt (Lisa Gastoni), on whom his self-concerned parents dump him for an extended visit.

The thing to ask yourself as the picture develops is why this aunt is such a striking exception to the chorus of detestation. True, she is a doctor with a strong sense of mission to the underprivileged, but her interest in Alvise does not seem to be predominately professional. One may get a better clue by noting that, though a bright and handsome woman, she has allowed herself for fifteen years to be the mistress of a complacent bore.

I don't want to go into more detail about the effect that Alvise and his *zia* have on each other, because in abstract the story would seem implausible, designed to shock. In Samperi's quiet, economic, completely sophisticated telling it is not only credible but almost inevitable. It is also, except for its ambience of Italian postwar wealth, wonderfully inventive. For example, reference to Vietnam has become a hallmark of the contemporary Continental film makers; Samperi uses it, however, not to vent moral indignation on the United States but as the avocation of a crook-minded boy.

The events in *Grazie Zia* are not things that happen every day, but it is more important that they could happen any day. I came from the theatre with that sense of guilt one feels when disaster has built up and overwhelmed a friend right before one's unseeing eyes.

Like most reviewers, I avoid reading other notices, at least until I have written my own, but Godard's *Pierrot le Fou* left me so blank-minded that I sneaked a few looks. It didn't help much. The consensus seeemed to be that it is a charming, witty and beautiful picture, superbly acted by Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. I still don't know what it is about. Of course, it is about love: and about violence, of course. But in what aspects, precisely? And though Belmondo and Miss Karina are delightful of aspect and move like trout, how can one know that they are doing such whopping good jobs unless one knows what the jobs are supposed to be? It is difficult to judge acting in the absence of cause and effect.

When a dwarf is stabbed to death with a pair of scissors in the back of his neck, do we understand this to be funny, chic, socially significant, or plain gratuitous grue? When Belmondo blows himself up at the end, the sticks of dynamite are patently false, but the explosion is real; do we laugh or mourn? Do we, indeed, care about any of these people; are we perhaps being confused into the insensitivity that Godard is said to abhor?

I've been here right along and I know one isn't supposed to ask questions of this sort with respect to Godard; it shows lack of respect. He is a man of great talent who does as he pleases. One thing that pleases him is to insert a lot of printed and written matter into his films; another is to make out-of-context references to the movie archives. These are gadgets, and they don't gain by repetition.

Godard is indeed a brilliant director, we are much in debt to him, and he has earned the right to a degree of self-indulgence. The question is, how much self-indulgence has he earned?

François Truffaut has devised in *Stolen Kisses* a vaudeville for the natural charm and professional dexterity of Jean-Pierre Leaud. It is a picture stuttering with activity and devoid of content—humorous, well-mannered, amorous, picturesquely Gallic—which reminds me of René Clair in the period of *Sous les Toits de Paris* and *Le Million.* I suspect that such productions are intended to increase trans-Atlantic travel, but I don't object as long as they are impertinent without becoming pretentious.

Truffaut and Leaud, with an able supporting cast, could turn out this sort of thing by the acetate mile; it requires ingenuity and energy, but no real invention. Indeed, I suppose from a couple of *non sequiturs* in the finished print (as from the fact that the American distributor's resumé departs in a number of places from what appears on the screen) that the director was at work with scissors right up to the air-express deadline. Somewhere along the way he also inserted a shadowy figure who emerges at the end to give the tale a "twist." Truffaut was perhaps embarrassed by the innocence of his irresponsible romp (he is, after all, a director of world renown), but the appliquéd significance does not adhere. Except for that, *Stolen Kisses* is an excellent sleight of hand—chicanery to amuse.

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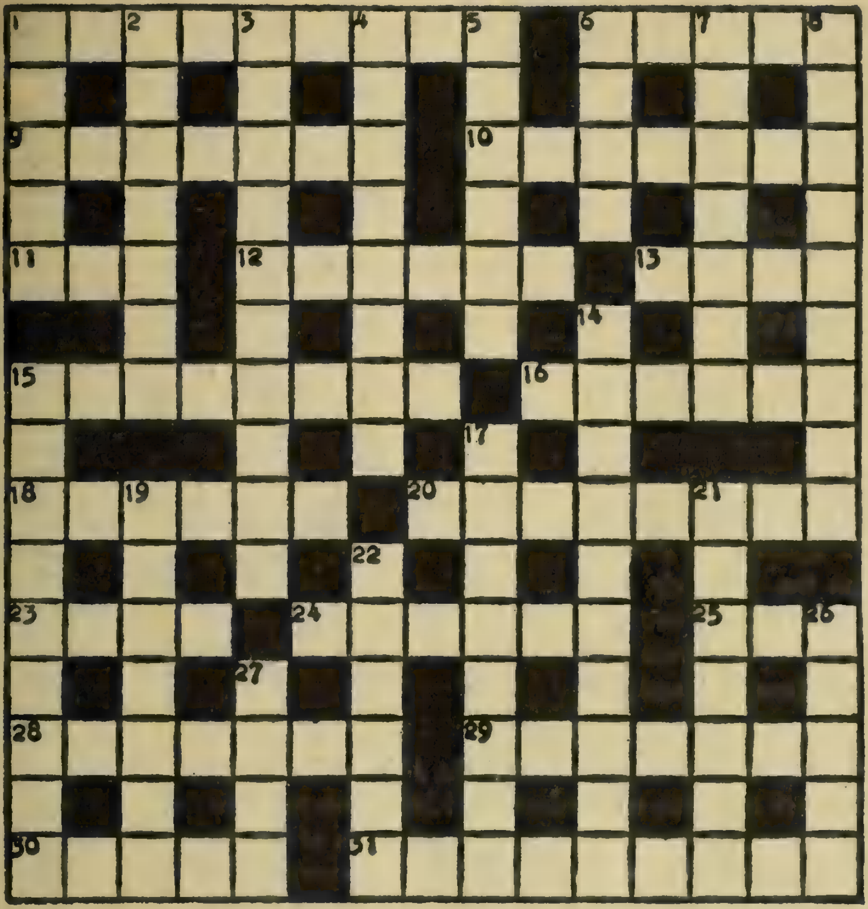
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A teller of what's true can, or make it up. (9)

6 and 23 across Divide and unite, one by one! (9)

9 Police state composer? (7)

10 Its role might be to show what the time-waster does. (7)

11 and 13 Silk fit for those who want to rise to the top. (3,4)

12 Dined in the current fashion, getting ditched in the process. (6)

15 Dislike for what 1 across might have given differently? (8)

16 Franklin and a rather common girl brought to bay? (6)

18 Walker as a novelist? (6)

20 Inclined to be taken out of setting in the studio? (8)

23 See 6 across

24 Block up, shut up, and depress. (6)

25 See 1 down

28 Rust particles, despite internal lubrication, show the character of Virgil. (7)

29 Temporarily took over and gave out the letters. (7)

30 What a labor walk-out might lead to with management. (3-2)

31 Under date of this, with the original state altered. (9)

DOWN

1 and 25 across We might ride in one with stacks to the driver's left. (8)

2 Prisoner in one sort of underground opening within another. (7)

3 They don't exactly strike one as being the neighbor's daughters! (4,6)

4 No evader of trouble would make the effort! (8)

5 A stand-out job of assistance! (6)

6 See 21 down

7 The sound of Victory over the band—really swinging! (7)

8 Seat in colored material—paid for twice?

14 Tear about a foot off at the end, one answers! (10)

15 Material used in America's cities, when not cried over? (9)

17 Paid up with one offspring? Stop! (8)

19 One might be 2 in the service. (7)

21 and 6 down Used for a training cruise? It might pay to be educated! (11)

22 Didn't fail to get handed around. (6)

26 Got in deep? Not very! (5)

27 Project. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1281

ACROSS: 1 Fool's paradise; 9 Leeds; 10 Trousseau; 11 Outdoor; 12 Initial; 13 Twain; 14 Free lance; 16 Handcarts; 18 Hired; 19 Laminar; 22 Endearing; 23 Ogive; 24 Changing times. DOWN: 1 Fall-out shelter; 2 Overtrain; 3 Sassoon; 4 Actor; 5 Atomizers; 6 Instill; 7 Elemi; 8 Bullheadedness; 14 and 21 across For crying out loud; 15 Narcotism; 17 Cantata; 18 Hot-foot; 20 Medoc; 21 Organ.

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LETTERS

Maddox and the press

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SIRS: Arlie Schardt ["Crisis of *The Constitution*," *The Nation*, Dec. 23], reporting on "that zany 1966 gubernatorial race" which gave us Lester Maddox, asserted: "When dissatisfaction with the winners of both party primaries spurred a write-in movement for former Gov. Ellis Arnall, backers of Write-In Georgia (WIG) were thrashed by the *Journal* political editor Charles Pou, who referred to them in his news stories as the 'backbite vote.'"

I don't recall "thrashing" anybody, but I did try to tell in several columns, and quoting knowledgeable people in news stories, what I thought was going to happen. No one told me what to write. And the closest I came to brutalizing, I guess, was in an Oct. 17 Sunday column when I implied there used to be some mighty ignorant people in the Georgia legislature, added hopefully that the lawmakers had improved some, then commented: "The Georgia General Assembly is not the place to elect a Georgia governor. . . ."

The *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal* had endorsed Governor Arnall, a great World War II governor, in the Democratic primary, but Maddox, with the help of some Republican cross-overing, which I reported was going on and likely was going to backfire, won in the Democratic primary. Bruce Galphin, author of *The Riddle of Lester Maddox*, tells how it was: "In addition to the Democratic enemies ganging up on Arnall, there also were campaigns among some Republicans to cross over into the Democratic primary to help Maddox in the belief he would be easier for Callaway to beat. As early as August, *Atlanta Journal* political editor Charles Pou warned: 'He who helps Lester may ride a tiger.'"

Then came the write-in movement for defeated candidate Arnall. . . . In the general election on Nov. 8, Callaway edged Maddox 450,387 to 448,259; the Arnall write-in got 57,834, or 6.1 per cent. That meant no one had received a clear majority and, under ancient Georgia law, the rural-run and something like 10-to-1 Democrat-weighted General Assembly would have to choose between the two top men. Result: Lester Maddox. . . .

Charles Pou

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The Atlanta newspapers had every right to say anything they pleased about WIG in their editorials, but this does not justify the way in which they consistently underplayed and even ignored legitimate WIG stories in their news columns. (Indeed, they went even further. One ad which WIG sought to place in the Sunday *Journal-Constitution* was so severely censored that WIG withdrew it altogether.)

Arlie Schardt

myth or dream?

Larchmont, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial of Jan. 13 ["Myths in the Middle East"] cited various myths listed in Charles Yost's article in *The Atlantic* about the situation in the Middle East, but overlooked the greatest myth of all—or may one hopefully call it a "dream"?

Agreed settlements and international guarantees have not as yet proved capable of protecting any nation, large or small, or any ethnic, economic, religious group in its right to mere basic survival. Shall Israel be a test case as to whether the millennium has arrived?

Was the UN able to defend the Arabs of Palestine (in 1947 and 1948) against invasion and take-over by Transjordan and Egypt (as well as by Lebanon and Syria in

(Continued on page 149)

EDITORIALS

The Inaugural

There is little point in attempting to guess how much of what President Nixon said in his inaugural address he really believes. He probably does not know himself. But we may be sure that in his view the directions and approaches indicated constitute sound politics, and as a political manifesto the address is reassuring. The overall theme was peace, emphasized at the beginning, in the middle and at the end; and affirmed, so to speak, on two Bibles. "For the first time, because the people of the world want peace and the leaders of the world are afraid of war, the times are on the side of peace." The political thrust is clear: the time has come to move beyond the stalemate in the cold war. Confrontations must be succeeded by negotiations. We need to lower our voices, not merely to encourage a more relevant dialogue at home but so that the Russians and the Chinese just might ponder our words, the better to assess our intentions.

The President had understanding words to say about the younger generation: "more committed, more passionately driven by conscience than any generation in our history." He readily acknowledged the existence of a crisis in values which his predecessor could never identify. On civil rights, he said that the laws have finally caught up with our conscience and that the need in future is to give life to the law. In these and other respects he raised a standard to which men of good will, in all their diversity, can repair. But he also set the standard by which he should be judged. The fact that he has presented the country with a good political script should now enable its citizens to concentrate on the performance.

In some respects the address was significant for what the President did not say. He engaged in no saber rattling. He did not mouth cold-war rhetoric. He did not attempt a self-righteous justification of the war in Vietnam. He refrained from holding forth on "law and order." He was chary of gestures and promises. It should be noted, also, that he said nothing about disarmament; military spending will no doubt increase. Nor did he have any words for the United Nations, an omission which perhaps foreshadows an emphasis on bilateral negotiations and "patient and prolonged diplomacy."

From the President's point of view, the address is politically astute. He has made what may well be a shrewd assessment of the mood currently prevailing in white middle-class America, namely a desire for peace, quiet and more "affluence." But sensing a dominant mood is one thing; turning it to good account, making it serve stated political objectives, is something else again. The mood may shift, it may evaporate, it may be impossible to sustain. For the time being, however, Mr. Nixon is probably right to think that current attitudes will support the kind of politics he has in mind: an end to the war in Vietnam, avoidance of similar "brush fire" wars in the future, and a more prudent allocation of resources.

In general, we found the address reassuring and were pleased to note that the President avoided saying some of

DEC 9

the things he has been saying these many years and that he repeated throughout the campaign. In particular we were glad to hear his "sacred commitment" to consecrate his office, his energies, and all the wisdom he can summon to the cause of peace. Inaugurals—including this one—should not be accepted as the gospel writ large but neither should they be viewed with total cynicism. They are to be read and studied and kept on file, the better to remind a President who has charted a course of the course which he has charted. We intend to keep this address at hand and will no doubt find occasion to quote from it from time to time.

Circulating Elite

According to Stewart Alsop, only four men hold real power in Washington: the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense and, in the Johnson administration, Walt Rostow who, as a kind of civilian field marshal, largely ran the Vietnamese War from the White House cellar. While Rostow was a special case, it is striking to what extent government power resides in a small group of men who come and go among the great foundations, the prestigious universities, the blue-chip corporations and the key posts in Washington. In the aggregate, they constitute a privileged elite, protected against the occupational hazard of the spoils system by informal arrangements which insure that they shall not want as they move into and out of the government.

Dean Rusk went from secondary posts at the State Department to the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation, then back to Washington as Secretary of State, and now once more to Rockefeller as its first—but we may be sure not the last—Distinguished Fellow, a post which carries "a very comfortable stipend." Mr. Rusk will obviously be on call for future assignments. Daniel Moynihan served in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and then took what might be called a "reverse sabbatical" at Harvard until pressed into service by President Nixon. McGeorge Bundy, a "crisis manager," is proceeding on the VIP circuit from Harvard to Washington to the Ford Foundation. The latter, which has a policy of seeking to "ease the transition" from public to private life—and, presumably, of expediting the return to public life—offered generous grants to various members of the staff of the late Sen. Robert Kennedy.

It is, of course, humane to provide for this "government in exile," and the interests of governmental efficiency may be served by having such a pool of talent to tap. But it is possible that the circulating elite may become ingrown, and that the interim assignments arranged for its members may not always be the best preparation for their return to power. Tours of duty as merchant seamen might, for example, better sharpen their perception of social realities.

Some time back, *The Wall Street Journal* suggested that the Nixon Administration was likely to "change elites." "In impression, if not always in fact," the *Journal* commented, "the men running the nation under the Democrats have been vaguely intellectual in outlook, Eastern in origin, Ivy League in social and cultural tastes. While

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NATION *Volume 208*
No. 5

there is much to admire in this cosmopolitan group, it is by no means the only source of ability." But in practice the Nixon Administration may find that there is no other elite. The big aggregates of power—public, private and quasi-private—are so interlocked today that the circulating celebrities have a near monopoly on certain posts. Political flip-flops do not disturb them. Their chances of returning to Washington sooner or later are good, and in the meantime they have no need to fret. There are, of course, exceptions. Walt Rostow, for example, may prove to be a permanent "dropout." When he was not invited back to Boston from Washington, he may have lost the chance of returning to the government; the chain was broken. But then he has his new post in Austin for consolation.

In Worth County

Worth County is in Georgia, and its political make-up is reflected by the vote it cast on November 5: Wallace, 3,049; Humphrey, 719; Nixon, 602. Mr. Nixon's campaign statement, indicating that enforcement of the federal laws against school segregation would be watered down if he were elected, did not help him much in Worth County. But in such areas it is bound to lead to intensified defiance of the law, and with the Negroes less disposed to accept abuse meekly, there will be trouble.

What Mr. Nixon said was that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited segregation and he supported the law, but it did not necessarily call for affirmative action to achieve integration. Even as a bid for votes during a hotly fought campaign, this takes the prize for double talk. But it was just what they wanted to hear in the Deep South. According to a spokesman for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, out of 192 school districts in Georgia, federal aid has already been terminated in thirty-two districts and seventy-nine others are not in compliance with the guidelines. Thus almost 58 per cent are not complying. Worth County is one of them. Because it wanted federal aid (what school district does not?), it filed a plan that conformed with desegregation requirements. But last fall, when Wallace began campaigning in jackboots and Nixon was hinting that he would evade the intent of the law, the die-hard segregationists took hope again and Worth's integration proposal was withdrawn.

The outlook for the future in such localities is indicated by the way Negro children of Worth County are treated when they are permitted to attend school with whites. In the *Los Angeles Times* Jack Nelson reports on the case of two sisters, Yvonne Denice Young, 11, and Dorothy Bell Young, 14, who were accused of using "obscene" language at school in altercations with white students and teachers. Samples of the offensive language were "damn," "goddamn," "bastard" and "ass." At about noon on December 4, a deputy sheriff, acting on orders of Superior Court Judge J. Bowie Gray, arrested the girls at school in Sylvester, the county seat, and took them to a juvenile detention home at Albany, 20 miles away. The parents were not told where the girls were until 1 P.M. the following day. Judge Gray acknowledged that this was "unfortunate" but then detained the girls for six more days, placed the younger on probation and ordered the older girl confined to a state "training" school. Neither girl had a juvenile record. Their brother, who was 6 years old when the Supreme Court decided *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954, graduated from an all-Negro school, served in Vietnam and was wounded in action.

The underlying pattern is plain. Once again local authorities have acted in a manner calculated to toughen resistance and provoke trouble. The basic cause of an incident like that of the Young children is that integration has not been carried out—as the school experience of their brother attests—"with all deliberate speed." And by his campaign statements President Nixon encouraged further resistance on the part of local Southern school districts. What his subordinates now do in situations of this kind will determine what he meant when he said in his inaugural address that, the laws having caught up with our conscience, all that remains to do is to give life to what is in the law. Worth County would be a good place to start.

Mississippi Muzzle

Greenville, Miss.

Freedom of speech on Mississippi campuses has been stifled in recent years by a strange set of regulations which guarded the students from speakers who might "do violence to the academic atmosphere," who were held in "disrepute," or who had been merely charged (no conviction was necessary) with a crime or "moral wrongdoing." Also outlawed were all political candidates or talks on behalf of candidates.

The policy has been selectively enforced by the state's college board—composed of political appointees and dominated by conservatives—through repeated bans against black speakers at the University of Mississippi and Mississippi State.

The latest victim was Charles Evers, long a leader with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and now national committeeman for the new Democratic Party in Mississippi. The board denied Evers permission to speak to Young Democrat chapters at both campuses during the Presidential campaign. It had earlier tried to block NAACP president Aaron Henry, who doubles as head of the loyalist Democrats, from campus appearances.

Federal injunctions were obtained to enable both men to speak. Carrying the issue still further, Evers' sponsors set up a court challenge of the policy, and on January 14 a federal three-judge panel threw out the rules governing campus speakers as "unconstitutionally vague." The decision came after the regulations had been defended by 73-year-old college board chairman M. M. Roberts in a performance which left skeptical even presiding Judge J. P. Coleman of the U. S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, a former Governor of Mississippi.

"We had in mind," Roberts told the court, when explaining a section of the guidelines, "a sex expert in New York and that religious Pike fellow on the West Coast." He contended that speeches by Evers and Henry would "do violence to the attitudes of the fathers and mothers who send their children to school." Evers, a moderate who has cooled several explosive situations in the state, was called a "destructive influence." An appealed conviction connected with a questionable morals charge was cited against Henry.

Carrying the offensive against the college board were three young white lawyers, all alumni of Ole Miss, who claimed not only an abridgment of First Amendment rights but invidious application of the policy. A score of witnesses, including professors and students, were prepared to document numerous instances when white politicians had appeared on campus with the sanction of the college board. Their testimony was not necessary, since the regulations were invalidated after opening arguments. Roberts, acting as counsel for his board, proved his own worst enemy.

The court did not, however, strike down the control of the college board. Its order gives the board sixty days to draw up a new, more specific, list of rules governing speakers. University liberals, feeling that they have opened a chink in "the closed society," can only hope that the revised policy will be less restrictive. They have no assurances, except that another judicial review will be held this spring. CURTIS WILKIE

Trouble Ahead for Franco

Inspired by the example of one of our eminent contemporaries, toward the end of 1968 we thought of memorializing the "Event of the Year," and chose Czechoslovakia and the Czech resistance to the Russian invasion. While it is a bit early to make such a choice for 1969, it just might turn out to be Spain.

The signs all point to trouble for Franco. It is time. A new generation has come along since the disastrous Civil War, in which Hitler and Mussolini intervened on Franco's side and prepared for World War II. Much has happened, and Franco has accumulated a formidable collection of enemies, though he still has some friends—the police and the military; who else?

Certainly not the intellectuals, and in Spain as in many other countries they are becoming bolder and more powerful. Some 1,200 professional men, intellectuals and artists recently delivered to the Ministry of Government, which has jurisdiction over the police, 31 pages of testimony about police mistreatment of political prisoners. Even a year ago such a remonstrance would hardly have been conceivable.

Made indignant by the death of a student in police custody, nearly 2,000 Madrid students engaged in a silent march, carrying posters that charged the police with murder. Rock throwing and fist fights broke out, and the students gave as good as they took. Police fired shots into the air when one of their fifty jeeps was surrounded. In Barcelona extremist students ransacked the office of the university rector and tried to throw him out the window.

According to George Melloan, who has been investigating the situation for *The Wall Street Journal*, many priests are worried about the waning influence of the Church upon the traditionally religious Spanish working class. Workers tend increasingly to identify the Church hierarchy with the Franco regime and, striving to mend the rift, some priests do not hesitate to buck the regime and their bishops.

These priests make common cause with illegal workers' committees, which are trying to supersede Franco's authorized workers' organizations and which, judging by the number of arrests, have Franco worried. This worker movement is now on a national scale. At first glance it seems odd, but management in many plants is willing to deal with the committees. Melloan quotes a personnel man at a synthetic textile plant: "That is the heart of the plant," he said, pointing to a fiber-drawing machine that runs twenty-four hours a day. "If it is down ten minutes it can knock a hole in profits. I have to know what is in the minds of the men who run it. The official syndicates don't have a clue. The workers repudiate them. So I have to go behind their backs and deal with the workers' committee, which does know."

Then there are picturesque individuals like Isabel Luisa Alvarez de Toledo y Maura, twenty-first Duchess of Medina-Sidonia. She is spending a year in jail for agitating among dispossessed farmers, bankrupt fishermen and jailed workers. An attractive 32-year-old brunette with three young children, but separated from her husband, she had her lawyer ask in court: "What is a duchess for, if not to defend the poor? A duchess must be good for something besides going to charity teas."

In the December 28 *New York Times* Richard Eder recounts some half-comical stories about this remarkable woman. When a policeman was taking her to jail, she made scenes in inns, and when the officer begged her to be quiet she snapped: "Do you imagine I want people to think I am traveling with you because I like you?" At the Almería jail she made the prison hop with her demands. Franco probably does not find her funny at all.

Salud

It means "health" in Spanish and is the name Dr. David Brooks and his wife have given to the medical clinic they established in Woodville, Calif. (See "Medical Storm Center" by Ronald B. Taylor, *The Nation*, January 6.)

Salud won a significant court victory in Visalia recently, when Superior Judge Leonard Ginsburg ruled that hospitals supported by tax moneys may not discriminate against poor people in their admission policies. The suit was brought as a class action by a patient of Dr. Brooks, Eluterio P. Loredo, after he had been refused admission to a local hospital because his bills were to be paid by MediCal, the federal-state health program for the poor which has some 200,000 clients in California. According to the *Salud* release, the court's decision should have the effect of "desegregating" many hospitals which have made a practice of denying their beds to welfare recipients, who were often sent to distant and overcrowded county hospitals, thus defeating the goal of the federal-state health insurance program, which is to end class

discrimination in hospital admissions by removing economic barriers.

One effect of hospital policy, as Dr. Brooks explains it, has been to deny continuity of care to indigent patients. "The physician," he says, "would care for the welfare patient in his office, but the local hospital board's policy kept him from admitting this class of patient for in-patient services. The physician then had no choice except to refer the patient to a county facility and a different physician." So much for the personal doctor-patient relationship which is so dear to the heart of the AMA.

Gary Bellows of Los Angeles, Mr. Loredo's lawyer, says that the court's decision "states clearly that the sick have a right to be treated in their own community hospital, regardless of whether the patient, the government, or a private insurance carrier pays the bill." The fight for equal health care for all citizens is far from over, but Dr. Brooks and the people he is trying to help have won a victory along the way.

Un-un-American Activities

Though not every legislative Red hunter has turned out to have had an impoverished view of political ethics, so many of them have suffered from this weakness that the correlation is worth noting. One recalls, for example, J. Parnell Thomas, who served a term in Danbury Prison, and other High Executioners of low standards.

For longer than one cares to remember, Sen. Hugh Burns—Democrat, Fresno County, president pro tem of the California Senate—has been chairman of California's Un-American Activities Committee. Recently, Robert Fairbanks of the *Los Angeles Times* discovered that Senator Burns and two associates had sold for $500,000 profit an insurance company they had organized five years earlier. The company had no office; it had no staff. In 1966 its total telephone and postage bill was $2.80. One of the associates of Senator Burns in the enterprise was permitted to use "extra space" in a room maintained by the State Senate Committee on Un-American Activities. Most of the profit from the sale came from insurance companies that had benefited greatly from legislation which Senator Burns helped enact.

The Senator, who has applied the whip to many an erring dissenter and for years has lectured the people of his state on their patriotic responsibilities, sees nothing "legally or ethically" improper in what he did. Nor, apparently, do his colleagues. Mr. Fairbanks reports that "members of the Joint Legislative Ethics Committee are not falling over themselves to become involved in the controversy surrounding Senate leader Hugh Burns."

Another Californian, Ambrose Bierce, in his *The Devil's Dictionary,* thus defined patriotism: "In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer, I beg to submit that it is the first."

THE CROSSROADS OF JERUSALEM

HERBERT KROSNEY

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Jerusalem

There's a narcotic in the air of Jerusalem. Some say it is the hashish which comes across from the West Bank at very cheap prices. A few believe it is the political tension, which occasionally blows in as an ill wind, seems to disappear, but is always lurking somewhere, ignored for the most part by the city's residents. But I think it is the city itself; a magnificent city, set high in the north of the Judean hills on a ridge that dominates the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth. That sea is part of the Great Rift, a valley that begins in and around Lake Nyasa, near the southern tip of Africa, and stretches to the Toros Mountains of Turkey in the north; it is one of the world's great geographical phenomena. Mankind associates height with spirituality; and Jerusalem is near the summit of the Great Rift.

The city is gray-brown, built on a rough-hewn stone. Only within, in hidden corners, does one sense any luxury of vegetation. Its winters, and it is winter now, can be cool and damp; but a bright day will bring warmth because the sun beats down on Jerusalem with penetrating clarity. One can see for miles on almost any day; the quality of light is extraordinary. I think it is this quality of the light that makes the city so special.

The old-time view, of course, is that Jerusalem is the center of the world. From it stemmed the three great religions, springing from the single Hebrew root, but blossoming in different manifestations of monotheism. For Jews, the city is David's, and it is the historic capital of the nation. For Christians, it is of central importance in the disputes which led to Jesus' death and the site of that death itself. For Muslims, it is the point from which Muhammed, in his night of fancy, ascended to heaven—from that very same rock where Abraham was almost made to sacrifice Isaac and which was supposedly the inner sanctum of the Jewish temples. The beautiful mosque called the Dome of the Rock stands quite deliberately on the place where the Second Temple stood. Muslims believe that thus their prophet's message gained a symbolic supremacy over all the faiths that preceded it.

Geographically, as well as spiritually, Jerusalem was believed to be at the center of the world. It was a crossroads on the trade routes for Asia, Africa and Europe—the known world. Once a crossroads, and now, once more a crossroads for Israel. And because of the conflicting claims about it, a city which is again at the center of world attention.

Each morning, beginning at 7:30, the traffic starts to pile up at the corner of Gaza and Benjamin of Tudela Streets. And every morning, between 6:30 and 9, hundreds of Arab workers from East Jerusalem flow across the old boundaries to their jobs in West Jerusalem. Shops on both sides of town display the most modern Israeli goods. Intra-city bus lines clog the roads; the thick, noxious fumes of the buses dissolve in the Jerusalem wind. Bus services connect the city with all points in the country, from Haifa to Hebron. And many of the Arab taxis promise even more—a trip to Amman across the Allenby Bridge, and from there to Damascus, Baghdad, Beirut, Kuwait.

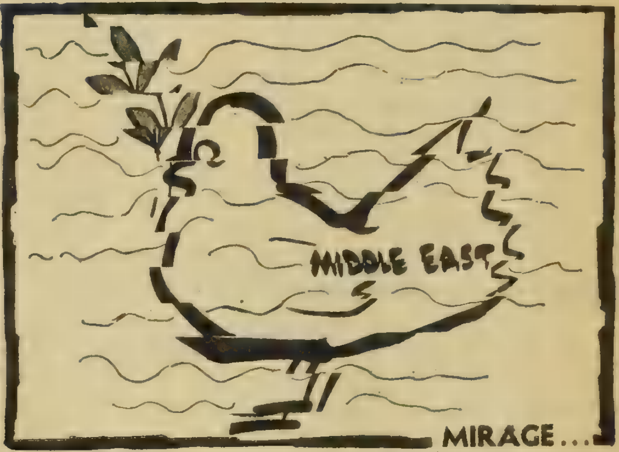
Crowded buses fall silent as riders listen to the Voice of Israel's hourly bulletins, but the news of the day does not affect the city's life. Arab guns can bombard Israeli positions 25 miles east in Jericho, or Israeli jets can streak for Jordan, to hit Irbud or Iraqi or Fatah positions on the hills; in Jerusalem, normal life continues.

The city's main problems have little to do with war; much more to do with the fact that, before June, 1967, both sides of the then divided city were little more than large villages. Today, the cosmopolitan Jerusalem of pre-1948 is again a reality. Government offices have moved to Jerusalem since the Six Day War; these, the new television service, and the increased number of students have brought additional thousands to the city. Housing is limited, so not only the traffic but also the rents are skyrocketing.

Yet the war tension is here. Big news, like the Arab attempts to hijack or destroy El Al airliners, or the Israeli retaliation at Beirut Airport, is quickly passed from mouth to mouth. The sound of the city is punctuated with blasts from construction work, and people have learned to ignore them. But an unusually noisy explosion brings people into the street by the hundreds. The other day, an Israeli jet broke the sound barrier over Jerusalem and one could not be certain that it was not Egyptian jets, or a rare success for El Fatah. Mayor Teddy Kollek quickly telephoned the Air Force and announced to the press: "Never again. That's settled. The Air Force won't break the sonic barrier over Jerusalem again."

The scars of war are few. The eastern side of town is dotted with stone monuments at the points where fell Israeli paratroopers and reservists who made the historic breakthrough to the east. Recently, Mayor Kollek honored a request of the Muslims to erect several similar monuments for the Legionnaires who had died bravely (and they did fight well) defending the then Jordanian territory. A minor controversy developed when the agreement became public, but it centered as much on the wording of the Muslim remembrance as on their presence. The inscription would read approximately: "Brave Soldier X died fighting for Allah." Kollek got assurances that the wording was nonpolitical and did not imply that the 1967 war was a *jihad*, or Muslim holy war. The Knesset refused to touch the small but quite hot potato, saying it was an affair of the municipality. Kollek prevailed in his civilized gesture. One wonders whether monuments to "brave North Vietnamese soldiers," or Vietcong, could ever be erected in the downtown streets of Saigon or Washington.

Tension in Jerusalem is beneath a peaceful surface. This is a bi-cultural, bi-national city in which two populations live in 99 per cent peace. A woman can walk alone at night on *either* side of town. One has the feeling that Jerusalemites, left alone, could solve their own problems. The economic contact between the two populations has become substantial. Socially, there is contact only on the fringes, and it is a fact that neither side wants substantially more. Why should they? The pressure here is not toward the integration of two disparate peoples but toward the hope that the two peoples can permit each other's individuality—if not nationality—to flourish in the same land, the same city, at the same time.



Myers, Evening News (London)

The Israeli position about the city is clear: Jerusalem is once again the capital of the Jewish nation and it shall always remain so. The whole of Jerusalem fell into Israel's hands through the stupidity of King Hussein, who ordered his Legionnaires to fire on civilian targets in Jewish Jerusalem. There is now no inclination to leniency on the Jewish side. Having for the last twenty years been denied access to the holiest spot in the Jewish religion, the Wailing Wall, by purposeful Jordanian abrogation of agreements, the Jews are in no mind to give back what was won with blood.

I have not met one Israeli who is for redividing the city. I have met none who favors "internationalizing" the entire city. Some believe that a peace settlement could mean a sharing of tax revenues with the Jordanians, and thus there could be some kind of secondary political status for the Hashemite Kingdom. A few see Jerusalem as the bi-capital of the two nations, Arab and Jewish, that inhabit the land of historic Israel, or Palestine; that is a possibility. Almost everyone agrees that the Christian and Muslim holy places should be under Christian and Muslim rule and that these particular spots should be internationalized. A few would accept some kind of internationalization for the Old City—not all of Eastern Jerusalem—so long as there is free access for everybody to Jerusalem as a whole.

Israelis have a habit of establishing facts to buttress ideological arguments. In the case of Jerusalem, the facts include settlements in and around Ammunition Hill, to the north of the city on the road to Ramallah; the refurbishing and reopening of Hebrew University on its breathtaking Mount Scopus campus; the reconstruction of the Jewish quarter in the Old City, dismantled by the Arabs in the years since 1948; plans for the national police headquarters which will be built on the eastern side of town, and for construction of homes and offices in the old "no-man's land" which divided the city.

The position of Arab Jerusalemites is more complicated. Almost all I have talked with favor a united city with free access for both sides. But, of course, the Arabs want self-rule and they refuse to be integrated into Israeli politics or cut off from their brethren in the wider Arab world. Arabs in Jerusalem, however, are a cosmopolitan people and it is not quite accurate to think of them as one community, or even, perhaps, as Arabs. More specifically, they are a series of religious and, to some degree, ethnic communities: the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, the Greek and Greek Orthodox, the Muslim. Until World War I, Jerusalemites referred to themselves as "Syrians" to distinguish themselves from the Arabs whom we refer to today as Bedouins and who lived in the Negev, the Sinai and on the other side of the Jordan.

Three families—the Husseinis, the Noshashibis and the Khaldis—have dominated the city for hundreds of years, each family backed at various times by outside rulers of the cities. The Husseinis, for instance, a comparatively new family, at the time, were chosen by the Turks more than a century ago to be "their" leaders; the Turks educated their sons in Constantinople and let them run Jerusalem. The British chose the Noshashibi family to be a counterweight to the Husseinis, especially after the performance of one Husseini who, upon becoming the Grand Mufti, both rallied the Arabs against the Zionists and tried to establish links with Hitler.

Palestinians cannot hide their disdain for their less educated fellows across the river. When I came one day to pick up my car at my East Jerusalem garage, all the workers were gathered around the radio. "Hussein is speaking," they told me. I asked a mechanic, a small, bouncy, smiling chap I had come to know quite well, what had happened. He said with a shy smile, "They're fighting in Amman." It was the day when the Legion and the terrorists squared off, with Hussein hoping to put an end to unauthorized terrorist activity. The mechanic continued: "They're fighting the Bedouins." The contempt in the word "Bedouin" was evident. I hesitated to ask for a more explicit expression of his political views because of the number of other garage workers around the radio—also because his Arab politeness would most likely have told me nothing more at that moment. However, I had talked with the mechanic previously, and he had indirectly expressed a preference for the economic—though not political—integration of the city. The reason is obvious: he wants to make the wages that good mechanics get on the western, or Jewish, side of town. He had been offered a job there, but couldn't take it because he wasn't officially a Jerusalem resident. He had been in his home town of Taibye when the Israeli census of the new territories was undertaken after the Six Day War, and was classified as a resident of the West Bank. (Jerusalemites are considered potential Israeli citizens; West Bank residents are formally under military occupation and law.) He had applied for a change in his card and hoped to get it within a few months. Meanwhile, like most Arabs—and other heads of families throughout the world—his main concern was supporting his family at the highest possible level.

The Israelis hope that this economic force—the equalizing of salaries, the improvement of living standards, the introduction of health and other social services—will be the decisive factor in inducing Arabs to accept Israeli political rule. Arabs are naturally wary about the high Israeli taxes which accompany social welfare and national defense, and they have been able to bargain themselves a nearly total exemption from income taxes for several years. I think this economic approach has a chance only if the outside political factors can be minimized; that is, if the Jerusalem Arabs are convinced that the Israelis will not leave them to the mercies of outside Arabs who will mark them for slaughter as "collaborators."

What troubles the city's Arabs probably the most is the possibility that they will be cut off from the outside Arab world. They feel psychologically threatened. Incredibly enough, in the war-pocked world of the Middle East, Jerusalem Arabs like to spend long weekends in Amman. They get their passes from the Israeli authorities, travel down to Jericho, cross the Allenby Bridge, and then spend a few days shopping in Amman (it's cheaper there) and seeing relatives. I know people who had never before been to Amman who decided they must make the trip. It's easy for Jerusalem Arabs to make the trip east; they must pass a rather innocuous security test, wisely based not on a person's political opinion but on his possible association with terrorist organizations. Coming the other way is more problematic. Israelis usually permit families to be reunited, if all members clear security, but they are cautious about entire family units attempting to cross from Amman to Jerusalem. The Israeli policy may be called liberal, considering that the country is officially at war with Jordan, but it could be more liberal. Of course, border policy is not the whole issue: many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of Arabs, will never come back to Jerusalem to live under Israeli rule.

The "open border" policy applies to goods as well as to people. A very great trade in agricultural produce and other West Bank goods has been crossing the border regularly. The terrorist organizations bitterly oppose this evident accommodation and collusion with the enemy, since it encourages the normalcy of life which they, as good guerrillas, would like to destroy. But to a great many Arabs the trade is essential to life. When Israel shut the border briefly after the Machne Yehuda bombing in which twelve persons were killed, Arabs throughout the West Bank pleaded that trade be restored.

The city has passed through various transmutations of feeling in the last six months. June 5, the anniversary of the war, was marked by Arabs with protest demonstrations and from Jordan a considerable amount of shooting at the Israeli border settlements in the Bet Shean Valley. In Jerusalem, 200 or 300 women and children engaged in a moderately heated shouting match with some Arabic-speaking Israeli police. There seemed to be none of that fierce antagonism and hatred which can mark a civil rights demonstration in the States, or that perhaps even marked the demonstration in Ramallah, a few miles to the north, which was composed mainly of 1948 refugees. The Israeli policy of permitting freedom of speech and assembly, but no violence, was countered in Jerusalem by the Arab tactic of sending women and children to demonstrate so that no one will get hurt—a policy learned during the Jordanian years when the men stayed home, knowing that no Arab policeman would manhandle a woman. Israeli policemen have evidently learned well from their Arab predecessors. A friend of mine, hurrying to the scene of demonstration outside Damascus Gate, had the situation quickly defined for her. Israeli soldiers in full battle dress stood in groups on the street corners. Suddenly, a voice in Hebrew gruffly barked out an order over the loud-speaker: "All soldiers, please return your empty pop bottles to the central depository immediately."

The first increase of tension occurred in late summer after the so-called "Night of the Grenades." Arab terrorists dropped grenades equipped with timing devices into six garbage cans in various parts of the city. One was discovered before it went off, but the grenade in the central bus station exploded and killed one person. I remember the night well, since I was present at four of the locations while helping to organize the coverage for Israeli Television. The reaction of my Israeli colleagues was: "The Arabs can't do anything well. We've lived with this a long time. It's lucky we have Arabs here; otherwise we might be in trouble."

The event of that night which sent a tremor of shock through the country was not the grenades; it was what happened in the hours following the terrorist attack. Jewish teen-agers decided to beat up any Arabs they could find and to invade the Old City and destroy and vandalize. Before police could stop them they had almost killed one Jew, mistaken for an Arab, and a number of them had managed to break some shop windows in Eastern Jerusalem. Thus the terrorists won a moderate success by helping to destroy the atmosphere of trust—mostly commercial trust, but trust nonetheless—between the two populations. Mayor Kollek heatedly denounced the teen-agers' actions and went on a walking tour of the Old City that night and the next day. He was followed a day or two later by General Dayan who received, as he always does, a warm reception on the eastern side of town. The Israeli Government paid for all the damages suffered by Arab businessmen, but the damage to mutual confidence could not be paid for.

Then, in November, two Arab terrorists, according to the claims of the terrorist organizations, wearing Israeli police uniforms, drove into the most crowded section of Western Jerusalem, the Machne Yehuda or Jewish Market. They walked away from the shopping area, leaving their explosive-filled car parked next to a barbershop. It was a Friday, the Muslim Sabbath and the day before the Jewish Sabbath. The blast went off at 9:30 in the morning, killing some thirteen persons and wounding more than fifty. Almost all of these were women, children or old people; several of the victims were Arabs. An hour after the explosion the market place was again filled, out of defiance as well as stoicism. But there was a quiet in the air, a wonderment that any human being could have the malice to come into a peaceful gathering place of women and children, and commit this act of willful murder. The atmosphere of wonder and shock has lasted even until today.

East Jerusalem was immediately cordoned off and a curfew imposed. The Christian shop owners closed up; the Muslim shops were already closed because it was Friday. I saw an Arab friend that day, a young man who would never express a desire to live under Jewish rule, and he could hardly look me in the face. "It will be a long time until there's peace here," he said sadly, ashamed. "It's horrible."

A Jewish friend insisted that his wife change her buying habits. Whereas she had shopped at her local market, she now began to buy in the Machne Yehuda. "Whatever you do," he seemed to be saying to the Arab terrorists, "your acts will not change my normal life."

The obvious aim of the terrorists, as before, was to destroy the possibility of normal contact and fruitful relations between the two peoples. A spontaneous and unspoken Jewish boycott of Arab Jerusalem lasted for weeks. My garage mechanic's business was very slow. I asked him why. "The Machne Yehuda," he said, with a concern obviously far more humanitarian than economic. "The Jews aren't coming to me now."

"Do you think they will come back?" I asked.

"Yes. I hope so. But they must forget first."

It took some time, but as the holiday season began, as Chanukah approached, as Ramadan ended, as Christian pilgrims poured in to mark the birth of their Saviour, normalcy began to be restored. The Arab shops filled with Israelis as well as foreign tourists.

I was not in Jerusalem at the time of the Beirut raid, and missed the reaction of the Arab side of town. I would guess that Arab Jerusalemites took some pleasure from the world reaction to the raid—and that it compounded their sense of tragedy. I am sure the raid was stupid, not from the viewpoint of morality or military effectiveness but within the context of world politics and possible political gain. But even this raid must be viewed against the background of lurking danger which can afflict anyone throughout the country, and particularly in Jerusalem, at any time. The terrorists had attempted to surpass the Machne Yehuda outrage by murdering fifty-seven persons in an El Al civilian jet at an international airport, and so to harm Israel's tourism and impair its links with the outside world. Terrorism may sound romantic from afar, but it is basically vicious and immoral; indiscriminate terror against civilian populations is, no matter who uses it, the nadir of modern "warfare."

In Jerusalem, normal life seems to have returned. The Arab shopkeepers are eager for Jewish business. The Jews spend their money in the narrow lanes and alleys of the romantic Old City. Their homes become ornate with tassled Bedouin rugs, Islamic embroidery, and antiques from throughout the Arab world. There is little Arab hostility to Jews on a personal basis and there is none of the fierce nationalism which characterized Jerusalem's Arabs in the days of the Grand Mufti.

Quiet prevails. One has the feeling that it is possible for Arabs and Jews to live together in the same city—if not in friendship, then at least in tolerance and harmony. Today it is winter in the city, a particularly mild winter with occasional downbursts of fierce rain, but with many bright and warm days. Dramatic clouds form over the hills, sweep and linger, dance over the harsh rock landscape and disappear.

I believe that peace is a difficult but possible goal, because no one—at least, no one in Jerusalem—wants war. The dangers are from outside Jerusalem, from across the borders. It is only from out there that war could come again to Jerusalem.

NIXON'S SEVENTH CRISIS

DIPLOMATS IN DISARRAY

SMITH SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson, a retired Foreign Service officer with twenty years' experience in and around the diplomatic Establishment, is the author of Anatomy of the State Department *(Houghton Mifflin). He is also editor of the recent issue, "Resources and Needs of American Diplomacy," of* The Annals, *American Academy of Political and Social Science.*

It seems that President Nixon did not relish as Secretary of State a man of great experience and skill in foreign affairs, one familiar with the State Department, the federal foreign affairs community, our foreign policies and the navigational skills which keep those policies afloat. There are such men in his party, some of them part of the Atlantic seaboard reservoir so often tapped for foreign affairs and defense appointments. But, for the first time in years, a President-elect shied away from the Eastern establishment. The indications are that Mr. Nixon did not even seek the advice of the Lovetts, McCloys, Dillons, et al.

Plainly, also, he had no inclination to resort to older precedent and appoint one of those who had challenged him for his party's nomination. "Forward together" is for national consumption, not for party politics, at least as far as foreign affairs are concerned. Instead of pursuing precedent, Mr. Nixon did something quite novel—novel, anyway, since 1925, when Calvin Coolidge appointed Frank Billings Kellogg as head of the diplomatic bureaucracy. This suggests that the slogan in foreign affairs is to be "Keep Cool with Nixon."

But another possible meaning to the appointment of William P. Rogers seems to have escaped the commentators. It is well known that Mr. Nixon has turned to this skillful lawyer during three of the six major crises which he says have beset his political career. By calling upon Rogers now for this particular position, does Mr. Nixon suggest that the diplomatic establishment has begun to loom in his mind as a seventh crisis?

Well it might. I have known the State Department and its Foreign Service for some forty years and never have I seen them in such a shambles. Policy planning in the State Department is still of a scatter-shot variety and diplomatic planning is nonexistent. There is no overall management, and therefore operations are not tied together, gaps are not filled, lapses are not anticipated, improvements are not systematically pressed. Even promotions, which should be one of the simpler operations, at least from the numerical standpoint, have been chaotic and without reference to need. Education and training are scandalously neglected, procedures fritter away experience, officers are frustrated rather than developed by conditions of service. Responsibilities, especially in the lower ranks, are vague and unchallenging. There is, in a word, no systematic control; only endless improvisation in administration, endless battling with momentary need, endless reaction to events —as in our diplomacy itself—rather than good, tight, dynamic leadership.

I hesitate to mention Vietnam in this connection, for it would seem to have been threshed down to the last grain, but several basic elements which it shares with everything else the Department does are being overlooked. One is the failure to bring to bear upon the Vietnamese experience the processes of research, analysis and planning. No systematic analysis of this involvement has been made by the State Department or any contractee of the Department. Hence, the Department has been, and still is, unable to deal profoundly with the problem of intervention, isolating the issues it presents or generalizing from the breakthroughs of technique and the constructive results which here and there ingenious diplomatic, military and aid officers have achieved. Further, there has been no attempt to systematize the errors of this venture for the instruction of future policy steerers and diplomatic pilots. From this failure, we risk not only losing in our negotiations the few precious accomplishments of intervention but of repeating our mistakes in the future. That future, as Thailand and Laos are trying to whisper in our ear, may come sooner than we think. If there is one way to insure a continuation of blunders in Southeast Asia, with their corroding effects on America's world position, this is it.

The *Pueblo* affair is another example of the State Department's chronic inability to subject its diplomacy to any kind of rigorous analysis. No methodical attention has ever been given to this type of spy operation, great though its impact is upon our diplomacy. This neglect led to the U-2 imbroglio in 1960; it will lead to others. The disjointed diplomatic agency has simply not prepared itself to cope with military and intelligence operations which affect the nation's general international efforts. Of course, diplomats would first have to be educated and trained in this area, and one of the more obscure but melancholy aspects of the U-2, Bay of Pigs and *Pueblo* affairs is that our diplomatic officers are not adequately prepared to run any phase of a modern diplomatic operation.

A part of the crisis which the diplomatic agency presents to Mr. Nixon arises from its astonishing failure to redefine diplomacy itself in up-to-date terms, so that it might have a clear idea of the kind of people it should be recruiting, the kinds of education and training it should be providing its officers, the criteria it should be following for assignments and promotions, the blend of policy, diplomacy and management it should be developing—all to effect a widespread improvement in our international performance.

Good management would encourage a contagion of know-how from the better-run to the sloppy offices, thus stimulating and bolstering the Department in areas where it is weakest. But lack of management isolates office from office, bureau from bureau. There is no means, for example, whereby the concepts and techniques of analysis and management employed by Covey T. Oliver to improve performance in Latin American relations can be transmitted to other areas. Nor is there any assurance that the gains in that bureau will be passed on to and developed by the Assistant Secretary who replaces Mr. Oliver.

In such an "anti-organization" department, morale is deplorable. In forty years of observation, I have never known State Department morale to be good, but it is now the worst that I have ever seen it.

Morale affects performance; so also do attitudes. They subtly penetrate and influence every view, every decision, every approach to a decision. They are the unspoken premises which cause men to assume they know things they do not know, understand situations they do not understand, are "managing crises" when they are only tinkering with them, disposing of problems when they are only postponing them to reappear in more aggravated form. They give rise, or are themselves generated by, clichés and myths. If Mr. Nixon wants to avoid his seventh crisis he had better put someone in a managerial position in State who knows what the prevailing attitudes are, their sources and their cures. Otherwise, both he and his Secretary of State, however shrewd and competent they may be as politician and lawyer, will be stymied.

A Middle East crisis is rising to one of its periodic crests and Messrs. Nixon and Rogers would do well to recall what lack of State Department management did to President Johnson and Dean Rusk on the last crest. For four and a half months, as that 1966-67 storm quietly gathered, the position of Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs remained vacant. Career diplomat Raymond Hare resigned in November, 1966, and could not be induced to remain. He was worn out; furthermore, he had given a year's notice of his departure. But no replacement had been prepared. The only one available when the time came, it was said, was Lucius D. Battle, then serving as ambassador in Cairo. But there was no seasoned successor for Battle, and one had therefore to be improvised. At the urging of Under Secretary Katzenbach who, like Mr. Rogers, had served as Attorney General and was not exactly sophisticated in the deployment of diplomatic personnel, the Department appointed as ambassador Richard Nolte, an intelligent, academic type not likely to have much influence on Nasser. Nolte's remark at the Cairo airport remains a classic. Asked by a journalist what he thought of the Middle East crisis, he replied: "What crisis?" He soon found out.

Congressional penny-pinching aggravates the shortcomings of management and planning. Secretarial vacancies cannot be filled; officers become increasingly distracted by clerical duties. Supplies are so parsimoniously inventoried that even telephone directories must be scrounged. The library—unlike those at the CIA and the Pentagon—is so understaffed that it cannot meet requests for service, cannot acquire needed materials, cannot shelve promptly what it gets, cannot bind what it shelves. This is a particularly illuminating situation, for it not only exemplifies the anti-intellectual attitude of the administrators who parcel out the Department's appropriated funds but shows also how really false is a lot of the economizing. Unbound periodicals stray; they must be replaced; and back copies cost more than the original subscription numbers. Furthermore, when funds at last become available for binding, costs have increased. The State Department is a perfect demonstration, top to bottom, from people to paper clips, that penny-pinching always results in waste.

An extraordinary cynicism pervades the diplomatic establishment. Even its liberals found themselves welcoming the outcome of the Presidential election. "Nothing could possibly be worse," they said; "a change—any change—just might bring relief." They did not remember that this same hope was engendered in 1932, 1952 and 1960, and gave way to souring frustration. It is not merely change that is needed—it is reform: organizational reform, procedural reform, attitudinal reform, educational and training reform, conceptual reform. That is what confronts Mr. Nixon as he prepares for his seventh crisis.

That being so, one of Nixon's most extraordinary pre-inaugural decisions was his choice of Secretary of State. William P. Rogers is by all reports a good lawyer; he is a former Attorney General of the United States, a good negotiator in a domestic context, perhaps a good one in an international legal context, a staunch upholder of civil rights, an upright citizen, a loyal friend and counselor of the President, a cool man. These attributes are splendid, but how completely do they meet the varied diplomatic needs of the President? How sufficient are they for a successful Secretary of State?

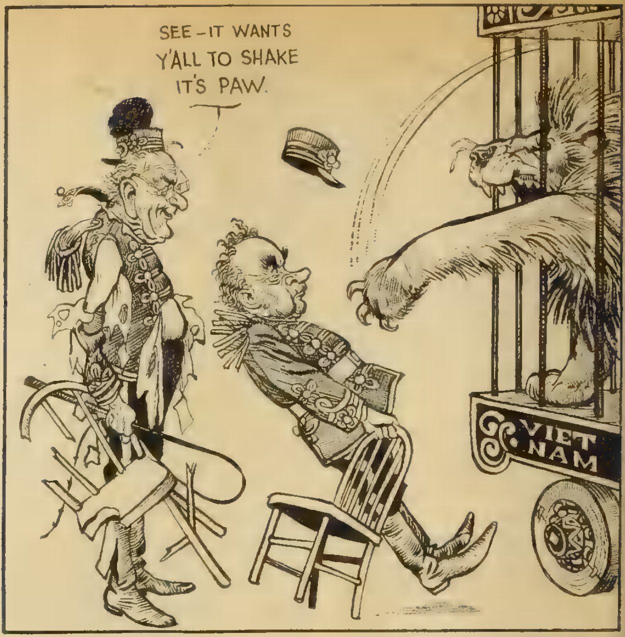
Mr. Rogers is not totally without exposure to foreign affairs. He served in 1967 as the United States delegate on the UN's fourteen-nation *ad hoc* Committee on South West Africa. Seven years earlier he headed the American delegation to the independence ceremonies for Togo, and took the occasion to visit the Mali Federation (then Mali, Guinea and Senegal) and Nigeria. He met a number of leaders in those countries (most of whom have since been ousted or assassinated). During the Hungarian revolution of November, 1956, he accompanied Mr. Nixon to Austria to investigate the plight of refugees. Another brief mission took him abroad in 1955 as chief American delegate to a UN conference on prison conditions.

That's about it and it is not very much. No continuous professional experience; not even a sustained professional interest. No background whatever with respect to the State Department or the Foreign Service. No experience or known interest in any coordinating machinery in the government's foreign affairs.

This lack of central involvement or even interest in his new area of responsibility becomes the more painfully evident when one sets Mr. Rogers' training alongside the preparation of some of his Cabinet associates. The Secretary of Agriculture has had extensive experience with agricultural matters. The Secretary of Labor has been a student of labor problems for decades, much involved in labor-management contentions, thoughtfully coping for years with the very challenges he will face in his Cabinet assignment. Both Clifford M. Hardin in Agriculture and George Shultz in Labor are seasoned experts in their fields.

In fact, Mr. Hardin seems to qualify better for the position of Secretary of State than does Mr. Rogers. His extensive international experience began in 1947 when he was sent to Europe by Michigan State University to explore the broad question of what roles universities and farm groups might play in the Marshall Plan. The following year, in furtherance of Point Four, President Truman included him in groups to study development possibilities in South America. His interest in this area has continued, and has led to his appointment as a member of the Council on Higher Education of American Republics, which takes him to a different country of South America each year. In 1950, as dean of MSU's School of Agriculture, Hardin helped found the University of the Ryukyus on Okinawa, and that added the Pacific area to his international involvement. Four years later, he became chancellor of the University of Nebraska and introduced in that one-time bastion of Midwest isolationism a Latin American studies program and a Far Eastern Institute; he also continued Nebraska's sponsorship of the new Ataturk University in Turkey which, among other things, has brought to Lincoln more than 200 Turkish professors for advanced study. He has also been involved in educational development in sub-Sahara Africa. This depth of familiarity with the country's overseas objectives and commitments suggested to President Kennedy that Hardin be added to the Clay committee to study the entire foreign aid program. Finally, Hardin thinks in imaginative terms. One of his pet interests is promoting "a massive, long-range innovative effort unprecedented in human history" to solve the world's food and population problem.

Compared with all this, Mr. Rogers and the man he has picked as his deputy are rank amateurs. Neither can innovate because they do not know where to start. Neither can reform because they do not know what is wrong. Neither can appreciate the need for any "massive, long-range, innovative effort" to bring our diplomatic establishment up to date because they have yet to learn in what respects it is out of date. As they gradually become enlightened, they will tinker, as all unprepared innovators do. Moreover, they will by then have become overwhelmed by current crises.


SEE–IT WANTS Y'ALL TO SHAKE IT'S PAW.
VIET NAM

Macpherson, Toronto Star

Melvin Laird was smarter than Mr. Rogers. Realizing that as Secretary of Defense he would be handicapped by his managerial inexperience, he picked an expert manager for the second spot at the Pentagon. Rogers picked a man in his own image. Mr. Richardson is also a lawyer, also an Attorney General, also inexperienced in management, also a novice in foreign affairs, in the State Department, in the Foreign Service, in diplomacy.

This, together with the fact that Laird has been deeply involved in the problems and issues of the Defense Department for fifteen years, with a fairly clear idea of how it operates—its weaknesses, its mistakes, its needs—means that Defense will continue to have an edge over State. In the light of the last eight years, I need not emphasize what this means in our foreign policies and diplomacy. There is little likelihood that a "massive, long-range, innovative effort" will tip the scales back to civilian initiative and control.

Both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richardson may be expected to think that as lawyers and pragmatists they have much to offer American diplomacy. I wish this were so, but I fear that lawyers are poor managers and even slow to see the need for effective management. As a profession, they are given to the belief that all they need are the facts; by rigorous analysis, they can then deduce the answers. Furthermore, since they are trained to argue from briefs prepared by their staff, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richardson will no doubt believe that they can satisfactorily counsel the President and Congress, as well as the public and officials of other governments, from the "briefs" provided by a State Department staff. If so, they are naive.

"Facts" are hard to come by in foreign affairs. Information is elusively concealed in the manner of its presentation. It is subtly permeated with the drafters' personal impressions, interpretations, hunches. A formidable husk of subjectivity surrounds every "fact." The greatest bulk of our dossiers on other peoples and their government leaders, their cultures and their needs, is comprised of what we *think* we know, and that is precisely what has bedeviled the government's handling of Vietnam. The "information" and calculations available in Washington have been treated by the Secretary of State and other Presidential advisers as reliable "facts"—and we have strayed deeper and deeper into a swamp of conjecture. Because of the man he has selected as Secretary of State and the deputy Mr. Rogers has picked for himself, this can happen to Mr. Nixon in countless situations.

As for pragmatism, we have about come to the end of that road. Within limits, it is a good approach, but relying on it almost exclusively, we have exhausted its possibilities, and our continuing faith in it is leading us into a performance of diminishing returns. Faced with the necessity to synthesize foreign and domestic resources and policies, we are required to make a more fundamental assessment of foreign affairs than we have so far attempted. For this, some philosophy is needed—something akin to the careful, systematic, basic thinking that went into the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. And it requires, as those statements of policy and principle did not, a consideration of world responsibilities. Who is to lead in this "massive, long-range, innovative" effort?

Perhaps, someone may suggest, the number-three man in the Department, he being a career diplomat. But he also is a pragmatist. A smart operator, a man of keen insight into the reactions of foreigners, Alexis Johnson has never acquired any reputation as a thinker, a planner or a manager. And as he has shown throughout the Vietnam years—during much of which he served as a political adviser to the Secretary—he is a follower, not an innovator.

If none of these three men has what it takes to reform the Department, the situation is not yet entirely hopeless. Six other strategic positions remain to be filled: Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Organization and Management, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Personnel, Director General of the Foreign Service, Director of the Foreign Service Institute and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Operations.

If Mr. Rogers can be as smart as Mr. Laird, he can still bail himself out of his limitations and, by the men he selects for these positions, spare the President another major crisis. To do this he must clearly perceive three things: the necessity for superior management of the diplomatic establishment; the requirement that managers be familiar not only with management concepts but also with foreign policy and diplomacy; and the need to delegate adequate managerial powers to such men.

These six officers of the Department must create a program of management (which means, in effect, a program of reform, since the State Department now totally lacks management), and they must become a team to carry it out.

In view of Mr. Rogers' and his deputy's unfamiliarity with the State Department, the filling of this prescription is so difficult as to be unlikely. But there is a remote possibility that it will be done. Several studies of the State Department and Foreign Service of recent date are available for the launching of such a program. If the six are appointed from the career diplomatic service well in advance of vacancies, sent off to a suitable university to be trained in management concepts and techniques and to distill a program for the approval of Messrs. Nixon and Rogers, and if they are delegated adequate managerial powers, the job can be done. There is no other way to do it. If Mr. Nixon really sees the diplomatic establishment as threatening him with his seventh crisis—and whether he does or not, that, in my opinion, is the situation—he would do well to persuade his Secretary of State to take this course. It would be good politics—if Mr. Nixon gives any thought at all to 1972. And, of course, it would be a step toward insuring that there is still a nation to hold elections in 1972.

THE URGENT EAST

SHORT FUSE IN JAPAN

ALBERT AXELBANK

Mr. Axelbank has been reporting on Japan for the past ten years. He has written for the Associated Press, United Press, The New York Times, *the London* Economist *and the* Far Eastern Economic Review.

Tokyo

The handwriting, some of it in the form of graffiti, is now appearing on the walls in Japan and Okinawa. It is as if America, under the Nixon Administration, were being given a last chance to confront itself in the mirror, to arouse itself from years of sluggish and often blundering statesmanship toward the Orient. The ultimatum may be stated thus: if you cling to the stale policies of the past; if you choose to deal with Asians only from so-called positions of strength and refuse to heed mass movements; and if you advocate cracking the skulls of the growing body of dissenters, you will foster yet another tragedy in 20th-century Japan and, as a result, produce irreversible disaster for the American position in Asia.

It may happen in 1969; it becomes more probable for 1970. Japan's *Kidotai* (Riot Police) and *Jieitai* (Self-Defense Forces) are even now preparing for civil war next year. On Okinawa, the U.S. military is girding for insurrection this year. The Japanese Police Agency is being beefed up for 1970—when the controversial U.S.-Japan

Security Pact comes up for review—and is increasing the mobility of riot police in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kyoto and Fukuoka. Experts were sent to Paris last May to observe riot control. The National Public Safety Commission says the use of "Molotov cocktails" and poisonous chemicals by anti-government demonstrators in 1970 is assumed in police counter tactics. The commission finds "indications" that radical Zengakuren students plan to employ the presumed disorders in 1970 as a "detonator for their designed revolution." The Home Affairs minister reports that Japan's legal system is currently under review and will be reinforced to meet emergency situations next year. The minister used an expression like, "Even if the worst comes. . . ." He mentioned the possibility that Self-Defense Forces (SDF) would be moved into the cities as a "support corps," in case the "social disorders" extend beyond police control. The Defense Agency says arrangements have already been made for the SDF to deal with civil disturbances. Various SDF units have been practicing riot control. Lieut. Gen. Ferdinand Unger, High Commissioner for the Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa), was recently named director of civil disturbance clearing and operations at U.S. Army headquarters in Washington.

It is said that Richard Nixon knows Nippon because he has visited Tokyo seven times, mostly on business. But keeping one's finger on the Japanese pulse and promoting Pepsi-Cola are not the same thing. What happened in 1960 can repeat itself next year with redoubled fury. President Eisenhower, all set to climax his Asian tour with a triumphal entry into Tokyo, was unceremoniously told to stay away from Japan: a tiny minority of leftists (so the story went) were rioting up and down Mount Fuji. They were angry about revision of the U.S.-Japan Security Pact and, reported the CIA, the rioters would settle for nothing less than blood.

Immediately upon his election, President Nixon forfeited one of his favorite pleasures: a trip to Japan. Under present tensions, no U.S. President may visit that country. Even Nixon's Secretary of State, when he visits Tokyo, will be as heavily guarded as a bullion shipment. Japan's own Prime Minister must perforce choose the back roads to the airport when he travels abroad.

What Nixon is being told, by such experts on Japan as Edwin Reischauer and John Emmerson, both former diplomats in Tokyo, is that chaos in Japan, produced by massive anti-pact, anti-bases and anti-U.S.-occupation-of-Okinawa demonstrations, would trigger swift and debilitating shock waves for the United States. Without a firm alliance with Japan, it needs to be emphasized, the effectiveness of U.S. military power in Asia is slashed at least in half. This dooms American supremacy in Asia. As Japan goes, so goes Okinawa, the only U.S. arsenal stacked with nuclear weapons west of Hawaii.

High tensions are already causing tremors in Okinawa where nearly a million inhabitants are fed up—a whole generation after the war ended—with being bossed by GIs whose idea of literature is the comic book; to whom culture means drinking on a bar stool; who equate morality with listening to a Sunday sermon. In recent months, two Socialists have been elected as the island's chief executive and as mayor of Naha, its capital. Their goal is immediate, unconditional and complete reversion of the Ryukyus to Japan. In December, an estimated 30,000 persons staged the biggest of four recent demonstrations against the presence of B-52 strategic bombers on Okinawa. On December 23, the Ryukyu legislature unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the immediate withdrawal of the B-52s. It was the third such resolution since 1965. Another resolution, similarly adopted, called for immediate suspension of port calls by nuclear submarines and asked for compensation for damage to fishing operations caused by visits already made.

City assemblies in Hirara and Koza have also adopted resolutions demanding immediate removal of the B-52s and opposing port calls by the nuclear subs. Anti-B-52 general strikes have been planned for this year to be supported by *Kankoro* (Government Employees Union), the Okinawa Teachers Association, *Okijitsui* (Executive Committee for Okinawa Return National Movement), and the Okinawa Christians Association for Peace. Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato says "the postwar period for Japan won't end until Okinawa is returned to Japan." But this sentiment, while pleasing to all Japanese, does little to relieve the minds of the Okinawans. They are getting jumpy about nuclear warheads piled up just a few feet from their front gates. Reports are that more are on the way. On December 23, the Okinawa *Times* said that a big ammunition facility for the U.S. Navy, first of its kind in Okinawa, was under construction and would include underground silos as well as earthquake-proof, reinforced concrete warehouses. The site was presumed to be for Subroc missiles for nuclear submarines. Also, the paper stated, the ammunition yard in Chibana was being expanded, and more bases for the Seventh Fleet were being prepared. On November 19, a B-52 crashed with a full load of bombs on take-off from the Kadena U.S. Air Force Base on Okinawa. Five injuries to local residents were reported, and almost all windows of homes in nearby Kadena village were shattered. When, subsequently, another B-52 had a mishap on take-off, a U.S. military spokesman remarked callously: "It's just like a traffic accident." It wasn't related whether a cop was on hand to give the driver a ticket for recklessness.

It may be that the water around Okinawa is becoming contaminated. On November 16, 1968, a Japan Science Council symposium was told that abnormal levels of radioactivity in the mud of Naha Port had been caused by the repeated visits there of U.S. nuclear-powered submarines, and that fish caught in the port contained detectable amounts of cobalt 60. Prof. Tai Miyake of Tokyo University of Education told the session that it was too early to determine how harmful the radioactivity of the fish would be to human beings, but this was the first time that scientists had found cobalt 60 in edible fish taken from Okinawan waters.

A joint U.S.-Okinawa research team has said the amount of radioactivity found in Naha Port mud is harmless. For three days from September 15 last year, the U.S. Civil Administration on Okinawa carried out a radioactivity survey while the nuclear sub *Guardfish* was at Naha's naval base. The samples of mud were analyzed by the Southeastern Radioactivity Research Institute of the U.S. Government, but the subsequent report did not disclose the amount of cobalt 60 detected. Consequently, various organizations affiliated with the left-wing opposition parties, including the Okinawa Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs, were not taking soothing reports at face value. They believe that a higher radioactivity reading was recorded in the latest survey than in those made previously.

Such acts and findings, as well as the fears of housewives who buy fish, of school children who gather in playgrounds subject to dangers from the sky, and of their parents who cannot know when someone will push a button and engulf the island in another war, screw up the tension. Late in 1968, Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid, said that he didn't think Americans should permit Okinawans to dictate the policy of the United States. On November 29, ex-envoy to Japan Reischauer said, in a report distributed by the Brookings Institution, that unless Okinawa is returned to Japan—and returned clean of nuclear weapons—America could not have effective bases on the island. Reischauer believes that if the security pact with Japan fails, the nearly 1 million Japanese living in and around U.S. bases on Okinawa would soon make them ineffective, if not untenable.

The Okinawans want their island returned to Japan and the U.S. bases to be given the same non-nuclear status as those in Japan. But it is evident that the military wants to hang on to its nuclear weapons in Okinawa and to enjoy in future the present freedom of movement regarding U.S. bases there. Some experts say the United States needs nuclear weapons on Okinawa; other says it does not. Which voice is stronger? And will Okinawans have a say?

Prime Minister Sato will meet with Nixon in Washington, probably next fall, and their joint communiqué—perhaps the most important document of 1969—will fix a date or at least a timetable, for the return of Okinawa. Presumably, the latest date will be 1972, but what about the nuclear warheads? Depending on government estimates of the strength of the anti-nuclear movement, such warheads will either be kept on Okinawa, or some alternate arrangement will be worked out: for example, both sides will agree that U.S. bases in Okinawa will be made "nuclear emergency bases," meaning that the warheads will not be permanently on hand, but that in an emergency, subject to prior consultation with the Japanese Government, they could be brought into Okinawa. Probably, specific details of the nuclear issue will be omitted from the communiqué and left for further "joint talks."

There is also a "bases problem" in Japan proper. As of 1968 we had 148 military bases and facilities in Japan. At year's end, the U.S. Embassy announced that about fifty could be reduced, relocated or returned to Japan, perhaps in 1969. But it turns out that these fifty are installations which are already in moth balls or are only partly used, and not regarded as conspicuous sources of hazard to local citizens. Thus great dissatisfaction remains. What raised the pitch of the anti-base protest was the crash, last June 2, of a U.S. F-4 Phantom jet fighter-bomber, flying from Itazuke Air Base. It came down on the campus of Kyushu University, embedding itself in the new Electronic Computer Center, then under construction. Nobody was hurt but a movement for removal of the air base, located nearby, and for guarantees against future accidents of the sort, are continuing. Last year, while the U.S. nuclear sub *Swordfish* was docked in Sasebo, an unusual amount of radioactivity was detected in the harbor, and that created another wave of protest. A team of U.S. Government scientists, after visiting Sasebo, declared that the sub was in no way at fault, but many Japanese, including scientists, were not convinced.

A staggering 92.6 per cent of the population around U.S. naval bases opposes visits of nuclear submarines to Japan. Some 82 per cent of the people living around all the U.S. facilities in Japan are against the maintenance of such facilities. And 73.7 per cent of those living near U.S. air bases dislike having them in their neighborhood. These figures are given in a late December survey of 16,760 persons picked at random at U.S. base sites. The survey was conducted by *Komeito* (Clean Government Party), the political offspring of Soka Gakkai, an influential Buddhist religious institution in Japan. Of course, the opposition parties intend to make good use of these sentiments. For instance, the Socialist Party will stage a nation-wide anti-base rally and march on April 28 in concert with a nation-wide campaign calling for return of Okinawa. Other activities are planned.

Many people in Japan who are not opposed to the Security Pact itself object strongly to the hazards and nuisances arising from the presence of the bases. Thus unless remedies are found, it is likely that such persons will decide to oppose the pact as the most effective way to eliminate the bases. At present, the American and Japanese Governments are trying hard to persuade the Japanese public that the bases are necessary, at least until tensions ease in the Far East, or until the Self-Defense Forces are strong enough to provide for Japan's defense without heavy support from the United States. Washington is prodding Japan to rearm at a more rapid rate. Japan is to be built up as a counterweight to nuclear China. Herman Kahn, the futurologist, expects the SDF to possess nuclear arms by the mid-1970s. The Japanese are being pushed in this direction, their pacifism and "nuclear allergy" being held up to ridicule. Ironically, the men who bombed Pearl Harbor hold influential posts in contemporary Japan; they are the hawks. Most Americans do not remember; most Japanese do.

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JET-AGE DIVERSIONS

WORLD LAW AND THE HIJACKERS

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

An airline pilot for more than twenty-five years, Mr. Ruppenthal is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

The inauguration of nonstop jet service between Nashville, Tenn., and Miami, Fla., was no earth-shaking event, but important enough locally to persuade the Mayor and a few lesser dignitaries to be on hand for ribbon-cutting ceremonies. Under the gaze of a TV camera, a miniskirted hostess bestowed a kiss on His Honor, some champagne was spilled, and the flight took off. The newsmen filed their perfunctory stories—and then the real news broke: that first nonstop jet from Nashville to Miami was hijacked, becoming instead nonstop to Havana.

The hijacking itself was hardly novel; like a score of similar happenings in recent months, it followed an all too familiar script. A gunman, forcing his way into the cockpit, ordered the pilot to change course and head for Cuba; the pilot prudently obeyed. Hijacking has become so common in recent months that at least one major airline has instructed its pilots not to resist, but simply to keep the company posted as to the plane's whereabouts. The pilots of a line that operated into Havana in pre-Castro days have quietly reinserted the Havana approach plates in their navigation kits. Another airline has provided its pilots with up-to-date navigation information.

For Airways Traffic Control, diversions to Havana present no more problem than would the switch to an alternate airport because of weather conditions. Although the United States and Cuba do not officially speak to each other, cooperative control of the navigational air space continues. (The situation has parallels in other parts of the world. The United States and Russia work together on traffic control for flights between the two countries; India and Pakistan exchange data relevant to flights overflying both countries; and various Southeast Asian countries provide traffic control for commercial flights in that area.) When the pilot of a U.S. plane informs Miami Airways Traffic Control that he is diverting to Havana, the controller routinely calls Havana ATC to inform it of the plane's altitude, destination and estimated time of arrival.

Once the flight is on the ground, passenger anxiety usually turns to guarded interest. For reasons best known to the Castro government, the flights are not simply refueled and sent to their original destination. Instead, the passengers are loaded into fairly comfortable buses and taken to Varadero Beach Airport, from where they are flown to Miami in propeller-driven planes, chartered and sent down for the purpose. In the intervening hours, passengers can observe some of the changes that have taken place at Varadero. Once one of the most exclusive watering places in the world, its beaches are now open to thousands of Castro's Cubans, apparently without restrictions of any kind.

The age of hijacking—aviation style—began almost a decade ago. On April 16, 1959, four Cubans who had served as policemen under the Batista regime seized a Cuban plane with twenty-two passengers aboard and forced it to fly to Miami. According to the Miami newspapers, their daring feat tweaked the dictator's nose while it enabled them to escape from his firing squads. In 1960 three Cuban planes were similarly diverted to Miami. Each of these events was duly celebrated in the American press, the editors taking occasion to sermonize on freedom from communism and Castro. Strictly speaking, not all the incidents were cases of hijacking; sometimes planes have been stolen by Cubans wishing to escape to the United States, and thus far, according to the State Department, no one who arrived so unceremoniously at Miami has asked to be sent home. The planes themselves are turned over to representatives from Cuba, who fly them back to Havana.

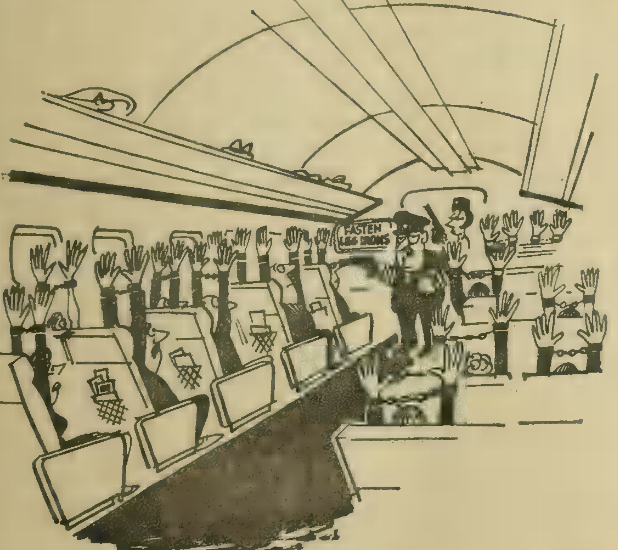
But hijacked or stolen, the eccentric flights did not maintain for long an exclusively northbound pattern. On May 1, 1961, an American of Puerto Rican birth seized a National Airlines plane over Florida and forced it to land at Havana. In 1961 two more Cuban planes were flown to Miami, while three more arrived unexpectedly in Cuba. Then for a time it appeared that the hijacking epidemic might die a natural death: only one plane was commandeered in each year of 1962, 1963 and 1964. But hijacking increased sharply in 1968, when twenty commercial airliners and four private aircraft were forced to fly to Cuba. There were also at least five other attempts. The vogue for navigation by armed passengers has now reached such a pitch that a Long Island housewife, planning a Florida holiday, placed a public notice in *The New York Times* assuring the airline that enjoys her patronage and the United States Government that she will sue them for $1 million each, if her plane strays into foreign territory.

While the Caribbean has been the area most plagued by hijacking, other parts of the world have not been entirely spared. A serious international incident was created in 1968 when an Arab nationalist hijacked an El Al Israeli jetliner and forced it to land at Algiers. Instead of quietly returning the plane, crew and passengers, as is the custom of the Cubans, the Algiers government stalled. Not until the International Air Line Pilots Association had threatened to boycott Algeria (and there was a great deal of diplomatic pressure behind the scenes) were the plane and its passengers returned. As part of the deal, also, Israel made restitution of certain military items that it had captured from other Arab countries.

In the first week of 1969, seven planes were hijacked: four Florida-bound American planes were redirected to Havana at gun point. An Athens-bound Olympic Airways plane made its way to Cairo after George Paravolidakis fired one shot through the cockpit window to prove that he meant business. And in the Caribbean, planes belonging to Avianca, the Colombian airline, and to APSA, the Peruvian airline, also changed course and flew to Cuba. In an interval of thirty-six hours there were also three attempts from the Cuban end—two of them successful. On January 19, hijacking scored its greatest "haul" to date, when an Eastern flight with 171 passengers aboard was redirected to Havana by a young man brandishing a hand grenade. On that same day, an Ecuadorian plane, carrying eighty-eight persons, including the general secretary to President Valasco, was forcefully diverted from a flight to Quito and Miami. For the second time in January, two planes were hijacked to Cuba in one day. No area in the world is completely safe from the hijacking menace, and there is no indication as yet that it has passed its peak. It is, in fact, unlikely to do so until realistic action is taken to stop the dangerous game.

Highly concerned about the potential dangers, the commercial airlines have been seeking vainly for some kind of solution to the problem. At best, the escapades are expensive for the companies and their passengers. Each time an airliner is diverted to Havana, its owners must stand the cost of the charter planes that are sent from Miami to Varadero to pick up the passengers. Other direct costs involve crew salaries, landing fees and additional fuel. But by far the most important expense for the airline is the loss to service of equipment and the attendant disruption of schedules. A fully booked jet can gross approximately $5,000 per hour, and a forced trip to Cuba may easily cost an airline $100,000. Productive time lost by passengers is difficult to assess, but must be substantial.

Direct costs and the loss of potential earnings are not the whole story. There is also a terror factor. The long Algerian internment of the El Al plane and passengers (together with the more recent attack on an El Al plane at Athens) is already having some effect. The more skittish travelers avoid traveling on an Israeli plane when reasonable alternatives are available—an effect no doubt anticipated by the Arab terrorists. That there is any reduction in U.S. airline travel because of the Cuban diversions is not known, but it is reasonable to believe that vacation travel in and around Florida and the Caribbean has not increased because of the possibility of an unexpected visit to Cuba.



Waite, The Sun (London)

"This Is Your Captain Speaking"

Of course the greatest potential cost in hijacking is the exposure to mortal risk. It takes little imagination to appreciate what could happen to a jet flying at 37,000 feet, if some overstimulated hijacker should open fire. A serious situation could result if a bullet pierced the pressurized skin of the aircraft; should a bullet sever a vital control cable, tragedy would almost certainly result. Meanwhile, the effects of panic could scarcely fail to be catastrophic.

More directly concerned than any other group, the airline pilots have sought means to bring the hijacking era to a close. Some of the more swashbuckling fliers have urged the Federal Aviation Administration to permit the arming of all airline pilots—a proposal raising images of gun duels in cockpit and cabin that would hardly increase safety in the air. Thoughtful airline executives recoil from the idea and have sided with the FAA in rejecting this simplistic approach to the problem.

Probably the most striking fact about air hijacking is that there is almost no parallel in other modes of transportation. True, holdups of trucks, trains and buses do occur, but these crimes are dealt with by local officials in prescribed fashion. Only at sea, because of the uncertainty of lines demarking international and domestic waters, can similar questions arise about legal jurisdiction.

But although thousands of ships ply the international waters of the world, hijacking at sea—that is, piracy—is relatively rare. This, no doubt, is because there is absolutely no question about the legal status of the crime. It has long been regarded internationally as an extremely serious matter, and no court in the world is inclined to regard it otherwise.

But although the penalties for piracy at sea have long been established and fairly well enforced, the same cannot be said for piracy in the air. Indeed, the legal status of this activity is so clouded that it is not at all certain that its perpetrators are always guilty of a crime or that their deed will invariably be punished. There is no clear-cut international law regarding hijacking in the air to parallel the laws regarding piracy at sea.

An initial attempt to establish such laws was made some years ago in Tokyo when twenty-nine nations signed a convention that would make it an international crime to hijack a plane. The convention provides, briefly, that crimes aboard an aircraft shall be dealt with by the nation under whose flag the aircraft flies. Once some of the important questions of legal jurisdiction are settled, it would then become a routine matter for the nation under whose jurisdiction the hijacking occurred to seek extradition of the criminal from the country to which he had forced the plane to fly.

Of course difficult questions concerning political asylum would still remain. By far the majority of the jet-age hijackers have wished not to steal the aircraft or its cargo but to reach some country for political reasons. George Paravolidakis (alias Flamorides) who hijacked the Athens-bound Olympic plane to Cairo, claimed that he did so for political reasons and that he would be murdered if the Egyptians permitted his extradition to Greece. All of the individuals who diverted Cuban planes to Miami professed to be escaping death or tyranny at Castro's hands. There is little doubt that if they were faced with the real possibility of extradition, some Cuba-bound hijackers would make the same claim as regards their potential fate in the United States.

This is not to say that there are no teeth in the Tokyo convention. Indeed, it is probably the best partial remedy to the hijacking menace that is fairly readily available. But—first step that it is—it leaves unsolved some important questions concerning extradition. Once the convention is ratified, there will still be disagreements regarding the nature of the crime committed. From the standpoint of the aggrieved nation, hijacking would be regarded as serious international robbery, calling for appropriate penalties. But the hijacker himself (and the country to which he flies) might regard his act as but a part of a political crime—for which political asylum is appropriate. Undoubtedly the best solution would be to regard hijacking, wherever committed and for whatever reason, as an international crime. Because of the high degree of peril and the innocent lives endangered, it should be banned by all nations as a route to political asylum.

Meanwhile little is being done about the clear and present danger. No study is under way to determine why so many planes are hijacked to Cuba (would the reinstitution of scheduled air service stop much of it?), and no significant move has been made by the United Nations to deal with the problem.

Although the Tokyo convention is the only significant international effort to date that seeks to combat a growing threat to public safety the world over, it has been signed by but twenty-nine nations, and of those only eight have ratified it (the Philippines, Formosa, Portugal, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the United Kingdom). Notably absent from both lists is the United States—the nation with the largest fleet of commercial aircraft and presumably with the most to gain from some recognized international law in the air.

HAWAIIAN NATIONALISTS

TRAPPED IN A MYSTIQUE

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT

Mr. Abbott, who served on the Steering Committee of Volunteers for McCarthy, was Education Director of the United Rubber Workers from 1960 to April, 1968. He is currently a specialist in labor-management education at the University of Hawaii.

Honolulu

This year, a new statue will be unveiled in the nation's capital. It is the romanticized likeness of King Kamehameha "The Great," a pagan chief whom Hawaii has selected as the eminent personality it wishes to show off to the people of America.

The nearest comparison to the King is Adolf Hitler, although King Kam, who came to the throne of one of the then four kingdoms in 1782, was more debauched. He treacherously murdered his own relative, used his prisoners for human sacrifice, and conquered most of the Hawaiian Islands in a bald act of premeditated aggression. He won his wars with the aid of Western gunnery and his conquest opened up Hawaiian land and markets to European and American traders who quickly stole the Hawaiians blind, decimated their population with their diseases, and subjugated them into a servant race.

Kamehameha's weakness for rum, silk hats and trinkets moved him to send the men high into the mountains where they slaved to cut sandalwood for the China trade, while their families back home died of starvation. He literally sold his people out. Few, if any, reputable persons who knew him, white or brown, had a good thing to say of the King or his reign. "In the reign of King Kamehameha we were not taught to respect the rights of others," said Governor Kekuanaoa in 1841. "We abused the maimed and the aged, and the chiefs oppressed the poor without mercy."

But the passing of years has brought about in Hawaii a brown nationalism which changed this ugly image of the King into the benign lover of an adoring people. At the same time, he became the warrior symbol of virility, which identity the leadership of the brown race felt the people needed to gain self-respect. The King (a holiday named after him features nostalgic royal parades) is only one manifestation of this brown nationalism which began late in the 19th century when the Hawaiian leadership finally realized it was being duped and briefly attempted to assert itself. The whites responded sharply to the unexpected impudence of Hawaiians who presumed to think they had the right to rule their own country. They abolished the monarchy in 1893, took the vote away from all Orientals, and set up a republic.

The Hawaiian leaders then tacitly conspired with the white power structure. They wanted the identity of brown nationalism and in exchange they would not protest the reality of white power. The whites quickly saw that this kind of cultural nationalism could be a useful means of social control and they embraced it fully.

Hawaiian leaders dutifully supported the "Big Five" corporations which controlled the life of the islands for about 100 years. Despite the poverty of the average Hawaiian, there was no real protest when unionists were shot, deported, or jailed for trying to increase wages and improve working conditions. White society was Republican and the Hawaiians never objected that in some areas a man's job was in jeopardy if he had so much as a relative who was a Democrat. As late as 1938, Democrats on Hawaii's largest island met in secret and campaigned by moonlight. Employers marched their workers to the polls and watched them vote.

In return for supporting this restrictive society, Hawaiians were permitted to sit in the legislature. In 1907, the Senate had eight Hawaiians and seven whites; the House was made up of twenty-three Hawaiians, four whites and three Portuguese (who were not classed officially as Caucasian). The new worship of King Kamehameha was well under way with all the attendant festivities to attract tourist dollars for white pocketbooks. Today, brown nationalism is fairly rampaging: cars sport "Restore the Monarchy" bumper stickers, radio stations cater exclusively to Hawaiian music, the arts and crafts of ancient Hawaii delight the more than 1 million tourists who come to the islands each year.

More important, brown nationalism has become a style of life, not only for the Hawaiians but for persons of all races who call themselves "locals" and subscribe to the Hawaiian mystique. A Japanese-American youth told of how good the communication was among all the locals. "When we see another local we see a soul brother." It didn't bother him in the least that all these soul brothers are so jealous of one another's successes that they seek out mainland whites to direct them. The island labor movement, for example, has continually gone to the mainland to fill top posts, despite the fact that men of ability are available. A native Hawaiian unionist explained: "We don't like seeing any friends of ours getting ahead of us."

Questioned on this point, the youth defensively shot back: "Let the whites rule; all they get for it is ulcers. They don't know how to live."

That is a fairly standard answer. Certainly nobody gives a more swinging luau than a ghetto Hawaiian. For plunking out songs on the ukulele, for graceful hula dancing, for being warmhearted, generous, loving and hospitable, Hawaiians are superb. And the Hawaiians gave the aloha spirit to the world. It is the feeling of freedom to love anybody and everybody. Thirty-eight per cent of marriages in Hawaii are interracial. You dress the way you want, you take a little more time to be considerate of other people than you would elsewhere, and this Hawaiian contribution to human relationships is of no small value.

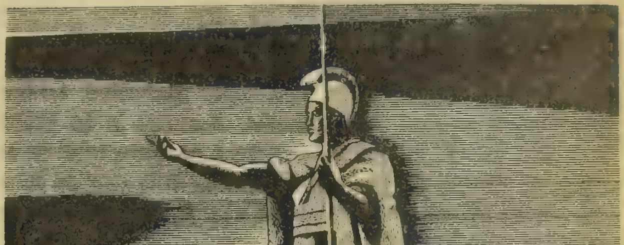
But Hawaiians have television sets and they are quite naturally resentful when they discover that others live better than they. The average income of the native Hawaiian is only half that of the average white. His unemployment rate is the highest of any group, and the poverty areas in which he lives have severe schooling, transportation and health facility problems. In one area there is a yearly teacher turnover of 40 per cent; no full-time doctor as yet serves this area, and one must travel miles for medical aid. The frustrated resentment leads to hate of the well-off whites and Orientals, and it occasionally explodes after school when Hawaiians beat up white children. Instead of rebelling as the Japanese in Hawaii rebel, by determining to achieve power and with it integration, Hawaiians have the highest dropout rate, and although they constitute only 17 per cent of the state's population, they accounted in 1966 for nearly half of all children arrested.

But the Hawaiian has been trained to be full to the brim with aloha for everyone. Hate is unworthy of him. Thus he turns his natural hatred of those more fortunate upon himself and his own kind. Self-hate leads to personal impotence, unwillingness to see friends get ahead leads to group impotence. The Hawaiian drops out and dreams of a monarchy of ribboned kings and hoop-skirted queens, who in their day of glory exploited him and betrayed him more cynically than the whites ever did.

In contrast the Japanese, acting as a united power group and with a much rougher row to hoe than the Hawaiians, now have an important say in the political life of the islands. They have risen from the lowest economic group in the early part of this century, until their incomes are now only slightly less than those of the whites and Chinese.

In 1947, the Hawaiian-white conservative coalition still dominated the legislature. Twenty years later there were more Japanese than all other ethnic groups combined in the House and a very large segment of Japanese in the Senate. Three out of Hawaii's four Congressional representatives to Washington are Americans of Japanese ancestry.

The Japanese in Hawaii learned the hard way that


Fortune

Kamehameha the Great (Honolulu)

nationalism and power are incompatible. Since 1900 they had tried their own form of nationalism with segregated labor unions and strikes and Japanese-language schools. All it brought them was distrust, hatred and defeat.

Japanese-American veterans came back to Hawaii after World War II determined to end the race hate against them. They decided that to advance as a group they had to end all prejudice and they ran on a program of integration. They took over the Democratic Party, promoted social reform, and swept to victory in the "Revolution of 1954" when the Democrats captured the legislature. Liberal Japanese won at the expense of conservative Hawaiians. "Japanese power" appealed to so many ethnic groups because of its policy of integration and social democracy that it readily won allies. It had to have them, for the Japanese constituted only one-third the population of the state.

The Hawaiians still seem determined to go the other way. At the heart of brown nationalism is a self-imposed segregation. (Oddly enough, it goes against the natural integrationist tendencies of the Hawaiian, for while the racial intermarriage rate is lowest among the Japanese, it is highest among the Hawaiians.) The seat of this segregation is the Kamehameha schools which are restricted to persons of Hawaiian blood who are prepared to be taught by Protestants. The schools were established in the last century to train Hawaiians to serve the whites and make certain that there would always be docile brown people around to dig the ditches and collect the garbage.

The schools are supported by the wealthy Bishop Estate, which pays its trustees $48,000 a year and which owns nearly 10 per cent of Hawaii's land. To keep the Bishop Estate intact, most articulate Hawaiian leaders oppose much needed land reforms. Acreage is so scarce that it sells for $1.68 per square foot, as compared to an average of 52c on the mainland. Seventy-two private landowners hold 47 per cent of Hawaii's land, and the military has title to another 14 per cent.

White paternalism has helped to guide this nationalism. By 1848, two missionaries were making most of the monarchy's decisions. This was the year when the lands which had once been the exclusive possession of the King and his chiefs were broken up. The whites began immediately to buy. Government holdings went for as little as 12c an acre. In 1880, Princess Ruth sold the crown lands to Claus Spreckles for $10,000. The legislature bought them back by giving Spreckles 24,000 acres on the island of Maui. By the year 1914, one-third of the land was in white hands and a third more in the process of transfer.

In 1920, Congress created the Hawaiian Homes Commission for the "further rehabilitation of the Hawaiian race," but only 10 per cent of the land is being used by native Hawaiians. One-third of Hawaiian homelands are rented by the huge Parker cattle ranch; another ranch occupies 20 per cent of the land. Hawaiian homesteaders are assigned isolated lots, thereby further separating them from the rest of the community.

Hawaiians speak pidgin which originated in the old trading language, half Hawaiian, half English, and it too bars the Hawaiians from mainstream society. More than a racial language, it has become a class language, the speech of the poor. Class is a greater problem than race in Hawaii. Hawaiians did not hesitate to elect a Negro to the Honolulu City Council, although Negroes constitute less than 0.5 per cent of the population. He spoke good English and this made him almost a *haole*. This was originally the Hawaiian term for a Caucasian; then as Portuguese were imported to cultivate the sugar plantations it came to mean an upper-class white, for working-class Portuguese did not qualify. Today, it is applied to any middle-class individual who uses impeccable English. Not long ago, Hawaiians rejected "*haole* leadership" in a group that was trying to organize for social change. The leader was a pretty Japanese-American girl. A Volunteers for McCarthy group told one another: "The trouble with us is that we are all *haoles*; we aren't attracting the locals." Several locally born Chinese and Japanese faces gravely nodded assent. If *haole* is coming to mean an articulate member of the middle class, "local" has lower-class connotations.

One can see this distinction at work in Honolulu's Model Cities Program which, despite its emphasis on broad citizen participation, is dominated by the middle class. The city's two programs are in poverty areas, but the poor do not know the parliamentary procedures and language of the middle class. They decide that this kind of participation is not for them and leave in disgust. *Haoles*, be they white or Oriental, rule even in areas where the overwhelming majority of people are poor. Brown nationalism has helped keep the poor impotent by its insistence on separatism.

Brown power, now beginning to make itself felt, is something totally different, as realistic as brown nationalism is fundamentally unreal. It is the concept that to advance as a group you must organize, find allies, and confront the power structure with your own power, either through the ballot or by direct action. Both Hawaiian labor unions and the Japanese have done this successfully. The unions won only after they ceased their practices of self-imposed racial segregation and insisted upon integration. Today, Hawaiian sugar and pineapple workers are the highest paid agricultural workers in the world.

But the unions have forgotten about those who remain unorganized and poor. Organizing efforts among the poor are being made mostly by young middle-class idealists working with poverty programs, with churches, or who are connected either as students or teachers with the university. Since they cannot organize on a traditional craft or industry basis they are trying to organize geographically.

The community organizers see themselves only as trainers and catalysts, to get things going and remove themselves as soon as the groups they have organized begin to function. If the poor are to help themselves they will have to run their own power bloc. When this happens there may be hell to pay. The hypocrisy in the public worship of King Kamehameha, the warrior, is that the middle class can't really conceive of a warlike Hawaiian. Hawaiians were created to be lovable and to be stepped on; whenever a Hawaiian stands up for his rights there is shocked anger among the middle class.

In 1938, Hawaiians briefly shattered the image of the docile, happy native by marching with fellow union sympathizers of other races to the government pier in Hilo to protest a strike-breaking move. They were unarmed; they sat down on the pier. The police advanced with bayonets, backed by gun-bearing men "prominent in the city's business circles," according to a newsman.

"I was lying on the ground," said Kai Urutani, "when a police officer came up to me and bayoneted me in the back." Strike leader Harry Kamoku said that the police "just kept pumping buckshot and bullets into our bodies. They shot men in the back as they ran." When the Hilo massacre ended, thirty-six victims were carted off to the hospital.

No power structure will give up its power without a fight, although the Democratic Party-Business-Labor establishment which runs the state will probably not resort to another Hilo massacre. The liberalism of the 1950s, which brought the Japanese to power, along with many white liberals, has become the entrenched bureaucracy of today.

The *haole* community organizers are either Eugene McCarthy liberals or SDS radicals. They have several severe problems in working with the poor. The Hawaiians soon told them to drop their anti-military talk, for to the average poor Hawaiian the army is the only hope for an advance in status. The organizers will have to find substitute status goals, probably something akin to a union business agent or international representative.

The radicals start at a disadvantage, for they reject the very values the poor are trying to achieve. However, the Peace and Freedom Party, whose Senatorial candidate polled only 250 votes in a state-wide primary, has a storefront referral and counseling service for teen-agers in the ghetto, and high school students are coming there for advice and help which they feel they can't get elsewhere. The radicals are working in several ghetto areas because nobody else is doing the job. As community organizers, however, their problem is to attract allies from among middle-class liberals, for if only 20 per cent are poor and 80 per cent are at least middle class, the poor can't win without the help of segments of the economic majority.

In training sessions on the islands of Oahu and Hawaii, leaders of the poor have come together with middle-class representatives to try to work out their differences. The *haoles* learned that the poor could conduct efficient meetings, even without parliamentary procedure, because they weren't in love with the sound of their own voices, as were their middle-class allies. They wanted action instead of talk, and got things accomplished faster their way than by using middle-class procedures. The lesson for every poverty program is evident: if resident participation is really wanted, anti-poverty organizations must adapt to the life style of the poor. Currently, the poor are being asked to conform to middle-class ways.

As to who does the training, things are very loose. It is all pioneer work, for there are no textbooks. A church group may conduct a training conference. Recently, the Labor-Management Education Program of the University of Hawaii got Chicago community organizer Saul Alinsky to instruct its trainees. The Model Cities and Community Action Programs attract idealists who, although they find fault with government programs, are better able to discern what went wrong with the War on Poverty and what is needed to help the poor help themselves. They find soul brothers—or sisters for many are girls—and thus a group is formed.

"Brown power" also embraces the growing Samoan population and the Filipinos. But being a minority, it cannot win alone. Once the poor get organized they will have to confront the power structure with a program that will appeal also to a large segment of the middle class. Until then, the ghettos will remain.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

small areas) when the UN-authorized independent Arab state was slow in establishing itself?

Did the nations of the world—separately or acting through the UN—in any way object to the massing of troops around the borders of Israel in May, 1967, with the proclaimed purpose of destroying the country and its inhabitants? . . .

So many supposedly humanitarian and liberal individuals and publications share with the great imperialist powers of all times the feeling that world conditions would be simplified if smaller nations were made parts of other blocs—denying on the international scene the individuality they so cherish on a personal level. Aside from that idealistic respect for individualism, one must be practical minded enough to have been able to learn that until some arrangement makes the lambs secure (they being, among others, Czechoslovakia, Yemen, Israel, the Dominican Republic, Estonia, Vietnam), not even the lion or the bear or the eagle can be secure—nor can any individual.

There are indeed many myths in international politics, but they serve as substitutes for the unrealized dreams, and when the dream will have been realized, the paranoid myths, great and small, will fade away.

Rabbi Samuel M. Burstein
Beth Emeth Synagogue

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your statement that Russian and American interests are not incompatible in this area is another "myth" with which some Americans delude themselves. The military dependency of Arabs on Russia potentially can open the entire African continent to Russian influence and control. Failure to acknowledge this obvious factor in geopolitics is naive. United States interests are linked to Israel not by the political influence of Jewish voters but by the simple fact that its mere existence automatically blocks the development of the Arab-Russian dream of total hegemony in that area. The dispatch of U. S. Marines to Lebanon by President Eisenhower was adequate witness to that fact. It is indeed unfortunate that the need to protect Europe's oil supplies from Arabia has watered down our commitment to Israel. That, unfortunately, is not a myth but a fact. . . .

More candor and less hypocrisy is needed to face the plain fact that Israeli conditions are eminently fair, and it is not likely to yield significantly. . . . Difficult as it may be for old-fashioned liberals to understand, the West is going to have to stand beside its only outpost of democracy in the Middle East, or go down with it. This is one time the big powers are not going to be able to sell out a small nation for their own convenience. *S. Drucker*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

In His Own Image

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL. *Edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus. With an Introduction by Sonia Orwell. Harcourt, Brace & World. 4 Vols. 2041 pp. $34.80.*

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine), and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

"At 50," George Orwell observed, "everyone has the face he deserves." Dying of tuberculosis at 46, he narrowly missed the chance to test his harsh prophecy. Perhaps the face of this elusive figure would have become clearer had he lived beyond mid-century. Or perhaps the anti-utopian fantasy of *1984* (which appeared shortly before his death) is the furthest point of Orwell's personal and historical navigation, the culmination of his experience (to paraphrase Joseph Conrad's Marlow). Whether the dark and pessimistic vision of *1984* marks the borders of silence and madness, or represents the prelude to a reintegrated conception of self and history must remain a speculative question. For those who cannot give up the idea of combining the roles of radical intellectual and political activist, however, it is probably the most important question worth asking about Orwell. Is the constant struggle to *define* rational, moral and imaginative perspectives for one's own time doomed by the narrow historical and political means of *embodying* them? Orwell's tentative answers may not be our own, but his questions and his modes of exploring them remain central in the late 1960s.

This massive collection edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus spans nearly three decades of Orwell's journalistic, literary and political career (1920-50). It simultaneously covers three decades of world history. While exploring nearly every major historical and literary phenomenon of his time, Orwell always managed to include himself as witness and participant. His work is at once autobiographical and historical: fact and value, private and public issues form parts of a unified, continuous, and incredibly rich intellectual odyssey. These four volumes alone—with their more than 200 letters, 100 substantial essays and reviews, and an assortment of occasional pieces—would guarantee Orwell's position as one of the leading political journalists and literary critics of this century. The collection is even more impressive when one notes that the work included in the volumes is an addition to Orwell's major books—*Down and Out in Paris and London, The Road to Wigan Pier, Homage to Catalonia, Animal Farm* and *1984*.

Orwell once remarked that he would "never reprint in book form anything of less than 2,000 words." Had the editors followed this advice, they would surely have produced a more flattering portrait. But Orwell is easily good enough to withstand a full edition of his prose. The intriguing problem is whether the editors could have produced a more lucid image of him. By arranging the diverse materials chronologically, they take only the first (and obvious) step in working a complex puzzle. When the pieces are sorted into chronological piles, Orwell still remains obscure. And yet, considering the semi-autobiographical character of his work, I cannot imagine another principle of organization which would not distort the reader's perspective—or rather, further distort it. For the primary obstacle to understanding and evaluating Orwell's life and work lies in the tendency of postwar critics to remake him in their own images.

In its broad outlines, Orwell's life conforms to a dominant pattern of expectation and disillusionment embodied in such figures as Koestler, Silone and Malraux, and reconstructed by a wave of postwar liberal and Left intellectuals who regarded Orwell's central dilemma as their own. The son of a British civil servant, Orwell was born in Burma and attended English public schools (St. Cyprian's and Eton) on scholarships. He spent his young manhood wandering about the Empire and parts of Europe, serving with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma, and later living in the working-class districts of London and Paris. During the 1930s, most of his energies went into writing and politics. He was wounded in Spain while fighting with a small group (POUM) composed mainly of Trotskyists and anarchists. He also sustained a psychic wound which was to shape all of his later work: a few years before his death he observed that "The Spanish War and other events of 1936-37 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, *against* totalitarianism and *for* democratic socialism. . . ." He spent the remainder of his life working out the terms of his disillusionment with the revolutionary forces—as a commentator for the B.B.C. during the war, as a journalist for various publications (including the *London Tribune* and *Partisan Review*), and through the major works of his political imagination, *Animal Farm* and *1984*.

It was after the publication of *1984* that Orwell became, as Isaac Deutscher put it, an ideological "superweapon of the cold war." Stalinist critics attacked the book as a worthless anti-Soviet tract which, as Samuel Sillen bluntly declared in *Masses & Mainstream*, "coincides perfectly with the propaganda of the National Association of Manufacturers." The author was characterized as a moral monster, an enemy of mankind, and as if that weren't enough, a former Trotskyist sympathizer. Those who admired Orwell as a brave cold warrior treated him with a similar artlessness. His fable, they declared, exposed the dangers of totalitarian (in those days, Russian and Eastern European) regimes. Between these two views, Orwell's face was hardened into a crude mask, and he was turned into a servant of political forces he sought, in varying degrees, to reject.

Critics who had adjusted to the shattered hopes of the 1930s by withdrawing from politics after the Second World War, concentrated almost exclusively on Orwell's personal virtues and stylistic merits. He was characterized as a model of the honest, virtuous man, "fronting the world," as Lionel Trilling observes, "with nothing more than one's simple, direct, undeceived intelligence, and a respect for the powers one does have, and the work one undertakes to do." This touching, if rather patronizing eulogy celebrated the postwar liberals' model of individual salvation: a common acceptance of the failure of radical politics, and a somewhat weary acquiescence to a tragic view of history (a myth with obvious appeal to tragic heroes with tenure). But it substituted Trilling's relatively calm adjustment for Orwell's turbulent and agonizing experience.

Those in Orwell's own tradition of democratic socialism were most sensitive to the tensions between biography and history which lie at the core of all his writing. Critics such as Irving Howe and Philip Rahv interpreted Orwell's dilemma essentially in terms of his efforts to find a radical politics whose means and ends were roughly consistent with the individual values of decency, fairness and modesty. They also defined Orwell's chief personal and stylistic merits—his capacity to say what he saw as clearly as possible, and to assess his experience candidly in terms of his moral criteria. At his best, Orwell is a lucid, forceful and vivid writer, often brilliantly self-conscious of his limited angle of vision, a master at exposing the intellectual confusions and moral hypocrisies of his many opponents—the Fascists, the English ruling class, and those on the Left with whom he disagreed. "Particularly on the Left," he observed, "political thought is a sort of masturbation fantasy in which the world of facts hardly matters."

Critics in Orwell's tradition also understood the dominant mood and probable long-range significance of *1984*. Howe predicted that "In later generations *1984* may have little more than 'historic interest.' If the world of *1984* does come to pass, no one will read it except perhaps the rulers who will reflect upon its extraordinary prescience. If the world of *1984* does not come to pass, people may well feel that the book was merely a symptom of private disturbance, a nightmare. But we know better: we know that the nightmare is ours." But is *1984* merely a "symptom of private disturbance," or is it the prophetic and inescapable extension of Orwell's dominant attitudes toward self, politics and history? We may grant, as Orwell does of Swift, that "his world view is felt to be *not* altogether false—or it would probably be more accurate to say, not false all the time." It evokes a bleak mood which Western intellectuals cannot—indeed, *should not*—fully repress. But must we submit to the judgment that history *is* nightmare?

Rather than attempt a definitive answer, I shall sketch a tentative line of investigation. I think that Orwell was finally a victim of the imperialist system which defined the conflicts between his personal vision and his public (i.e., political) life. He spent most of his adult years exploring historical alternatives to imperialism, but in the end the unresolvable tensions drove him from politics to metapolitics, from critical analyses and action to his literary works.

In Orwell's brilliant autobiographical sketch, "Such, Such Were the Joys," a retrospective account of his school days written in 1946, he simultaneously dramatizes, interprets, and evaluates his early experiences, capturing the essence of his ordeal in the opening paragraph: "Soon after I arrived at St. Cyprian's (not immediately, but after a week or two, just when I seemed to be settling into the routine of school life) I began wetting my bed. I was now aged eight, so that this was a reversion to a habit which I must have grown out of at least four years earlier." He dwells on this episode, recounting the ways in which Flip and Sambo, the unforgettable Big Brothers of his youth, simultaneously condemned and deepened his sense of guilt, isolation and loneliness. "Some nights," he recalls, "the thing happened, others not. There was no volition about it, no consciousness. You did not properly speaking *do* the deed: you merely woke up in the morning and found that the sheets were wringing wet."

Thus short, threatening lectures which predictably failed in their purpose were followed by beatings: before Orwell could theoretically define the relationships between the schools and the other elements of British Empire, he *felt* the contradictory institutional demands of St. Cyprian's:

> Fright and shame seemed to have anesthetised me. I was crying partly because I felt that this was expected of me, partly from genuine repentance, but partly also because of a deeper grief which is peculiar to childhood and not easy to convey: a sense of desolate loneliness and helplessness, of being locked up not only in a hostile world but in a world of good and evil where

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> the rules were such that it was actually not possible for me to keep them.

And this experience seems to have crystallized "the great, abiding lesson" of his boyhood: "that I was in a world where it was *not possible* for me to be good." In a sense, this was the abiding lesson of his life. The "hostile world" of St. Cyprian's, which both demanded and precluded moral behavior, became a type of all institutions: they corrupt, frustrate, and eventually destroy individuals.

St. Cyprian's not only influenced Orwell's moral vision; it also shaped his epistemology and, to a considerable extent, his literary style. A confusing prison maintained by an elaborate combination of ideological and physical repression, the school took on a bleak unity for him—a unity of opposities: official values were inculcated but not practiced by the authorities, or rather, were practiced against him. As a defense against the double talk used to manipulate him, Orwell cultivated what was to become a lifelong suspicion of all abstract and dialectical modes of reasoning inconsistent with his own feelings and perceptions of the immediate environment. The years at St. Cyprian's taught him to trust only his inner sensations, the sensory world of nature, and his imagination. While at school, he was forced to rely on his feelings and to seek partial escape in imaginative literature. The rare moments of complete freedom from institutional control were spent in the countryside nearby, where he developed a love for nature: "Most of the good memories" of his childhood were "in some way connected with animals." In another context, he remarked: "I am not able, and I do not want, completely to abandon the world view that I acquired in childhood. So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth, and to take pleasure in solid objects and scraps of useless information. It is no use trying to suppress this side of myself. The job is to reconcile my ingrained likes and dislikes with the essentially public, *non-individual* activities that this age forces on all of us." (My italics.)

Throughout his life, Orwell retained, in varying degrees, the belief that personal freedom—indeed, individual identity—consisted in the *rejection* of institutional necessity. But he did not retreat from society into nature, into literature, or into self (though after leaving Eton he spent several years on the fringes of society, mainly in Paris and London). The historical system which made him an outcast and framed the essential temper of his moral, intellectual and emotional outlook also involved him in political conflict. The modes of perception and evaluation developed at St. Cyprian's helped him to grasp the ruthless aspects of British class system—its snobbery, injustice, fierce competitiveness. pettiness—and prepared him to reject the darker aspects of British imperialism as well: poverty at home and the even greater misery in the colonies. In *Coming Up For Air* (1939), Orwell observes that:

> . . . we always forget . . . that the overwhelming bulk of the British proletariat does not live in Britain, but in Asia and Africa. One gets some idea of the real relationship of England and India when one reflects that the *per capita* income in England is something over £80, and in India about £7. It is quite common for an Indian coolie's leg to be thinner than the average Englishman's arm. And there is nothing racial in this, for well-fed members of the same races are of normal physique; it is due to simple starvation. This is the system which we all live on and which we denounce when there seems to be no danger of its being altered.

For most of his life after Spain he attempted to resolve the inconsistencies between his "ingrained likes and dislikes" and the costs of political action. Finding both Stalinism and Western capitalism too repressive and hypocritical to support, Orwell tried to arrange a compromise, a politics which sought Socialist ends through democratic means. But he could not finally maintain a stable balance between personal integrity and public action. Even in the no man's land of democratic socialism, the personal price of involvement was too high (Orwell always detested the role of political propagandist), and the politics of change appeared impotent. The conflict defied resolution. To support either power bloc seemed thoroughly immoral, perhaps impossible, given his background. To steer an independent political course was futile. Finally, in *1984* the tensions were released in this bleak, monolithic vision of the absolute triumph of institutions over individuals. The world of his childhood became a prophetic metaphor of the final stages of history. It returns as *total* nightmare because Orwell's imaginative resolution annihilates the individual, whereas in the intermittent nightmare of his childhood, he could imagine the liberation of the individual.

In this simplified sketch, Orwell's career has a depressing symmetry: it begins and ends in St. Cyprian's, "in a world where it was *not possible* for . . . [him] to be good." The major part of it, however, turns on the struggle to understand and reconcile the demands of personal and public existence. He was honest enough to explore the implications of his moral code and to see that the institutional application of these values resulted in their perversion. And that, I believe, is the characteristic paralysis between thought and action which afflicts the Western intellectual who understands the injustices of imperialism without being able to embrace modes of thought and action necessary to destroy it. Orwell pursued his own salvation through a politics whose means and ends subverted each other—and failed at both. The victim of a series of tragic paradoxes, he ended his life supporting—albeit with reservations—the network of imperialist institutions which had shaped his deepest responses to himself and his world. In spite of himself, then, he became a "superweapon" in the cold war. His personal moral vision helped to preserve a system whose moral claims had been canceled by its actions throughout the underdeveloped world. As Sartre puts it in his introduction to *The Wretched of the Earth*: "Let us look at ourselves, if we can bear to, and see what is becoming of us. . . . We must face that unexpected revelation, the strip-tease of our humanism. There you can see it, quite naked, and it's not a pretty sight. It was nothing but an ideology of lies, a perfect justification for pillage; its honeyed words, its affectation of sensibility were only alibis for our aggressions." Sartre's personalized indictment of imperialism and the ideology of humanism may be simplistic. In social terms, of course, it *was* (and is) an "ideology of lies." But in personal terms, as the case of Orwell illustrates, it was the fundamental, internalized mainspring of individual thought and action.

Perhaps Orwell would have been able to survive had he been able to see more—or less. As Isaac Deutscher remarked, "The Stalinist justifications and sophisms were both *beneath* and *above* Orwell's level of reasoning." He understood that "To see what is in front of one's nose requires a constant struggle." To see beyond one's nose is equally demanding, and to unify the two perspectives—the personal and the political, the concrete and the theoretical—may be impossible. Although Orwell's distrust of abstractions protected him from what he termed "the smelly little orthodoxies" which destroy individual integrity, it also prevented him from attaining a theoretical grasp of the rational and irrational historical forces of his time, and from realizing that, in the baldest terms, the destruction of imperialism constitutes the essential precondition to human survival.

This perspective may be instinctive to the direct victims of imperialism. It is not so easily acquired by the more subtle victims. Whether stated boldly or argued subtly, however, the position requires an almost New Testament faith (the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen). And it demands a logic whose propositions frequently conflict with the direct data of one's senses. Both were unavailable to Orwell. This may seem a curious observation, for the anti-historical framework of *1984* also appears to violate Orwell's epistemology. But Orwell's symbolic world of total repression and total administration was the imaginative equivalent of the deepest ranges of his interior experiences. Those of us with roughly similar backgrounds—the children of an inhuman social order—may claim to possess more comprehensive theoretical frameworks which partially attenuate the basic intellectual and moral dilemmas Orwell consistently tried to resolve. Perhaps we do. But Orwell still remains a powerful 20th-century figure who commands our attention and admiration. For in his struggle and in his defeat he embodies the chilling *feeling* of a dying world order. And that, at least, is a sign of life which contemporary radicals—the theoretically able as well as the theoretically inert—must somehow preserve.

Path to Total Destruction

NORMAN L. PARKS
Mr. Parks is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Middle Tennessee State University.

The reissuance of five titles in six volumes and the publication of two new books, all within the space of a few months and within his own lifetime, constitute for D. F. Fleming a remarkable if belated vindication.

These Fleming works include, in addition to those listed in the box on this page, still another new book to be issued in the spring by Funk & Wagnalls, entitled *America's Role in Viet Nam and Asia.* Taken together, these works testify to the remarkable vitality of what may be called the Fleming thesis of collective security against the criticism of the revisionists and the Realists, on the one hand, and the internecine conflicts between the behaviorists and traditionalists, on the other.

Nor is this the complete picture. The election of Alan Cranston to the United States Senate from California, Fleming's currently adopted home, places a Fleming-oriented political leader within the very body he so scathingly excoriated in most of his works. As a young teacher of World War II soldiers, Cranston developed a series of lectures based on *The United States and the League of Nations.* With Fleming's encouragement, he went on to write a forceful small volume called *Killing of the Peace*, which filled in many of the details of that monstrous political act of 1919 not covered in Fleming's definitive book.

The republication of the latter work thirty-six years after its original appearance attests to the durability of its scholarship and the relevance of its theme to the current world crisis. In a fresh chapter entitled "After Fifty Years," the author reassesses his original findings in the light of later research, particularly by Bailey (*Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace* and *The Great Betrayal*), Link (*Wilson the Diplomatist*), Garraty (*Henry Cabot Lodge*), and Mayer (*Politics and Diplomacy of Peacemaking*), and finds little to alter.

Books by D. F. Fleming

THE ORIGINS AND LEGACIES OF WORLD WAR I. *Doubleday & Co. 352 pp. $6.95.*

THE TREATY VETO OF THE AMERICAN SENATE. *AMS Press. 325 pp. $12.50.*

THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1918-1920. *Russell & Russell. 593 pp. $22.50.*

THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD ORGANIZATION, 1920-1933. *AMS Press. 569 pp. $15.*

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT, 1920-1966. *Russell & Russell. 233 pp. $8.50.*

THE COLD WAR AND ITS ORIGINS, 1917-1960. *Doubleday & Co. 2 Vols. 1158 pp. $15.*

Wilson comes off with flying colors with Fleming, even in the retrospect of fifty years. The author's concern is not with the criteria of efficiency but of morality. Wilson was reasonable, patient, and courteous in his dealings with the Senate. He had the overwhelming support of the people. His stakes were the peace and security of nations. Against these were the petty vanity of Lodge, the resentment of the Republican establishment toward the President as an interloper, and the blind convictions of a few sincere isolationists unshakable by any measure. Wilson made some mistakes, not the least of which was gambling his health against a successful swing around the country. But no mistake was decisive, and the burden of the consequences lies on other shoulders.

Mr. Fleming makes no reference to the Realist school of Kennan, Marshall, Thompson and Morgenthau, and their attack on Wilson and the "legalist-moralist" approach to international politics. But he reaffirms his conviction that the refusal of the vindictive Lodge partisans and the irreconcilables to accept a Wilsonian peace and a Wilsonian league doomed collective security, the only means of preventing a repetition of the First World War on an even more terrible scale, "precisely as Woodrow Wilson had prophesied."

If the "blind, suicidal mentality" of the Lodge Senate had been touched by the second plunge of the world into the abyss, it still survived in the Connally amendment which hamstrung an effective participation in the second World Court. But Fleming was unable to foresee in any of his earlier works that it would be chiefly the Executive, and not the Senate, which would push collective security aside and try to institute a Pax Americana. This tragic course is now approaching "the final catastrophe." Since the 1968 Presidential campaign

(Continued on page 155)

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These translations by Mr. Halper will appear in a volume tentatively entitled *A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry*, edited by Irving Howe and Elieser Greenberg, and scheduled for publication by Holt, Rinehart & Winston this year. Yiddish poetry, which is only beginning to be made available in English translation, started in the late 19th century as the work of self-conscious artists, both in the United States and Europe. In some seventy-five years it has produced several major figures and has experienced all of the "movements" of modern literature. Poetry in Yiddish continues to be written and published; two of the main literary journals which publish Yiddish poetry are *Die Goldene Kait* (Tel Aviv) and *The Zukunft* (New York City).

SABBATH IS GONE

Sabbath is gone.
On the far-off snow,
A big someone
Pours grey ash.
In the little store,
Already waiting—
A sallow girl
With a black flask.

The whip is rested.
Beside the oven,
Idle — leaning
Into the dark.
On the ledge,
A half-seen napkin—
Softly hiding
The Sabbath-bread.

The meal is eaten.
In the dimness,
My father melts
Into the board.
Between my sisters,
In tired shadow,
A thread of voices
Whispers, weaves.

My mother, by the window,
Searches for a distant star.
Does not find it.
Sits in thought.
I shrink into sadness,
Trying not to think
That the cow is waiting
For me, hay and night.

DAVID HOFSTEIN

David Hofstein was born near Kiev in 1889. He worked on his father's small farm, but managed to go on with his schooling. After a hitch in the Czar's army, he became a teacher, then an editor, translator and writer in Yiddish, Ukrainian and Russian. In 1923, he went to Berlin, then to Israel in 1925, but returned to Russia a year later. On his 50th birthday, he was given a medal by the government, and in 1946 he was honored again for his efforts in the war. But in 1948, when Stalin began to liquidate the Jewish cultural figures, he was arrested, together with a large group of Yiddish writers. He died in 1952, in the insane ward of the prison.

A MURDER

Night is brown
Like Pushkin's face.
The moon, a red ace.
Two robbers, walking,
Are talking of murder.

Waves are silvery.
The scene is saintly —
Like Leo Tolstoy's beard.
Two robbers, walking,
Are talking of murder.

One says: Let it sink
All the way into the heart.
The other smells of drink
And keeps asking questions.
They slink into the village.

A peasant sleeps in the barn,
His little bag around his neck.
They strike a fire,
Throwing a light upon his face.

The peasant's breath is low.
He does not foresee his death.
Two blades go into his throat.
Blood flares like fire.

His two small coins
Disappear into their hands.
They run. Moon smiles,
Pale — like Yesenin's hair.

LAZER WOLF

Lazer Wolf was born in Vilna in 1910, the son of a house painter. After a few years of school, he left to work with his father, and subsequently became a handkerchief maker. Largely self-taught, he wrote thousands of poems, few of which were published. During the Second World War, he was evacuated to Uzbekistan. In 1945, he died of hunger and exhaustion while working in a *kolkhoz* near Samarkand.

CHRISTMAS

The night awakes the copper of the bells.
The town is full of incense, torch and frost.
Their god arises peacefully from death
And, on high poles, the crowd is carrying
His image; and the blind and heavy tread
Bears hate; as, in hushed and crowded quarters,
Israel's children fearfully rely —
O, compassionate God — upon Thy grace.
Beyond door and shutter sings the snow.
Frostily, the wide blue heavens glitter.
From its crown unto its loins, the night
Is hung with stars and rest. Only a cry
Beats against the wall of quiet —
The blood clamors in anguish at their knife.

MANI LEIB

TO A GENTILE POET

Heir of Shakespeare, knights and shepherds,
Gentile poet, you are fortunate.
Yours is the earth the fat pig walks on,
Giving pasture to him and to your muse.
If you but pause on a branch, your twitter
Will gain replies from all the far places.
From the field, riches; the city, comfort.
Equanimity from sated spirits.
I — unneeded, a poet among Jews,
Growing, like wild grass, from a soil not ours,
My sires, wanderers with dusty beards,
Who feed on the grit of fairs and old tomes.
In an alien world, I sing of the cares
Of men in a desert, beneath alien stars.

MANI LEIB

Mani Leib (Brahinsky) was born near Chernigov, northeast of Kiev, in 1883. In his teens he joined the revolutionary movement, and spent several months in jail in 1904. Fearing rearrest, he fled first to England and, in 1905, to New York City where he became a member of the literary crowd that met in the restaurants of East Broadway. In the daytime, he worked in a shoe factory: "Among cobblers a good cobbler, among poets a good poet," to quote one of his own poems. In his 50s, he was given a job in the bakers' union. He died in the Liberty, N.Y., sanatorium for tuberculars in 1953.

produced no national dialogue on basic foreign policy issues, there is no reason to believe that Fleming would see in the election of Nixon any hope for a halt in the downward slide. Yet he still sees one way of escape, "the same wide-open avenue to which Woodrow Wilson pointed until his dying day—a world organization strong enough to keep the peace, and now to cope with the swiftly emerging problems of population explosion and world development which cannot be dealt with successfully otherwise."

Fleming may be viewed as a "legalist-moralist," blind to the hard realities of power, mistaken in his measure of the nature of man, and a visionary in his emphasis on a world court settling disputes under world law and a world organization with power enough to whip into line any would-be transgressor. But if painstaking mastery of the "what is" of world politics, stretching from the Franco-Prussian to the Vietnamese Wars, and set down with scholarly objectivity in the thousands of pages of his newly published works, is a measure of realism then he is a realist (if not a Realist) in the best sense of that word. It is true that he finds no reassurance in Morgenthau's ever-precarious balance of power (though the two are in close agreement on America's misadventure in Vietnam) or Kissinger's calculated deterrence policy, or Kennan's containment, even though it was misapplied in practice. Fleming's voice was raised effectively in the thirties on the necessity to meet Axis power with power, through the League if possible, but otherwise if necessary. Yet he insists that the record of the modern state system proves beyond doubt that imperial ventures, balances and alliances slide inevitably into progressively more destructive wars, with total destruction promised by the next. The only solution—and our very last opportunity—is collective power for collective security.

It is a question whether men and governments can be rational enough to profit from the lessons which the power conflicts of the past century teach with such clarity. Perhaps they are foredoomed by man's corrupted nature, as Morgenthau states, to an "everlasting and ever undecided struggle," arising from "the tragic sense of life, the awareness of unresolvable discord, contradictions, and conflicts which are inherent in the nature of things and which human reason is powerless to solve."

Fleming's answer is that the world cannot survive another world holocaust, that the nations cannot resign themselves to "everlasting and ever undecided struggle." If he finds too little virtue in governments to escape destruction, he places his hope on the common people who have no stakes in power or prestige, but who do want to survive and to live in peace and security. It was the glacial pressure of public opinion which forced the Senate to accept the United Nations after it had rejected the League. Hope lies in the ability of the people of the United States and the Soviet Union to push their governments into giving up their mania of globalism; to withdraw from pressuring little states into their way of life; to come to terms on their own disagreements, and make the United Nations a haven for big and little states alike.

The Fleming book shelf, including his latest works on the cold war and Vietnam, focuses on the crucial importance of the lessons which World War I taught and the necessity for people everywhere to learn these lessons. Consequently, his newly produced volume on *The Origins and Legacies of World War I* constitutes a key to his entire set of works.

It is the distillation of forty years of teaching on this subject. This is not merely a descriptive work but passionately prescriptive. World War I is the pivotal event of the century. Its parallels for World War II and the present state of affairs are frighteningly clear. If we pursue the old road, it will take us, as Fleming affirms, to moral oblivion and probably to national death. For a time we can continue to abort local revolutions, as in Guatemala and Santo Domingo, and contain others. But the pay-off costs are rising and, however unlimited our military power to destroy, our political power over the mounting revolutions of our time is declining.

The first of these revolutions was Wilson's major concern—the resolution of the colonial people of the world to close the gap between them and the West. The second, the multi-faceted racial revolution, now confronts the Western world with the determination for equality. Logically, the revolutionary peoples have adopted as their own the very evils which the West originated and failed to abandon after 1918.

The final escalation is at hand, at the behest of realists and hard liners and mere Presidential decision, Fleming feels. But there is still another road open, pointed out long ago through functional international organizations, but requiring cementing the world community through the United Nations.

The fifth printing of the massive *The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960* in New York, Milan and Tokyo, and the forthcoming *America's Role in Viet Nam and Asia* round out an impressive study of the failures of Western policies covering the past 100 years. America, because of its unparalleled wealth, its moral claims, and its military power is the chief culprit. The cold war has failed and Asia is beyond control. For both Russia and America the lessons of the century are capsuled in Czechoslovakia and Vietnam. It's time for school.

A final word should be said on the Fleming style. The survival power of his books lies in part in the simplicity, directness and force of his composition. Few contemporary works combine scholarship with readability so successfully.

THE RETURN

I awake to find it's
True, my children are gone. They've
Vanished into the undersides of my eyelids.

They were waving
Goodbye as I drifted off, almost as if
I'd left for the evening.

They return only with the deep and massive
Return of sleep, waving once more
From the swings. My wife's

Pushing them toward me.
They're falling back, losing their balance.
They fall to the grass—softly.

At once
She gathers them up like loaves.
My hunger's immense,

I can hardly control myself. Evening
Dew fogs my glasses, the swings
Tremble like leaves

At their hinges.

STEPHEN PARKER

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Thomas Hoving writes, in the book of the show: "To me 'Harlem on My Mind' is a discussion. It is a confrontation. It is education. It is a dialogue." *

As a matter of fact, it is an exhibition and we might as well try to determine what kind. According to Allon Schoener, who organized the show, it "was conceived as a communications environment —one that parallels our daily lives in which we are deluged with information stimuli." One of the Metropolitan Museum's press releases does not shrink from using the word that Hoving and Schoener prudently skirt, but which was obviously on their minds—multimedia.

Believing that only a multimedia display can grasp the complexity of 20th-century life, Schoener asserts that "we don't respond, as we once did, to an orderly progression of facts thrust at us in a fixed order." (Schoener relies a good deal, when he writes, on the 20th-century *we*.) But the truth is that his exhibition is nothing but a case of "fixed order." It occupies a traditional suite of rooms, the sequence of which is not at all dissolved by changes in lighting. And the material is arranged chronologically, decade by decade, each one sloganized —"Depression and Hard Times," "Militancy and Identity," etc. On the way through *we* (as Schoener would say) go from past to present, from big to little, from quiet to noisy areas, but it is strictly a pilgrim's progress.

En route, there are solid old photographs of grandmothers, brownstones, beauty parlors, veterans and "Jim Europe's Hell-Fighters Band"; sharp, gritty new photographs of Malcolm X, street fights, protest placards and the "National Memorial African Bookstore." In addition to the blown-up images, changing images are slide-projected by clicking carousels overhead. There are aural assists for the images: muffled tapes of interviews and speeches and of period music (the mooch, the twist). The general effect is of a Voice of America broadcast added to "The Family of Man," an exhibition of photographs selected by Edward Steichen to show that, when it comes to birth, love and death, we are all one big family under the skin. That bland show achieved postwar celebrity by its apolitical benevolence, which is about the level of argument possible with unaided visual material. Schoener promises a sensory bombardment with many messages, different for each visitor ("participation" instead of a "passive" intake, he calls it). In fact, "Harlem's" point of view is not multiple at all but unmistakably single and white. The documentary photographs don't communicate much more than evidence that "they're just like us," sharing bad housing, group photographs, World War I, show business and everything else. "Harlem on My Mind" is just another footnote to Steichen's classic collection of blown-up photographs.

If we agree that the correspondence between the complex world and complex display is untenable or, at least, that it does not work at the Met, what is there to see in the show? An exhibition of blown-up photographs, and these are always handsome, getting grainier, more porous, and less lifelike as they reach life size. The only messages that such images can carry are platitudes like "time marches on" and "we're all human." The first theme plays on nostalgia (Duke Ellington, old fashions), and the second on our most automatic reflexes of good will. On the other hand, though Schoener's photographic material is simple in content, its display has an unwholesome ingenuity. In a show which protests so hard that it is being straight and daring, the display is fancy and contrived. Columns with pasted photographs, a corridor lined with giant blow-ups, staggered building blocks, a photograph repeated to symbolize the hopelessness of the bread line (a group made into a crowd), and so on. "Communications environment" is just a pretentious term for an exhibition of the kind developed for use at trade shows and in the pavilions of world fairs. There is more sensory bombardment in a taxi ride (noisy driver, his cigar, his radio, your companion, the street).

---

* Harlem on My Mind. *Edited by Allon Schoener. Preface by Thomas P. Hoving. Introduction by Candice Van Ellison. Random House. 255 pp. $12.95. As catalogue (paper), $1.95.*

In the January *Bulletin* of the Met, Hoving calls the "Harlem" show "the first major step towards rethinking and expanding our concepts of what exhibitions should do." Does he really not know that the show is simply a routine photographic exhibit in educational-commercial format, or is he talking to cover up the fact, from himself or from others? Either way, one is disturbed by the disparity between the facts and his public statements. The sole novelty of the exhibition is its location in an art museum. During the past ten years, art museums in New York have competed with some frequency for the privilege of putting on the same shows: the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum both wanted to exhibit Francis Bacon and it went to the Guggenheim in 1963; Robert Motherwell was scheduled for the Guggenheim, but went to the Modern in 1965; and the Guggenheim's forthcoming Brancusi show is one coveted by the Modern. In line with this cultural overlap, Hoving put on at the Met a show which belongs to, would have been at home in, the Museum of the City of New York.

Harlem was on Hoving's mind the way Appalachia was on President Johnson's when he wanted a good cause. It is apparently not enough for Hoving to run an art museum: he thinks that the museum must also be at the service of other causes. In the name of education, he seems, in fact, to be anti-art. He is wrong and in ways that already show. I refer less to his reduction of the museum's exhibition schedule to the level of a small-town art center in pursuit of "activity," than to his politicizing of the Metropolitan Museum.

The catalogue of his show has been censured by the Special Committee on Racial and Religious Prejudice, by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Congress, and by the director's friend and fellow politician, the Mayor of New York. The cause was the anti-Jewish, anti-Irish and anti-Puerto Rican comments in the term paper of a 15-year-old high school girl which was used in the catalogue and called "introduction." The Met is now putting a disclaimer in the catalogue. The absurdity of a museum having to say, in effect, "We're sorry, we're not really racist." can be lost on nobody who has the Metropolitan's future at heart.

The "cultural capital of Black America," as Harlem is gushingly called in the exhibition subtitle, is not very grateful. Militants have taken the opportunity to lobby for *their* racial interests. A picket at the press preview complained: "There are artists in the black community . . . and they're not represented at all." The word is that the Met is going to give an exhibition of work by black artists in the near future. If this is true, it means that Hoving's way of running the museum is making it vulnerable to any special interests that decide to apply pressure. A hastily scheduled show of Negro artists could only be the result of lobbying and would represent a partial loss of control by its director of the affairs of the institution. Other groups in the country might like to plan shows at the Met. How about: "Salon de Backlash," an annual poor whites' art show; "Swing with the Tongs," a new look at old Chinatown; "The Mafia as Art Collectors;" "Ten Abstract Expressionist Teamsters;" and "Cop Art," arranged for the museum by the Police Athletic League.

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In his *Theatre-Notebook*, the Polish critic Jan Kott describes the social climate which produced Slawomir Mrozek's *Tango*. Kott finds the play, written in 1964, a comedic graph of Polish and European moral history since 1919. International in its artistic roots and meaning, it has been more or less successfully produced everywhere in Europe (except the Soviet Union), as well as in Israel. It is now playing at the Pocket Theatre at 100 Third Avenue. Its applicability to the American scene is not as direct, but it is nevertheless a play whose relevance will be recognized by our more aware audiences.

What Kott, for all his evident enthusiasm, does not say about *Tango* is whether he believes it to be a "good" play in anything like an absolute sense. Withholding a decision on this point is, at the moment, justified. Regardless of its ultimate status as drama, the play has an immediate importance. Kott calls its ending "ambiguous" for reasons I can surmise and shall later explain. That it is not wholly conclusive need not be stressed for the present. More intellectually conceived than Feiffer's *Little Murders*, *Tango* belongs in somewhat the same category.

It is the "story" of a family. Grandpa Eugene is a gentleman of the "old school," the well-bred bourgeois of the late 19th century, with its predominantly aristocratic leanings. Papa Stomil belongs to the iconoclastic generation which followed shortly after the First World War. He fancies himself an artist, a man given to boundless experiment, an anarchist for whom anything goes. Eleanor, his wife, and Grandma Eugenia have been liberated from all standards of decorous conduct. The household is a shambles of total neglect without regret. Eleanor sleeps with Eddie, a boarder of roughneck proletarian mind and manners. This causes little concern in her husband. "God" is long since dead and everything is permissible.

The situation has become intolerable to Arthur, their 25-year-old son. There is nothing left for anyone to rebel against, since conventions have ceased to exist. Arthur insists on a return to tradition. A medical student, he is fed up with meaningless art and a mode of living without a coherent ideology (except for its doctrinaire negativism), and with a father who goes about all day long with his pajama fly unbuttoned. The young man hopes to reverse all this, first of

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all by marrying his even younger cousin, Ala, a product of an environment without any rule but that of her appetites. By brandishing a gun, he gains control over the family and sets about restoring the ancient tenets of "respectability."

Satisfaction with his victory is short-lived. He realizes that a new life cannot be built on the foundations of an obsolete culture. Since a renaissance of the past is impossible, the only remaining course which will assure the future is the exercise of power. But he is, after all, only an ideologist, and power is most efficiently wielded by people for whom it is an end in itself. Eddie the thug, who has slept with Ala as well as with Eleanor, savages Arthur and will henceforth rule the roost. Though everyone despises Eddie, all capitulate to him. At the final curtain, Grandpa Eugene (always a reactionary at heart) dances a complaisant tango in tune with the new regime.

It was easy in Poland to interpret the play as an undoubted indictment of fascism and, somewhat covertly, of Stalinism. Still, it was not safe to acknowledge the play's message in any literal sense. (It has recently been banned in Poland, and Mrozek has for some time been in exile.) As an erstwhile Marxist, Kott, now resident in the United States, could not and cannot altogether accept the play's desperate irony, its quasi nihilism.

Its weakness is a defect of its virtue; it is a thoroughly absurdist allegory. Sharp but friable, it synthesizes a condition of life in the abstract. It lacks concrete reality, specific truth. Still it reveals an unerring sense of the theatre, and it is funny. The first act may be viewed as a lampoon of contemporary *avant-garde* adventures; the last act as a warning, if not a prophecy.

I saw the play in London, in a Royal Shakespeare Company staging, which had little guts or bite. At the Pocket Theatre, the production is properly pointed but uncomfortably crude and tense, like the work of an intelligent but woefully inadequate college group. This is not altogether the fault of the actors, though some of them are thoroughly inept.

The damage is largely owing to the direction of Heinz Engels. This may astonish the play's producers, since Engels, who was assistant to Erwin Axer, the excellent director of the original Warsaw production, has faithfully tried to duplicate his master's staging and has himself directed the play in two German cities. That is just the trouble. One cannot imitate direction; it must be re-created. The animating force of a play's life on the stage is the actor. We have an example of this in Feiffer's *Little Murders*, a washout on Broadway because of dull direction and casting, and now a success at the Circle in the Square with the right cast under Alan Arkin's direction.

The actors of the Pocket Theatre have been forced to toe a strict line laid down by a director for an entirely different company under very different circumstances. The American troupe should have been allowed the freedom to act according to its own means rather than to reproduce the pattern of another company. The various rebellions depicted in *Tango* should have given rise to still another: an actors' revolt against the imposition of a directorial discipline alien to them. It is to be hoped that without the pressure on the actors of the director's presence, future performances will have relaxed sufficiently to achieve some of the ease needed for a satisfactory projection of the interesting comedy which *Tango* is.

I cannot speak with assurance of Adrienne Kennedy's *Cities in Bezique* at the Public Theatre. That Miss Kennedy is an inspired writer is evident from her previous play, *Funny House of a Negro*. The present two one-act plays—essentially dramatic poems—are so cluttered in the details of elaborate production that I could neither hear nor see them with accurate perception.

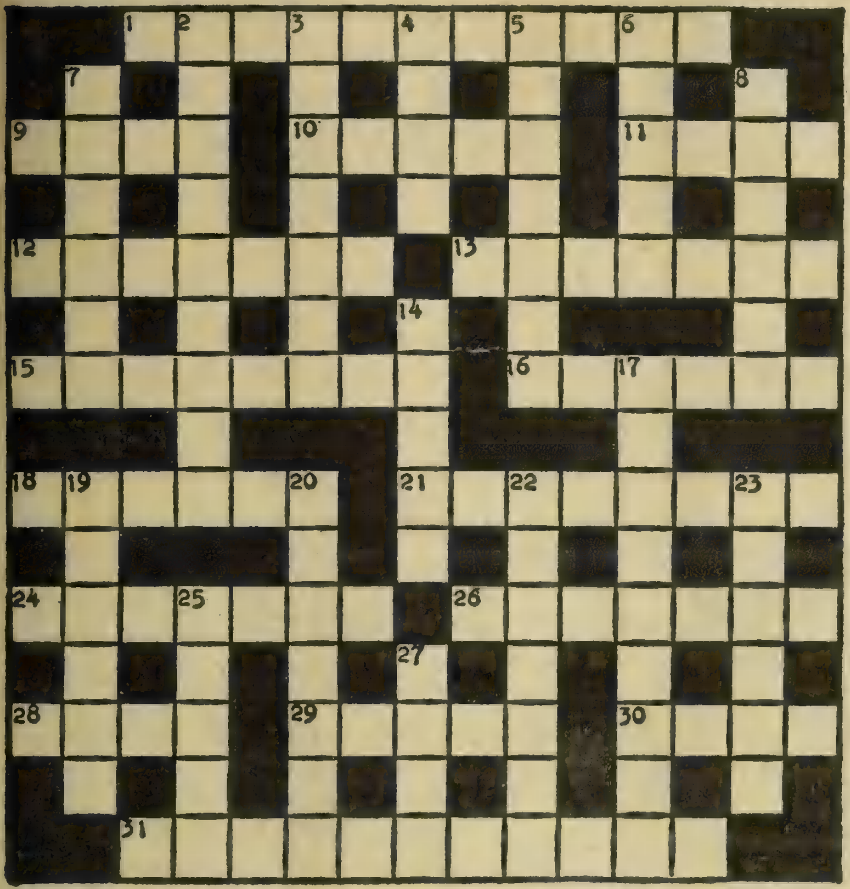
The plays (dating from 1965 and previously produced less formally) repeat a theme and a scenic vocabulary introduced in the earlier play. The author, a woman of mixed black-and-white lineage, writes with complete honesty of the laceration of soul caused by the tensions of her dual origin: American Negro on the one hand, but with a strange atavistic yearning for the graces of putative white forebears out of old England!

In *Funny House* she fancies a black girl's connection with Lumumba as father figure, and with the elegant postures of Queen Victoria's court. In the more memorable portion of *Cities in Bezique*, she is the illegitimate offspring of a wealthy white man and his black cook, with a Negro minister as foster father. Once again she finds herself related in her dreams with England's great men: Chaucer, Shakespeare and others. Tormented, she pines for an identity; a symbolic owl hoots "Who? Who? Who?"

The combination of psychological quest and visual imagery might have proved effective and affecting, if the director, Gerald Freedman, had found a simple method to bring both into harmonious concordance, but he has submerged the text in a display of fancy stagecraft so complex that we are left with no firm impression of the whole. We must await another occasion to judge Miss Kennedy's progress.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1283

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Flycatcher, with a cutter behind. (11)
9 and 27 down No charge for delivery, if a best-seller? (4.4)
10 and 12 Exemplified by 29? One might have to be careful with it. (5.7)
11 Firm difficult to deal with? (4)
12 See 10 across
13 See 30 across
15 Is little brother engrained as intellectual?
16 Make less 11 in loss of tension. (6)
18 Do you have to pamper lettuce placed in it? (6)
21 Orthodox version of what Burns' beastie was. (8)
24 and 26 Dentist's office—where one asks for gas? (7.7)
28 We might not want such a burden to be so placed. (4)
29 Good for a Buck? (4)
30 and 13 across A mother in her fifties is probably rather haughty! (11)
31 How the courtroom bible might be used? You might deny doing it! (11)

DOWN

2 Tricky types? (9)
3 One should study the head of the church in sunny environment. (7)
4 Not likely to be a test of quietness. (4)
5 Holds the rest after a fashion. (7)
6 Moved by the 10 of the gods? (5)
7 You're off this if you lose more than one 13. (6)
8 Bell any one of the writers? This for real! (6)
14 and 22 It's about time one should be concerned! (5-7)
17 Younger brother? Never! (5-4)
19 "No! No!" is what the knowing knew as being his, they used to say! (6)
20 Presents of little ships? (7)
22 See 14 down
23 They're typified by a 25. (6)
25 What the cowboy might have is naught to a girl! (5)
27 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1282

ACROSS: 1 Raconteur; 6 and 23 Severally; 9 Copland; 10 Loiters; 11 and 13 Ski lift; 12 Moated; 15 Aversion; 16 Bengal; 18 Ambler; 20 Disposed; 24 Dampen; 28 Troilus; 29 Spelled; 30 Run-in; 31 Denatured. DOWN: 1 and 25 across Rickshaw; 2 Captive; 3 Near misses; 4 Endeavor; 5 Relief; 7 Veering; 8 Resettled; 14 Respondent; 15 Alabaster; 17 Diapason; 19 Balloon; 21 and 6 down Scholarship; 22 Passed; 26 Waded; 27 Plan.

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LETTERS

UAW in Africa

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: Writing of the financing of the Africa-based Peace with Freedom organization ["New Mission to Africa," *The Nation*, Jan. 13] Stanley Meisler asserts that this organization, reportedly the recipient of CIA funds, was also the beneficiary of contributions by individual American labor unions. "One of these, ironically," Meisler writes, "was the United Auto Workers, which for years has been criticizing George Meany and the AFL-CIO for their CIA entanglements abroad."

The UAW never contributed funds of any kind to Peace with Freedom. The presumption that it may have done so is apparently based on a transaction in December, 1963, in which the UAW, wishing to furnish a jeep to the headquarters of a bona fide Rhodesian union, did so with the assistance of Peace with Freedom, whose facilities for physically importing the vehicle and processing it through Northern Rhodesian customs were far more efficient than our own. The sum of $3,000 was specifically earmarked for this purpose, and it represents the sole transaction of any kind which the UAW entered into involving Peace with Freedom in any way. . . .

It should also be noted that any relationship between UAW and Peace with Freedom was concluded before any revelations were made concerning CIA subsidizing of this organization. We are the more interested in this clarification for being in complete agreement with the article's substantive argument. *Victor G. Reuther, Director*
International Affairs Department, UAW

Mr. Crude

Houston, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: It is irresponsibility bordering on hysteria to end an article ["The Dormant Bomb" by Chris Welles; *The Nation*, Dec. 23] with the impression that oil men regard Nixon as more favorable to them than Johnson. Any check on their records in Congress . . . as well as obvious common sense would show that this is not true. Nixon is favorable to the oil industry; Johnson *is* the oil industry. *Howard Fallis*

Maybe so, but compare Mr. Udall with Mr. Hickel.
The Editors

desperate void

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: To Catharine Hughes's documented slaughter ["Where Are the Playwrights?" *The Nation*, Jan. 20] I add my own even more devastating conclusions about recent playwriting:

The most charitable evaluation of the experimenters is that in their desperate void of opportunities to train, act and find pertinent new plays, they attempt to become their own combined actors-directors-producers-and-writers. At the heart is the total collapse of contemporary playwriting and the professional theatre.

Even the best of the absurdists like Pinter and Albee and the off-off-ers grab at some myopic detail and beat it to death. The creative mainstreams flow back from Sartre, Camus, Giraudoux, Ghelderode, Dürrenmatt, Frisch, Hochhuth and even Anouilh, who barely tapped the fabulous stories of postwar events, biographies and depth psychologies that would be the envy of Shakespeare.

Until playwrights appear, capable of integrating and expanding (even their monomanias) with the zooming complexities of the space age, they'll continue to regress into the infantilism and oblivion of the American theatre.
Sidney Blackstone

EDITORIALS

Nixon, Mitchell and Leonard

For his effect on domestic policy, there is no more important official in Washington today than the director of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice. The post calls for integrity, courage, political independence and a strong commitment to civil rights. It requires skill in the specialized field of civil rights litigation; above all, it should be held by a person who commands the respect and confidence of minority groups. Against this background, Attorney General John Mitchell's selection of Jerris Leonard of Wisconsin to head the Civil Rights Division is dismaying.

Leonard is a young lawyer-politician, a graduate of Marquette University, who at 25 was elected to the state Assembly in 1956. He was re-elected in 1958 and was then elected to the state Senate in 1960 and re-elected in 1964. Running against the Democratic U.S. Senator, Gaylord Nelson, last year, he was defeated by 387,000 votes, although the state went for Nixon and all Republican nominees for state office were elected. His was the worst defeat suffered by a Republican Senatorial candidate in Wisconsin since 1928.

In announcing Leonard's appointment, the Attorney General referred to his "outstanding record on civil rights." It is meager and it is not outstanding. Mr. Leonard was one of the founders of the Catholic Inter-Racial Council in Milwaukee and he has been an advocate of open housing legislation, despite the fact that he comes from Bayside, a north shore suburb. But his appointment is vigorously opposed by the Youth Council of the NAACP and by the Madison chapter of that organization, as well as by Father Groppi. The Attorney General says that he knew of Mr. Leonard's membership in the all-white Eagles Club, but by way of reassurance adds that his appointee will resign. Most public officials, including the Mayor of Milwaukee, withdrew from the club some time ago, when its restrictive policies first came under attack.

In the legislature, Mr. Leonard sponsored an amendment to the anti-lobbying law that would have imposed drastic penalties on newspapers exposing reports of illegal lobbying; the amendment, which failed to pass, was clearly aimed at the Madison *Capital Times*. He once denounced the editor of the student daily at the University of Wisconsin because he allegedly lived in a house with Communists. The attack was promptly repudiated by the Young Republicans at the university. He has been quoted as saying of student activists: "What those kids need is the strap across the seat of their pants once in a while and a little good rough treatment from the cop on the beat."

But there is a more specific objection to the Leonard appointment. Wisconsin's constitution bans direct state indebtedness in excess of $100,000. To get around this provision, the legislature has created several "dummy" corporations which can issue construction bonds that are not state obligations. Mr. Leonard was chairman of the State Building Commission and served as president and chief executive officer of the Wisconsin State Agencies Building

Corp., the largest of the four "dummy" corporations. John Mitchell served as bond counsel for these corporations and is said to have received more than $200,000 in fees. In view of this relationship, the Madison *Capital Times* predicted, before the appointment was announced, that Mr. Mitchell would find a top post for Leonard. The disturbing aspect of the appointment is that it represents not the usual form of political patronage but a reward for past financial favors.

When President Nixon announced his Cabinet, the Mitchell appointment struck us as being among the least promising. Mitchell's selection, in turn, of Jerris Leonard to head the critically important Civil Rights Division; his naming of Richard Kleindienst, Goldwater's aide in the 1964 campaign, as his top lieutenant; and his choice of William H. Rehnquist, who has been sharply critical of "the left wing" of the Supreme Court, as Assistant Attorney General, confirm our initial impression.

The Plan That Was

During the summer of 1967, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss proposed an audacious, technologically based peace plan for the Middle East. He suggested large nuclear-power plants in Israel and the Arab countries to produce electricity in sufficient quantities to desalinate sea water economically and to be a reserve source of power for future needs. The plan was supported by former President Eisenhower, and so became known as the Eisenhower Plan. It garnered considerable newspaper publicity and was endorsed editorially by many publications, including *The Nation* (October 9, 1967), which had described the process at length in the issues of December 28, 1963, and March 23, 1964.

The plan had been conceived by Dr. R. Philip Hammond, a chemical engineer at the Los Alamos nuclear weapons center, who disclosed it to Dr. Alvin W. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Dr. Weinberg borrowed Dr. Hammond and set him up at Oak Ridge. Thus the plan came to the attention of Admiral Strauss, at that time chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. All this genealogy is to show that it is no fly-by-night vision but a respectably engendered idea.

Instead of making a grab for these nuclear plants, which could reclaim the deserts of the region and solve the problems of the displaced Palestinian Arabs, the belligerents have continued to fight at the guerrilla level and now threaten to drag the Soviet Union and the United States into a confrontation that neither wants. Another reason for neglect of the Hammond-Weinberg-Strauss-Eisenhower plan has been the myopia of the U.S. State Department. Mr. Eisenhower called the plan to the attention of President Johnson, who termed it "constructive"; but to the State Department it was "premature" until the belligerents could reach a political settlement.

Last November, with a new administration approaching Washington, the State Department became somewhat more receptive to the idea, though still of the view that it should await a political settlement. But as one of the most pressing reasons for building the plants is that they

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would facilitate a political settlement, the State Department attitude merely gives spin to a vicious circle.

Now another obstacle has been thrown in the way of a Middle East accommodation based on plentiful water. Premier Levi Eshkol has announced that President Johnson, during his last hours in office, asked the Congress to provide a $40 million grant and an $18 million loan for the construction of a desalination plant in Israel alone. This proposal changes the entire picture. The plant might be powered by nuclear energy or oil, and it would have an output of only 40 million gallons daily, whereas the three plants that Admiral Strauss envisioned were to produce about a billion gallons daily, with the sites divided between Israel and the Arab states. If the Israeli plant is nuclear-powered, the Arabs will suspect that it will somehow produce plutonium for nuclear bombs. If it is oil-fueled, the cost of operation will be excessive, nor is nuclear power necessarily economical at this level.

No one contends that water and electricity alone will solve the problems of the Middle East; but what is now proposed is a travesty of the original idea. It would drive Jews and Arabs further apart, unstabilize the Middle East still more, and make the danger of an East-West confrontation even greater.

The Draft

General Hershey is probably the only person in government who consistently champions the Selective Service Act, and even he may have some midnight doubts about its fairness and wisdom. The case against the draft is, as Dr. W. Allen Wallis, president of the University of Rochester, has said, "about as lopsided as one ever meets in questions of public policy." Even so, some aspects of the act's unfairness are little noticed.

The New York Civil Liberties Union, for example, has charged that the United States Attorney in New York has displayed "unparalleled harshness and vindictiveness" in prosecuting alleged violators of the draft laws. In this issue (p. 176) we present a case, not mentioned in the New York press, in which records were tampered with, the better to assure the conviction of an alleged violator.

Dissatisfaction with the act is virtually universal. The platforms of both parties in 1968 promised to reduce discrimination and to shorten the period of draft vulnerability and uncertainty. Both expressed hope for an eventual change to a wholly volunteer service. The Democratic platform endorsed a random method of selection. Nine Senators, seven Republican and two Democratic, have asked the new Congress to abolish the draft. Our colleague, Ernest Gruening, offers an interesting proposal in an editorial on p. 165. The idea of "national service" has been widely debated (see *National Service: A Report of a Conference*, 1968, edited by Donald J. Eberly). Yet for all the dissatisfaction that has been expressed, the old road blocks are still in place: General Hershey and the chairmen of the Armed Services Committees of the Senate and House.

There can hardly be dissent from the finding that the present act is discriminatory and inequitable (see article by L. Brewster Jackson, p. 174 this issue). Part of the difficulty is that many opponents of the draft hesitate to **draw the conclusion made obvious by that finding—the draft should be abolished.** We agree with Dr. Wallis that the inequities are inevitable and are as likely to be aggravated as alleviated by formula selection or lottery selection. As he puts it, "the draft is immoral in principle, inequitable in practice, and detrimental to national security." And we agree with his further conclusion: "The first thing the new Administration should do is to start to stop it."

Udall's Last Stand

The conflict in the final days of the Johnson administration over proposed additions to the National Park System, though not devoid of personal bitterness, should be construed as more than a private matter between the President and his Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall. It involved the respective prerogatives of the Executive and legislative branches, and in particular the prerogatives of Rep. Wayne N. Aspinall (D., Colo.), chairman of the House Interior Committee. Udall lost. The outcome highlighted once more the awesome power of members of Congress who have ascended the seniority ladder to important committee chairmanships.

With an eye on the incoming Secretary of the Interior —Walter J. Hickel, Governor of Alaska and scarcely an ardent conservationist—Mr. Udall premeditated a coup which would set aside 7.5 million federally owned acres as national monuments. He got 384,500. He left office a disappointed man but with his reputation as a conservationist intact, even enhanced. Good intentions are not enough in such situations, however, and the fact is that Mr. Udall made a number of tactical errors. He underestimated Mr. Aspinall's power and also underestimated Mr. Johnson's desire to effect a smooth transition between administrations. And he tried to force Mr. Johnson's hand, never a prudent maneuver.

The dispute revolved about the proper use of the Antiquities Act of 1906, which authorizes both the President and the Congress to establish national monuments on lands already in public ownership. The purpose of such transactions is to give areas so designated the protection of National Park Service management, thus barring hunting, grazing, logging, new mineral claims, oil exploration and commercial development generally. Moreover, a national monument is in line to be converted into a national park, although only Congress can make that final transition. Beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, Presidents have used the Antiquities Act to protect federally owned lands in this fashion. The custom was to do so only on a small scale. Mr. Johnson took advantage of the act only once during his five years in the Presidency: he added Ellis Island to the Statue of Liberty National Monument.

Mr. Aspinall has never been enthusiastic about the Antiquities Act. His view is that it should be used only in emergencies, and he had an understanding with Mr. Udall to that effect. That he was not to be trifled with is indicated by the fact that a 5,000-acre tract of Chesapeake and Ohio Canal land, which was set aside by President

Eisenhower has still received no appropriation for development as a national monument. When Mr. Aspinall heard of Mr. Udall's plans—embracing not 5,000 acres but 7.5 million—he telephoned the President's office to say that the President could do what he liked, but there would be no appropriations. Hence the reduction from millions of acres to a few hundred thousand. If precedent is a guide, Mr. Aspinall's committee will not approve funds even for this limited allocation.

Some conservationists hope that Mr. Aspinall can be persuaded to approve the original Udall plan, but now they also have Mr. Hickel to reckon with. Possibly Mr. Hickel will wish to brighten up his public image by asking President Nixon to add all this acreage to the existing national monuments. He will still have Mr. Udall on his back, though not in an official capacity. Udall will be chairman of the board of a newly formed international consulting firm, The Overview Group, which will work for governments and industries "to create a better environment for man." Before their disagreement, Mr. Johnson praised his Secretary of the Interior as the symbol of the New Conservation. It was not an exaggeration. All who wish to see as much as possible of America the Beautiful remain in the public domain will wish Mr. Udall better luck henceforth. And they will also keep a watch on Mr. Hickel's operations.

Thailand Cash Register

If, after months of diplomatic wrangling and years of killing, torture and demoralization, the United States should settle its accounts in Vietnam, the activities which paid off so poorly there may be transferred to nearby Thailand. There we can get ourselves bogged down even more thoroughly, thus giving well-paying jobs to more Americans, both civilian and military. Thailand borders on Cambodia, Laos, China, Burma and Malaysia; it is within easy sailing distance of South Vietnam, and of course even closer by air to both Vietnams. This last circumstance explains why we have been in Thailand for several years with our military airports and, at present, 60,000 of our nationals, of whom 47,000 are military personnel.

The Thais are a proud people with a long history of independence, but they could not resist the lure of American money, which is spread all the way from the earnings of Thai bar girls to the sumptuous rewards of the Thai business and political elite. Being proud, the Thais resent the crop of Amerasian babies and, even more, the insults of such U.S. commentators as Jack Anderson, who inquired in a recent article: "Are they robbing us blind in Thailand?" (Both the Thais and the resident Americans are doing precisely that, but the Thais feel it should not be stated so bluntly.)

Still, it must be said that we are trying to improve our relations with the Thais. In *The Washington Post* (January 20) Stanley Arnow reports from Bangkok that we are studying the Thais with all available means, including computers. A dozen or so research firms, employing nearly 200 American specialists, spend some $11 million a year in Defense Department subsidies on various projects in Thailand. Since it was deemed necessary to conduct such studies to parallel the U.S. military build-up in Thailand, and since the State Department lacked funds for the purpose, Defense took over. Among the results is a book titled *The Blue Book of Coastal Vessels;* it consists mostly of pictures of Thai fishing boats and cost $100,000. In another project, a former Oakland policeman who now works for the Stanford Research Institute (no connection with Stanford University) undertook a $280,000 project to test infrared photography in the detection of Communist guerrillas in southern Thailand. (The guerrillas are in the north.) This researcher became a buddy of the exiled Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, who will be remembered as the CIA's protégé in Laos. Phoumi aspires to recapture Laos—naturally with American help.

Volunteers for Vietnam

One of the most urgent pieces of legislation for the 91st Congress to enact is a drastic reform of the Draft Act. Such action is essential to lessen the unrest that afflicts our nation.

Despite the hopes engendered by the Paris talks, the war goes on. Our casualties continue to mount. They now exceed 30,000 killed in combat, several thousand more from causes incidental to their presence in Southeast Asia, and more than a quarter of a million wounded, some of them horribly crippled for life. The draft calls continue undiminished. Considering the widely divergent settlement proposals of our adversaries and of our own government, to say nothing of those of the present South Vietnamese government, it is by no means improbable that the fighting will continue, perhaps for a long time. The fact must be faced that the war is far from over. And it is infinitely tragic that while the peace talks are under way men continue to die, the destruction of war continues in Southeast Asia, and we postpone any real coming to grips with our vital domestic problems.

In the course of my Senate service I twice sponsored amendments to the Draft Act to provide that no draftee should be sent to Southeast Asia without his consent. These efforts failed, receiving only two votes—those of Sen. Wayne Morse and myself. Yet the logic of such an amendment seems to me compelling. The draftees are the only Americans in our armed forces compelled to serve in a war which many of them consider totally unjustified and immoral—a view which I and an ever increasing number of Americans share. It is infamous that draftees are obliged to choose between killing people against whom they feel no grievance—and perhaps being killed or maimed in turn—or refusing to go and incurring imprisonment for years and the ruin of their civilian lives. No one should be subjected to such a dilemma. Their comrades who enlisted may also detest this war, but they committed themselves to go wherever they were ordered. The draftees made no such decision.

It is my view that enactment of such an amendment would not impair our military strength. I believe that perhaps half of the draftees would choose to serve in Vietnam. But the effect on nation-wide unrest would be calming and beneficial and in line with Sen. Edward Kennedy's statement in connection with his bill to amend the Selective Service Act that "the hallmark of a free society is a pervasive spirit of individual freedom and choice," and that "in contrast, the hallmark of a closed society is compulsion." I was deeply disappointed that not more of my "dove" colleagues supported my amendment, particularly in view of their emphatic criticisms of the inequities of the existing draft. Senator Hatfield, for example, declared in the *Saturday Evening Post* (July 1, 1967), that it is "inherently unfair, monstrously inefficient and pernicious in its invasion of the individual liberty that eight generations of Americans have fought to preserve"; and further that "we are long overdue in ending this invasion of the liberties of our young men."

Sen. Edward Kennedy on March 28, 1967, introduced a bill to revamp the Selective Service System which was co-sponsored by Sens. Case, Hart, Kennedy of New York, Mondale, Nelson, Tydings and Yarborough. After extensive hearings, Congress took no action and the inequities which he and his colleagues deplored continued.

The remedies they proposed through revised methods of selecting draftees seemed, and still seem, to me beside the point. The draft for this war is itself the monstrosity and inequity. While there is in Congressional circles and elsewhere much talk now about "no more Vietnams" and about a volunteer army for the future, it is the immediate and continued slaughter in Southeast Asia, with all the other deplorable concomitant effects, which calls for prompt remedial action. Talk about future reforms is escapism from the urgent current need. Either of two reforms of the Draft Act would meet the situation for the duration of this war—the one I have proposed or one that would allow conscientious objection to a particular war. The latter seems to me the less practical. Since there may be a time when our country is really attacked and when our security and vital interests are threatened—as they were at Pearl Harbor but are not in the present Southeast Asian involvement—conscientious objection to a particular war appears to me less desirable. But enactment of the other proposal would go far to diminish the spreading bitterness and unrest among our young men, and would bring comfort and relief to the hearts and minds of millions of Americans. ERNEST GRUENING

DANGER ON THE JOB

THE VIOLENCE OF OMISSION

RALPH NADER

Mr. Nader has made a national reputation as a champion of consumer interests. His first published pieces on auto safety—"The Safe Car You Can't Buy" (April 11, 1959), "Fashion or Safety" (October 12, 1963), and "The Corvair Story" (November 1, 1965)—appeared in this publication.

The chief forms of domestic violence that afflict American working men and women are motor vehicle crashes and occupational accidents and diseases. The toll in death and injury from either of these utterly dwarfs the violence committed in street crimes. But while the nation is properly concerned about such crime, it ignores almost completely the far greater death, injury and wage losses on farms, in mines, factories and open-work areas such as construction sites. Consider one comparison out of many that could be cited: all the urban riots in this country during the past three years have led to about 260 dead; each working day brings death to fifty-five workers, disabling injury to 8,500 and lesser injury to 27,200. Every year, 14,000 to 15,000 workers die, more than half a million are disabled by occupational diseases, more than 2 million are disabled by occupational accidents, and more than 7 million are injured. And even these figures understate the situation, because death from prolonged exposure to toxic chemicals or particulate matter—asbestos, beryllium, carbon monoxide, coal dust, cotton dust, cancer-causing chemicals, dyes, pesticides, radiation, etc.—is rarely recorded. There are six reasons why the death and injury figures fall short of the facts—reasons which must be recognized publicly before significant progress can be made to reduce worker injury and disease:

I

Industrial firms have long made it a practice to play down the injuries and diseases experienced by workers. In the first place, the definition of what constitutes an injury is decided by an industry-dominated body called the United States of America Standards Institute. Second, companies go to considerable length to avoid reporting a lost-time injury—not only to keep their insurance rates down but to hold their standings in safety competitions. For example, a worker in a Jones & Laughlin steel plant received a groin injury; he was taken off his usual job and placed in a chair where he sat doing nothing for two weeks. Most blue-collar men can tell similar stories.

II

Plant physicians surrender to or are constrained by corporate dictates as to the exercise of their medical judgment and right to publish in the professional literature. A case in point involved the late Dr. John Zalinsky, a physician at the Brush Beryllium plant outside Cleveland, who wanted to publish in a medical journal his cases of beryllium poisoning (without mentioning their names). He was told that if he did so, he would have to look for another job.

Dr. Lorin E. Kerr of the United Mine Workers Welfare Retirement Fund, an authority on coal workers' pneumoconiosis (popularly called "black lung"), has spoken sharply on the subject, denouncing

> the attitude and influence of employer-oriented physicians who avoid facing known facts about the ravages of coal dust in human lungs because to do otherwise would cost money. The impact of physician knowledge and attitudes is apparent in inaccurate or incomplete death certificates. These documents are essential for determining the existence of a dangerous dust requiring governmental action for control or eradication. Too often no records mean no action. Physician denial or avoidance of known facts can also determine the publication of information. In 1956 the concern of some physicians about management attitudes effectively blocked the publication of a paper of mine on coal workers' pneumoconiosis in the most widely circulated medical journal in the United States. One can only wonder how many times other medical information vital for the protection of the health of workers has not been published for the same reason. Physician attitudes also influence other groups such as company lawyers, state legislators and officials who, all told, are remarkably resistant to the elimination or control of coal dust because it would cost money.

"Black lung" affects at least 150,000 active and retired miners; 2,000 men die of it in Pennsylvania every year.

III

State safety laws and regulations are weak, inspection is poor, and penalties are rarely imposed. The states spend an average of 40c per worker per year on health and safety; Texas and Oklahoma spend 2c per worker per year. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, of the 1,524 state inspectors in the whole country, 697 inspect boilers, elevators and mines, leaving only 827 for general safety inspection, construction, safety promotion and education, health and industrial hygiene. (Almost twice as many fish and game wardens—about 3,000—are employed by the states to look out for wildlife.) Four states employ no safety inspection staff in any area, and seventeen other states have ten or less men on their safety inspection staffs. More shocking is the fact that only three states employ specialists in the area of occupational health and industrial hygiene.

IV

By and large, union leaders have been far too pliable when confronted by management's indifference to worker health and safety. Too often, health and safety conditions are used as trade-offs at the bargaining table for more tangible wage gains. This has been the case, for example, with the United Mine Workers' leadership; it has finally become verbally aroused over the plight of their workers, but is still less than determined to reform working conditions in an industry that treats coal miners as less valuable than coal. Union leaders simply do not give high priority to health and safety; their failure to lobby aggressively for the proposed Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1968 cannot be covered up by resolutions and resonant statements for the record—after which they resume their industry-indentured past.

V

The federal government has not met its responsibilities by assigning adequate funds for research and training programs in occupational health and safety. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) has not grasped the importance of this problem, of the need to develop preventive systems and competent medical and engineering personnel. HEW's advocacy has been weak from the start and recently the occupational health activity in the Department has, if anything, been downgraded. The one area where HEW has received some consistent funding ($5 million since 1953) has been for research on the causes and prevention of coal workers' pneumoconiosis, but there has been little to show for it, apart from a prevalence study completed three years ago. Western Europe spends twenty times as much on research into the coal-dust disease area, and its control measures are years ahead of legislation in this country, which does not even have uniform coal-dust standards to enforce.

VI

The Workmen's Compensation system in this country—its coverage, benefits and deterrence—is creaking with obsolescence. A thorough inquiry is needed and serious thought should be given to national uniformity. For example, "black lung" is not considered "work related" by the compensation laws of any states, except Pennsylvania (1965), Virginia (1968) and Alabama. Its shattered victims, spitting up coal dust, struggling for breath, afflicted with emphysema, massive fibrosis or enlarged heart, are denied workmen's compensation in the mining states of West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois. And in Kentucky, according to the state's Department of Labor, about 1,400 of the 2,000 mines licensed to do business fail to comply with the Workmen's Compensation Law for mine injuries other than "black lung." Yet the present Governor and his predecessor have not considered "law and order" to be applicable to coal operators.

Where does the National Safety Council fit into this picture of suffering and indifference? It does no service to hide the fact that the council's industrial members and constituency take a strong interest in how far it presses its aims in the occupational health and safety area. That interest, to use a mild word, placed the council in a difficult position in 1968, when the Occupational Safety and Health bill was defeated. Some observers believed that the council retreated from a relatively positive position on the bill in February to a statement a few months later more in consonance with industry preferences and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. The council's independence has been similarly compromised in other safety areas. If it is to be true to its aims and principles in the area of occupational health and safety, the council cannot continue to ignore at least some of the above noted problems that obstruct progress toward more humane working conditions.

THE DRIFT TOWARD DOOMSDAY

Blind Strategy of Missile Defense

MILTON J. ROSENBERG

Mr. Rosenberg, professor of social psychology at the University of Chicago, is a member of the board of directors of SANE. He is a contributor to two recent volumes: International Behavior: A Social-Psychological Analysis *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and* Domestic Sources of Foreign Policy *(The Free Press, Macmillan).*

Here is a little experiment worth a few minutes' amusement. If you have access to a lecture audience, a classroom full of students or even a packed cocktail party, put the following question: "Did you know that anti-ballistic missiles intended to destroy incoming nuclear missiles all have nuclear warheads? They are, in effect, atomic bombs, some of which are designed to be exploded by us above our own territory. Now, truthfully, did you know that?"

I have been asking this question of various audiences composed of college-educated adults or of bright young undergraduates, and always find that more than half of them had been unaware of this basic fact. Nothing bespeaks more devastatingly the absence of that informed public opinion which, according to the *theory* of democracy, can best exert a reasonable check upon the excesses of poorly conceived policies. Arms strategy remains an arcane preserve which most Americans are willing to leave to the military, to the games-theory analysts and defense intellectuals, and to hawkish Congressmen busy building their quick careers.

It is against this background that, on the suburban outskirts of Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, New York and many other cities, the ABMs are about to be installed. Thus begins the first phase in the "deployment" of the "thin" anti-ballistic-missile defense system. During the next few years we shall be able to watch that system thicken—unless the whole process is checked by reason and an outraged citizenry.

To date, only two basic arguments against ABM have become clear even to those few among the attentive public who have tried to keep informed. (They are largely members of peace organizations or academics or both.) The first is that the system is doomed to technical inadequacy: anti-missile missiles may destroy some incoming bombs; but, with the masking made possible by "dummies" and with the inevitable development of multiple warheads, they cannot greatly reduce the scope of nuclear devastation. The second and even simpler argument against ABM heard these days, particularly from small groups of anguished suburbanites living near the proposed ABM sites, is: "How can we be sure the damn things won't go off accidentally?"

The question of locations has grown a little sticky, particularly around Chicago, where an active group of anti-ABM nuclear scientists in the suburban Argonne National Laboratory has been able to put its concern across to some of the neighbors. But the mills of defense establishment public relations grind exceeding heavy, and the apparatus of public briefings, endorsements elicited from local notables, etc., may succeed in calming the tempest in this suburban teapot.

Whether ABMs can go off accidentally—or whether, as the defense establishment insists, they embody perfect fail-safe systems—is an urgent question. But the very urgency confines both sides of the debate to a superficiality which ignores further consequences of ABM that are as calculable as they are disheartening.

These deserve to be examined not only because of the immediate importance of the issue but also because such an analysis demonstrates yet again one of the most depressing open secrets of our time: our conceptual and military cold warriors, despite their elegant applications of systems theory, have attained to a level of intellectual incompetence matched only by their hubristic excess. In no way is this more evident than in their characteristic unwillingness to think about the social and political consequences of innovations in weaponry.

What any competent graduate student in any of the social sciences could tell them is that actions which alter previously stabilized arrangements have secondary as well as primary effects, that they "make waves"; and that the waves now about to spread out from the mounting of the Sentinel ABM system will lap upon many shores. Not only will they alter the arms policies and aspirations of other nations; they will also influence the political relations among those nations and the very quality of the lives lived by their citizens and ours. There is good reason to conjecture that in its ultimate influence ABM may move us a few giant steps backward from those once millennial, but now essential, goals—the lasting pacification of international relations and the humanization of modern existence.

In both first- and second-strike capabilities, the United States has had a considerable edge (sometimes estimated as high as 4 to 1) over the Soviet Union and, of course, a far vaster edge over China. Any attempt to widen that advantage still further "destabilizes" the already delicate balance of terror by which mutual deterrence is supposedly achieved. That is the basic reason why the Soviet and the Chinese Governments, which probably rely as heavily as ours does on the advice of military intellectuals, are quite likely to answer the erection of our ABM system with a considerable increase in their assault capability. They will do so not only by improving the technology whereby dummy missiles and multiple warheads can confound our PAR (perimeter acquisition radar, the detection subsystem of the Sentinel network) but also by ordering a sizable increase in the number of armed missiles they can direct at us.

This will strain their resources, but they will be running on an inside track, because it is a basic fact long since acknowledged by our own strategic planners that the price for any degree of ABM protection exceeds what the opponent must pay to offset that protection with increased assault power.

Former Secretary of Defense McNamara (who was surely not usually a critic of the defense intellectuals but rather their creature and patron) testified in February, 1965, to this very effect before the House Armed Services Committee:

> At each successively higher level of U.S. expenditures, the ratio of our costs for Damage Limitation to the potential aggressor's costs for Assured Destruction becomes less and less favorable for us. Indeed, at the level of spending required to limit fatalities to about 40 million in a large first strike against our cities, we would have to spend on Damage Limiting programs about four times what the potential aggressor would have to spend on Damage creating forces, i.e., *his* Assured Destruction forces.

Toward the end of his incumbency McNamara finally yielded and made a notably lukewarm recommendation that the $5 billion "thin" ABM system be deployed. The game had been won by a team composed of the Joint Chiefs, some of their "intellectual" courtiers, the hawkish Congressional contingent and the defense industry complex. And somewhat in the Soviet style, the leading opponent of the chosen policy, despite his late recantation, was soon sent packing—though surely also for a few other "sins," incurred by his occasional penchant for worrying in public about where the defense establishment that he headed, but never truly controlled, was really taking us.

If one is less entrapped in the closed system of defense theory than were McNamara and his band of whiz-kids, one quickly gets beyond the single problem they were able to discern. That it won't work and commits us to a competition in which we spend much more than our opponents is the least of the difficulties posed by ABM. More chilling by far are the probable effects on the actions of elites and the opinions of publics both here and abroad. The arms policies and strategic theories of the three great powers and their allied states are reared upon an essentially paranoid axiom: one must conceive the worst the opposing power *could* do and then operate on the assumption that, if unchecked, it *will* do it. This assumption forces certain "prudential conclusions" (the term is borrowed from the lexicon of modern strategic analysis) upon the policy planners of Moscow and Peking.

The first, as already suggested, is that they must counterbalance the possible limited effectiveness of ABM by increasing their first- and second-strike capabilities. This expansion, according to some informed opinions, has already been set in motion, though it probably could still be canceled if, even at this late date, we were to abandon our ABM plans. But there is no present prospect that we will do so, and the attempt of the Communists to counterbalance by increasing their offensive capability will no doubt be vigorously pushed forward.

Unfortunately, both for the managers of the Communist world and for those people everywhere who hope for universal, gradual disarmament, a counter-escalation by the United States and its more dependent client states may be expected to follow in short order. From the empowered hawks and hard liners who have managed in the past to override the claims of reason that have sometimes weakly issued from the Arms Control and Disarmament agency, we must expect a two-pronged advocacy. They will certainly demand (indeed the rumblings have already been heard) an expansion of ABM to the full $40 billion package for which plans have already been drawn; they will also call for further increase in the number of our ICBM assault missiles, further hardening of their emplacements, further development of sophisticated penetration aids and multiple warheads and also, perhaps, for increased reliance upon the non-nuclear weapons of biological warfare.

The Nixon Administration may yield rather easily to such claims, for during his successful campaign the new President made much of his intention to reverse what he saw as a disturbing lag in our military readiness. Whether his perception is truly that clouded—or whether he was adopting a variant of John Kennedy's rather cynical "missile-gap" campaign ploy of 1960—remains obscure. Much less in doubt are the President's earlier history as a favored and favoring friend of the military establishment, and his appointments (crucial in themselves and symbolic of the new Administration's general orientation) of a leading Congressional hawk and a baron of aerospace industry to command the Department of Defense.

Thus with the coming erection of the Sentinel ABM system, the United States will probably incite a new arms race that will rapidly spiral upward and outward, drawing in not just the three great powers but many other states that must also seek what passes for security within the rules of the mad game forced upon them by the giants.

Perhaps Churchill spoke the true intent of Western leaders when he asserted during the early phase of the cold war, that "we arm to parley." But the more likely consequences of the new nuclear arms race heralded and provoked by ABM will be in the opposite direction. The sometimes halting, but often productive, U.S.-USSR negotiations at Geneva, from which came the nonproliferation treaty, cannot continue to prosper against a background of mutually distrustful escalation. Instead, with the mounting of ABM and the ensuing escalation race, those military and strategic specialists of both nations who have long opposed arms limitation agreements will have effectively achieved their purpose.

Almost every conceivable immediate and long-range effect of their victory must be entered on the debit side of the ledger of hope and despair. And those potential debits are almost as easy to demonstrate, to any but the proudly blind strategists and the policy makers they have bewitched, as is the inner logic of a simple syllogism. Among the many such effects is the psychological—or, one might say, perceptual—changes that will be induced in Soviet and Chinese policy makers as they ask themselves what ABM really means and what their American opposite numbers are up to. Since they are just as committed as the American theorists to the search for prudential (that is, pessimistic) conclusions, Soviet analysts will be aware of this *possible* meaning: Our military and intellectual hard liners have succeeded in getting a "pre-emptive," first-strike nuclear assault listed as an option that the United States will elect under certain crisis conditions.

What would lead them to this interpretation? Their most compelling consideration would be the apparent belief of our military planners that an ABM system (particularly one as vast as the $40 billion one that is already being advocated) could possibly limit damage to some degree. Of particular importance would be the strategically obvious fact that the American ABM, if thought capable of working at all, would be counted on by our military experts to achieve more against a retaliatory second strike than against a pre-emptive first strike. Soviet strategists would have to attribute this conclusion to the American planners because they know, as we do, that the main targets of an American pre-emptive assault would necessarily include Soviet hard, as well as softer, ICBM sites. The indestructibility of hard missile installations is, of course, assumed rather than convincingly demonstrated—and a pre-emptive attack would probably destroy a number of them and also hamper the communications and computer networks by which they are guided to target. Soviet analysts will conjecture that *our* analysts have reasoned that an impaired Soviet second strike could be limited still further at the receiving end by our anti-missile defenses. From this, their reconstruction of our thinking would suggest that we have estimated the price we would have to pay for destroying the Soviet Union as high but acceptable.

The Soviet analysts may think their American counterparts wrong in this estimate (almost all independent American technical experts think them wrong), but the suspicion that such an estimate lies behind the erection and expansion of the Sentinel system is enough to alter Soviet arms and diplomatic policy for the worse. Indeed, it could very well be enough to force *them* into considering a pre-emptive first strike at some future time when the two nations stand "eyeball to eyeball" at some coming Mideastern or European crisis. Thus our move toward a probably unworkable and wasteful defense system will not only foster an increase in Soviet assault capability but also will increase the lure of a Soviet first strike against us.

It is even more probable that an ABM defense will encourage the more apocalyptic members of our own military establishment to think about—and ultimately to advocate—a first strike against Russia. For, whether or not it provides any real protection, the expanded Sentinel system, once in place, will infect some of the hard heads under brass hats with the fantasy that exchange of nuclear attacks might end in an American "win," rather than in mutual obliteration.

Of course it can be argued that even under these conditions neither the United States nor the Soviet Union would lightly court the risk of doomsday—and thus the "delicate balance of terror" will continue. One may hope so, may even think it probable. But the probability has nonetheless been weakened by ABM and will be weakened still more by the immediate effects of ABM upon American and Soviet planning. And, since balance of terror has always been extremely delicate at best, it is a weakening that true prudence cannot allow.

Many other calculable consequences will flow from the ABM-initiated drift toward escalation of arms and of international distrust. And most of these will increase the probability that the unthinkable (about which the strategists of powers, great and small, are thinking all the time) will nevertheless prove doable. Still other consequences of ABM and of the escalation to follow will promote dehumanization and social injustice in a world which already has its full share of such burdens.

In the first category, here are just a few additional possibilities that the strategists should be brooding about, but which they have put aside with the special *sang froid* that is the hallmark of their style:

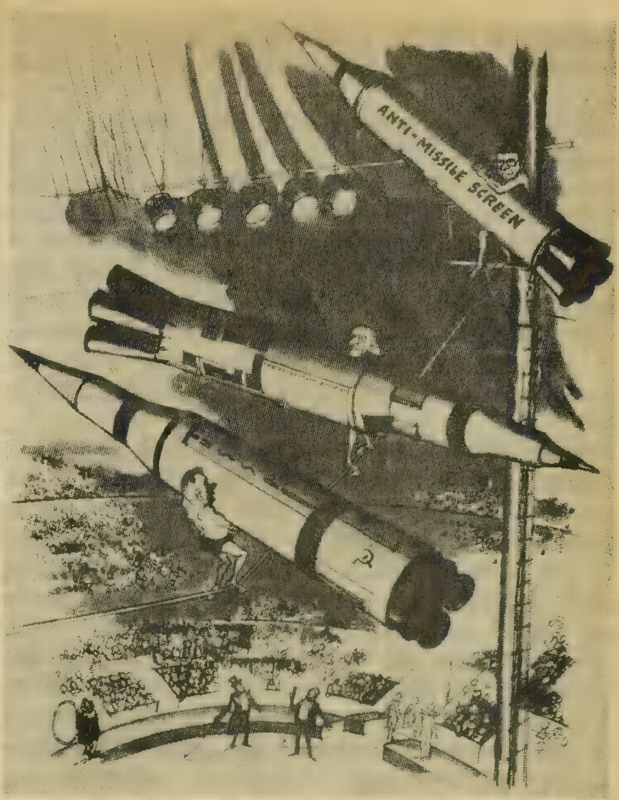
¶The explanation of Sentinel offered by Pentagon spokesmen is that it is designed to defend us against the small ICBM assault that will be within Chinese capability by the mid-seventies. In Peking this explanation is bound to stimulate the hypothesis that in certain situations we would be prepared to obliterate China, and thus are readying ourselves to deflect the small, but still potentially serious, retributive damage it could inflict on us. Also, it may suggest that we have entered into, or are considering, a collusive anti-Chinese agreement with the Soviet Union. If China entertains these theories (and, again, the "prudential" standard will so require) it could hardly attempt to placate us by becoming less provocative. Despite effusive anti-American rhetoric, China has challenged us nowhere in recent years, except by its logistic and propaganda support of North Vietnam and the Vietcong. A more likely Chinese response would be to reduce our intimidating power over them (and thus resist whatever claims we may make upon their national purposes) by placing Southeast Asia and even India in jeopardy. They should be able to do this soon and rather easily. It requires only that medium-range thermonuclear missiles (which China already possesses and is continuing to build) be poised on the Chinese borders and pointed toward Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and India. The consequences in further Southeast Asian instability and in the possible ignition of planet-wide immolation are as obvious as they are dismaying.

¶For a while in the acting out of the deterrence-based cold war there seemed to exist this tentative understanding between the United States and Russia: If the game of thermonuclear chicken did lead into a hot war, they would, at least in the first exchange of assaults, try to destroy each other's missiles rather than the cities and their populations. ABM pushes the Soviets away from that option and toward the counter-city strategy—or at least toward a mixed strategy which programs both kinds of targets. It does so because Sentinel places both the intercept missiles and some major components of the radar detection network on the peripheries of a number of our major cities. Two targets for the price of one is a lure that few military planners, shortsighted and aggressive enough to have earned their red or gold stars, would be able to resist. ABM, then, makes the destruction of our cities more tempting to the potential enemy than it would otherwise be.

¶Advocates of ABM have sometimes argued that it would discourage proliferation of nuclear arms among the many nations who now are technically capable of joining the club. It is likely to have the opposite effect, for it is bound to suggest to NATO states and other restive allies of the United States that we plan to take better care of ourselves than of our friends. They need not be convinced that ABM is certain to work; their military will persuade them that it *might* work. And that, combined with enthusiastic support and pressure upon Washington from the American defense industry, should be enough to generate public enthusiasm for providing our client states with ABM systems of their own. But the scenario would not end with an unarmed Norway, West Germany or Australia lurking behind its own small and easily penetrable Sentinel system. As Robert Rothstein has argued, in one of the few truly clear-eyed analyses of the damage that ABM will do:

> The costs [of setting up ABM systems for allied states] would be very high, not least in the sense that promising or providing a nation with an ABM system may be the first step toward its acquiring offensive nuclear weapons—on the uncertain but not implausible presumption that an ABM system without a complementary offensive capability is as unsatisfactory as entering a battle with a shield but without a sword. Moreover, the problem of defending against an MRBM (medium-range ballistic missile) is almost insuperable, given their limited flight time, and especially if they are delivered in number. Hence, the pressure for offensive weapons as a deterrent will be heavy. (*Foreign Affairs*, April, 1968.)

Thus ABM is the latest instance of America's impressive talent for setting the left hand against the right, for allowing the military to undermine virtually any arms-limiting opportunities that our few and harassed peace planners may have been able to initiate with other nations. Rapid expansion of the list of signatories to the non-proliferation treaty was one of the best lingering hopes for an international resort to restraint. That hope will now be significantly weakened, if not shattered, as the cranes begin to gouge out the suburban holes into which the ABM missiles and radar and computer facilities are to be implanted.



Norman Mansbridge, Punch

Meanwhile, what will be happening back home—in families, schools, cities, the economy and our minds? The domestic effects of the full ABM system now loom darkly as new potential injuries to human sensibility and fulfillment. And, to thrust the knife of pessimistic social realism still deeper, many of these consequences will also tend to feed back into the strategic problems I have already discussed—that is, apart from their debasing influence upon the quality of American life, they will also further heighten the risk that we and our antagonists will lose control of the deterrence game and slip into devastating local wars or into full thermonuclear annhilation.

The following are a few of the more obvious dangers—and, again, they appear to have been neglected both by the strategic-military theorists when they conceived the ABM caper, and by the governing hierarchs of Congress and the White House when they consented to it:

¶Even the strategic analysts can now perceive the Vietnamese-American war to have been a mistaken investment. (Its immorality concerns them not at all; their approach, as they see it, is "scientific," and they must remain "value free.") Gradually the war will be closed out. If possible, there will be some saving of American face and perhaps some temporary lease on dwindling power for the Saigon regime; but "counterinsurgency warfare"—a strategic innovation as ethically degrading as it was militarily unfeasible—will have been discredited. The money spent on it in Vietnam (more than $30 billion last year) would, in a rational system, be put to other, nonmilitary uses.

However, by the inner dynamic which governs the lives of institutions grown too vast, too powerful and overstaffed, the American military establishment is now seeking new ways to expand, rather than reduce, its hoggish slice of the budget. The thin Sentinel system is the immediate answer; the thickened system is already advocated as the great promise of the near future. An overall return to flirtation with thermonuclear *Götterdämmerung* will pass for strategic inventiveness and adaptability when new appropriations are being rammed through Congress.

Already the premonitory signal has been sounded by spokesmen for the Pentagon and the large cabal of hard liners in Congress, and has even been hinted by the Bureau of the Budget itself: the coming Vietnam cutback must not be counted on to reduce military funding needs —arms development and modernization will, on the contrary, require an increase in military spending.

Thus our cities will remain as neglected as they have been during the great fiasco of the overcelebrated and underfinanced War on Poverty. And as they continue to sink into disorder and despair, the polluted air ringing with the anguish and anger of blacks and others who lack the homes, the schools, the jobs necessary for their hope and for the nation's redemption, the distant policy elite will be serving the citizenry by pouring even more of its wealth into re-energizing the great game of international paranoia. It seems truly doubtful that the escalation of human misery and bitterness that will be caused by the coming arms escalation can long be sustained. Thus ABM will not only exact vast human cost from the socially neglected; it will move us still closer to the detonation of full domestic conflict, which threatens us far more meaningfully and deeply than an imagined Chinese nuclear assault.

¶Almost no members of the general public seem yet to have realized that the full Sentinel system will require a vast new program of shelter construction, directed toward the ostensible goal of being able to put the country temporarily underground whenever necesssary.

As early as 1964-65, when they were beyond the research and development phase with the Nike system (the far less ambitious and partially installed precursor of Sentinel), the military were already insisting that both "active" and "passive" defense were required. "Active defense" means ABM missiles; "passive defense" means shelters.

It is more than likely that the military will soon be openly advocating a multibillion-dollar allocation for the fitting out of natural shelters (deep basements of public buildings, subways, etc.) whose locations and capacities have already been surveyed, for the construction of thousands of new public shelters and, probably, for stimulating further construction of private ones.

In part, this will be a response to the continuing anguish of some of the older Manhattan Project physicists, and to the plans and recommendations drawn by research groups that they dominate. Eugene Wigner and Edward Teller, among others, have urged shelter building on the ground that we must do whatever we can to reduce the fatalities of a nuclear assault. That shelters will not adequately protect the sheltered, particularly when they emerge into a poisoned devastation, is a consideration to which these advocates turn a deaf ear.

But for the military and the cool civilian strategists who advise them, humane concern is somewhat beside the point. They have another set of reasons for building shelters into the overall ABM plan: passive defense will put off and deflect future public protest against the Sentinel system, and it will enhance the "credibility" of our resolution to go beyond the brink and into full thermonuclear war, if necessary.

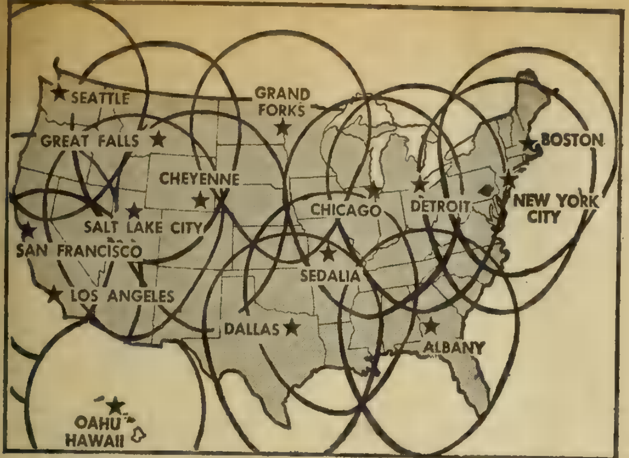
Supporting this position are certain technical data as to the damage that ABM, if used, will do to the population and plant it supposedly protects. Spartan and Sprint are the two missiles to be employed in the Sentinel system. Spartan is a long-distance device whose explosive power is in the megaton range (at least fifty times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb). However, according to Defense Department publicists, Spartan missiles cannot hurt us. What makes them so benign is that they will intercept incoming ICBMs high above the atmosphere and thousands of miles away from the urban ABM sites. Thus neither blast nor radioactive fallout will reach the earth. Of course it is not beyond conception that a Spartan might detonate prematurely, perhaps only 1 or 2 miles above the earth and only a few miles upwind from a major city.

In any case, Spartans sent aloft to destroy an incoming wave of ICBMs will not destroy all, or even most, of the assault missiles. Even our military spokesmen acknowledge this. Therefore, the next phase of our defense requires the short-range Sprint missiles. They will wait till the last possible second before firing—for the longer one tracks an incoming ICBM the greater the chance of knocking it down. Thus the Sprints will detonate in the lower atmosphere, directly above the cities on whose suburban peripheries they are based.

The Pentagon assures us that Sprints are merely in the kiloton range, most of them being less powerful than the Hiroshima bomb; and since they will be detonated at a height of 5,000 feet or more their fireballs should not return to the ground. What is not mentioned is that blast waves sufficient to destroy some buildings and most people who stand in the way will reach the ground; that rather deadly radioactive fallout will certainly descend upon our cities; and, most mortal in its consequences, that even if the fireball does not descend, enough heat can result to set whole cities ablaze and kill instantly all persons exposed.

The military will thus have drawn the conclusion that a vast shelter program could do a good deal to pacify domestic protest; at the same time, they will see it as reducing the doubts of Moscow and Peking that we would ever really use the Sentinel system. And this gain in "credibility" would also suggest that we are capable of committing a pre-emptive assault, thus improving our powers of intimidation as we pursued advantage in the international geopolitical contest.

That the reasoning is cockeyed—that sheltering is of



The National Observer

Areas To Be Protected by the U.S. Anti-Ballistic-Missile System

extremely limited protective value, that the strategists of other nations are likely to know this—will not stop the military from playing the game through. Commitment to a mad scheme reinforces itself and when the expansion of the military budget is also in sight, the faith can be maintained.

The sheltering of society presents a few problems that must be directly confronted. It can lead to a domestic war of "all against all" unless "protection" is distributed equally. The 1961 shelter craze, fostered by the Civil Defense Agency, rapidly regressed into an anguished national debate on when it was permissible to shoot the neighbor who tries to break into one's cave. Partly because of this, current planning stresses large public shelters—though they could never be vast or accessible enough to house the total population of a city under attack. Resentments bred of the inevitable discrimination against ghetto residents, suburbanites, people who work in the open, would probably escalate to a pattern of discord that would further disrupt our already conflict-wracked urban existence.

Once the shelters are built, drills in their use will become a ritualized aspect of school life. Children will then need to know why sheltering is required, why the "bad men" want to attack and destroy them. The answers given by their teachers and parents, by their comic books and TV programs, will all provide justification by caricaturing the potential enemy as unalterably hostile. A generation so propagandized will grow up to be a mass barely able to question the war-risking adventurism of its government or to resist the shaping of a garrison state.

Also, for both children and adults, no matter how inadequate shelters actually are, the fact that they exist will encourage much of the population to believe that it is protected against nuclear destruction, and this, like inflamed estimates of the enemy's hostility, will also increase general willingness to allow the wilder military and the more grandiose strategists to have their way with the nation and our lives.

How could such a monstrosity as Sentinel be conceived by the military-strategic establishment, and accepted by our government? What can be done, even now, to stop it? And how in the future can we prevent similar injuries to our national sanity and our fragile hopes?

The full story of the original advocacy of Sentinel is not available, but much of its promotion occurred in public view, and from that recent history one may draw some cautionary lessons.

Ever since the Dulles doctrine of "massive retaliation" was first proclaimed, the doomsday men (those who hold that peace can be maintained only by readiness to fight and "win" a full thermonuclear war) have occupied nearly all the top command and planning posts in the Pentagon. Some civilian officials within the Department of Defense have tried at times to temper the prevailing doomsday spirit, but their own investment in the elegant delusions of strategic analysis has inhibited them.

The main opposition to the forced march toward Armageddon has come from Congress, particularly from the Senate, where a few liberals have been willing to take on the military-industrial complex and cast doubt on its web of self-serving assumptions. But their efforts have usually been only delaying actions because they have not mustered legislative majorities. Resistance to military expansion—especially when the Joint Chiefs are urgently calling for new weapons systems—requires a bravery and intellectual effort that exceeds the grasp of most members of Congress.

The typical Congressman never yields more easily than when military experts offer "evidence" that a new system requested is a necessary answer to an initiative already taken by the potential enemy. In the case of Sentinel, the experts were able to wave two enemy initiatives before Congress—the beginning of a Chinese push to develop some ICBMs, and the fact that the Soviets had mounted an ABM system around Moscow and in their far northwest, and were expected to do the same at many other urban centers. That both these developments came after the United States had begun its own ABM research and development program was, for the moment, beside the point. Yet the balance of terror of which our strategists speak so proudly has never been balanced. Our considerable advantage over the Soviets in deliverable thermonuclear missiles, and our almost infinite advantage over the Chinese, have given them sufficient strategic reason to doubt our official assurances that we would never commit a first assault.

Any Soviet or Chinese strategist who failed to see a possible threat in the American ABM plan (which was already under development in the early sixties) and in the accompanying expansion of our ICBM stockpile, would have been derelict in his duty to brood as well and as long and as pessimistically as possible.

If the game is madly played on both sides, there is still some special madness in our insistence on staying far ahead of the Communist nations in destructive and "defensive" capability. And there is a special duplicity in the fact that our military manage to find unbearable threats in every attempt by the Soviets or Chinese to narrow the gap between our capabilities and theirs.

Indeed, the military and strategic publicists, as they ready themselves for this year's campaign for further Sentinel funds have already, by certain significant silences, added a few more achievements in disingenuousness to their rather impressive record. The fact is that over the last year and a half the Soviets have not gone one step toward thickening their very thin *Galosh* system; the ABM sites near Moscow have not been expanded and no others have been established any place else in the Soviet Union. And it is even more fascinating that the *Tallinn* system, originally described by our military as an ABM network across the Soviets' northwestern approaches, is now understood (according to Secretary McNamara's final report) to lack "any significant ABM capability." It is not, and never was, an ABM system.

Another relevant fact not often mentioned in Pentagon pronouncements is that last year the Soviets invited us to negotiate the mutual dismantling of ABM systems. We have yet to accept that invitation, though there are indications now of some ambivalent interest from the restaffed White House. That interest, if it exists at all, has not affected the high military. They and their Congressional allies know that one more giant step toward ABM will knock such negotiations out of consideration. The ensuing escalation race will not only destroy the prospects for an effective nonproliferation treaty; it will set the giant states on a collision course.

The urgent question, then, is what can be done to stop the Sentinel plan dead in its tracks, to freeze it as the Soviet ABM has apparently been frozen, and thus make possible international negotiations to dismantle and prohibit ABM systems? Happily, the tide just may be beginning to turn. Mounting suburban protests have energized and strengthened a number of Congressmen. And both in Congress and in aroused citizens' groups, attention is beginning to move beyond the issue of accidental detonation and toward the far more basic questions posed by the strategic-military nightmare through which we have been stumbling for so many years.

The occasion for a strong challenge on these matters is provided by the new national budget that will be processed by Congress in the coming months. Many opponents of ABM do not understand that Congress has thus far given only its tacit approval of the $5 billion thin Sentinel system. It did so last year by voting a total first installment of $927 million. In the budget request now before Congress the total Sentinel appropriation is $1,788 billion. The items for procurement, operations and manpower are all boosted, while research and development holds at the previous expenditure level, thus suggesting that the military are now eager to move as quickly as they can toward implementing the present plan.

But the full ABM budget for the next fiscal year must clear four different legislative hurdles, namely the authorization and appropriations bills for military construction, and the separate authorization and appropriations bills for the Department of Defense. Before these are acted upon there will probably be vigorous examination and debate in the Armed Services Committees of both House and Senate.

Last year some forty-six Senators voted against one or more of the four legislative tests of Sentinel. Senators Hart, Cooper, McCarthy, McGovern and even Symington are among those now hoping for a public mobilization of massive, overtly expressed, opposition to ABM. If they get it, there is a fair chance that Sentinel can be stopped. And if that happens it may yet be possible that disenchantment with the strategists and their military masters can be turned toward a long overdue and essential task—a fully public and critical examination of the paranoid ideational system that has corrupted the world's international relations between states during the first two decades of the nuclear era.

The obligation upon the thoughtful and more courageous members of Congress is great; the obligation upon the peace organizations, the relevant academics capable of analyzing the delusions of strategic lore—and upon all concerned citizens—is greater still.

'LITTLE GROUPS OF NEIGHBORS'

DRAFT BOARDS IN ACTION

L. BREWSTER JACKSON

Mr. Jackson is a staff reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ever since August of 1862, when President Lincoln sought by Executive order to raise 300,000 troops for nine months' service, the Selective Service System has survived in comfortable immurement, relatively untouched by any substantial opposition. But with Vietnam came a growing disenchantment over the draft, first by reason of its association with the war, then because the service itself seemed beset by more than its share of inequities and injustices.

Of late, numerous reports on the Selective Service System have pointed out that, though the need for a system of conscription may exist in principle, parts of the present draft machinery need substantial overhauling from the system that grew out of the Civil War and found its formal structure during World War I under Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. That the service tends to be biased and unfair is borne out in a recent study undertaken by two former consultants to the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service.

The report, considered to be the first comprehensive analysis of the Selective Service System, is called *Little Groups of Neighbors** after a phrase used by General Lewis B. Hershey, to describe local draft boards in his speeches around the country. The basic finding of the three-year study, compiled by James W. Davis, Jr., of Washington University and Kenneth M. Dolbeare of the University of Wisconsin, is that substantial inequities in induction criteria exist among draft boards from state to state, and even from one town to the next. Policy guidelines sent out by the system's headquarters in Washington are generally marked "advisory only," rather than being specific and obligatory. Little attempt is made to supervise or inspect the actions of local boards, and these boards could not easily conform to standards of either procedure or performance. "Men with similar relevant characteristics are thus treated in widely different ways by various local boards across the nation," notes the report. "Nor is this result compensated for by other returns produced by the decentralization and local autonomy which have made nonuniformity the hallmark of the system."

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* Markham Publishing Co., Chicago. $5.95; in paper $3.50.

Noting that the service has stubbornly resisted collecting any data on board members and registrants, the authors assert that the system is mired in outdated policies that rigidly defend its decentralized, locally autonomous form of organization. Unwittingly or not, the service's national headquarters has employed the rhetoric of a manpower shortage when, in fact, what has existed since the Korean War has been a manpower glut. "The most conscientious of local board members," they point out, "frequently have no basis for action other than their own understanding of the nation's or the community's interests in a particular situation, and their judgments are bound to differ in various contexts across the country."

Nonetheless, in spite of the autonomous nature of local boards, certain induction and deferment patterns do emerge, and indeed shape the character of the organization. Davis and Dolbeare contend that the surplus of American men who are draft-eligible is the cause of all the military manpower procurement problems of the late 1960s and 1970s. Simply stated, the problem is who shall serve and who shall not. By the early 1970s, almost twice as many 18-year-olds will be eligible as were during the Korean War. Yet military requirements—even during most of the war in Vietnam—have remained below the force levels of the Korean War period. "The key question under such conditions," notes the report, "is the combined ethical and practical issue of what standards should be employed in selecting the relatively few men who are to be inducted."

Thus the original intention of deferments—to maximize the efficient use of manpower resources—has been altered to reduce the pool of available men to manageable proportions. This change has been to the advantage of young men with relatively high incomes. Data from the Selective Service System itself shows that 40 per cent of all college graduates of age 26 have seen military service, compared to 53 per cent for those of lower educational levels.

Walter Y. Oi, a former manpower consultant to the Pentagon, has told the Senate Armed Services Committee that most college men in the past have fulfilled their military obligation by enlisting in the Reserves, while more than 75 per cent of qualified high school graduates served in active duty forces. *Little Groups of Neighbors* supports this statement with data showing that for periods of time only 2.1 per cent of all army inductees had a college degree.

And there are other advantages to a college education. University graduates have been able to obtain occupational deferments by a ratio of better than 10 to 1 over their counterparts with high school education or less. Until February of 1968, college graduates could easily continue their deferments by either going to graduate school or getting married and having children. Moreover, notes the study, "even if they [college graduates] do not suceed in avoiding service altogether, they are assured at least the opportunity to control the time of their service—an advantage not open to the non-college registrant—which may enable them to avoid service at times of greatest risk."

Though the national headquarters of the Selective Service System would hardly like to admit it, board members throughout the country agreed 47 to 40 per cent that registrants from poorer families are more likely to be inducted than registrants from the upper-income levels. "The margin of opinion is not great," as Davis and Dolbeare note, "but it comes in a context of a systematic argument to the contrary. In the light of our findings that deferment policies have indeed produced severe economic discrimination, perhaps we should wonder at the forty per cent who accept the official view."

Since World War II, another stated intention of the Selective Service has been to make its manpower demands without reference to religion or race. Recent reports from newsmen in Vietnam and from Negro leaders who have visited the fighting in that country, confirm that Negro and white soldiers eat, sleep, travel and fight side by side, existing in a relationship that may contrast markedly with what they have been accustomed to at home. As Stephen Ambrose commented recently in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, they even exchange off-color jokes with one another.

Yet, it has been pointed out that the operation of the draft and the relative racial mix of each of the armed services produce a more indirect form of discrimination. Ulysses Lee, a cultural and military historian at the Uni-

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versity of Pennsylvania, estimates that the proportion of Negroes in combat forces, especially in Vietnam, is higher by far than their proportion in the army, and that the disproportion of Negro fatalities is higher still. Citing current estimates from the Department of Defense, Lee says that Negroes make up nearly 20 per cent of the combat forces in Vietnam, about 25 per cent of the front-line noncommissioned officers, and more than 14 per cent of those killed in action (which is a drop of almost 10 per cent from the figure released by the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service in 1967).

Although Negroes do not appear to be drafted any more frequently than whites of the same economic level, Davis and Dolbeare find, Negroes as a group are far more draft-vulnerable because they generally come from the lowest income levels. Moreover, they qualify for specialized training less frequently than whites and therefore end up far more regularly in front-line duty. And though the enlistment rate is lower for Negroes than for whites, the Negro re-enlistment rate far surpasses that for whites. In 1965, for example, Morris Janowitz, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, states that first-term re-enlistments of white soldiers was 17.1 per cent, while for Negroes it was 45.1 per cent.

In several states, particularly those in the South, "there may be evidence," according to Davis and Dolbeare, "to support charges of deliberate inductions of Negroes, particularly in the case of civil rights activists." Perhaps in an effort to respond to such criticism and to broaden the ethnic and racial base of local board membership, the Selective Service System announced in November, 1968, that minority groups have been acquiring seats on local draft boards at the rate of about one out of every five new openings in the last year. From September 1 to November 15, a period of seventy-five days, ninety-nine Negroes were added, for a total of 921 Negroes on local boards. Before

Which Memo? The Odor of Fraud

CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Miss Dreifus is a free-lance writer who has worked as a union organizer and labor editor.

A case that came recently before the Federal Court in New York should have been routine: a young man had refused to step forward for induction because he considered himself to be a conscientious objector. These days "draft dodgers" are common, but this case is noteworthy for the fact that the prosecution appeared to be relying on fraudulent documents.

In 1966, Antonio Fargas was sent a notice to report for induction into the U.S. Army. Upon receipt of his "greetings," he immediately applied for conscientious objector status. After a hearing, New York Local Board #5 decided to refuse Fargas' request. Recording the rejection in an official memorandum on June 9, 1966, Local Board member W. A. Tucker wrote:

> Said he had been C. O. all his life. Although did not mention this in Questionnaire dated 8/24/64. Form #150 received, interviewed at length. No consideration given to C. O. Registrant to report for induction as scheduled.

Antonio Fargas refused induction and in December, 1968, his case came up for trial.

"The backbone of our case," according to civil liberties lawyer Victor Rabinowitz, "was the question of the maturing of Antonio's beliefs. Courts had ruled in several previous cases that a draft board must determine whether or not a registrant actually had a change of conscience since the receipt of his draft notice. We built our whole case on the fact that Fargas' board said nothing on the matter."

Rabinowitz was therefore shocked when he received the D.A.'s trial brief and found quoted there a memo—dated June 9, 1966, and signed by W. A. Tucker, but utterly different from the memo in Fargas' S. S. file. (The local board had provided the defense with Fargas' complete Selective Service file.) The D.A.'s version of the memo said, in part, that "there has been no change in registrant's status resulting from circumstances over which registrant had no control since issuance of induction order."

It struck Rabinowitz that this wording in the D.A.'s memo conformed to the requirements of the *Gerry* case, a landmark in draft law, which was handed down some four months after the June 9 date on the memo. Furthermore, the original memo contained an official stamp; the D.A.'s document did not. And a close examination revealed that the two versions of the memorandum were typed on different machines. "I was just flabbergasted," said Rabinowitz. "It looked to me as though someone had either switched or altered important evidence."

Rabinowitz wasn't the only amazed man in court that day. A flustered D.A. asked for an immediate postponement of the trial. The presiding judge, Justice Frederick van Pelt Bryan, ordered the D.A. to return in two days with a good explanation as to what was going on. When the trial resumed, the federal prosecutor moved to dismiss the entire case. And as a kind of bonus to Rabinowitz, the prosecution offered to dismiss a second of his draft cases, also involving a registrant at Draft Board #5.

"Nothing doing," said Rabinowitz. He objected to dismissal on the ground that the odor of fraud should be tracked down. Judge Bryan's initial impulse was to say that the U.S. District Attorney's office was clearly not responsible for the irregularity.

"Not so clear," snapped Rabinowitz. "We do not have any idea who is responsible."

To unravel the mystery, the judge ordered Asst. Dist. Atty. Andrew Lawler to make a complete investigation of the situation and to return promptly with an explanation. Several weeks have passed, but he has not yet returned to court.

Says Attorney Rabinowitz: "No one knows how many young men are sentenced and convicted every day on the basis of tampered evidence. We were just lucky to find this little 'discrepancy' and we hope that the Fargas experience will alert draft-age men to look at their legal papers very carefully."

As for Antonio Fargas, neither Uncle Sam's Army nor the penitentiary has as yet been able to fit him for a uniform. He can be seen every night in *The Great White Hope*, a Broadway play in which he has a featured part.

October 20, 1967, only 481 local board members were Negro. However, the number of Negroes on boards in Southern states remains relatively low, with Alabama, Florida and South Carolina having acquired their first Negro members this year. There are still no Negroes on Mississippi draft boards.

The total membership of the 4,100 local boards throughout the country rose from 17,232 in October, 1967, to 18,004 in November of last year, an increase of 772, which the Service says was made to deal with the growing population. The 1967 Draft Law removed the statutory ban on women board members, and since then 101 have been appointed. Also, Spanish-American representation increased from 456 to 530, American Indian from twenty-three to forty-four and Oriental from forty-one to sixty-three.

The absence of clear standards and of relevant information frequently prevents local boards from identifying deferment areas with greater precision. For example, it has been found that in some areas board members, for want of better guidelines from headquarters, have fallen back on evaluations of a registrant's personal appearance or choice of words in a letter. The Department of Labor has issued a Critical Skills List, but it is said that until last February, local boards did not bother to refer to the list and most did not consider themselves bound by it. "Most clerks had heard of the list, but neither they nor their boards had found reason to make use of it. Instead, [deferment] decisions were based on board members' newspaper reading, individual assumptions or private prejudices."

Thus the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service found that half the registrants given occupational deferments by local boards were in neither a critical occupation nor an essential industry, as defined by the Department of Labor. Not that a consistent deferment policy would by itself produce draft equality. "No matter how consistently the draft is administered across the country," concludes the report, "as long as there is a student deferment followed by occupational deferments, under conditions of a manpower surplus, there will be lower rates of service from the upper income levels of the society."

Although there is, of course, no official indication of this, it is also suggested that deferments for students, fathers and those with particular skills—in essence, all those that might potentially challenge the system—may be intended to maintain public support for Selective Service. Davis and Dolbeare say: "To put it bluntly, deferments may have protected the draft and the Selective Service more than they have protected the nation's manpower."

Further, because the service seeks to retain the allegiance of local board members and state political structures, it has avoided any significant attempt to control local board policy, the belief being that conscription will be condoned where local management is assured. This theory, it is said, stems from past experience when rural populations dominated urban populations. Today, however, urban dwellers outnumber their rural counterparts by almost 3 to 1, some local boards have more than 50,000 registrants, and there is less weight in such "grass-roots" reasoning.

Statistics compiled by Davis and Dolbeare in 1966 show that nearly half of the men who serve without pay on local boards are more than 60 years old, about 22 per cent are more than 70 and almost two-thirds are war veterans. On typical local boards there are three veterans (one a veteran of World War I), one member more than 70, and only one less than 50. Most of them are proprietors, managers, officials or professional men. Though only 12 per cent of the male population older than 25 has been through at least four years of college, according to the 1960 census, more than 30 per cent of local board members have that amount of education. However, less than half of the almost 10,000 board members in rural areas have been to college at all, and less than 25 per cent of these hold degrees.

It has become difficult to recruit new board members and the system therefore encourages long service. Thus draft boards, particularly those in more rural areas, become so much a part of the community that members may find themselves granting deferments as personal favors or inducting persons as a matter of community punishment. "What board members share with the controlling elements within their jurisdictions is the same occupational and class status and values; they participate in similar activities and may be personally known to key employers and major activists within the community." To indicate their special status within the community the report notes that approximately two-thirds of all local board members hold some form of public office during their lives.

General Hershey has repeatedly resisted the suggestion that a set of national standards be established for the guidance of local boards, but *Little Groups of Neighbors* reports that many local board members believe they should follow some rules. Of the local board members who were asked if they would prefer more specific state and national directives, 46 per cent said they would favor more orders in regard to occupational deferments, 40 per cent said they would in regard to student deferments, and 29 per cent said they would in regard to hardship deferments. The authors rarely found a member who would prefer fewer directives. Yet board members appear to want it both ways; 78 per cent agreed that the local discretion granted them by national headquarters is invaluable in dealing with individual cases.

The draft is one of the most hotly contested subjects on high school and college campuses today, but Americans in general are not inclined to find its machinery unfair unless they or their children are personally threatened, and then only when they have made a substantial investment in education or a career. In addition, the National Opinion Research Center found in a 1964 study for the Department of Defense that the threat of the draft was of little concern to more than 80 per cent of those interviewed who had limited if any plans for study beyond high school.

Davis and Dolbeare found in Wisconsin, for example, that despite the information available on the Selective Service System, few have more than a superficial knowledge of the system's fairness; or, indeed, how the system works at all. Generally, the older the person interviewed, the more he supports the draft and the less he actually knows about it. And one of the report's most revealing findings in Wisconsin is that most of the persons who thought the draft fair also thought that local boards were acting on strict orders from national headquarters in Washington.

BRAZILIAN STORM WARNING

FRANCIS B. KENT

Mr. Kent, a Latin American correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *has just transferred from Rio de Janeiro to Mexico City.*

Rio de Janeiro

Baffled and hurt by increasing signs of opposition, Brazil's military government has overreacted in a manner typical of military regimes in this part of the world. It has swept away summarily what remained of the democratic process in this largest and most populous of Latin American nations. [See "Brazil: The Tanks Roll" by Warren Dean, *The Nation*, January 6.]

Whether the generals will be able with unlimited power to achieve the elusive goals of stability and progress remains to be seen. What seems to be more likely is another round of experimental groping, with unpredictable results. Civil rights have been suspended, Congress was ordered into an indefinite period of recess, the press has been placed under censorship, student spokesmen have been arrested, and political leaders antagonistic to the regime are in exile, in jail, under close surveillance, or placed in a Brazilian form of limbo which removes them from every political activity (including voting) for ten years.

In the weeks ahead, however, the generals will be faced with decisions far more distressing than whether to move against this or that individual, group or institution. There is the sorry state of the economy; there is the rising resentment of the Roman Catholic Church because the regime has failed to effect social reforms, and there is the still unresolved student revolt.

The four and a half years since the military take-over have produced a measure of economic progress. Most of this improvement, however, was achieved under Marshal Humberto Castelo Branco, who was installed immediately after the 1964 revolt, and Roberto Campos, who was given extraordinary latitude in running the Ministry of Planning. Prices and wages were controlled. The cost of living increase was slowed from more than 100 per cent per year to less than 25 per cent. Imports were limited and exports were expanded. U.S. aid poured in at the rate of more than $300 million a year.

Since Costa e Silva's inauguration in March, 1967, the government has been subject to drift and indecision. Grandiose plans have been advanced, but little has been accomplished. Tax collections have not met expectations. The balance of payments deficit has increased, and a whopping budget deficit is forecast for the year ahead. After the generals' December power grab, the United States announced that the entire aid program was being subjected to review.

Washington voiced concern, too, at the treatment accorded two American priests as part of the military's awkward effort to silence an increasing growl of clerical discontent. Fathers Darrell Dean Rupiter and Peter Albert Grams, members of the Oblate order with headquarters in St. Paul, Minn., were arrested and held for more than a week in Recife, then expelled from the country.

Three French priests remain under arrest at Belo Horizonte. Three others were held briefly at Santos, where Bishop David Picao was detained for interrogation before seeking refuge in the home of the papal nuncio here in Rio.

The military view is that the liberal wing of the Catholic Church has exceeded its role by speaking out for accelerated efforts to redress Brazil's glaring social injustices. Among the most uninhibited church spokesmen has been Dom Helder Camara, archbishop of Olinda and Recife, who has compared the lot of the northeastern *campesino* to that of a cactus. He has been joined frequently by his fellow bishops in the publication of manifestoes calling for armed insurrection, if necessary, to bring about sweeping changes in Brazil's social structure.

Much of the church has aligned itself with the university students who came within an ace of provoking a popular revolution last year. Until August, when many of the student leaders were arrested near Sao Paulo for attending a convention of the outlawed National Students Union, the students had rioted in the streets of Brazil's major cities, paralyzing commerce and bringing on violent clashes with the authorities. More than once, the army was called out to restore order with tanks and machine guns. The students were led for the most part by professional leftist agitators, some of whom had been trained in Cuba. That, however, does not make their grievances any less real.

A professor at Rio's Catholic University recently described the university machinery as "rotten, old, indolent and in many cases contaminated by corruption and incompetence." Professors are paid as little as $100 a month for a full class load. In a nation of 90 million people there is room for scarcely 200,000 in the universities; thousands are turned away each year. Student disorders, a phenomenon by no means restricted to Brazil, seemed particularly justified here.

In the weeks immediately after President Costa e Silva's suppression of the opposition, Brazilians showed little inclination to protest. The beaches of Rio were crowded and conversation in bars and coffeehouses was mainly of soccer. This, though, was the holiday season, which here is accompanied traditionally by a general slowdown in all but social activities. It will continue, if custom is observed, until after the pre-Lenten carnival of mid-February.

It is much too early to judge whether a spate of Finance Ministry decrees will help to strengthen the long-ailing economy. Already, though, some segments of the business community are beginning to bridle at new regulations. There is no evidence that the Church will move to silence its more outspoken opponents of the military, and there is nothing to indicate that the students will settle down quietly behind their books.

Moreover, there is no way to measure the extent of opposition to the government within the military itself. But it is incontestable that such opposition exists, based on the conviction that the role of the army is to protect the constitution, to intervene when necessary, but to return to the barracks at the earliest possible opportunity. Officers of this persuasion, up to and including the rank of colonel, are known to have been in touch with former President Juscelino Kubitschek and Carlos Lacerda, former governor of Guanabara (Rio), prior to their arrest. The number and depth of conviction of these officers could be the factors that shape Brazil's future.

WHITE LABOR, BLACK LABOR

THE FOMENTED CONFLICT

LLOYD L. BROWN

Mr. Brown, who was a CIO organizer in the 1930s and a founding member of the Negro American Labor Council, belongs to the Typographical Union. He is writing a book on social trends in the black community.

Is America faced with another "irrepressible conflict," this time between the black community and organized labor? Many voices say yes, and many hands seem to be working to bring about the collision. As a Negro American and a trade unionist, I am alarmed by this development; it threatens not only the equal rights movement and the unions but all prospects for social progress.

There are today, as there always have been, grounds for Negro antagonism toward the labor movement. The union button has never been a charm to shield its wearer from the virus of white supremacist ideas incubated in the culture of the upper class. The American labor movement, for the most part, has never accepted the old radical insight that white labor cannot be free while black labor is chained.

Despite its sins against racial equality, however, the union movement has been more hospitable to black Americans than other institutions in our racist society. Labor has a larger interracial membership than any other group, uniting in common interest, if not in brotherhood, some 2 million black workers with 16 million other workers.

Moreover, the continuing and inexcusable failure of the AFL-CIO executive council to put its professed policies of racial justice into practice, and the snail's pace of labor's self-reform are not the main factors behind the present sharp rise of anti-union sentiment in the black community. The main cause is to be found in the propagation of a new social doctrine—that organized labor is now the main barrier to black liberation, and the propagators of this new faith belong to four distinct orders. They are the big business missionaries to the ghetto, the black separatists, the liberal friends of the deserving poor, and the left-wing white advocates of black segregation. I shall deal here only with the first and most important group, merely describing the others in passing.

The black separatists, like their white racist counterparts, are anti-union on principle, opposing all interracial association as the worst of evils. The branch of liberalism that embraces the new creed is composed of middle-class people of good will who believe that labor is now big business, that white workers are rich, and that the only deserving poor are black. The white left-wing supporters of the new doctrine, having despaired of the working-class revolution, update Marx to read: Labor in a black skin can get its rights only by taking away the rights of labor in a white skin.

The big business missionaries, to return to the group which is the main sponsor of the doctrine, are the "thousands of businessmen across the nation [who are] getting involved in the struggle to restore social cohesion," as *Fortune* magazine noted in a special issue (January, 1968) devoted to "Business and the Urban Crisis."

"The struggle to preserve property" might have been a more accurate way to put it, since it has been noted often, and correctly, that the violence of ghetto outbursts has been primarily directed against property. "The term 'Negro revolution' must be taken seriously," one of *Fortune*'s writers warns, "because its present battleground is at the level of the city."

This writer, Max Ways, outlines for big business the trail-breaking role of advancing the Negro revolution through a "national triple alliance" of the corporation, the city and the Negro (in that order). Noting that "the more congealed liberals . . . continue to doubt that business can be the agent of the kind of social advance that is needed," Mr. Ways assures his readers that "the leaders of the government of the U.S. believe it. Negroes believe it. Business is the one important segment of society Negroes today do not regard with bitter disillusionment." (One can imagine a "Triple Alliance" demonstration marching under the slogan: "No Corporation Chairman Ever Called Me A Nigger!"

The corporate missionaries to the ghetto have been plastering whole cities with their motto: "Give a damn." They will give *that*—but no more than that. The real giving, it is made plain, must come from another source. Here's how one of these agents of social advance puts it:

"Union concepts of security and seniority were formulated in the period of struggle between company and union. Now the struggle is between the Negroes and the unions. It is our position that a basic conflict exists between labor-union concepts and civil-rights concepts. Something has to give."

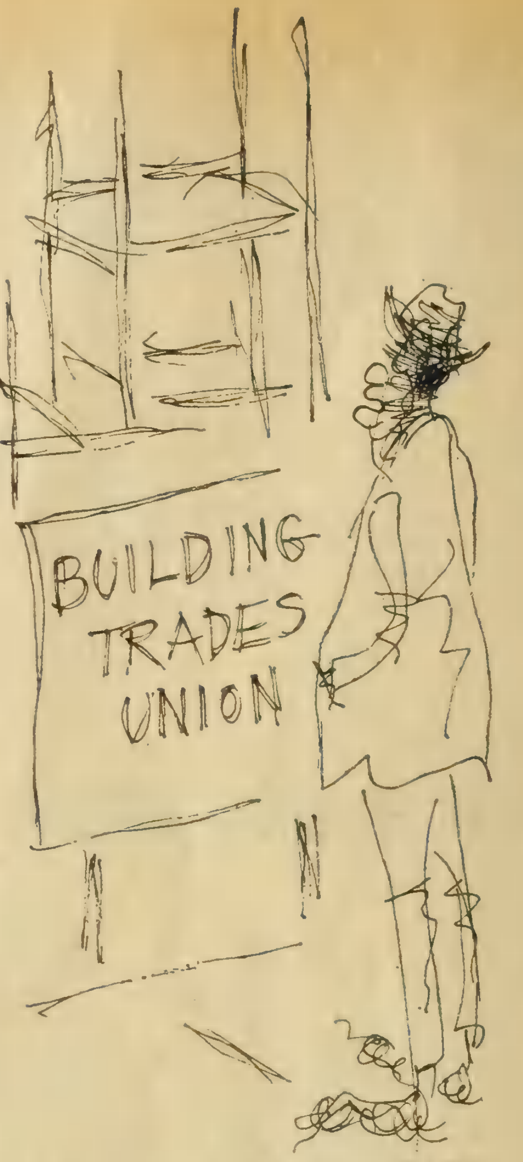
This clear statement of the new "basic-conflict" doctrine, also quoted in the special issue of *Fortune*, comes from John Doar, president of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Development and Service Corporation, which aims to cure the ills of one of America's most impoverished slums by building black capitalism there. Mr. Doar is also president of the New York City Board of Education, to which he was recently appointed.

His remarks appeared in an article, "The Case Against the Unions" by Thomas O'Hanlon, which offers various recommendations to insure equal rights for Negro workers. The primary proposal is this: "The union hiring hall must be eliminated. Unions still control an estimated two million jobs through such arrangements. Employers should be free to hire any qualified worker."

Mr. Doar's notion that "the period of struggle between company and union" is a thing of the past can only amuse the two sides. But his statement that labor-union concepts and civil rights concepts cannot coexist is more than a total misstatement; it is an invitation to total disaster.

There is nothing complex about labor-union concepts, the basic elements of which can be stated in a single sentence: A union, comprising the workers in a given industry or craft, bargains with the employers and by negotiation, backed up by an implied or direct threat of strike, obtains a contract for a designated period of time that establishes wages, hours, working conditions and various fringe benefits; specifies the prerogatives of both parties, and provides grievance procedures to guarantee compliance.

All other labor-union concepts are details flowing from that basic concept. For example, none of the contract benefits would profit an individual worker if he were not protected from arbitrary dismissal—the job security rules mentioned by Mr. Doar. A seniority system is likewise indispensable; without it, arbitrary dismissal could be effected simply by reducing the work force by one man or by not rehiring a man after a seasonal layoff.



Pat Fink

*"Always 'The House that Jack Built'—
Jack Senior, Jack Junior, Jack III"*

Since the abolition of job security and seniority would make union membership worthless, no union could continue to exist without these safeguards for its members. The protection of trade unionism, achieved by many generations of working people of all races and nationalities, is not "something" that "has to give." It is something that can be taken away by no force short of a Fascist dictatorship.

Labor-union concepts not only are not opposed to civil rights concepts, they *are* civil rights concepts applied to industry. When workers are excluded from union membership because of race or color, labor-union concepts are violated, just as the concept of democracy is violated by racist practices.

No one would destroy good housing that bars Negro tenancy or ownership. The obvious corrective action is to remove the barriers and let the Negro family move in. More unionization, not dismantled unions, is what the black worker needs. The job security and seniority rules are even more necessary for the Negroes now in unions than they are for other members. Last to be hired and first to be fired was the established rule for Negro industrial employment under the old, open-shop system; to the extent that the rule has been weakened, credit belongs to the unions. Indeed, the very term "due process" that unions stress in cases of dismissal comes from the Fourteenth Amendment, enacted to protect the rights of former slaves.

As for the recommendation that hiring halls be abolished, it happens that there are large numbers of Negroes in those industries where the hiring hall is established—maritime, longshore, hotel and restaurant, for example. Any attempt to abolish this system, under which everyone can see who is hired and for what job and whether fair-practice rules are followed, would elicit the bitterest opposition from the Negro members.

Advocacy of so-called right to work laws that ban the union shop comes from the most reactionary sections of the society—the same sections that are the most racist. The black worker knows better than anyone else the great difference that exists between a "right to work" state like Alabama and a largely unionized state like New York when it comes to job opportunity and pay.

The big business missionaries to the ghetto need not rely on church dinners and "mission Sunday" collections to keep them going. They have access to the tax-exempt billions of the great foundations with which to promote various programs among the desperate poor of the slums. To the most affluent "haves" it must seem very canny to promote the idea that the "have nots" can get what they need only from the "have a little bit mores." But the program sponsors would do well to realize that vandalizing the House of Labor would definitely not advance social cohesion. On the contrary, a fratricidal conflict between white labor and black labor would turn the urban crisis, which now threatens only property, into an urban civil war that would destroy everything.

HARRY GOLDEN

I have met Harold Howe two or three times. He is a tall, handsome man in his early 40s, born and bred in North Carolina. For several years he has worked out of Washington as the Director of Education for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Recently he resigned this post. He resigned because the South was raising so much hell about his insistence upon enforcing the law. Mr. Howe was not consigning federal funds to schools that refused to integrate.

The joy that greeted his resignation bordered on the obscene. Newspaper editorials thrilled to his departure as they would thrill to an armistice. In a letter to the *Charlotte Observer* one correspondent went into ecstasies over the revelation that Howe was really a Yankee (he is not).

When he became an administrator, Howe swore to uphold the law. That he found it impossible to do so indicates again the intransigence of the South, its blindness, its predilection for living wholly within the terms of its self-created myth. Southerners still believe that somehow they can turn back the May 17, 1954 decision of the Warren Court that school segregation is unconstitutional. William Faulkner has said there are still Southerners who live as though the whistle hadn't blown that sent Pickett's men charging against the Yankees.

When the Southerners Pinckney, Gadsden and the Reverend Tennent came to the Constitutional Convention, they insisted on the constitutional proviso that guaranteed religious freedom. Gouverneur Morris questioned their concern. He pointed out to these men that Jefferson and Franklin were wholly in accord with the right of a man to worship according to his conscience. The Reverend Tennent replied that if the accord was unanimous what harm could it do to put the law on the books. And on the books it went.

The Southern Methodists no longer had to disguise their churches nor did they have to include within them a fireplace in which to secrete their prayer books if an Anglican sheriff appeared on the scene. The Presbyterians no longer had to conduct their seminary classes below ground.

The South exercised a great influence on the framing of the Constitution. Now the South conveniently chooses to forget this history. Morals follow the law. Negroes are working in the cotton mills of North Carolina today in jobs formerly held by white men. They work there not because of a new blossoming of Christian charity, nor because of gradualism, but because of the law: in this instance the Kennedy Equal Opportunity Directive which threatened to withhold federal contracts from mills that practiced discrimination.

Perhaps the intransigence of the South is due to the fact that, because they helped write the law, these people feel they can unwrite it or disobey it, when the occasion so moves them.

Presumably the successor to Harold Howe will also take an oath to uphold the Constitution and all its laws and then the Southerners will wait for *him* to resign when their elected Representatives begin to bring pressure. It is too bad about Harold Howe, a public servant in whom the South should take great pride.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Heady Past of Futurism

RUSSIAN FUTURISM. *By Vladimir Markov. University of California Press. 467 pp. $12.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

Futurism in Russian literature was a plethora of jaunty, irreverent, youthfully boastful experimental groups whose presence manifested itself around 1910. Experimentation in the arts, new departures, radical revisions of aesthetics were very much in the Russian air at the time. Almost anything seemed possible. The sweeping renaissance in poetry, brought about by the Symbolists some fifteen years earlier, was still maintaining its momentum. Andrei Belyi and Remizov were bringing wondrous new dimensions to the Russian novel. Stravinsky had produced *Petrushka*, and a schoolboy named Sergei Prokofiev had appeared as a soloist in his own hammering and dissonant First Piano Concerto. Cubist and Italian Futurist paintings were bought and imported by wealthy merchant barons, works on *avant-garde* art theories avidly translated and studied. Malevich, Larionov, Natalia Goncharova, Kandinsky, Marc Chagall and numerous others were doing the freshest and most independent painting ever done in Russia.

Many of the young Futurist poets had training in the graphic arts and were eager to devise the literary equivalents of Cubist and Suprematist discoveries. Many of these poets had police records for participating in illegal demonstrations and other subversive activities against the Czarist regime. The radical and liberating trends in the arts of the early 20th century seemed to these painters and poets the harbingers, or perhaps the embodiment, of that sweeping social, political and moral revolution for which most of the Russian intelligentsia yearned, the premonitions of which were expressed poignantly in Chekhov's *Three Sisters* and, with unprecedented power, in Aleksandr Blok's poetry of the preceding decade.

The Moscow Cubo-Futurist group, led by David Burliuk (later known as an American painter), set out to shock and scandalize the bourgeoisie, the press and the literary establishment. They drew pictures of animals on their faces, dressed outlandishly (Mayakovsky's famous blouse of yellow necktie silk), and issued publications with titles like *A Slap in the Face of Public Taste* and *Candied Rat*, in which they demanded that Pushkin and Dostoevsky be "jettisoned from the ship of modernity" and attacked such successful, but to them conventional, writers as Gorky, Bunin and Leonid Andreyev. Their turbulent public readings, their stormy tours of the provinces made good copy, and the sensationalist press of the day made them nationally famous before they had created anything of artistic value. Very soon, however, the sudden celebrity proved very much justified as such enormously gifted Cubo-Futurists as Velimir Khlebnikov, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Benedikt Livshitz and the originator of the "trans-sense" language, poet-theoretician Aleksei Kruchonykh, developed into poets of undoubted power and originality.

If some of the Cubo-Futurist behavior of that period seems reminiscent of the American cultural scene of today, the parallel activities of the St. Petersburg-based group of Ego-Futurists, led by Igor-Severyanin, are even more recognizable. Severyanin combined sentimentality, bathos, ultra-modernity and misuse of foreign words in ways that would easily qualify as high camp had it been done today. He was the master of the pseudo-elegant literary put-on, but the general public as well as some distinguished poets and critics of the time were taken in. Severyanin became the greatest matinee idol in the history of Russian poetry; not until Yevtushenko, his direct descendant who took Severyanin's campy attitudes at face value and solemnly revived some of them, did a Russian poet match him in popularity.

There were other Futurist groupings that deserve to be known: the Mezzanine of Poetry, for instance, or the Centrifuge among whose founders were such important poets of the Soviet period as Nikolai Aseyev and Boris Pasternak. In the years immediately preceding the revolution, Futurist poets, both major and minor, generated such creative momentum, introduced so many fresh themes and approaches, experimented so successfully with form and with language that they not only mapped out just about every discovery and innovation introduced into Russian poetry since their time but they drastically altered the very course of that poetry.

Established poets, such as Andrei Belyi, Marina Cvetaeva and Osip Mandelstam, evolved new styles under the impact of Futurist techniques and imagery. From the 1920s to the 1960s, whenever distinctly original young Russian poets appear, they invariably turn to the Futurist tradition for inspiration. The underground mimeographed journals which flourished in Moscow a few years ago (but which have since been exterminated and their editors imprisoned) featured poetry derived from Khlebnikov's verbal flair, surrealistic imagery and anarchic inner freedom; Severyanin's presence is felt in the more "with-it" Soviet poetry of today, e.g., Voznesensky's "Striptease," while Pasternak and the Futurist-influenced period of Cvetaeva are the models for many of the more serious and worth-while younger Soviet poets. And yet the Futurist movement, one of the most significant and momentous phenomena in Russian literature of our century, is today little studied, understood or even mentioned outside of footnotes to scholarly studies.

While most of the Futurists were eager to serve the revolution once it came about, they were eventually allowed to do so only at the cost of reverting to themes and techniques they had revolted against in the first place. Some committed suicide, some perished in the purges of the thirties and some became drab and simplistic party-lining hacks. All serious study of Futurism was doomed after 1935, when Stalin, in a wildly out-of-character reversal (comparable to Nicholas I authorizing performances of *The Inspector General* or Khrushchev's permitting Solzhenitsyn to be published) decreed that Mayakovsky was the finest poet of the Soviet epoch and made the study of this poet compulsory. Since by then Futurism, along with all other 20th-century trends and techniques, was declared "formalist," "bourgeois" and "decadent," a vast body of Soviet scholarship and popular biography arose, dedicated to denigrating and minimizing the achievement of the freest and most revolutionary of Russian literary movements and proving that Mayakovsky, one of the founders and leaders of Futurism, was in reality alien and hostile to it.

"Futurist" is a term of opprobrium to recent Soviet generations. The young poet Vadim Delone (Delaunay is probably a more correct spelling of his French name), who was given one of the stiffest sentences for the Red Square demonstration against the invasion of Czechoslovakia, must have prejudiced his case incalculably when he attempted, some months earlier, to publish a letter complaining of harassment by the authorities for belonging to a neo-Futurist literary group. The official reaction can be imagined if one thinks of an American colonial poet in Cotton Mather's New England admitting his membership in a neo-Satanist club.

Thus the first thorough and detailed history of Russian Futurism was published in the United States. Vladimir Markov, a Russian-born scholar who teaches at UCLA, has for two decades asserted the paramount importance of Futurism for modern Russian poetry in his articles, his anthologies and in his monograph on Khlebnikov. He has now amassed the documentation to venture a full-scale investigation of what precisely Futurism was. His book is an eye opener. Whole vibrant, fascinating buried layers of Russian cultural history are revealed for our inspection. Pasternak, Mayakovsky, Aseyev and other much studied poets are seen in their true historical perspective for the first time. The biographies and discussion of the work of neglected or forgotten Futurists (Elena Guro, Khrisanf, who later became the French abstract painter Léon Zack, the ill-starred Benedikt Livshitz, et al.) make exciting reading and several of them are sure to be rescued from oblivion as a result of Markov's book.

The book is handicapped by occasional sloppy editing, careless translations of Russian texts and a somewhat impenetrable first chapter, with its downpour of unfamiliar names and facts. But the reader who gets beyond that and into this beautifully printed and illustrated volume (the chapter heading designs are fantastically apt and clever) will be rewarded by pages that will tell him more informative, absorbing and entertaining things about Russian poetry and culture than anything published within recent memory. The book should open a new era in our understanding of modern Russian poetry.

COMMUNION

To say what has to be said here
one must literally take off one's clothes.
That I will do. Now that I am naked,
you have seen these nipples
this navel and these thighs
and black beard of my manhood.
All this you will admit
is not unexpected. I am
of my own kind
and my heart beats.
I have brothers.

DAVID IGNATOW

The Adventurous Life

HISTORY OF MY LIFE. *By Giacomo Casanova. First translated into English in accordance with the original French manuscript by Willard R. Trask. Harcourt, Brace & World. Vols. 1 and 2 combined; Vols. 3 and 4 combined; Vols. 5 and 6 combined. $7.50 each.*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism, *recently published by Basic Books.*

What is known about Giacomo Casanova, Venetian adventurer, maybe bastard son of the patrician Grimani and the gifted actress Zanetta Casanova? There survive a file of police records scattered across sixty years and all the European countries; a voluminous correspondence; a sympathetic description written by his friend in late life, the Prince de Ligne. Like fingerprints, these prove the man's existence, little more. But then, toward the end of his life, humiliated by old age and suicidally unhappy as librarian at the chateau of Dux in Bohemia, Casanova decided to write his memoirs. By living his life again, as he wrote it, he would avoid having to live it out to its feeble end. "Remembering the pleasures I enjoyed, I renew them and I laugh at the pains which I have endured and which I no longer feel." For Casanova, his memoirs became a second lifetime and he lived it with the same flourish and elegance that marked the first.

He wrote thousands of pages; the history of more than half a century, drawing on his remarkable memory, as well as on personal notes, letters, biographical fragments, jealously preserved through a lifetime of sudden exits. The result is what Edmund Wilson has rightly called the most interesting memoirs ever written. Indeed, Rousseau, Stendhal, even Augustine, must take their proper place, a half step behind this greatest of storytellers, Giacomo Casanova, the Chevalier de Seingalt, as he took to calling himself at some mid-point in his wandering existence.

Casanova was not a man of ideas. Of the Enlightenment, with its confidence in reason, and its passion for social justice, he had only a dilettante's notion and an aristocrat's disdain. He saw the falsehoods, the corruption, the cruelty of his society as clearly as did Rousseau, yet he chose to celebrate that world—and himself as its most versatile character. With the eye of a man who needed to be shrewd in order to survive, he describes the flamboyant politics and the charlatanism of Venice, Paris, Madrid, St. Petersburg, London and places in between. Above all, he celebrates people; the memoirs are studded with lively portraits. He describes dozens of love affairs with barmaids, countesses, actresses. For the only democracy Casanova acknowledged was the democracy of love, and in pursuit of love he moved comfortably between worlds, solving all social distinctions in the adventure of sentiment and erotic pleasure. Casanova was never bored by his love affairs. Each one was a fresh beginning, a kind of innocence, and he remembered each woman well enough to make her memorable also for us.

The fate of Casanova's manuscript has been as adventurous as the story it tells. The *History of My Life* surfaced for the first time in Germany, around 1820; it was part of the historical flotsam of a past which had already become dreamlike to the post-revolutionary 19th century. Rarely have so few years opened so wide a gulf in the imaginations of people. To have lived through the French Revolution was to have emerged into a harsh new dimension of space and society. For Chateaubriand, for example, it was like peering beyond the tomb into a remnant of what once had been life. In this atmosphere, Casanova's memoirs must have seemed to the proposed publisher a crumbling parchment out of Egypt. Brockhaus of Leipzig bought the manuscript for a small sum from a descendant of Casanova and published a modified version in German translation. This became so popular that Brockhaus soon decided on an edition in the original French. Made nervous by Casanova's frankness, however, he invited a certain Jean Laforgue, French professor in Dresden, to go over the manuscript, partly to correct imperfections of style, but also to cloak the erotic scenes. Laforgue went at his task with a vengeance. His version appeared in various cities over a number of years, as it fled the censor from Germany to France to Belgium. Casanova's fame for more than 100 years has been based on Laforgue's text, and it was not until 1960, when the Brockhaus firm, with the French publisher, Plon, decided at last to publish the original text, that one could appreciate what liberties the editor had taken.

In addition to correcting errors in grammar, Laforgue had devised a flowery veil of euphemisms for the direct language Casanova uses to describe his love affairs. The result was more prurient than the original descriptions, which have about them an almost chaste clarity. What is more, Laforgue inserted into the memoirs numerous passages which subvert Casanova's character and intentions. The most flagrant are those which attribute to him revolutionary sentiments when, in fact, he abominated the revolution and strongly yearned for a return of the elaborate decadence it had destroyed.

After having lain for 120 years in the Brockhaus vaults, surviving along the way Allied bombardment during the war and an odyssey on bicycles after the war, the original manuscript has at last been made public. Willard Trask has earned thanks for the excellent English translation, and Harcourt, Brace & World for these handsome volumes, complete with an excellent apparatus of historical and biographical notes.

Until recently, the truthfulness of the memoirs was considered on the whole to be doubtful. Some readers went so far as to accuse Stendhal of having written them in his spare time—a kind of fictional appendix to the *Souvenirs d'égotisme*. The reason for these suspicions is that the memoirs have always seemed too good to be true. No life could be so interesting, we inevitably suppose; no man could experience so much that is worth telling and then be able to tell it so well. So we accuse a novelist of joking with us: if not Stendhal, then some other literary adventurer, with a gift for words.

But the archives have at last emerged. The "Casanovists," a persistent band of literary detectives, have gathered evidence for more than half a century, and their faith has been rewarded. Almost all the characters Casanova mentions have been identified; the events he describes have been verified from other sources; the places he visits have yielded evidence of his sojourns. On every occasion that can be checked, he has told the truth. As for the other, more private, occasions, we are left to assume what we like.

But the *History of My Life* describes more than people, events and places. The man himself dominates every page, just as, I suspect, he dominated every situation he was ever in. His temper is everywhere unmistakable: incredibly sensitive to the possibilities of a situation, vain and a great talker—maybe the greatest, in a century when interesting talk was valued more than money, rank and a good deal more than honesty (generally considered a boring virtue). For years Casanova employed as a passport into the best homes of Europe the description of his escape from The Leads, a famous Venetian prison. It is a hair-raising tale as it appears in the memoirs, showing Casanova at his extraordinary best, combining physical courage with the skills of a great confidence man. Before it is over he has convinced his cell mate that an angel is about to descend through the ceiling (it does); bamboozled the warden into carrying a steel spike, under a Bible and a plate of spaghetti, to an accomplice; dangled by a roof edge over the Piazza San Marco, found an hour or two in mid-escape for a refreshing sleep, and at the end took refuge in a police chief's house, in the guise of a strayed hunter. The yarn took two hours to tell and Casanova, good performer that he was, refused to begin unless the full two hours were granted.

He discovered early that "reputation" was the crowning quality of experience. The only wasted minutes were those that could not be converted into a story, whether the audience be a seduced maiden, the *beau monde* of Paris, or eventually the "dear reader" for whom Casanova is so solicitous. He admits to having been fascinated by the effect he created. When he spent huge sums of money to clothe some abandoned beauty, he was repaid not only with love-making but with the shock of surprise in the eyes of his momentary beloved. Few men have been able to spend money as well as Casanova, who consumed several large fortunes in his lifetime.

Since Rousseau, we have become inordinately curious of the man behind the man, whoever he may be. It is as if the authentic imprint of a character were left only in the interstices of his life. According to this *"psychologie à secret,"* as Malraux calls it, a man is not what he does but what he hides. And all the better if he hides it unbeknownst to himself, for then what is concealed bears the unmistakable imprint of the unconscious, the "true" self, the natural man.

With this in mind, one can see why Casanova's reputation should have been marginal down to our day. He knew so well the value of a story that he devoted all of his considerable gifts to the project of making his life worth the telling. He knew so well the art of converting energy into action, and character into events, that his memoirs, for all the private revelations they contain, are far too public for modern taste. If the *History of My Life* had been presented to us as a novel, it would be acknowledged as one of the 18th century's greatest achievements. As a life, however, it could not be believed, and if believed could not yield to our passion for psychological secrets. Casanova was so essentially a man of action that he had no time for such secrets. All the psychology he needed lay in the ability to size up a situation. There is no residue of meditation, no groping for self-knowledge. The story is all, and it is so continuously interesting that we must, at last, vindicate the author.

A Sorcerer's Apprentice

THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge. *By Carlos Castaneda. University of California Press. 196 pp. $5.95.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak is chairman of the History of Western Culture program at California State College at Hayward. He is the editor of and a contributor to The Dissenting Academy *(Pantheon Books and Vintage paperback).*

For six years, while he was a graduate student in anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles, Carlos Castaneda served as apprentice to a Yaqui Indian *brujo* (sorcerer) named don Juan. At the outset of their association, Castaneda approached the old shaman simply to draw upon him as an authority on the use of medicinal herbs among the Indians of Southwest America and Mexico. But if that is the limited professional use the young anthropologist intended to make of don Juan, the latter had much more ambitious plans in mind for Castaneda. For reasons Castaneda still cannot make clear—either to the reader or to himself—don Juan discerned in him the possibility of a disciple and proceeded to introduce him, by way of a rigorous curriculum, into realms of esoteric experience which clash disconcertingly with our prevailing scientific conception of reality.

The "non-ordinary reality" through which don Juan guides his pupil in this unusual little book is mainly the world of hallucinogenic drugs which has by now become a home away from home for thousands of hip youngsters. But in venturing beyond the doors of perception, Castaneda is able to claim one great advantage which previous explorers have lacked—and it is this which makes his

book a uniquely important contribution to our burgeoning psychedelic literature; indeed, perhaps one that deserves to replace the comparatively amateurish efforts of Huxley, Watts, Burroughs and Leary. He enjoys the services of a hierophant for whom the psychedelic experience functions as part of a deeply studied professional calling and a fully elaborated world view. Castaneda tells us very little about don Juan's personal background or the ethnic context of his teachings: about all this the man seems to have been extremely reticent. Like most shamans, he is very much the lone wolf, the enigmatic and self-reliant outsider, living by his wits on the social margin. But it is obvious enough that his lore derives from an oral tradition of immense age and complexity. The ritualistic precision and pedagogical discipline surrounding don Juan's teachings resound with generations of experiment, meditation and philosophical systematization.

It is with such a heritage that the *brujo* is able to envelop Castaneda's experiences, thus making of them so many steps in a demanding spiritual excursion. All aspects of the hallucinogenic agents, their preparation and use, are swaddled in an exotic erudition that contributes to the sense of their sacredness. The agents themselves are conceived of animistically as deities of definite character: they are "allies" or "protectors," the bestowers of insight and power. One of the great moments of Castaneda's investigation is his hallucinatory confrontation with "Mescalito," the god of the peyote, whose image and behavior remain strikingly uniform throughout the run of experiments. It is an awesome presence from which there emanates a compelling aura of holy terror. As Castaneda records the dread encounter, one cannot avoid feeling that something of the hidden origins of our religious consciousness is being laid bare. But for Castaneda, unlike so many psychedelic explorers, such experiences are not simply so much perceptual fireworks or isolated psychic astonishments. Under don Juan's shrewd tutelage, they unfold within an autonomous and coherent metaphysical system. They comprise a body of knowledge replete with its own principles of validation and interpretation.

It is, indeed, as a "man of knowledge" that don Juan conceives of himself. And, as with most Amerindian shamans, his quest for knowledge is a relentless testing of personal courage in the face of ever more harrowing dangers. The *brujo* becomes a warrior, challenging supernatural forces under whose sway he may, for lack of cunning or stamina, be utterly destroyed. "A man goes to knowledge," don Juan remarks, "as he goes to war, wide-awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Going to knowledge or going to war in any other manner is a mistake, and whoever makes it will live to regret his steps." And what don Juan expects of himself, he expects of his apprentice. More than once he leads Castaneda into experiments that are nearly fatal. After one encounter with the jimson weed, Castaneda spends better than two days in a deathly swoon. Nevertheless, under the *brujo*'s prompting, he makes his way over the years through a number of hallucinatory experiences in which one recognizes much that has become the stock in trade of our traditions of witchcraft and occult superstition: experiences of flight, of lycanthropy, of incorporeality and of divination.

A PICTURE IN THE NEWS

The cop clutches
a growth near his heart

black, tiny,
killing us.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN

At last, however, Castaneda fails in his apprenticeship. In an attempt to test his disciple's courage in the face of a supreme horror, don Juan stages a situation in which hallucinogenic agents play no part, but only the power of suggestion. At least such is the explanation Castaneda now imposes on the event as he reflects upon it. It is impossible to tell from the record precisely what happened on that final night. The closing pages of the account read like something out of Lord Dunsany or Sheridan Le Fanu. It may be that Castaneda's very life was at stake before forces, either psychic or material, which he still cannot fully explain.

I have had the opportunity to talk with the author and he now believes this great test was an effort by don Juan to pit him against the fear of death itself, in the presence of which he was expected to perform a set of ritual gestures representing the shaman's ultimate assertion of personal identity and defiance before the prospect of annihilation. While Castaneda survived the ordeal, he did so by coming close to total psychic collapse. Now, while he continues to visit with don Juan, he has refused to press his training any further into the occult terrors. I doubt that anyone would blame him, for apparently there was a long way still to go:

> It was obvious to me then that my apprenticeship had been only the beginning of a very long road. And the strenuous experiences I had undergone, which were so overwhelming to me, were but a very small fragment of a system of logical thought from which don Juan drew meaningful inferences for his day-to-day life, a vastly complex system of beliefs in which inquiry was an experience leading to exultation.

This is high praise by the pupil for his master. But surely don Juan would regard the final section of Castaneda's book as a discouraging sign of backsliding. Here, Castaneda offers what he calls a "structural analysis" of don Juan's world view, an attempt to demonstrate its coherence by way of imposing formal anthropological categories upon this "reality of special consensus." Whatever its professional respectability—and I am unconvinced that it makes any real sense to subject the thought and behavior of a single individual to structural analysis rather than to handle them in the form of a simple critical essay—it is a stilted and cold-blooded job of work that seems to add little to the lively record of Castaneda's experiences. Perhaps it is the incense Castaneda's colleagues and the university press expect him to sprinkle on the altar of methodology—which is our own home-grown species of mumbo jumbo.

But if the object of the book is to demonstrate the cogency of a world view that diverges radically from our scientific conception of reality—and this amounts to asking "what is truth?"—then I think Castaneda has no better way of pressing

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the point home than by drawing as vividly as possible the charismatic figure of don Juan himself—which is perhaps more of a literary than an ethnographic project. Even in Castaneda's abbreviated notes, there is an authority about this old man, a searing conviction and a commanding eloquence, that cannot help but jar the most determined skeptic. Here is a life that has been wholly commited to what the "non-ordinary reality" has to teach—and under the spell of that teaching don Juan projects a quality of experience beside which scientific exactitude stands in peril of paling into irrelevance.

Toward the Abyss

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: A Biography Based on His Letters. *By Helen N. Kazantzakis. Translated by Amy Mims. Simon & Schuster. 589 pp. $12.*

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton *(Hillary) and* Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry *(Octagon), and is at present preparing a book on Greek life.*

"I loved this man because he never asserted his superiority, never insisted on transforming me into a 'lady philosopher.' I was a simple person. He left me as I was, respecting my nature. . . . He offered me the love, confidence, affection, the fields and forests, the mountain and the sea, undreamed-of travels, Cretan and African tales, his own example of perfect nudity before God."

Mme. Kazantzakis has returned her husband's implied compliment. Her "biography" is less a work of her own than a collection of his letters in which he writes about what he is and what he can make of himself. Nevertheless, Mme. Kazantzakis has put her own stamp upon the selection, in the brief commentaries and, above all, in the emphases she allows her husband's writing to provide. It is notable that what she has done bears out the conclusions of that other friend, Pandelis Prevalakis, whose critical study is an equally noble achievement.

It will be a long time before there is a bibliography of Kazantzakis' works—there are so many plays, scenarios, even novels that have not been printed. There are textbooks for schools, children's books, dictionaries. His first long prose fiction, *The Serpent and the Lily*, and the first play, *Daybreak*, were written in 1905 and 1906, and thereafter he produced novels and plays in almost equal profusion. From the beginning his disposition was continuously lyrical, so that the *Buddha*, at first several thousand lines of verse, was rewritten in lyrical prose. The subjectivity, the lyricism controlled the form also of the travel books—*Toda Raba* he called "a confession in the form of a novel about the USSR." One of the most famous of his novels, *The Greek Passion*, was, as it were naturally, made into an opera. He worked unceasingly over his *Spiritual Exercises*, which he thought of as his credo, but even the very impressive interpretation of Japanese life, *The Rock Garden*, is as much a portrait of the author as of the declared subject. *The Odyssey* is, of course, an epic, whose protagonist represents the impulsions of the poet himself, and the epic ambitions took a multitude of forms—in the scenarios *Lenin*, *Buddha*, *Don Quixote*; in tragedies on the great subjects of the past, *The Minotaur*, *Sodom and Gomorrah*; in the book on Saint Francis. He himself hoped for a complete edition of his works, and indeed in 1955 he brought out the first two volumes. I do not know if steps are being taken to continue what would be an enormous undertaking.

Kazantzakis' prodigious energy led to what at first glance would appear to be a life work of the magnitude of Tolstoy's or Balzac's. And each individual work in itself reveals the same apparently gigantic force. But there is a vast difference between the substance of his achievement and of those others. He was truly imaginative, and so he has a magnificent power of creating the particulars of life—the detail in the interior of a room, the color of the sea, the differentiations in the contours of a face—he can make us see these very marvels as in actuality. Yet it is not quite this particularity and sense of reality he means chiefly to celebrate; his work is always subservient to his higher purpose, if one may call it that, and as he sometimes thought of it:

> My aim is not Art for Art's sake, but to find and express a new sense of life [remember Nietzsche and Tolstoy]. In order for me to attain this aim, there are three paths: 1) the path of Christ—inaccessible; 2) the path of St. Paul—the combination of Art (the Epistle) and Action, but a Christ is needed; 3) the path of Art or Philosophy [Tolstoy or Nietzsche].
>
> I am following the third, and that is why whatever I write will never be perfect from the point of view of Art. Because my intention transcends the limits of Art.

In this sense he knew himself well: "It is not human beings that interest me, but the flame that consumes human beings." Whatever the likeness with Tolstoy, no such obsession controlled the characterizations of the Russian's writing, however much a similar obsession took over the last years of his life. The urgency of the Greek is more consistently Nietzschean.

It is significant that Kazantzakis came very late to regarding himself primarily as a writer. At times he gave himself to the work of revolution; he accepted many government posts; he aspired to a multitude of patriotic and humanitarian roles. As it turned out, writing dominated his life but, as he said, it was not the art itself that chiefly engaged him. He thought of his purpose as primarily Messianic, and for such a role the means were not easily sketched out. The difficulty was the greater from the nature of his message, and especially difficult for one who would make fictional representation the medium. How can you give actuality the respect it requires of a novelist and an epic poet when your message is praise of an encompassing void? "We come from a black abyss, and we end in a black abyss." "My friends believe me happy, because they do not know that my happiness is the supreme flowering of my own despair, and my scorn for all things 'terrestrial.' "

Kazantzakis' submission to Nietzsche and to the Nietzschean cult of enthusiasm is responsible in part for his popularity, and that is one more testimony of the authority of what may turn out to be the single most important direction of contemporary thought. His wife, calling attention to a very early play, *No Exit*, speaks of his anticipation of Sartre's play with just that point in mind. If this is the mainstream, Kazantzakis is in it. But he adds something to it as a Greek. Modern Greek Christians have a curious affinity for Germanic abstractions. The Johannine element in Greek Orthodoxy rather indiscriminately entertains almost any idea of the transcendental, and, most tragically, even that of the nihilists. Greek intellectuals who do not free themselves as much as they would like from their molding as Christians attach what they cannot get rid of, the idea of the sacred, to any current philosophy—provided only that it excludes the idea of incarnation. So Kazantzakis brings into his modern viewpoint a variety of Christian emphases—upon asceticism, resurrection, redemption, even in some meaningless way, immortality—all to urge the encompassing Messianic despair.

I cannot say whether, in overlaying everything with assertions about the "holiness" of existence, he owes more to Nietzsche or to modern Greece. No one uses the word God more frequently, or apparently more affirmatively, but in his scheme it can only be a word for the one true divinity, nothingness. He even combines respect for asceticism—an early visit to Mt. Athos was profoundly meaningful to him—with the idea of the sacredness of the void: "to give all of yourself and to rot; not to give any of yourself and to become holy." On occasion, he turns the paradox into a consistent enough political attitude: "no one will realize that if I wound up an ascetic, it is only because I preferred nakedness to the cheap, humiliating livery of the bourgeoisie."

Jane Addams was, I believe, to reject in the end Tolstoy's doctrine of nonviolence as rooted in the deepest of dispositions for self-destruction, but until the final surrender Tolstoy was able to celebrate life in its finiteness as Nietzsche and Kazantzakis were not. The Greek writer might pay all honor to the sacredness of the flame consuming and wasting humanity; he might on many lovely occasions exult with Zorba in fireworks, for he was more artist than ultimately he wanted to be. Mere actuality he could not celebrate any more than he could celebrate heaven or hell. Here I think Mme. Kazantzakis draws the right conclusion: ". . . perhaps this was the hidden cause of his powerlessness. He was hesitant to lead his race to its own death, in the hope of some future resurrection." For the future was not a resurrection but an abyss that in his heart he abhorred.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Evelyn Waugh has always had a formidable gift for putting titles on his novels. The elaboration of that splendid example, *Decline and Fall*, into *Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher*, so weakens the impact—for the sake, presumably, of an anachronistic pun—that I approached the screen manipulation of his text reluctantly. And having seen the film, I went back to the book to discover what had happened.

Decline and Fall is not as brilliant as I had remembered. Waugh's satire was shallow; it was more cosmetic than surgical, a preoccupation with humorous tics rather than morbid disabilities, closer to Wodehouse than to Swift. But what it had, and what makes it still a joy, was style, pace, an unfailing sense of what was sufficient for the purpose. The essence of the book's wit is that the characters are hardly odd at all—just enough to tip them into the mad quadrant of bowler-hatted society. The book had restraint and style.

The picture has neither. Falling into the heresy of not trusting the text—a lapse of faith that so often befalls the sponsors of Shakespeare—Ivan Foxwell, the script writer, and John Krish, the director, have attempted to inject some vigor into the story. Vigor, of course, is what it conspicuously, and quite deliberately, lacks; and the transfusion is the worse because it is not contemporary with the book but derived from post-Sellers, British camp slapstick. Everyone mugs and howls, and Waugh's epigrams, when they can be heard, sound wan in the fluorescence. At the same time, there is a tendency to rib Waugh's era with Art Moderne atrocities, to be humorous not with him, but at him.

The result is witless—part musical comedy without drive, part replay of St. Trinian. The main problem, I suspect, is that the film's proprietors were haunted by that hole in the composition named Paul Pennyfeather. He is indeed a nonentity (here played by Robin Phillips as a rather coy nonentity), and was so designated by his author. Waugh spun the story around a vacuum, which on the screen tends to give the central figure nothing to do. The difficulty is not overcome, however, by making the other characters into comic-strip hysterics. From lack of discipline and an appreciation of what Waugh was about, they all fall into the hole together.

It is too bad, for the cast includes a number of actors who could have worn Waugh's characters with some distinction—principally Colin Blakely as Philbrick, Donald Wolfit as Dr. Fagan, Leo McKern as Grimes. But they could not do so with the make-up and business that were given them. Genevieve Page could probably not have accomplished Margot Beste-Chetwynde under any circumstances. Perhaps no actress could; she was a houri of Pennyfeather's rather dim romanticism.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

How does one keep one's balance on Broadway? The atmosphere there is polluted with unseemly hallelujahs or damns of outrage. The hallelujahs are ejaculations of relief, hopeful cries in the darkness of something worse than mediocrity; the imprecations are roars of disappointment over the frustration of pleasure. The theatre is a passionate place where it is hazardous to speak with moderation.

This preamble is to notify my readers that I should like to praise the APA production of O'Casey's *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* (Lyceum Theatre) a little more than I find myself able, and to modify somewhat the general ecstasy over *Dames at Sea* at the cute Bouwerie Lane Theatre (330 Bowery). Though my reports are not chiefly concerned with blessings or warnings—stop-go signals in the theatre market place—one is virtually forced to pronounce "verdicts" (publicity is our prime industry), because the customers feel bilked if they are not supplied with a peremptory yea or nay. Therefore, I must begin by stating that the two mid-January entries are, for the habitual theatregoer, certainly worth seeing.

Cock-a-Doodle Dandy is a song. "Enough, no more," one is impelled to add, "'Tis not so sweet now as it was before." Still, an excess of melody is much better than too little, or none at all. The spirit and language of O'Casey's comedy are lovely. They voice a celebration of life, a lilting and laughing hymn, as well as its converse crow of mockery, rich curses at O'Casey's two *bêtes noires*, bigotry and money meanness. He harps to the point of shrillness against the enemy, but poetry, laughter and love finally triumph.

The weakness of the play is an insufficiency of dramatic content; there is almost no "story." O'Casey wrote it after he had left Ireland, injured and insulted by its hermetic religiosity, its unfrangible myth making. (My impression of Ireland, when I visited the country, was that the Irish were living there,

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dreaming of Ireland!) As a result plays of that period, though never without moments of beauty and scenes of both power and hilarity, are more or less veiled preachments, with rumblings of rancor in the shadows. Therefore, the best work of O'Casey's last years is to be found in his multi-volumed autobiography, where his life struggle supplies a structure firm enough to sustain the rest.

What *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* does have, and what saves it, is a striking image and captivating speech. The image is that of the indomitably rebellious Cock, symbol of nature in its gloriously telluric force and in its capacity to demolish the constrictions of reason. Nature is not all divine harmony; it is also demonic anarchy. O'Casey understands that this is part of its grandeur, to be embraced with a mighty whoop of brave affirmation.

When the crippled girl in the play is on her way to Lourdes, praying for a cure, her sister Lorna says: "I'm afraid the chance is a poor one, but we won't talk about it." To which another woman piously replies: "Well, it was a good send-off, an' God is good." Lorna then rejoins with, "An' the devil's not a bad fella either."

Still the *mana* of the play is not its "message," though that is what O'Casey has most in mind, but its language. It is ripe with all the juices of creation. It leaps, dances, soars, pirouettes, turns somersaults, nudges, winks and, above all, chants. What a feast for the ear and the heart; it tickles the soul! But because the language has to carry all the play's weight, it sometimes lapses into tricky verbal doodling.

The compulsive alliterativeness of the dialogue, while usually grand fun, is occasionally wearisome. For an example of both the positive and negative in this regard read this:

> Are you goin' to tell me that th' skipper aloft an' his hierarchilogical crew are concerned about th' Mayor, the Messenger, Marion, me, an' you as much as they are about them who've been promoted to th' quarter-deck o' th' world's fame? Are you goin' to pit our palthry penances an' haltin' hummin' o' hymns against th' piercin' pipin' of th' rosary be Bing Bang Crosby an' other great film stars, who side-stepped from published greatness for a holy minute or two to send a blessed blast over th' wireless, callin' all Catholics to perpetuatin' prayer!

The production, under the direction of Jack O'Brien and Donald Moffat, follows O'Casey scrupulously, and thereby renders the play less than best service. The staging is too literal. The little "miracles" of stagecraft which O'Casey

GHAZALS: HOMAGE TO GHALIB

(Six sections from a longer cycle)

7/12/68

The clouds are electric in this university.
The lovers astride the tractor burn fissures through the hay.

When I look at that wall I shall think of you
and of what you did not paint there.

Only the truth makes the pain of lifting a hand worthwhile:
the prism staggering under the blows of the raga.

The vanishing-point is the point where he appears.
Two parallel tracks converge, yet there has been no wreck.

To mutilate privacy with a single foolish syllable
is to throw away the search for the one necessary word.

When you read these lines, think of me
and of what I have not written here.

7/16/68

When they mow the fields, I see the world reformed
as if by snow, or fire, or physical desire.

First snow. Death of the city. Ghosts in the air.
Your shade among the shadows, interviewing the mist.

The mail came every day, but letters were missing;
by this I knew things were not what they ought to be.

The trees in the long park blurring back
into Olmsted's original dream-work.

The impartial scholar writes me from under house arrest.
I hope you are rotting in hell, Montaigne you bastard.

7/23/68

When your sperm enters me, it is altered;
when my thought absorbs yours, a world begins.

If the mind of the teacher is not in love with the mind of the student
he is simply practising rape, and deserves at best our pity.

To live outside the law! Or, barely within it,
a twig on boiling waters, enclosed inside a bubble.

Our words are jammed in an electronic jungle;
sometimes, though, they rise and wheel croaking over the treetops.

An open window; thick summer night; electric fences trilling.
What are you doing here at the edge of the death-camps, Vivaldi?

7/26/68

A dead mosquito, flattened against a door;
his image could survive our comings and our goings.

LeRoi! Eldridge! listen to us, we are ghosts
condemned to haunt the cities where you want to be at home.

The white children turn black on the negative.
The summer clouds blacken inside the camera skull.

Every mistake that can be made, we are prepared to make;
anything less would fall short of the reality we're dreaming.

Someone has always been desperate, now it's our turn—
we who were free to weep for Othello and laugh at Caliban.

I have learned to smell a conservateur a mile away:
they carry illustrated catalogues of all that there is to lose.

8/1/68

The order of the small town on the riverbank,
forever at war with the order of the dark and starlit soul.

Were you free then all along, Jim, free at last
of everything but the white boy's fantasies?

We pleaded guilty till we saw what rectitude was like:
its washed hands, and dead nerve, and sclerotic eye.

I long ago stopped dreaming of pure justice, your honor—
my crime was to believe we could make cruelty obsolete.

The body has been exhumed from the burnt-out bunker;
the teeth counted, the contents of the stomach told over.

And you, Custer the Squaw-killer, hero of primitive schoolrooms—
where are you buried, what is the condition of your bones?

8/4/68

If these are letters, they will have to be misread.
If scribblings on a wall, they tangle with all the others.

Fuck Reds Black Power Angel loves Rosita
—and a transistor radio answers in Spanish: Night must fall.

Prisoners, soldiers, crouching as always, writing,
explaining the unforgivable to a wife, a mother, a lover.

Those faces are blurred and some have turned away
to which I used to address myself so hotly.

How is it, Ghalib, that your grief, resurrected in pieces,
has found its way to this room from your dark house in Delhi?

When they read this poem of mine, they are translators.
Every existence speaks a language of its own.

ADRIENNE RICH

(This poem began to be written after I had read Aijaz Ahmad's literal English versions of the work of the Urdu poet Mirza Ghalib, 1797-1869.)

calls for are all neatly done and consequently amusing, but much more could have been accomplished with lighting and setting to give the play a more glowing enchantment, a greater lift of wonder.

This is perhaps a minor complaint, considering the stock quality of most of the acting, which is altogether deficient in freshness and invention. Worse still —I am in honesty constrained to mention it—O'Casey insists on "the temptation from good lookin' women," emblems of the sensuous delight in living, and who dares maintain that the actresses of the APA production are adequate representatives of such temptation or delight?

Dames at Sea, a spoof on the movie musicals of the thirties, book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller with music by Jim Wise, is a lollipop. I am not averse to such sweets; they serve to alleviate the strain of daily dullness for those who find themselves daily dull.

I do not clearly remember *Anchors Away!* or the peppermint and marshmallow mechanics of Busby Berkley's choreography, but I take it for granted that the parody in *Dames at Sea* is sufficiently close to the delicious absurdities of the originals.

The plot—ostensibly about the travails of show folk—makes almost no sense at all, nor is sense intended. The numbers invented for the entertainment are nutty enough to afford good-humored pastime. I would recommend it more heartily if the management, upon reading the ecstasies of the daily press, had not immediately raised the price of tickets to $10, but I shall join the chorus by saying that I prefer *Dames at Sea* to *George M!*

What contributes to the fun, besides such ditties as *Raining in My Heart*, is the overall excellence of the presentation, directed and choreographed by Neal Kenyon; the proper use of the tiny stage by Peter Harvey, and the modest but right costuming. Best of all are the three ladies: Tamara Long, the toothsomely copious and ever engaging "heavy"; Sally Stark, a rough and ready soubrette with a heart of gold and a nice show-biz sense of humor, and Bernadette Peters whose darling face, with its slightly protruding kiss-me-please mouth and ineffable winsomeness, is the very cream of the show's jest. Joseph Sicari exudes the infectiously simple enthusiasm of an actor with a happy assignment, adding a masculine spark to the festivity.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

MOZART: *Così fan tutte.* Leontyne Price, Judith Raskin, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, Sherill Milnes, Ezio Flagello; Ambrosian Opera Chorus, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA LSC-6416, $23.16.

Le Nozze di Figaro. Gundula Janowitz, Edith Mathis, Tatiana Troyanos, Hermann Prey, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, et al.; Chorus & Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin, Karl Böhm, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon 139276/9, $23.16.

Despite one's initial qualms that the cast might be more suitable for, say, Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, Leinsdorf's *Cosi* turns out to be an impressive example of his structural grasp. Particularly striking is the careful attention to transitions between recitatives and arias or ensembles and to the pacing of recitatives, so that the opera really "plays," with a long-range sense of dramatic and musical progression, even though only two of the singers (Raskin and Flagello) offer particularly vivid characterizations. The minimal tempo inflection (within individual numbers) that aids this continuity also permits less local detail, but this is partially offset by the mellifluous and rhythmically poised orchestral playing (notably from the winds). On the vocal side, Price's Fiordiligi is rather deficient in range, intonation and agility; the others are quite satisfactory. For the first time on records, the opera is performed absolutely complete.

Böhm's *Figaro*, despite a similar indifference (save for one or two puzzling instances) to modification of tempo and a palpable neatness of execution, attempts no such integration of the recitatives, which come off soggy, perhaps because some of the cast sounds uncomfortable in Italian. The juxtaposition of Janowitz's almost instrumental Countess and Fischer-Dieskau's vehement Count—he sounds as if he were playing Scarpia—is certainly curious, but the other singers are acceptable. However, since it lacks both a compelling long-range conception, such as Leinsdorf's, and a compensating attention to detail, the performance offers little reward for repeated listening. The score is complete, but so is Kleiber's recording on London, which has many other virtues (including a translation of the libretto, which is here printed, reprehensibly, only in Italian).

MAHLER: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; London Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, conductor. Angel S-36547, $5.79.

One of the less remarked upon consequences of the record industry's devotion to the "star system" is the practice of fitting music to the performers, rather than vice versa. These songs, written during the period of the first four symphonies (three of which themselves contain songs to texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*), do not form a narrative cycle and could easily be performed by any number of singers, depending on considerations of range, vocal quality and sex. However, every recording to date has used only two singers, transposed many of the songs, and thereby distorted Mahler's finely balanced orchestration, in terms both of individual instrumental registers and of absolute range.

Since the two other versions currently available manage to get only three songs each in the right keys, this one, which presents seven of the twelve in Mahler's original orchestration, may be considered a step forward. (In addition to these seven, Rehfuss' "Der Tambourg'sell" on Vanguard SRV-285, and Ludwig's "Wo die schönen Trompeten" on Angel S-3704 are sung in the correct keys—which leaves three songs, including the magnificent "Revelge," as yet "unrecorded," in a significant sense). And because Szell's direction achieves a precision and clarity of orchestral detail not found in any previous performance, this should stand as the preferable version until someone decides to hire singers who fit all the songs. Unfortunately, the wear and tear on Schwarzkopf's voice is beginning to show rather badly, and is ill-concealed by her numerous coynesses, both technical and verbal; still more distracting is the practice of turning some songs into duets, although Mahler's title page clearly opposes it.

GRIEG: Piano Concerto. LISZT: Piano Concerto in E-flat major. Van Cliburn; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. RCA LSC-3065, $5.79.

The six Philadelphia Orchestra recordings in the current RCA release are a typical non-event, whereby a transfer of recording contract from Columbia to RCA is promulgated as a major musical happening. Aside from the change of label color, there is little to distinguish this release from previous Philadelphia records—except perhaps the recorded sound, which in the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* (LSC-3058) is exceptionally raucous and dry, and elsewhere lacks the focus of the best Columbia recordings. Typical is a Bruckner Seventh Symphony (LSC-3059) innocent of all but the most obvious structural articulations, and not very well played either. And a collection of Telemann concertos (LSC-3057) sounds as if it were based on the assumption that, since Ormandy always sells well and Telemann is selling well these days, the combination will naturally sell even better. It may do so, but these performers are not only stylistically innocent—they don't even know a good Telemann piece from a dull one, and pound away at the drearier sequential passages in a manner calculated to make the poor pieces sound even worse than they are.

The Grieg collaboration with Cliburn listed above is of some interest, for the pianist has a valid approach to the piece, sensitively phrased and conceived within a tonal framework that, by excluding an explosive reading of the more rhetorical passages, goes a long way toward pulling the piece together at a level its somewhat restricted invention can sustain. But the orchestra's contribution is designed for exactly the obvious sort of reading that Cliburn isn't giving, and the lapses of continuity are glaring; only in the slow movement are piano and orchestra successfully integrated. In the Liszt concerto, where pianistic rhetoric is integral to the work's progress, Cliburn's approach is rather less successful.

Other recordings of special interest:

WEILL: *Die sieben Todsünden der Kleinbürger* (text by Bertolt Brecht). Gisela May, male quartet: Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra, Herbert Kegel, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon 139-308, $5.79.

DVORAK: Quartet in F major ("American"). SMETANA: Quartet in E minor ("From my life"). Juilliard Quartet. Columbia MS-7144, $5.79.

RECITAL: *Songs of Free Men; Spirituals.* Paul Robeson, bass-baritone; Lawrence Brown, pianist. Odyssey 32 16 0268, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5; *Grosse Fuge.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, conductor. Heliodor HS-25078, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

MOZART: Symphony No. 39; *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*; Overtures to *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, conductor. Heliodor HS-25079, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 3. Vladimir Horowitz; London Symphony Orchestra, Albert Coates, conductor. Seraphim 60063, $2.49 (reissue).

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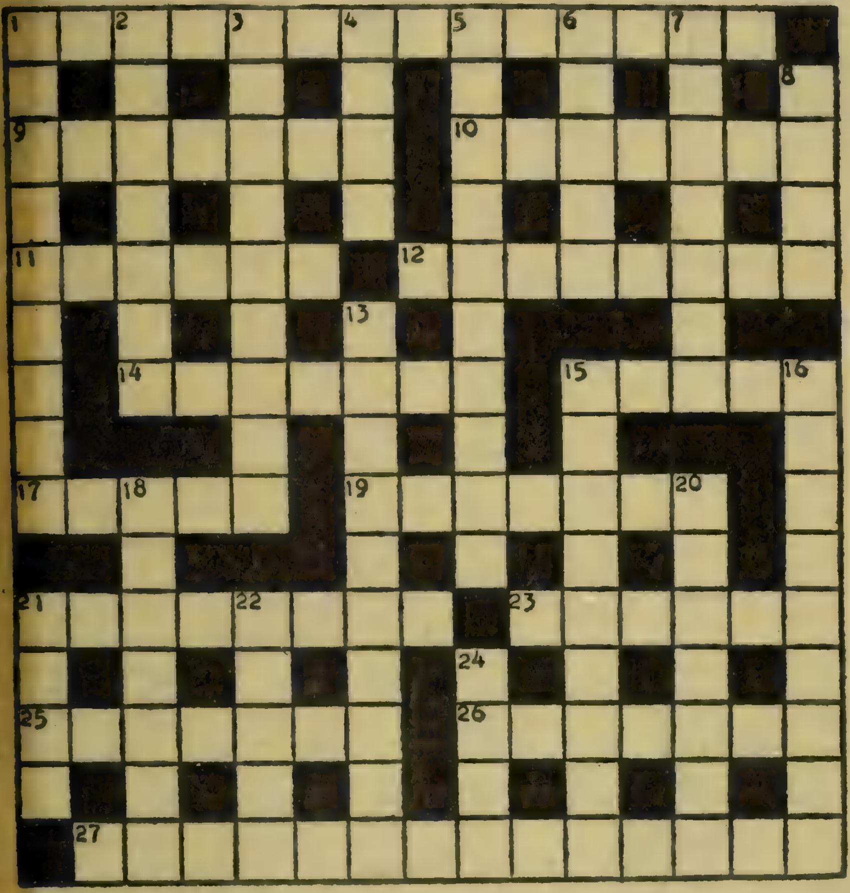

ACROSS

1 One might review the play rather critically. (6,8)
9 The cumulative earnings of a person, probably associated with savings? (4,3)
10 Does it take the morning to drive around the boat? (7)
11 See 21 down
12 Some parts of the feet are so emphasized.
14 Likely to need more people with pull than 10 does. (7)
15 See 1 down
17 Yellows, hopefully not with age. (5)
19 Did they make the forecast so clear? Not quite! (7)
21 Is one who savvies the border? You can't get word in, as they say! (8)
23 A spinner plunges in again the wrong way. (6)
25 Fly this by 23 in part of his house, as any child knows. (7)
26 How phrases are coined—especially if untrue? (7)
27 Ill-tempered recommendation? A different sort might show it. (5,9)

DOWN

1 and 15 across Would the British consider it a plain cut of meat? (9,5,)
2 It's time a policeman gets a break! (The convention might not be popular with such!) (3-4)
3 A queen attempts to get around and hides here to be well-treated. (9)
4 Pity Boaz' wife! (4)
5 Tell did without a bow! (We might do it for cause.) (4,3,3)
6 This officer was a real bird! (5)
7 Mother's seen in disarray about to be seen in the altogether! (2,5)
8 Raised loaf, by the sound of it. (4)
13 One might give a little more thought to having an unusual corner around the lateral surface. (10)
15 Old sailor flag? It might help in the blow-up. (9)
16 Educator-philologist has Mr. Carson get confused about the color. (9)
18 Being less in the heavyweight class, the match might not be called for with it. (7)
20 Involving raids on the power of the press, possibly. (7)
21 and 11 across Still repeated a little way inside, but equally divided. (4-6)
22 They're bound to get shorter in an 18, for example, if put to use. (5)
24 Polish fan? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1283

ACROSS: 1 Scissortail; 9 and 27 Born Free; 10 and 12 Heart trouble; 11 Hard; 15 Cerebral; 16 Soften; 18 Cosset; 21 Cowering; 24 and 26 Filling station; 28 Onus; 29 Earth; 30 and 13 Overbearing; 31 Forswearing. DOWN: 2 Conjurers; 3 Scholar; 4 Oral; 5 Tethers; 6 Ichor; 7 Course; 8 Bronte; 14 and 22 Clock-watcher; 17 First-born; 19 Onions; 20 Tenders; 23 Nooses; 25 Lasso.

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market fallacy

New York City

Dear Sirs: In dissecting his "Five Myths of Consumership" [*The Nation*, Jan. 20], Dallas Smythe has unwittingly propagated a sixth. "Without the marketing services of the communications media," he says, "the consumer goods industries . . . could not dispose of their mass-produced products." This rests on the unstated assumption that people consume chiefly because they are told to.

Suppose the detergent industry ceased to advertise—would American housewives cease washing clothes? . . . At my own rough estimate, three-quarters of *national* consumer advertising, (i.e., excluding the special case of local store ads) is altogether irrelevant to the operations of any consumer *industry*. Its aim is not to market goods as such but to sell the goods of Company A rather than the substantially identical products of Companies B, C or D. Without it, the industry as a whole would continue to operate, though the sales ratios of individual firms might change.

The remainder of the national advertising budget does, in a sense, perform a necessary marketing function in that it deals with *new* products. . . . But even here we do well to remind ourselves of the many cases in which the "newness" is substantially fictitious, being a matter of packaging, the addition of some spurious "miracle ingredient" and the like. . . . Mass marketing—i.e., advertising through the mass media—is in no sense a necessary concomitant of mass production. . . . *Robert Claiborne*

decades and centuries

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Thirty years may not be too far in advance to straighten out a matter that took quite an irrational beating, according to commentators and pundits of the time, in A.D. 1900:

Despite crackpot reasoning, the year 1900 was the last year of the 19th century and the year 1901 was the first year of the 20th century. A century just ain't a century until you've stashed away a full 100 years. . . .

Your editorial, "The Moon Will Wait" [Jan. 13], discussing a prevailing itch to achieve a moon landing "before the end of the decade," interprets this as getting the job done by January 1, 1970. The year 1970, good sirs, is the last year of the seventh decade of the 20th century; the next decade begins on January 1, 1971.

And it follows that midnight on December 31, 2000, will be the moment for kissing off the 20th century with horns, rockets and fireworks. Can't we have a ruling on this, once and for all? Maybe the U.S. Supreme Court should tackle it. . . . *Howard Cushman*

no cure

San Jose, Calif.

Dear Sirs: President Nixon's advocacy of "black capitalism" reminds me of a certain religious testimonial meeting in rural Alabama many years ago. After several of the brothers and sisters had risen and told what the Lord had done for them, a young paraplegic pulled and pushed himself up and said: "Brothers and sisters, everybody can *see* what the Lord has done for me."

Likewise, all the black brothers and sisters can *see* what "white capitalism" has done for the many millions of whites still trapped in the poverty pit—as well as for the bulk of the blacks. Assuming the establishment of black capitalism in the ghettos, there is no reason to believe that it would be any more responsive to black poverty than white capitalism is to white poverty. . . . *Bryan Fulks*

EDITORIALS

Which Way the Parties?

No sooner was the new Congress in session than speculation began: will Nixon be a one-term President or, perhaps, a trend-setter? Was 1968 just another election, or a "watershed" election, a breakthrough of the kind that ushers in a new political cycle? It is too early to draw conclusions but many analysts agree that the 1968 election may well belong in the latter category.

Some Democrats seem to think so. The party, as Jesse Unruh, one of its most experienced and knowledgeable tacticians points out in this issue (p. 199), is in more trouble than most of its partisans acknowledge. True, elements of the New Deal coalition finally rallied to Humphrey in larger numbers than might have been anticipated, but the coalition is in serious trouble and the prospects for reviving it are not bright. Substantial Democratic losses in the South will not be readily regained. Lawrence O'Brien, the party's ablest technician, just before his departure as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called attention to the fact that "the old Cadillac Square syndrome" had almost disappeared, despite labor's last-minute efforts; Jesse Unruh makes the same point.

The existence of a large and growing constituency outside both parties will compel a rethinking of strategies for Democrats and Republicans alike. While writing off the Deep South, at least for the time being, the Democrats must form a new coalition that will include the young, the blacks, Mexican Americans, the intellectuals and substantial elements from the blue-collar and upper-middle-class suburbs. This involves some "new approaches" on issues and programs; in addition a new style of politics, as well as new methods of enlisting active participation, must be fashioned. The Democratic majorities in Congress, as David Broder has noted, are largely illusory—"the diminished legacy of pre-Johnson victories." Among the freshmen, sophomores and juniors in the House and Senate, Republicans enjoy a 2-to-1 majority. In three elections, the Democratic Senate majority has dropped from eighteen to seven, and it will be vulnerable in 1970 when the Democrats must defend twenty-five seats and the Republicans only eight. The Democrats now have governors in only twenty of the fifty states, and Democrats and Republicans control state legislatures in the same proportion. Even assuming that the Democrats might expect to make some gains in an off-year election, it is clear that they have their work cut out for them. The possible emergence of a dissident movement, within or to the left of the party, could also cause the Democrats considerable distress.

On the Republican side, President Nixon will have trouble building the Grand New Coalition he has projected unless he adopts a new strategy. The course he followed in 1960 and again in 1968 of relying on the electoral votes of the West, the South and the border states, along with some Midwestern states, works fairly well for a Republican nominee in Presidential elections because the Western states—California is in a special class

—have more electoral votes in proportion to population than do the more densely populated states. But to build support in the Congress the GOP must pick up strength in the industrial Midwest, in such states as New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in New England. The elements of the electorate which the Republicans must win over in increasing numbers have been described by Richard M. Scammon as "more and more metropolitan, better and better educated, more and more white collar in status; a middle-aged electorate substantially white in race and mixed in religious affiliation, and an electorate marked not by the rejection of middle-class values but by the triumph of those values." If this analysis is sound, then the Republicans may find it easier to build a new coalition than will the Democrats.

The Republican chances depend, to a large extent, on whether the Nixon Administration is prepared to place increasing reliance on the liberal-moderate wing of the party in its attempt to win a larger share of the vote in the heavily populated states. Even a solid South vote would not be of much help in building the Grand New Coalition; that can be achieved only if Nixon fixes his sights on the big states. The Wallace movement took a larger percentage of the national vote from Humphrey than from Nixon. If the movement re-emerges in 1972, it could well cause more trouble for the Democrats than for the Republicans. Surveying the first speculations on the new political season suggests that 1968 may, indeed, have been a "watershed" election, a last hurrah for the old alignments and coalitions.

Arms Chill

Even after General Eisenhower (or one of his speech writers) gave it a name, level-headed Americans have despaired of materially curbing the military-industrial complex. But it now looks as though there might be a chance. As Joseph Kraft says in his syndicated column, the defense monster hasn't suddenly been tamed, but "for the first time since Korea, the climate of opinion is right for a careful, discriminating effort to achieve a defensive program that is responsive to national needs. . . ."

Vietnam is the chief reason. Nobody loves a loser, and in Vietnam we have lost, not militarily but politically. (We didn't win in Korea, but Vietnam is worse.) The negotiations will drag on and on, more Americans being added to the toll of 30,000 already killed and uncounted thousands maimed and crippled. Some sort of bedraggled, probably impermanent, settlement will be made, and everybody will remember that again and again we were assured by highest authority that we were on the verge of winning. The fact is that the admirals and generals who did the talking have discredited the military; no one believes them any more, just as no one gave any credence to the bankers after the 1929 debacle.

And the services are under a cloud of suspicion that they were, and still are, in alliance with industrialists to spend billions on weapons that may satisfy the egos of high commanders but actually undermine national defense, and make the whole world insecure. This extravagance is aggravated by the rivalry among the services, and

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within each service. By way of current example, the Air Force generals, who have never overcome an infatuation with big bombers (as some admirals still yearn for battleships), have come up with a scheme which they call SCAD for Subsonic Cruise Armed Decoy. Big bombers will carry small, pilotless nuclear-armed bombers—twenty or thirty on a B-52, more on the still larger bombers that the fly-generals are now sure they will get—which will be launched toward enemy cities and installations while the big planes remain safely out of antiaircraft range. SCAD, a descendant of the German V-1, is the bomber enthusiasts' equivalent of the multiple-warhead missile—as if the latter weren't, in Henry Kissinger's term, a sufficiency.

If a ponderous machine like the military-industrial complex is to be slowed down, however, there must be a prominent issue on which it has made itself look foolish and which annoys or frightens the mass of citizens. The "thin" ABM ("Sentinel") fills the bill. This is the anti-missile system which many weapon engineers think will never work but which was put over originally on the ground that the Chinese had a hydrogen bomb and sooner or later would toss it our way. What the radioactive fallout would be when the bad and good missiles collided, the ABM inventors did not say. (See "Blind Strategy of Missile Defense" by Milton J. Rosenberg, *The Nation*, February 10.)

In 1967, less than ten Senators were openly opposed to the Sentinel. In 1968, the number of opponents had increased to thirty-seven, and this year a head count shows forty-eight, with a good chance to get a majority. Last year the chief burden of organizing the opposition fell to Sen. John Sherman Cooper; his role is still important but he has been joined by Sen. Stuart Symington, whose opinion earns special respect because he is a former Secretary of the Air Force, and by Senators Percy and Kennedy. Senator Kennedy has written a letter to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, declaring that it would be "folly" to deploy the proposed system, that there is no convincing evidence that it would ever work, and that it would obstruct an opportunity to lessen world tensions.

One reason for the Senate's growing distaste for Sentinel is that the citizens want no part of it. Senator Percy is receiving 750 to 1,000 letters a week from constituents who oppose an installation in the Chicago area. That Sen. Henry M. Jackson, who must stand for re-election next year, will want to defy the opposition in Seattle is doubtful. The resistance to Sentinel is nation-wide. In Reading, Mass., a meeting of 1,600 persons angrily questioned a brigadier general who had been sent to explain the necessity for ABM defense. Richard N. Goodwin, formerly special assisant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Jerome B. Wiesner, former science adviser to President Kennedy, and other prominent people have signed a letter urging President Nixon to halt construction on Sentinel, at least until the entire project can be reviewed. Perhaps in response to such pressure, Mr. Laird has ordered a one-month suspension of ABM activity.

It all adds up to a new atmosphere, in which the military-industrial complex will not get everything it wants merely for the asking. The President's message to the Senate, urging ratification of the nonproliferation treaty, probably represents his shrewd and timely recognition that a new atmosphere is emerging on matters relating to the military.

The President, incidentally, is performing admirably. In one day last week, he recommended an increase in funds for basic science research, took patronage out of the postal system, urged ratification of the nonproliferation treaty, and endorsed four-power talks at the UN on the Middle East.

It Couldn't Have Been Worse

If some enemy, in all his wickedness, had wished to make the U.S. Navy look bad, he could hardly have written a more devastating scenario than the one the Navy followed in the *Pueblo* affair. It matches the performance of the CIA in the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Nor should we be astonished. While it is impossible to exculpate the Navy, it should be remembered that the *Pueblo* mission was almost certainly undertaken on behalf of the CIA and that the thirty "research" personnel on the ship were probably under CIA or similar direction.

The Navy was in charge of the logistic, communications and navigational phases of the mission, and it seems to have miscalculated in all of them. Coordination within the Navy, and between the Navy and the State Department, was almost totally lacking. One admiral, or set of admirals, gave instructions to the commanding officer of the ship. Another admiral, or more than one, was in charge of protective measures in the event of "trouble"—and gave no help whatsoever.

All senior officers seem to have been unable to make up their minds whether the *Pueblo* should be armed or not; in the end they compromised on token armament—two machine guns which the crew did not know how to use. The "destruct" preparations were similarly inadequate. Communication with headquarters in Japan was unreliable. The destroyer which was supposed to be steaming just over the horizon was actually sixteen hours away. Help could not be given by air; though there were eight American fighter aircraft in South Korea, all were equipped with nuclear weapons. (An interesting sidelight on the ever-present danger that a major East-West nuclear confrontation may be triggered by a "small" nuclear clash somewhere in the world.)

To round out the lugubrious picture, the North Koreans, who were in a state of high excitement at the time, had given warning of their intentions. Three days before the seizure, at a meeting at Panmunjon, Maj. Gen. Pak Chung Kook had protested to Rear Adm. John V. Smith, the senior United Nations delegate (the United States still insists that the UN is in charge), against infiltrations by "armed spy boats, together with a group of South Korean fishing boats," had denounced "such criminal acts," and had declared: "We have the due right to make a due response to your thoughtless play with fire. We will fully exercise our rights." The State and Defense Departments were not informed of this warning until after the ship was seized; they said later that such warnings were so frequent as to be routine and that they would have felt justified in ignoring this one and sending the ship within a mile or so of the 12-mile limit.

But after the *Pueblo* was lost, the admirals flew into a frenzy of activity. They wanted to fight, to move in and seize the ship, to retaliate in some fashion. They were prepared to resume the Korean War, even while they had their hands full in Vietnam. One of the few acts to the credit of the Johnson administration is that it quashed that nonsense.

FCC: Policy by Whimsy

By two decisions which it handed down within forty-eight hours, the Federal Communications Commission proved—if such proof is still necessary—that it has no rational policy. It operates by dangerous whimsy.

On January 23 it ruled, in a split decision, that the Boston Herald-Traveler Corp. must surrender its television and radio license to a local, independent company. The Herald-Traveler Corp., which also publishes two Boston newspapers, was not judged to have failed in its duties as a broadcaster (although, oddly, the FCC did quibble over its lack of "agricultural programming"); the commission took back its license primarily to encourage "diversification" of ownership.

If it pointed to the establishment of a national program of forced diversification, the Boston decision would surely be a matter of rejoicing. As Commissioner Nicholas Johnson pointed out: "In America's eleven largest cities there is not a single network-affiliated VHF television station that is independently and locally owned. They are all owned by networks, multiple station owners, or major newspapers."

But it is evident from another decision which the FCC made public on the previous day that no such purpose is intended. In an order released January 22, the commission refused to reconsider its renewal of the television-radio license (KSL-TV-AM-FM) held by the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, despite the fact that the concentration of communications outlets in this case is overwhelming.

The history of the FCC's favoritism for the Mormon Church goes back to 1965 when the KSL-TV application came up for its regular three-year renewal. It was approved, even though the application failed to disclose who owned the station or what its other commercial relationships were. The 1968 renewal was similarly whisked through, by a vote of 3 to 1, at a time when Commissioner Johnson—who says he would have voted against it and would have protested its renewal without a public hearing—was out of the country.

Then two non-Mormon residents of Salt Lake City petitioned the FCC to reopen the case and to hold a public hearing. This was the plea that the FCC ruled against January 22 with an evenly divided 3-to-3 vote (ties go to the "defendant").

Of the three commissioners who ruled in favor of the Mormon license, one was FCC Chairman Rosel H. Hyde, who is a Mormon. There was nothing illegal in his taking part, but one may fairly note that Chairman Hyde participated in the Salt Lake City case (if he had not, it would have been reopened for examination) but abstained from voting in the Boston case, saying "my vote is not essential to the resolution of the matter."

The Mormon Church owns the Deseret Management Co., publishers of Salt Lake's afternoon newspaper, *The Deseret News*, which in turn is in partnership (in possible violation of federal and state antitrust laws) with the *Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Deseret Management Co. owns KSL Inc., whose television and radio outlets blanket Utah and extend well into Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho. And KSL Inc. owns 23 per cent of KID Broadcasting Corp., which holds television and radio licenses in Idaho Falls, Ida., and owns 6 per cent of Boise Valley Broadcasting, Inc., which holds television and radio licenses in Boise, Ida.

Deseret Management Co. also owns 100 per cent of the stock of Bonneville International Corp., which owns Radio New York Worldwide, Inc., holder of licenses for shortwave station WNYW and stereo station WAFM, both in New York City; it owns KIRO, KIRO-FM and KIRO-TV in Seattle; and stations KMBZ and KMBR in Kansas City, Mo.

The Mormon Church's newspaper partner in Salt Lake City is the Kearns Tribune Corp., which also owns 35 per cent of the stock of KUTV-TV in Salt Lake. The rest of KUTV's stock is owned by the Glassman family, thereby making this clan a partner, once removed, of the Mormon Church. The Glassman-Hatch interests control newspapers and radio and television outlets in Ogden, Idaho Falls, Salt Lake City, Twin Falls, Billings, Honolulu, Wailulai, Hilo, Laramie and a couple of dozen other towns.

The Mormon Church is in a three-way ownership of Salt Lake City's CATV system. It also owns more than 5 per cent of the stock (about $20 million worth) in the *Los Angeles Times*, whose domination of the communications industry in Southern California is so potent that it spills over into Arizona.

The Mormon Church's spectacular concentration of communications ownership, partnership and cronyship is no secret. All of this information has been on the record since Senator Hart held his Failing Newspaper Act hearings in 1967. The FCC simply uses the information that it finds convenient and ignores the rest.

Stalling Tactics

With recent draft calls rising substantially—the February quota is 33,700, compared with only 12,000 last September—educators are concerned about the possible effect on enrollments in graduate school. The 1968 draft law, which did away with graduate exemptions, became effective last September, but had relatively little effect on students during the fall semester. Manpower needs were low, and many draft boards were slow to reclassify students. But now the situation may change considerably.

With the spring semester about to begin, educators are advising current and prospective students to continue to enroll for classes. They note that once the semester is under way, most draft boards will postpone induction. Further, there are important implications to a recent court decision in which a law student at the University of Texas won a suit to obtain a 1-S classification from his local draft board, permitting him to remain in school until the end of the school year. According to a spokesman for the Council of Graduate Schools, it may mean that many second-year graduate students who are ordered to appear for induction in the period between semesters or quarters can now file for a pre-induction judicial review, a process that will effectively delay their induction until the end of the school year.

For advice on this and other legal procedures available to them, graduate students may write to the Council of Graduate Schools, 1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Delaying tactics can win a semester, perhaps a school year, for many students. By then military needs may drop, the draft law itself may be changed, or some accommodation may be found in Vietnam.

Ralph McGill

Ralph McGill's death closed a cycle in Southern journalism which he had helped to initiate. When he began his career—on the *Nashville Banner* in 1922 and later on the Atlanta *Constitution*—social pressures in the South were so intense as to make any examples of good journalism shine forth like beacons in the night. And there was a lot of news, often dramatic, to report: lynchings, riots, bizarre politics, colorful demagogues, tobacco-road detours and a special kind of poverty. Race was then a Southern, not an ongoing national story. In such a setting, the good Southern newspaper received national recognition and the good Southern journalist was a likely prizewinner. Some Southern communities, eager for national recognition, were prepared to tolerate a degree of journalistic excellence, the more so since it did not have too much local impact. In brief it was a time of opportunity for Southern journalists, and Ralph McGill was one of the best. In a journalistic sense his voice became "the conscience of the South," and his example encouraged others. Young reporters wanted to work on the *Constitution* because of Ralph McGill.

The high point of his career—and of Southern journalism (at least for the time being)—was reached in 1959 when he won the Pulitzer Prize. That year marked the upsurge of the movement to which we owe the first significant civil rights legislation. This in turn marked the first step toward that liberation of the South from the tyranny of racial myths and political demagogy which McGill had long sought to achieve. But the atmosphere soon changed. New forces emerged, the segregationists became more sophisticated, the battle lines shifted, talk about Black Power began to disturb Southern power structures. Those who had tolerated advocacy of civil rights as merely eccen-

(*Continued on page 212*)

UN: DEFUSING THE POWDER KEG

ANNE TUCKERMAN

United Nations

Diplomatic efforts to break the perilous deadlock in the Middle East have entered a new phase. Following a timely proposal by the French Government, the representatives of the four major powers at the United Nations have started private consultations to try to define and put in operation concerted moves to implement the resolution adopted by the Security Council on November 22, 1967. These preliminaries will in all likelihood be followed soon by a meeting of the four powers in New York.

The French proposal recognized the need, also felt acutely in Moscow and Washington, to explore new avenues out of an increasingly infected situation in the Middle East. The priority which President Nixon has given the problems of this area shows the extreme concern felt by the new Administration for the Middle East "powder keg," to which the abhorrent hangings in Baghdad have added yet another fuse. At the same time, Mr. Nixon implied that negotiations with the Soviets on an issue about which both powers have a vital interest, but in which they are not directly concerned, would provide a useful opening, and perhaps even a key, for a dialogue that is certain to encompass many other complex and difficult problems.

A new attempt at a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict appears the more urgent because of the increasing militancy of Arab extremists in and out of Arab governments. An ominous symptom of this development is that a Soviet memorandum of last December, drafted with the approval of Cairo and listing steps for implementing the Security Council resolution, was rejected not only by Israel but also by Iraq and by the Palestine Liberation Organization. There is a feeling in diplomatic circles that the time may be approaching when Nasser, who is still the leading Arab statesman, will be unable to "deliver" a settlement.

Moscow is concerned by this possibility, because Arab extremist organizations seem to be infiltrated with revolutionary cadres trained in China, Cuba or Algeria. For practical purposes, Jordan is at present in the hands of the Palestinian terrorist organization. Nasser's loss of stature would also have anti-American implications, and is therefore feared in Washington. Paris has warned the other powers that the Palestine Liberation Organization has assumed many of the features of the Algerian Liberation movement, in its early stages, and that young and dedicated intellectuals have taken over from the inefficient mass of Arab malcontents.

Israel reacted in advance with an emphatic "no" to whatever formula might be devised by the Big Four, characterizing it as an attempt to impose a solution which, in the opinion of the Jerusalem government, can come only from direct talks between it and the Arab governments. President de Gaulle's sponsorship of the big-power *concertation*, as the French prefer to call it, has not helped matters, since he could hardly be called a mollifying influence after the French embargo on arms to Israel.

In these circumstances, the French proposal has been carefully drafted to conform to the framework of the Security Council resolution. Secretary-General U Thant, who supports the French initiative, has insisted on a UN background for the four-power action, and has defined the objective as "moral pressure" on the parties, but without any *Diktat*. Washington agrees. The agenda submitted by the French Government for the talks suggests an evaluation of the mission of Ambassador Jarring, named by the proposal as an intermediary working with all parties for the application of principles listed in the Security Council resolution. The agenda provides further for a study of means to make the resolution effective, and of measures to prevent further deterioration of international relations in the area. (Two of these measures could be big-power guarantees and limitation of arms shipments to the area.)

Because the agenda is drawn on very general lines, the talks may go on for months. The intention is to provide a careful re-examination of all aspects of the problem in the context of the Security Council resolution. The role of Ambassador Jarring during this time would be mostly to stand by and possibly to elicit reactions from both sides. That will also be done, one would suspect, by Washington and Moscow, which have privileged links with Jerusalem and Cairo. If and when agreement begins to develop on the basic issues, the good offices of Dr. Jarring would be reactivated, and he might then wish a formal statement from the Security Council as a whole to strengthen his mandate.

For the moment, nobody will predict where the four-power *concertation* will lead, or whether it will lead anywhere. The answer to that question lies primarily in Jerusalem.

WATERSHED OF POLITICS

A Democrat Speaks to the Question

JESSE UNRUH

Mr. Unruh, elected to the Assembly in 1954, has served as Speaker from 1961 to 1969, and is currently leader of the Democratic minority in that body. He headed the California delegation to the 1968 convention and has given the Chubb Fellowship lectures at Yale.

> The Democratic Party is never so good as when it's broke, when respectable people speak of it in whispers, and when it has no leaders and only one principle—to go in and take it away from the other fellows. . . .
> —*Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley")*

Sacramento

Once again, the sagacious Chicago saloonkeeper comes to the aid of the party with a concise description of the state into which it has fallen, indeed into which it has fallen frequently since his time. It would be hard to improve today upon the statement of purpose Mr. Dooley framed for his Democratic Party. The difference now is that the old way of going in and taking it away from the other fellows just may not work any more.

The old dependable power blocs are deteriorating, and they are not being replaced. Organized labor is becoming politically and socially irrelevant. Farmers are solidly entrenched in the middle class or better; their needs are expressed in arcane economic formulas understood only by federal bureaucrats. The solid South has finally found out what the Democratic Party meant by racial equality and has left it in a huff.

This process of deterioration has been going on for many years and has been ignored by Democrats. Now we have reached the point where Richard Daley cannot deliver Illinois, and Texas is the only Southern state to vote Democratic. Presumably, Democrats are sufficiently shocked to look for the reasons why.

It is not so much that the New Deal coalition has left the Democratic Party as that the goals of the Democratic Party have changed in response—if in sluggish response—to the changing needs of society, and the blocs in the old coalition do not share these new goals. The South resents federally imposed integration; farmers do not share the new overriding concern with the cities. Most disturbing of all is the failure of organized labor to rally enthusiastically behind our social programs.

The failure of labor may really be that of the liberal politicians, who idealized the working man throughout this century into some kind of noble savage who would push the Democratic Party into whatever progressive direction it ought to take at a given time. It turns out that working people share most of the weaknesses of the rest of mankind, and the surprise of this discovery has still not worn off for many political leaders.

The United Auto Workers has made a significant effort in the ghettos, but in this it is exceptional. Minority unemployment is almost universally recognized as the principal canker in our central cities. The labor movement could be expected to lead the attack on this problem, but it does not. Most labor unions are not even very effective at policing their own discrimination. Racism in the building trades unions is a national scandal.

In California, the Division of Apprenticeship Standards reported in 1964 that 2.4 per cent of apprentices were black. After four years of concentration upon minority employment, the Division reported that only 2 per cent of apprentices were black. That was not progress, but organized labor in California vigorously opposed legislation designed to correct the situation. It can be most convincingly argued that the policies of the National Association of Manufacturers regarding minority employment are often more progressive than those of the AFL-CIO.

The area of foreign policy has produced a most interesting reversal of roles: the AFL-CIO went on record in full support of President Johnson's conduct of the war in Vietnam, while the stock market responded most favorably to rumors of peace. Old-fashioned liberals are finding it increasingly difficult to distinguish the villains from the heroes.

In parallel with its decline of liberalism, organized labor has suffered a decline of political influence. During the California legislative campaigns of 1968, many districts were polled on the question, "Do you believe labor unions generally endorse the best candidate?" Republicans, not surprisingly, responded negatively 3 to 1; but in none of the districts polled did a majority of Democrats respond affirmatively, and in only *one* district did a plurality of Democrats feel that a labor endorsement signified political worth. This opinion may be especially marked in California, with its highly mobile population, but it is increasingly evident nationally.

It is significant, too, that labor brought about the defeat of some of the Democratic U.S. Senatorial candidates who were for peace in Vietnam. It did so not by withholding an endorsement but by withdrawing campaign funds. The illiberalism of old-guard labor leaders will not have its effect so much in forcing a change of Democratic Party policies as in making it tougher for many Democratic candidates to get elected.

If the New Deal coalition is no longer committed to the Democratic Party, it must also be admitted that the leaders of the Democratic Party have done little to bring those blocs or any other segments of the society back into the fold. Long incumbencies in many Statehouses and in Washington, and the complacency produced by an erroneous belief that, come what may, certain large groups of citizens will support Democrats, have led to a breakdown of communication with the voters.

It is true that lingering loyalties among individuals who comprised the old blocs still account for many Democratic votes, but it is neither likely nor desirable that they determine the central thrust of the party. As a practical matter, it is probably not necessary to cater to them; most of them will continue to vote Democratic for a few more years despite their disagreements with the new direction the party must take. But American voters in the mass have demonstrated a growing ability to split their tickets with great sophistication, especially when the offices at stake have high visibility. Party loyalty cannot sustain the Democrats over the long haul; we shall have to start explaining what we advocate and why.

Indeed, the dissemination of information may become the most important use of the party apparatus. "Big Government" really is as large and complex as the new American nihilists of the Left and Right say it is. Modern government demands all the time and expert effort that officeholders can devote to it, leaving little time for public relations. As the need for communication between government and the citizenry increases, the ability to communicate decreases. This tendency, however, can be reversed by political parties.

The day of the precinct worker going door to door with a bag of groceries or a bucket of coal is well gone. We may be reaching the time when the precinct worker going door to door prodding people to the polling place will be equally anachronistic. A political party does not derive much long-range benefit from people who do not want to vote in the first place, and do not know what they are voting on once they are in the booth. It is better by far to produce some kind of self-motivation. The excitement of Robert Kennedy's candidacy turned out many more votes than did the job offers and other blandishments of Richard Daley.

Along with communication must come candor. Democratic candidates at all levels are especially handicapped today because of the party's long dominance at the federal level. We must begin to understand that it is not disloyal to admit the mistakes of other Democrats. In fact, the party fundamentalists who insist that candidates support programs which have not lived up to expectations are guilty of the great political sin of impracticality. The U.S. Senate and the Democratic Party are clearly better off for candidates like McGovern, Ribicoff, Bayh, Church and Cranston who consistently differed with the policies of President Johnson's administration throughout their campaigns.

The War on Poverty has not been a smashing success; we should be learning from its failures and telling the people what we are learning. That also is what we should have done much earlier with respect to the war in Vietnam.

Viewed from the state level, the great failing of the Johnson administration was its approach to the solution of social problems. Apparently in continuing fascination with the New Deal, the administration insisted upon the central government's superior ability to formulate and administer programs. In fact, there has been a growing disenchantment with the programs and those who control them. The beneficiaries of this disenchantment have been the political conservatives.

If this trend was recognized by the administration, the response was far from adequate. We were offered a slogan, "Creative Federalism"; but when Democratic officeholders like Robert Kennedy and Edmund Muskie tried to give the slogan meaning, they got little sympathy from the White House. The President's Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, originally a very promising organization, has declined under the lackluster, foot-dragging dominance of former Southern governors.

The failure to allocate control for maximum effect will loom large in the next few years. The Johnson administration was far better suited to involve other levels of government and private business in social programs than the

Nixon Administration will be. If President Nixon calls for local control and home rule, and embarks upon a program of incentives and awards to business, he cannot avoid the accusation that he is rewarding those who have long supported the Republican Party. A Democratic administration would not have been similarly suspect.

We Democrats can free ourselves of old prejudices—and free the electorate of prejudices about us—if we can develop a more open political approach. The Democratic Party must commit itself to complete honesty, both in the formulation and execution of policy and in its day-to-day functioning as a political apparatus. (Emphasis of this point is not intended to impute greater honesty to any other political party, living or dead.)

We must start by telling the truth during election periods. If people do not believe us then, we can hardly expect their confidence later. Campaigns waged in terms of personal invective, outright misrepresentation and contrived distortion may produce victories, but they make the task of governing all but impossible for the winners. An opponent who has been maligned and mistreated during a campaign can hardly be expected to cooperate with the victor who has used such tactics, and the supporters of the losing candidate can be expected to be even more resentful.

A more visible and potent Fair Campaign Practices Committee would be helpful in identifying those candidates whose concern for the truth has been suspended for the campaign duration, but the best answer is self-restraint. To the discredit of our party, the outstanding example of such restraint under pressure is that of Sen. Barry Goldwater during the 1964 Presidential campaign.

As far as intraparty policy is concerned, there must be a great reduction in the messianic insistence on party solidarity. The obvious insincerity this produces destroys the prestige of politicians and underestimates the intelligence of the voters. Not every Democratic candidate is endowed with superior virtue, and the electorate knows we know it. Blind insistence upon party brotherhood makes politics in general about as credible as a television wrestling match.

The press is probably at least as culpable on this matter as are most politicians. The immutable principle of party unity provides an extremely simple way to explain election results: no one questions an editorial dismissal of the hapless politician who fails to endorse one or another local candidate of his party.

Beyond the criticism of existing programs lies the proposal of new ones. Here Democrats must understand that programs themselves become instruments of communication. The tendency to concentrate upon the very pressing problems of our minorities can lead to greater alienation of the majority. Each new program has the inherent danger of producing a new reason for resentment.

For example, providing summer job opportunities for black youngsters in the ghettos may seem an unexceptionable program. But if it is done at the expense of summer job programs for white youngsters in the suburbs, it may eventually create a much more volatile situation than the summertime idleness of young black people produces. Democrats must take a disproportionate share of the blame for sponsoring such socially alienating if well-intentioned programs.

Government's principal task remains that of dealing with the problems affecting the majority. The attack upon minority problems should ideally be made by other institutions in the society, and the political task is to encourage those other institutions to spend their energies in that area. If businessmen can be convinced that there is a profit in meeting ghetto needs, there is no doubt that they will do so; and they will be able to act without fear of majority opinion.

If Democrats are to participate in this transfer of function, a lot of them must come to understand that the important issue is not who is making a profit or how much it is but what is being accomplished. The residents of the ghetto are not squeamish about the profit motive, and they certainly will not forgive us if we use it as an excuse for denying them hope.

All of this leads, of course, to greater honesty in the conduct of government itself. It would seem that the only really responsible recourse, in this period of grave doubt, is to open up the processes of politics and government to the people who are affected by them. In the area of domestic policy, this might mean a step as simple as a commitment to the full disclosure of all reports of Presidential Advisory Commissions.

It is obviously in the area of foreign policy that this need is critical. If we really mean, "No more Vietnams," our action must be drastic. The government should make public some kind of catalogue of our degree of commitment throughout the world. It should state what we are spending, where, through what groups, and for what purposes. We should be told which governments are now controlled by ours and to what degree.

It is likely that Americans would rebel at many aspects of our foreign policy if it were revealed to them in such open fashion, but as we have seen, a little voter rebellion over such issues is healthy. It leads to a more successful foreign policy.

There is often no reason, other than habit or tradition, for clandestine political activities. No legitimate political activities are damaged by opening them up to the people. The California delegation to the Democratic National

Convention in 1968 never held a closed caucus. No one has criticized that delegation for making its decisions in public, nor has anyone suggested that the delegation was therefore less effective.

A political party, however, is not necessarily effective simply because it is open and honest. It must be an apparatus with a direction. If the Democratic Party can abandon the debilitating commitment to the past that has brought it to defeat, it can become a most effective majority-forming mechanism.

Some of the elements of a new majority are already apparent. They include the poor, the black and the young. To these may be added those from the upper economic levels who are secure enough not to feel threatened by the demands of those at the lower end of the spectrum, and those so recently up from poverty as not to feel estranged from their former milieu. Finally, there are the idealists and intellectuals who see in the activist groups the motive force for bringing about the changes they advocate.

At present, two or more such blocs will ally themselves occasionally in pursuit of some common goal. The pacts are usually temporary and fragile, and that may lead to the conclusion that no really permanent coalition can be put together with these blocs. If, however, the Democratic Party can command their trust, it will become the accepted political mechanism of this emerging majority.

And the Democratic Party can merit the trust of these people. The lesson of the 1968 Chicago convention was widely misread. The fact that the old professionals ran the convention with an iron hand was not nearly as important as the revolt of large numbers of delegates. Forty per cent of the delegates opposed the party leadership and the incumbent Administration, and that is an extremely high percentage when one considers the methods of delegate selection. These were conscience votes cast by grass-roots party leaders and workers, and they have changed the character of the Democratic Party.

But whether or not any such new majority emerges, it should be evident that we cannot return to the bland politics of consensus. First of all, the isolated nature of life in our affluent society is not likely to change soon. We shall continue to live among our peers, work with them and educate our children with theirs. The problems of other groups will be perceived dimly, if at all. Second, the problems with which we must deal today arise so suddenly and are of such consequence that it is downright dangerous to spend precious time in developing a consensus of support for a course of action.

What is needed is political leadership that is inspirational as well as intelligent, concerned as well as competent. For the effective governance of this nation our leaders must have the sustained confidence of enough people to permit them to act, with no fear of political collapse if they are wrong. The ability to inspire such confidence enabled John Kennedy to survive the Bay of Pigs. Lack of it prevented Lyndon Johnson from surviving the Tet offensive.

The ability to inspire confidence, and to justify it by dealing openly and honestly, free of commitments and traditional doctrine, is at the heart of that amorphous body of theory, the New Politics. The New Politics is still too much of an abstraction to yield to thorough discussion, but it seems clear that none of the 1968 Presidential candidates could be described as a "New Politician."

George Wallace was no more than a hyper-demagogic Senator Bilbo. The new Nixon was more mature and relaxed, but not really all that new. Vice President Humphrey's image remained dimmed by the shadow of Lyndon Johnson. Robert Kennedy would almost certainly have won, had he lived to become the nominee; Senator McCarthy could probably also have won.

The narrowness of the Nixon victory is likely to keep him shackled to the policies of the past, but the pressure for change is urgent. His Administration will be the last in the New Deal tradition. Some kind of change, for good or ill, will characterize the administration that follows.

Ripon: Left Spur to the GOP

HOWARD L. REITER

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Cambridge

A khaki-colored wooden building amid the exotic restaurants and psychedelic shops that surround Harvard Square is the headquarters of the Ripon Society, which may become a combination of brain trust and gadfly for the Nixon Administration. It is an organization of several hundred young academic, business and professional men and women who are in the sometimes awkward position of being both liberal and Republican. Founded in Cambridge just over six years ago and named for one of the Midwestern towns that claim to be the birthplace of the GOP, the Society has become virtually the only ongoing group which lobbies within the party for progressive policies. Its ultimate goal is to reunite the party with the intellectual community that in 1912 followed Teddy Roosevelt out of the party—and never returned. In a sense it is the ADA of the GOP.

Until this year, Ripon's role within the party was fairly clear: it was one voice in the Republican wilderness, providing intellectual resources for moderate candidates and officeholders and a forum for such fresh ideas as the negative income tax and draft reform. Now that the party is in power, Ripon must undergo a transformation, and just what it is to be is a matter of some concern to the membership. For unlike the ADA, which could actively support the last five Democratic Presidential nominees, the Ripon Society in 1968 never found itself squarely in the Nixon camp. A poll of more than 500 readers of the Society's magazine, *The Ripon Forum*, in August, disclosed that more than four out of five had supported Nelson Rockefeller before the convention, and that only a third of those Rockefeller partisans had made up their minds to vote for Nixon in November. Stating its position in September, the Society began with the assertion, "Frankly, Nixon-Agnew was not our dream ticket." The statement went on in an ambiguous vein, ending up as either a reluctant endorsement or a plague on all the houses.

Yet Nixon, ever eager to broaden his base within the party, has long been interested in Ripon personnel. In 1964 he drafted Lee Huebner, a graduate student in history at Harvard, as research assistant. Huebner, who later became president of the Ripon Society, was also hired by the Nixon speech-writing staff after the 1968 convention and is now on the White House staff. John Price, a New York attorney and former chairman of Ripon's national governing board, and Christopher DeMuth, a recent Harvard College graduate with ties in the black community, are now working with Daniel Patrick Moynihan. These appointments are obviously not the result of a pervasive liberalism in the Administration but rather of Nixon's attempt to achieve an ideological Balkanization of the government—conservatives to Justice and Defense, liberals to urban affairs. However, it gives some Riponites access to the highest levels of government.

Huebner, Price and DeMuth personify one approach to the Ripon Society's problem of how to relate to the Nixon Administration. Having taken jobs in the government, they have resigned their Ripon posts to preserve the Society's freedom of action. Others in the Society genuinely fear that it may be co-opted by the Administration, losing its independence by striving to maintain warm relations with the Nixon team. The first problem of this sort arose soon after the election, when the Society issued a statement lamenting the fact that Nixon had not used the campaign to take bold initiatives which would attract Democrats and independents to the Republican Party. The press seized upon a part of the statement that dealt with Nixon's failure to attract the pro-civil rights "frontlash" bloc. A typical headline appeared in *The New York Times*: "GOP Group Chides Nixon on Backlash." Some members of the Ripon Society suggested that the whole thing might have been better timed; Ripon had the distinction of producing the first post-election statement in the country to criticize the President-elect.

The leadership of the Society generally supports cooperation with the Administration. Josiah Lee Auspitz, doctoral candidate in political science at Harvard and Ripon's new president, says bluntly: "The question is whether we want to be effective, or exhibit our virtue." Effectiveness is the criterion, too, for Bruce Chapman of the Seattle chapter. Author of a proposal for draft reform (*The Wrong Man in Uniform*) and co-author of a study of the Republicans in 1964 (*The Party That Lost Its Head*), Chapman says: "At last we have a chance to have our people in government, actually making some of the decisions we've been advocating, or at least advising the decision makers. Our presence in the Administration actually enhances their receptivity to our ideas. And under these circumstances, I think it's folly to suggest that we'll lose our purity; Nixon has already shown his sympathy with some of our ideas. Now they can be implemented."

But one Riponite who is wary of this new coziness is John Saloma, an assistant professor of political science at M.I.T. and the first president of the Society. He warns:

> If the Nixon Administration absorbs the best Ripon talent and the Society becomes in effect an arm of the Administration, we've lost our most important function —independent thought and criticism. Anybody who goes to work for the Administration owes his primary commitment and political loyalty to Nixon, and members of the Administration may try to use their Ripon contacts to get the Society to tone down its criticism.
>
> But Nixon ought to realize that it is in his interest to keep us criticizing him from the left; a party looks more honest and believable if criticism comes from within. The Democrats, after all, came through 1968 remarkably well. We have got to appeal to young people, and young people today are more interested in candor than political loyalty.

Chapman notes, on the other hand, that most of Ripon's chapters are not in academic communities: "In Seattle, or Los Angeles, or Dallas, or Chicago, our function is to bring bright young professional and business people into the Republican Party. Although we can do this while appealing simultaneously to young people outside the party who are not interested in the GOP, it is more important to draw in the others. And *these* people are more interested in being effective than in simply criticizing." To which Saloma replies: "Many people tell us that it is precisely because of the role we play that they remain Republican. What will they do if we lose our independent voice?"

No one feels that this philosophical difference has been deleterious to the Society. "The most remarkable thing about Ripon," says Lee Huebner, "is the absence of factionalism." And Lee Auspitz adds: "This whole discussion is on a more or less theological level and never reaches the operational stage." Thomas Petri, a Harvard Law graduate and Peace Corps veteran who has just completed his tenure as executive director of the Society, agrees: "In a real sense there is no conflict between someone's role in Ripon and his decision to work for the government. The first consideration for any individual in this case will be citizenship—whatever their views about the President, most people will serve if called. Kennedy found this out in 1961, when some Republicans were drafted into his administration. After all, if you look at your hierarchy of priorities, membership in Ripon will probably fall below other values such as citizenship."

But the question for some is whether the principles for which they joined the Society can be maintained by cooperating with an Administration in which they are only one of many influences. "I don't think we've lost anything," Petri claims. "In fact, I think we've turned a net political profit. We're in the Administration, and I don't think that those who continue to run the Society will soften their criticism. Of course, there is a tension between the desire to be accurate—to criticize accurately—and the desire to have entree, but it's a question of tactics more than anything else. On some issues we may take a different tack than on others, but only for strategic reasons. No basic compromise is involved." Bruce Chapman adds, "With our contacts within the Administration, our criticism can be better informed."

Asked if Ripon's image could suffer from its close association with the Administration, Petri replied: "A person's prestige goes up if his experience in government was successful, and vice versa. I think this is true of groups, too. If we are associated with some of the successes and new initiatives of the Nixon Administration, this will help us."

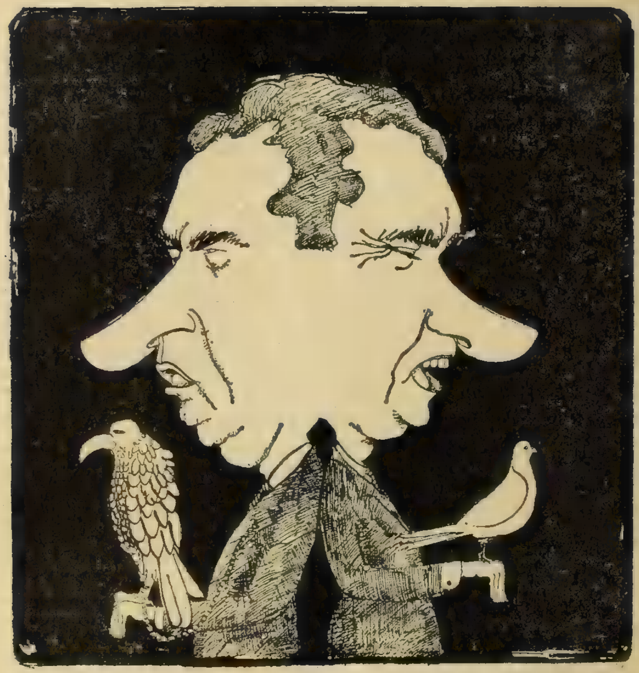
The root of the problem lies, as Huebner sees it, with the "dual constituency" of the Society: "We have to appeal to Republicans, and at the same time maintain our contacts with young people, the black community and academicians. But this dual constituency is one of the great strengths of the Ripon Society. We can serve as a bridge between the party and these other groups; without us, there might never be any contact. Of course, when these two groups diverge, as they did in 1968, there is a tension within the Society and within each of us as individuals. But as long as this tension exists, we fulfill a vital function—spokesmen from each group to the other." Petri concurs: "Many party leaders are suspicious of our Republicanism. By participating in the Administration, we can establish our credentials as Republicans once and for all, without compromising our principles." This should help to quiet the criticism from Republican stalwarts like National Chairman Ray Bliss, who has on occasion labeled the Society a divisive force within the party.

What role is Ripon likely to play in the next four years? Given the fact that the Society will have no dogmatic "line" to dictate what relationship individual members may have with the Administration, four types of activity can be expected:

First, the Society will continue to speak for the progressive, urban-oriented wing of the Republican Party. Since there is no other ongoing liberal Republican organization, Ripon's comments are regarded as an index of the thinking of that wing of the party. It is the most visible part of that faction—"the tip of the iceberg," as the American Conservative Union once described the Society.

Ripon's claim to be a spokesman is well founded. Hosts at its recent sixth anniversary dinner in New York were such pillars of the Eastern liberal faction as Henry Kissinger, David Rockefeller, William Scranton, Walter Thayer and John Hay Whitney; the principal speaker of the evening was John Lindsay. *The Ripon Forum* has published the writings of Senators Cooper, Goodell, Hatfield and Morton; George Romney and Elliot Richardson; Melvin Laird, and even Richard Nixon. When Mark Hatfield decided last year to criticize the Presidential candidates for not speaking out boldly on Vietnam, he used a *Forum* article to voice his feelings. When Rep. John Anderson of Illinois ran for chairman of the House Republican Conference, he cited a Ripon endorsement of him as proof that he had liberal as well as conservative support. And when *National Review* complained that Ripon publications "are treated by the Liberal press like the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention," it was in effect recognizing that the Society has become an important vehicle of opinion in American politics.

The second major activity will be research, which has consumed most of Ripon's energies since 1962. Huebner does not look forward to a research explosion in the next four years, warning that "we shouldn't curl up and become another Brookings Institution"; but research remains Ripon's most constructive role. From major research projects of the past have come proposals for federal-state revenue sharing, the negative income tax, a volunteer army, de-escalation in Vietnam, and the Massachusetts Republican state platform, one of the most liberal of either party in the nation. More recently, the New York chapter issued a series of urban position papers, Cambridge members aided Massachusetts Gov. Francis Sargent in his recent transition to the Statehouse, and the Seattle chapter has lobbied for a lower voting age.



H. Zinder, Toronto Star

Today, Ripon has a full-time research director, Robert Behn, who contracts his services to interested public figures. The Society has published several books, including a study of the 1964 elections, described by Theodore H. White as "far and away the best study of the elections made by anyone"; a report on the state of the GOP after 1966; an investigation of Southern Republicanism, soon to be updated by Michael Lottman, former editor of the *Southern Courier*; proposals for ending the war in Vietnam, and a collection of essays by members of the Society, *The Ripon Papers*. Soon to be published is *The Lessons of Victory*, an analysis of the events of 1968 and where the party is headed. And of course there is the *Forum*, with a circulation in the thousands.

Research and publications produce about a third of the

Society's revenues, the rest coming from more than 200 contributors. Petri takes pains to note that these individuals are scattered throughout the nation, and that none of them contributes anywhere near a major share of Ripon's expenses. The Society's budget was about $12,000 in 1964 and about $115,000 last year. If that seems a paltry amount, considering the millions spent each year by conservative Republican groups, it makes Ripon's influence in Republican affairs even more striking.

A third role, of course, will be Ripon's influence within and upon the Administration. As Huebner puts it: "We lost the struggle with the conservatives over the tone and content of Nixon's campaign. Now we've got to win the struggle over his Presidential policies, and judging from his early appointments and actions, I think we're doing all right." Auspitz is even more optimistic: "We're better equipped for this struggle than we were for the other, because we are policy-oriented. And Nixon is flexible; there will always be a struggle, so to speak, for his soul." Petri sees this role as crucial: "The members of his Administration will be receiving a lot of pressure from the Right. If we exert pressure from the Left, we can make it easier for them to move in a moderate direction." And Douglas Matthews, a free-lance writer who now edits the *Forum*, notes: "As Republicans, our criticism will be taken more seriously by Nixon than criticism from the Democrats. After all, we're 'on his side.' "

And finally, the Ripon Society can be expected to increase its direct political activities in the years to come. Last year, Ripon members participated in the campaigns of Nixon, William Saxbe, Richard Ogilvie, Thomas Curtis, James Farmer and others. At least two active Riponites—Martin Linsky in Massachusetts and John McClaughry in Vermont—hold seats in state legislatures, and the number is likely to increase. And with the added interest focused upon Ripon in these Republican years, new chapters are planned in more cities and on more campuses. (In the past, purely campus-based chapters were discouraged by the leaders, in order to prevent the Society's base from becoming too narrow.)

One Ripon leader who would like to see this activism flourish in new ways is Professor Saloma, who bluntly advocates building a "political cadre" within the Society:

> I think we've put too little emphasis on party affairs. If we familiarize ourselves with party matters—and it would be a full-time job—we can more effectively criticize the party and produce changes. In other words, we need organization—the McCarthy people saw the importance of that. Until we do it, we will have to rely upon our members in the Administration to get things done. But if we can organize ourselves and become versed in party affairs, then our criticism of the party leadership will be more than mere broadsides; instead, we can promote a forward, constructive program. Maybe the leaders won't like it, but at least we are more likely to get results.

However, Saloma's views have not yet taken hold in the Society at large.

And what course will the Ripon Society finally take? Perhaps there is really no dilemma. By rejecting both the ivory tower and the politics of confrontation, the members of the Society have come out on the side of political effectiveness, of reform rather than revolution. They are willing to risk contact with the political world, and they are idealistic enough to believe that they can do so without endangering their basic principles. They are the radicals of the GOP and the conservatives of the New Left, and so far they have performed both functions with a minimum of stress. Only time and Richard Nixon's Presidency will tell how long they can maintain the balance.

The 'Kaffeeklatsch' Constituency

FLOYD McKAY
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Salem, Ore.

Sen. Robert W. Packwood of Oregon, who at 36 took the seat if not the place of Wayne L. Morse, will spend the weekend of March 1-2 presiding over an annual political gathering which he first organized in 1965 and which is beginning to draw the attention of national Republican leaders. Packwood's fifth Dorchester Conference on the wintry Oregon coast just might provide eager GOP generals with the clues they seek to Congressional control in 1970.

When it started, in the dark post-Goldwater days, Dorchester was only the name of a drafty resort hotel in the neon strip of Lincoln City. And Packwood was only an aggressive young state legislator with a lot of big ideas about politics.

By 1968, Dorchester had become *the* place to be seen, a proud campaign ribbon for the suburban *Kaffeeklatsch* army. It had attained status in a status-conscious class. Its devotees were already beginning to call themselves People for Packwood; at the end of the year, they elected a new United States Senator. Dorchester may lack the psychedelic brilliance of McCarthy's Impossible Dream, but it is a calculated, perfectly executed black-and-white message, and it may have serious consequences for those who fail to heed it. It, too, is the New Politics.

Packwood discovered as early as his first legislative campaign in 1962 that for great masses of middle-class Americans, political participation can be an end in itself. In the spring of 1965, he was ready to move on that premise. Invitations went out, "to bring together constructive Republicans from throughout Oregon . . . to attempt, through critical thought and frank discussion, to assess the problems and future of the Republican Party of Oregon." Only 300 select invitations were issued that first year.

Most responded, but the politically cautious held back. Packwood had intentionally snubbed the state party chairman, a conservative who viewed Packwood as a whippersnapper likely to make trouble. No matter. The party unity boys would show up at later Dorchester conferences, larger and broader of base.

People came to Dorchester to participate in politics: young men with the tangy after-shave smell of junior executive success; housewives escaping wax build-up and Art Linkletter; square teen-agers in pressed ducks and moderate minis who cranked endless reports from the mimeograph. Packwood the leader, his driving ambition harnessed in properly casual sweat shirt and jeans, greeted the troops, setting them to work on the great issues.

Dorchester's format was elastic. People talked about what was on their minds, guided only by general subject areas. The politically conscious husband or wife brought the uninitiated mate, and new interests were kindled to replace family finance as an after-dinner topic. Everyone took part. The debate and discourse flowed from workshop to dinner table, from the crowded bar to a closing session at which Packwood and his lieutenants tried to pull together a Dorchester view of the world.

Would anyone remember, a year later, what resolutions had been passed, what issues searched, what answers trumpeted to a perplexed world? The cries of the ever-circling gulls would drown the words before they left the conference hall.

Not so easily lost, however, would be the vibrance of participation, the warm glow of earnest talk and new friendships, the laughter shared at an amateur-hour musical comedy. It mattered little if Dorchester urged withdrawal from Vietnam, or the negative income tax, or whatever. It mattered little, even, if Packwood later took opposing views in his Senatorial campaign. But it mattered a great deal to be there, to take part, to be involved. Dorchester was a "be-in" for the suburban middle class.

If the intense, issue-oriented forces of the New Democratic Coalition are a threat to the old politics, so Dorchester is a Republican counter to the Coalition. Even in these troubled times, there are more who have than have not, more who belong than are alienated, more who ask "why?" than ask "why not?" They are the people Packwood found, and they put him in the Senate. They will gather again at Dorchester in March.

And they are a mass in every state of the Union, waiting for their own Dorchester on the shore of the Atlantic, or the banks of the Missouri. They are educated suburban housewives, unchallenged by the PTA and Great Books; young executives who can't converse with a computer; whole groups of people turned off by the endless turgidity of professional associations and service clubs.

Product of an education-conscious society, this literate but unchallenged middle-class, middle-age electorate is a majority in many Congressional districts, and even in some states. It is an electorate that wants to be consulted. It grew up with "feedback" and "brainstorming" and it wonders why the techniques are applied everywhere but in politics.

The trick, for a political leader, is to turn its energies and needs into a useful channel. Packwood did so with his Dorchester conferences, realizing that by and large the desire was not for revolutionary change but for participation and dialogue.

For most who came to Lincoln City, the process itself is sufficient: to test the rusty intellect in new surroundings, among new friends; to be caught up in a flurry of respectable excitement; to dream Possible Dreams.

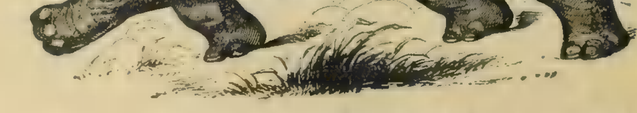
Once launched, the movement is potent, for the new convert carries a contagion. The Dorchester spirit was powerful enough in Oregon to capture the broad middle ground in 1968 and retire the state's best-known political figure, a man who had become a symbol of Oregon's political independence. Wayne Morse was one of the last of the great Prairie Progressives, in the mold of Robert La Follette of his native Wisconsin. His was the voice of righteous indignation, the plea for political morality in a jaded world.

The voice was heard by the old moralists who remembered the crusades of La Follette, of George Norris and Hiram Johnson. And by the new moralists on the campuses, rebelling against the CIA and napalm incineration. But the great, quiet middle ground was harking to a different trumpet. "Join me so that we might accomplish together what none of us will accomplish alone," was the conclusion of each Packwood speech.

Accomplish what? Few asked, for what was really important was the joining together, the common search for reason and consensus, the interaction of men of good will. There had already been too much shouting, too much passion. Packwood sensed this feeling, and provided it with a central personality around which to form. Like Eugene McCarthy, he saw that pent-up frustration must find a rallying point.

By 1968, his Dorchester gatherings had attracted more than 1,000 participants, and the more zealous were ready to fill key spots in Packwood's well-planned campaign. They spread across the state like a chain letter, each hand reaching for another, pulling it into the circle. In November the circle closed.

And in December, Packwood sent his friends a Christmas card bearing quotations from Emerson and Markham: "I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. . . . There is a destiny that makes us brothers; none goes his way alone."



BLACKS ON CAMPUS

ANGRY AND ALONE TOGETHER

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross has covered the New York City school strike for the New York Post *since last May. He is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of* The Victims *(to be published by Putnam's).*

> All those white kids are gonna make it. They can flunk out and they'll still make it. But I ain't got a chance in hell. I'm just here to decorate their campus, like some piece of African sculpture. Not a chance in hell!
>
> —*Student at Queens College*

From Logan Airport, it is a short drive through the Callahan Tunnel and out the Fitzgerald Expressway to Waltham, where wood-frame houses meant for some lonely country setting are jammed together like hunched subway riders, and the sullen occupants straggle down the bleak Massachusetts hills as the factory day begins. They are frugal with their smiles as they pass their neighbors on the road, and only an extra puff of steamy breath gives away a greeting.

It is different on the hill. There, appearing always to look down on Waltham, is the castle. It was built during the 1920s by a doctor who wanted to start a medical school and was driven to bankruptcy because of his unorthodoxy. It is a real castle and was once once used in a movie. Now it is part of Brandeis University, where some of Waltham's townfolk serve in the coffee shop. There are dozens of other buildings where Waltham people serve or clean and absorb tidbits for dinner conversation. Late on Saturday nights, after an evening in the bars, it is not uncommon for a pack of booted young Walthamites to wait for a lone Brandeis boy and beat him up. Their furies spent, they return to the hunched houses and know that the pretty girls still prefer the strange bearded boys of Brandeis who will not fight back.

On January 8, sixty-five black students at Brandeis marched into Ford Hall and told the switchboard operators that they were sorry, but the building had to be evacuated. Sorry, they told a professor, but he would have to dismiss his class and leave; the building was being seized. (The professor later charged that he was "dragged" from his classroom by fierce blacks, but others who were there say he was tugging at the black guy's sleeve.)

At that moment in New York City, the new president of Brandeis, Morris B. Abram, was polishing up a speech he was to make before a group of educators. The speech would have said that no school was a sanctuary in today's world and that black anger might be directed anywhere. Abram would remember the irony in the coming weeks.

At Queens College, meanwhile, a black youth named George was trying to explain to a white reporter why he felt such rage:

"I come here every day and it's as if they look right through me," he said. "No one knows me or talks to me." George is 22 and has served time for stealing a car. He was accepted by Queens College as part of SEEK (Search for Education, Evaluation and Knowledge), a new program to help ghetto youths. Of the 26,000 students at Queen's College, about 1,000 are black and 700 of those are enrolled in SEEK.

On that same Wednesday, January 8, Queens College was being closed down. The SEEK students had staged quiet raids in the faculty dining hall, first asking everyone to leave, then spilling tables and dishes; and in the library, where some records and shelves were emptied on the floor. They were trying to dramatize their demands for control of the SEEK program and of an Afro-American studies program. A 19-year-old white boy said that he had read the demands and agreed with them, but could never support the vandalism.

"When did you read them?" he was asked.

"After the library raid."

"You weren't aware that they had been making the demands for some time?"

"No. It was only after the raids."

At Brandeis, the 100 blacks registered in the TYP (Transitional Year Program, an equivalent of SEEK), had first presented their demands for some autonomy after the assassination of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., in April of 1968. Specifically, they asked for majority representation on the committee that would select a head for the new Afro-American Studies Department. Morris Abram, then practicing law, sat in on the series of conferences with black students that began in July.

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The stings come quietly; without appearance of mischief; but poisonous. Things that won't register on the ethnic seismograph:

¶It can be the precise fawning of a girl who would love to date a black man but whose eyes are always counting the house.

¶"If one more white boy asks me on a library date to show his friends how liberal he is . . ." smoldered one black coed, unable to dream up the consequent reaction.

¶One day last year, a group of Harlem kids came to visit for the day. They had dinner in the student cafeteria and as the hall began to fill up with untamed blacks, a mood of terror built up under the quiet. The white students finished their meals with deliberation and left, and the black students knew how alone they really were at this Jewish-sponsored, nonsectarian institution.

¶"I put a sign on my door," said one girl. "It said, 'Jewish Power.' The girl next door, a Negro, put up a sign, 'White Pig.' I don't know why. I don't understand. It was a joke."

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The blacks took Ford Hall, a three-story communications center holding a $200,000 computer, across a campus road from the Bernstein-Marcus Administration Complex. Of the 2,600 students at Brandeis, 300 are considered radical, or at least leftist. They sport beards and mustaches and white affectations of "naturals" as proof of their social reliability, and their peace beads tinkle in the halls. Their most recent act of defiance was to stage a "sanctuary" for an AWOL soldier. But the Brandeis Left has a tendency to talk. Its members will discuss in splendid parliamentary style all the possibilities facing them; then someone will offer a motion to end debate and it will be hooted down, so impressed are the "lefties" with their own acoustical dazzle. It is rumored that the AWOL soldier endured as much of it as he could, then turned himself in.

Morris Abram is in his 50s, and his unseamed face breaks into a soft smile at the introduction of a New York journalist. He asks about his good friend, the reporter's publisher. His floor is padded with a gray carpet, and African *objets d'art* are scattered about the large room. He is at least 6 feet tall and plays touch football with his sons.

He says that he cannot understand why the blacks took Ford Hall. "I'm not going to *force* them out. I'm trying to entice them out. I will do everything that I can to entice them out. There are no circumstances which would cause me to initiate the use of force."

A tape recorder is going and Abram says nothing that could cause a blush. He will not close off the heat or electricity to Ford Hall; that would be a mean and petty act. But he does cut off the blacks from any help. He tells the press that he is moving to meet several of the demands and is presenting a compromise offer to the blacks. The Boston reporters hover and take it down, then rush to the telephones. The Boston papers have been full of shrill headlines about militant blacks ready to burst out from Ford Hall and descend on Waltham. The university press office is stocked with liquor and sandwiches; there is a portable TV. The reporters sit and listen to the TV and seldom budge to hear the dull debates of the "Left." Several of the men with graying crew cuts have come almost to blows with the long-haired "Left."

The compromise version that Abram was offering the holdouts in Ford Hall was dead before he sent it over. He knew that. Dean of Students Peter Diamandopoulis, chief architect of Abram's public image and the only top Brandeis administrator to be retained by the new regime, said that he knew it would not be accepted. Yet the press printed it and when the inevitable rejection came, Abram was able to say: "They are being inflexible; their position has not changed and in fact they have escalated their demands so that there are now really thirty-two instead of the original ten."

There were still ten demands, but in response to Abram's repeated insistence that they elaborate on them, the blacks had issued a clarification containing thirty-two points.

On a bulletin board outside President Abram's office are a few of his speeches, and pictures of him with Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., and with Massachusetts Sen. Edward Brooke. He was asked how he first learned of the seizure and if he had any advance warning.

"As God is my witness, I had no knowledge of any pent-up grievance with any urgency to it. As God is my witness.

"As God is my witness, I thought that the establishment, which I had pushed through, of a concentration in African and Afro-American studies—I thought when I got that through in October, I guess it was, that that issue was no longer on the front burner."

When did he first learn of the crisis?

"I hadn't been here for two weeks when the blacks said they wanted to see me. They wouldn't see my assistant—boy by the name of Roy deBerry of Holly Springs, Miss.

"Believe me, that was the only issue on which I, even with an early warning system, had had any knowledge. Lathan Johnson is on the payroll to inform me about these things. Whether he knew about it or not I do not know, but he never told me that we were about to have trouble or that people were up tight about something. . . ."

Of course, it would have been hard for Abram to check it out, since by then Johnson was inside Ford Hall with his black brothers. At Queens College, when the SEEK students held strategy sessions, black administrators were barred. "No false prophets," they were told.

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The SEEK kids were very tight. One day they marched across the Queens campus in military fashion, a leader at the front with a walkie-talkie and a file closer at the rear with another. There were flankers to keep away strangers and they did not smile. The white students stood awe-struck, watching the blacks moving across the courtyards. One boy called it "chilling," but a black girl who worked in the cafeteria said the sight was "thrilling."

"Are they together?" one black youth was asked of the SEEK students. "Yes," he replied. "We're together."

• • •

Allen Grossman of the Brandeis English Department is a poet. He once was offered Peter Diamandopoulis' job at Brandeis, but he preferred obscurity. He is a Charles Laughton type, who rubs his wrists to help the circulation and manages to pull a woolen cap over his ears in the cold, without looking idiotic.

"The administration and the faculty have joined to protect their corporate privilege," he said one day in his cramped office after the "radical" Sociology Department had again decided to postpone any action. "That's quite strange, you see, since the faculty at one time was united to protect itself against the administration. But now the administration has grown and the faculty no longer feels threatened by that aspect, but rather by the students."

Grossman compared what was happening at Brandeis to what was going on in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, where the United Federation of Teachers chose to join forces with its traditional antagonist, the bureaucratic Board of Education in the fight against school decentralization, or student representation, or community control, depending on one's definition.

"The thing that so many of my colleagues fail to understand is that the students represent a legitimate constituency; that they have, and ought to have, a reasonable amount to say about the education they receive," Grossman said. "Of course, one should know the history of this thing before one goes off about it. At one time, the students came from a better class of people than the faculty. The faculty were essentially passive in life, and it was the students who were activists. Universities had to become relevant then, or they would have been disbanded. Now, however. . . . Blacks represent the only pluralistic element in the universities. Until the blacks arrived, everyone was agreed and doing the same things. The blacks are now struggling for that . . . pluralism."

A young, agonized sociology professor wanted to seize a building to show the blacks that they were not alone. But Grossman advised against it. "I don't trust anyone who isn't doing . . . their own thing," he said. "It is not the role of the faculty to act the student radical. Those who try that are merely 'copping out' on their true role, which is to deal with the faculty."

They had been in Ford Hall for ten days and the strain was becoming unbearable. The students argued and talked and about a score were on a hunger strike, but they were told again and again that they would alienate those of the faculty who were sympathetic if they did anything drastic. The most drastic thing anyone ever suggested was seizing another building in a parallel move. No one except the Boston papers talked of burning anything down.

"The trouble with these sorts of things," said Grossman, "is that they are deficient in resolvability. It is relatively easy to seize a building, but how does one unseize it?"

On the eleventh day, the blacks came out. They were silent about the terms of their surrender, but it was clear that they had surrendered. Abram was silent over his victory.

At Brandeis, the issues were clear. Not so at Queens College, where the director of the SEEK program was Joseph Mulholland, a 40-year-old social scientist whom the blacks had always counted as an ally. The charges against him were vague and the blacks even refused to talk about it. Mulholland, who had a poster of Malcolm X on his office wall, was simply not black. The issues at Queens were foggy, but the anger was not.

"I'm black." said Ralph, 19. "I can't take any lotion or pill and be white. I can't go home at night and play some other role. I'm black and I'm angry. I'm black and I want to hit somebody. I'm black and I'm alone at this damned place. All us blacks are alone here. We walk out the gates and we are under suspicion. The white home owners in Queens hold their breath until we pass their houses. They think we're all going to break in and steal something. The cops watch us until we're gone. I tell you that can piss a man off."

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It is a few miles from Queens College to Franklin K. Lane High School, a huge Georgian, red-brick building that sits astride the Brooklyn-Queens border. The school is a small enclave surrounded by a decaying neighborhood of Irish and Germans and Italians where the German-American Bund was strong a few decades ago. There are few coffee shops or candy stores to cater to students, and there is an atmosphere of nervous apprehension that remains until the last black has boarded the BMT back to the ghetto. Junior High School 271—the focal point of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school battle—feeds Lane. There are 5.100 students at Lane; 66 per cent nonwhite. The 262 teachers are 90 per cent white. One day in January, a chemistry teacher named Frank Siracusa, age 30, heard a rock crash through his window. He ran into the vestibule where three black youths were waiting. They shot him with kerosene from a water pistol, then set his clothes on fire. They punched and kicked him; he went to the hospital.

There had been fourteen recent attacks on teachers at Lane. Siracusa, head of security patrols for the school, had been active in the neighborhood, urging stronger protective measures. Some members of the faculty believe that he was the target of a retaliatory attack. Police patrols were stationed inside the school.

One day in January, after the teacher had been burned, a black man stood silently before the teachers' mailboxes outside the principal's office. He was well over 6 feet and broad-shouldered. He had a part in his natural hair style. "What's he doing?" whispered a small gray-haired teacher to a male colleague.

Soon a crowd of other teachers stood just outside his earshot speculating about his presence. One brave soul was dispatched to ask, "Are you being helped?" The black man smiled and said, "Thank you, I'm just waiting."

The whispers grew and a nervous flock of men and women watched and waited and kept asking one another what the man was up to. Finally, a policeman was asked what could be done. Just then a grade adviser came out and said that the man was waiting for his transcripts, needed to enter college.

There was a moment of silence. Then one of the matronly women chirped: "But why is he studying the names on the mailboxes?" A male teacher thought for a moment. "Maybe," he said, "he wants to see which of his old teachers are still here."

A friend of Siracusa sat at a lunch table late in the afternoon of the attack. "Well, we're not going to live with fear," he said. "I think if the black people don't get into line, we'll either have to annihilate them or neutralize them. That's not as harsh as it sounds. It has happened in other societies. It may be the only way to deal with this."

The day after that quote appeared in a newspaper, the teachers attacked the reporter for printing it. They did not say how awful it was for someone to say such a thing. They were angry that it had been printed.

Circulars were passed around attacking "white Jewish racist pigs." One day a Confederate flag flew from the school mast and "Nigger" was chalked on the walls. It was only their own side that each saw threatened. Some white teachers snarled at black students in whom they saw only a threat. And some black students cursed white teachers, in whom they saw only a racist.

"It is easy to start these things," Allen Grossman had said. "But they are deficient in resolvability."

THE RIGORS OF PLAY

MIHALY CSIKSZENTMIHALYI

Mr. Csikszentmihalyi is chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

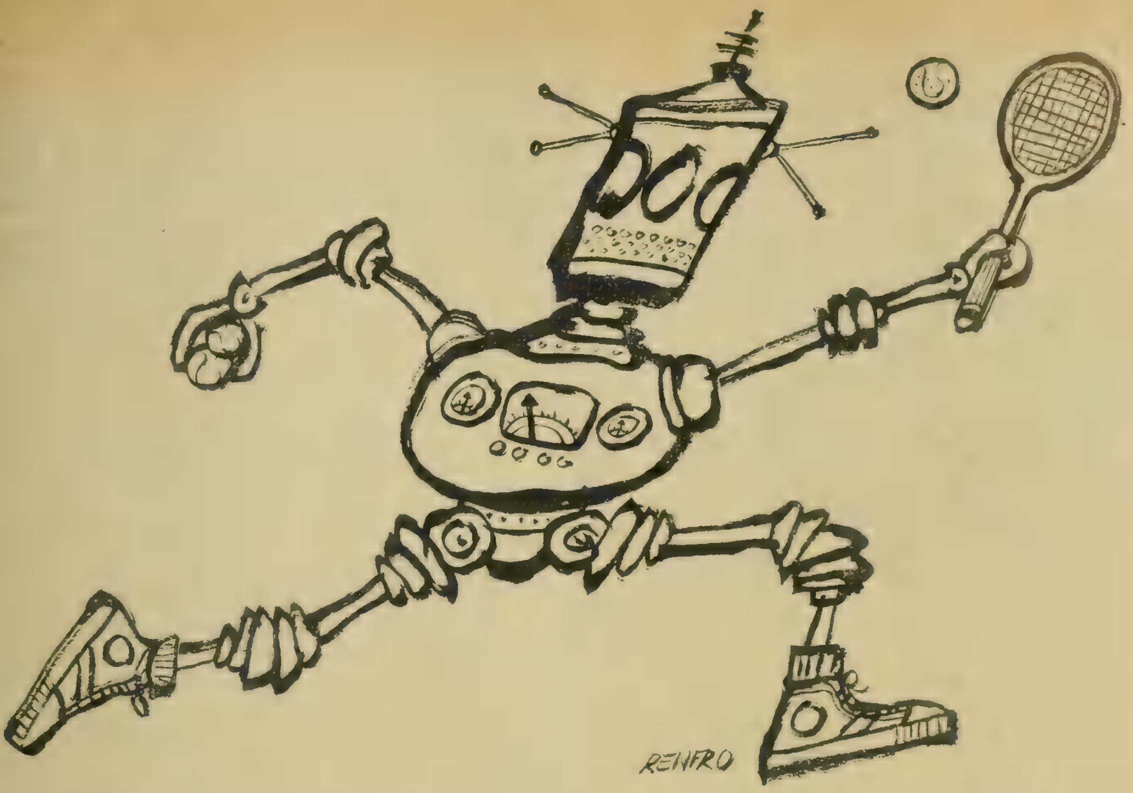
Statistics about play in America—more impressive every year—give one the optimistic impression that a nation boasting 22 million table-tennis players, 30 million ice skaters and 42 million boaters, among others, and at the latest count, must indeed be a paradise on earth. From the beginnings of civilization, philosophers have been repeating that play is the supreme manifestation of human freedom. Plato argued that life must be lived as play; Friedrich Schiller felt that man is completely a man only when he plays, and in our days Sartre has added that "as soon as man apprehends himself as free and wishes to use his freedom . . . then his activity is play." Therefore it would seem that the staggering increase in the number of participatory sportsmen and players on the American scene portends an unprecedented freedom pervading our society.

This conclusion, however, would be premature. The statistics, as is so often true of statistics, tend to be deceptive. In the first place, the figures relating to play suffer from the same kind of distortion that afflicts the uniform FBI crime reports, which also show phenomenal annual increases. The fact is that when the collection of data becomes more thorough, the number of cases reported increases. And those who gather statistics for players—or criminals—have often a vested interest in gradually inflating their figures.

More crucial is the question as to what these figures actually mean. The underlying assumption is that anybody engaged in a playful activity is in fact playing; that a game of chess, for instance, is a game of chess wherever it is played and however it is played—as long as the players follow the rules. This notion is akin to the deduction made by cheerful social commentators that the ubiquitous stereo sets and classical record albums are signs that the population is absorbing culture as rapidly as it ingests vitamins. Nobody bothers to ask if anyone is listening to those records; or if he is, whether he gets from them the same enjoyment that people used to get from live performances. It is possible that people do take advantage of the opportunities for listening to good music in their homes, but the point is that statistics about music shop sales are not at all a reliable indicator.

And numerical data aside, play has undergone some sharp qualitative changes in the past decades. Play is not what it used to be, and it is quite meaningless to quote figures on the number of participants when the player of today is not the same as the player of yesterday. Most of the changes can be summarized under the headings of increased specialization, quantification and reliance on equipment. Taken together, these changes have turned play into an activity which produces pay-offs, offers satisfactions, quite different from those provided by the games of our fathers. "Fun," which is the all-inclusive label we use to explain why we play, has become a much more limited and sterile experience.

Modern bowling, for instance, is the standardized, stereotyped descendant of its rustic ancestors, lawn bowling and the Mediterranean *boccie*. The older forms of the game allowed an individual flexibility of rules, of format, of play that is not possible now. The open-air alleys had a way of integrating the player with his natural environment and with the shifting group of spectators that the cavelike bowling alley actively discourages. Each alley was slightly different in size and composition, and the players could modify their playing field or learn to adapt to its idiosyncrasies. These differences in the character of the game have repercussions on the attitudes, and in the long run, on the personality of the player. Automated bowling encourages the player to concentrate on his score, since that is the only variable in an otherwise uniform environment. Hence the overblown emphasis on keeping scores, averages, records—the whole paraphernalia of quantification that reduces an otherwise multifaceted experience into a one-dimensional activity. It is true that the modern bowler is not altogether the creature of his stereotyped environment. An interesting sociological study has shown that bowlers develop individual grips, personal rituals and quirks, little touches that tend to break down the uniformity imposed by mass-produced rules, equipment, environment and standards of performance. Such results

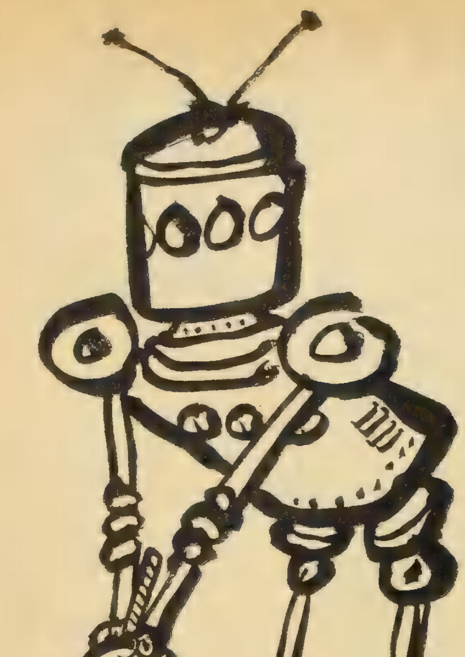


prove that grass can grow even in the cracks of a concrete pavement—but an open field is still something else.

Chess used to be a game that brought together two people in an exhilarating, abstract battle of wits. All one needed to enjoy it was any beaten-up set, two people, and perhaps some cups of coffee or shots of brandy. Today a chess player feels hopelessly amateur if he does not possess such necessities as tournament chess clocks, diagram pads (with stamping pads), spiral-bound or loose-leaf score books, perhaps a portable roll-up demonstration board with tripod base and, of course, a quantity of specialized chess books, including *Chess Secrets*, *Winning Chess Traps* and *Chess Traps, Pitfalls, Swindles*. It is just possible that all these playing aids and equipment have helped to raise the technical level of the average game. On the other hand, it is certain that the enjoyment one draws from the average chess session has decreased. The old game pitted two individual men against each other; they might never exchange a word, but while they faced each other they adapted to a common rhythm, they *participated*. Now with the clocks dictating the pace, the buzzers, the scores to chalk up, the various tactics to remember, each player is in the position of playing against an interchangeable dummy in whom he could hardly become interested as a human being. Incidentally, the only equipment that hasn't been improved over the years are the chessmen themselves, the only really necessary items for the game. They used to be personalized, imaginative, and handling them gave a half-sensuous, half-aesthetic pleasure. Now they are usually made of "practically unbreakable tenite" or some other such sterile feeling and looking gunk, and they are usually played on "exceptional rubberlike boards with plastic coating."

Perhaps the best example of the kind of changes that play has undergone in recent years is rock climbing. Rock climbing as an independent sport developed in the twenties and thirties, mostly at the hand of Bavarian, Austrian and Sud-Tyrolian Italian climbers who began to devote themselves to this form of specialized activity in preference to all-around mountain climbing. But rock climbing really came into its own only when it was transplanted to the United States. The layman who sees the line of stalwarts inching their way up sheer Yosemite crags might think of them as mountain climbers, but they are not and they are proud that they are not. The mountain climber, usually surrounded by friends whose company he enjoyed, approached the hills with something akin to reverence. When he climbed, he tended to appreciate the mountain in all its geological, aesthetic, historical and even spiritual, dimensions. Therefore he experienced pleasure at many levels. When he found rock, he climbed it; if he came on ice, he crossed it. He wasn't affronted by long approach marches or by bushwhacking.

The modern rock climber doesn't think in terms of mountains; his frame of reference, at most, is the rock face; more usually, it is a particular "pitch" or a specific "move." He cares not at all about history, aesthetics or the spirit. He gets no enjoyment from walking, from crossing ice. When he reaches the summit—if he reaches it; the summit is often irrelevant to a rock climb—he rarely spares a glance for the view. Check the gear, eat a bite, and down we go. Perhaps most important, companionship among the climbers often becomes reduced to the technical level only. Climbers stay together not because they enjoy one another's company but because their skills are



well matched and complement one another. The new breed of technical rock climbers has quantified each hold on every rock face of the earth, assigning to it a grade from 1 (very easy) to 6.9 (the limit of human possibilities). They have developed fantastically complex equipment for climbing, and this gear has to be cared for constantly and replaced as soon as possible. They have developed the "ultimate reality piton" made of chrome-molybdenum to hammer into hairline cracks.

The technical rock climber looks down on the traditional mountaineer, whom he suspects of hypocrisy and phoniness. How can the mountaineer pretend to enjoy climbing, when he takes no advantage of all the specialized skill and quantified knowledge, all the equipment that the rock climber uses? After all, the rock climber is infinitely better at scaling difficult peaks than the traditional mountaineer can ever hope to be. This proves that the latter is nothing but a bumbling amateur. And that is just the point—rock climbing, like most other forms of play from bridge to skiing, from swimming to walking (or jogging), has become a highly technical activity based on specialized skill, quantification, stereotyped rules and uniform equipment.

The significance of this change is the fact that if man is indeed most human when he plays, then his humanity is being steadily narrowed—even in those activities by which he should be able to develop his personality most freely. A man who climbs mountains can develop his personality around a variety of stimuli—interpersonal, aesthetic, etc. —but a man who climbs rock is interested only in the stimuli relevant to his technical competence. And there seems to be no question that a personality, a self-concept, developed almost exclusively through technical feedback is less interesting and flexible than a self which is shaped by a complex variety of stimuli. Its owner can relate to fewer people, its content can be relevant to fewer situations, its strength can be applied in fewer emergencies. A person whose self is built around technical competence—or exclusively around any one area of experience—contributes to that fragmented, anomic society of which everyone is always complaining. From the example of rock climbing, one can also see clearly the future of this general trend toward specialization. On the one hand, the technician becomes more and more proficient in his job, at the cost of being able to relate his expertise less and less to the rest of his or anybody else's life. On the other hand, the traditional mountain climber becomes more and more anachronistic, a slightly ridiculous personage who tries very hard, but inevitably falls short in quantifiable, objective achievement.

So play is changing everywhere from a complex, multidimensional activity which helped man to relate to his social and cultural environment, to a simple but extremely specialized activity which affords him greater and greater control over a small, and in itself insignificant, area of experience. The drift toward fragmented activities and experiences is hardly news: for centuries we have complained of the increasing sterility and meaninglessness produced by occupational specialization and technology. It is at least understandable that necessity forces modern man to become narrowly specialized in his work. But why can't he be free when he plays?

RALPH McGILL (*Continued from page 198*)

tric idealism began to draw back in consternation from developments which enactment of the program had set in motion.

In his last column McGill warned the new Secretary of HEW what to expect if he finally yields to Southern pressure to "relax" desegregation guidelines. With patience and clarity he explained once again that "freedom of choice" is neither freedom nor a choice, but discrimination by another name. And he warned the Secretary that, in the end, it would not be "good politics" to appease the segregationists. "It will be," he wrote, "the greatest tragedy with the most foreboding consequences if public school officials are allowed to perpetuate dual systems."

The column, to be sure, appeared in the *Constitution*, but somehow one sensed that while Ralph McGill had responded to the new times the paper had not. (Although he held the title of editor and publisher, McGill never in fact controlled the paper. See "Atlanta in Suspense" by Arlie Schardt, *The Nation*, December 23, 1968.) The best reporting on the South today—by Jack Nelson, who once worked on the *Constitution*—now appears in a newspaper published on the other side of the continent, the *Los Angeles Times*. But to the last, Ralph McGill's voice lent distinction to the *Constitution*. He was a journalist of talent and skill; of courage, understanding and compassion.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Epic of Tropbanana

STRONG WIND. *By Miguel Angel Asturias. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Delacorte Press. 242 pp. $6.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA
Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls.

Originally published in Spanish in 1962, this novel is the first of a projected trilogy set in an unnamed but representative Central American country. For the population of the region, Negro, Creole and Indian, the conditions of life are fixed by a primitive native agriculture and by the imperial fortunes of Tropical Banana, Inc., a composite for enterprises like United Fruit and the Grace Line. The brief, intense narrative begins at a time when North Americans are undertaking to clear great tracts of coastal land and plant the banana groves. To their successors, the corporate officials, those first engineers and managers will seem visionaries, pursuing their grandiose project out of some demanding ideal inflicted upon them by their puritan creed of justification by works. Almost at once, the generation of ascetic pioneers is replaced by expatriate clerks whose business it is to administer the new, industrialized agriculture and, indirectly, the country's economy and politics. As the home office in Chicago may direct, they also advance seed and credit to independent growers, and they buy or refuse to buy the crop.

During this period the people of the coast have undergone a reciprocal evolution, from depressed peasantry to agricultural proletariat. A few have prospered to the extent of owning their own plot of ground. These are the independent growers, but their lives are as subject to the vagaries of a distant market as are those of the laborers who work directly for Tropbanana.

Under what sign have these great changes taken place—migration of capital, migration of men, the transformation of a landscape, a revolution in the mode of life? Well, the region was originally selected as the scene for an enormous experiment in industrialized agriculture because it was thought not to be subject to the *viento fuerte*, the great wind that periodically ravages that part of the world; but the wind arises, and destroys the plantations, the small holdings, and two of the central figures of the story.

The novel's inspiration is baroque. Its scenes generally have surreal elements, whether because of explicit symbolism, heightened language, hallucinatory episodes, or a deliberately disjointed and fragmentary quality. That is true whether Mr. Asturias is dealing with the impoverished rustic gentry of the highlands, the laborers and overseers of the banana groves, or the company officials, Yankee and Latin, whose work and recreation are a kind of routinized violence. The effect is one of brilliant impressionism. The country steams and shimmers by day, and is seen at night as if in flashes of lightning. The style of the novel is greatly varied. It offers the colloquial speech of the workers, and the speech of the company executives that is sometimes mannered as in drawing-room comedy, and sometimes philosophic or poetic as in eclogue. Finally, there is the perfervid tone and luxuriant vocabulary of the narrative proper, recalling some French writer of the *fin de siècle*, and has exotic preoccupations—say, Pierre Loti or Maurice Barrès. That varied utterance and the novel's hectic, episodic scenes convey the sense of time passing swiftly, of a land made over but presenting a shape that cannot endure.

The chief actors in the story are Leland and Lester Mead, and the family of Adelaido Lucero. Lucero appears first as a laborer in the heroic period of the planting of the banana groves; later he becomes a company foreman who has managed to buy land for his sons, hoping to make them self-sufficient farmers. Leland has divorced her first husband, Tropbanana's regional director, to marry Lester Mead, a beachcomber and remittance man who appeals to her romanticism. They too become fruit growers on a small scale, and when Tropbanana refuses to buy the crop produced by the independents, they organize a farmers' cooperative. The association buys a truck and makes deliveries to the capital, selling the fruit at retail. But on one of his trips, Mead finds that Tropbanana has been there ahead of him, giving away fruit so that there should be no market for the association's produce.

Local merchants refuse to sell necessary supplies to Mead, an accident is arranged for the truck at a railroad crossing, two of the farmers in the cooperative are jailed on invented charges. After attempts to bargain and to appeal to Tropbanana's better nature, Mead journeys to New York. It is now revealed that he is a principal stockholder in Tropbanana. He presents a report to the board of directors in which he argues that there is more profit in running the plantations on Socialist principles. The report is accepted, and Mead returns triumphant to the subtropics. But meanwhile there has been a strike against the company, and other portents—including a case of possession, the victim being one of Lucero's sons. At last nature itself revolts. The great wind levels the plantations, and kills Leland and Lester Mead.

The novel is best understood as myth. Asturias gives every indication that he is certainly not trying to write a "realistic" novel. Instead, he invents a tale that is meant to lead the reader toward another reality than the conventions of the realistic novel envisage—that is, to an intuitive understanding of the significance of historical forces. In this way, for example, the beachcomber's transformation into a middle-class entrepreneur, and his further mutation into a tycoon with Populist and Socialist impulses, might be understood as suggesting the disintegrative tendencies within a ruling class and the varying strategies it adopts, consciously and unconsciously, as the moment of its dominion passes. And indeed such tendencies are now appearing in our country, as well as in its imperial outposts. Nevertheless, any such attempt at literal interpretation is intrinsically foreign to the spirit of the book, whose ambitions look toward epic rather than toward "the novel of social significance." We must read the other volumes of the trilogy before judging what success attends the author's larger aims. There is no doubt, meanwhile, that Mr. Asturias is unusually talented, with a gift for comedy that illuminates his somewhat Gothic constructions. Most important, he has a full measure of the indefinable stage presence that gives authority to a writer.

Gregory Rabassa, the able translator, has, on internal evidence, met and solved many problems in his English version. Some may be insoluble. The English title of the novel, literally faithful to the Spanish original, strikes my ear as impossible; it is of that class of difficulties which arise from the fact that languages are not mutually corresponding sets of signs. In the same way, it is perhaps inevitable that Rabassa's rendering of the speech of the workers is the least satisfactory part of his translation. The cultural preconceptions expressed in their language are truly foreign to us, and not masked by a learned vocabulary that is more or less international. This is one of those cases in which a first-rate translator—and Rabassa's English version of Julio Cortázar's *Rayuelas* testifies to his virtuosity—must willingly incur obloquy for the sake of his fellow countrymen, attempting the impossible so that we may have some access to a good book conceived in another tongue.

New Look at Abolitionists

MEANS AND ENDS IN AMERICAN ABOLITIONISM: Garrison and His Critics on Strategy and Tactics, 1834-1850. *By Aileen S. Kraditor. Pantheon Books. 296 pp. $7.95.*

EDWARD MAGDOL

Mr. Magdol is the author of Owen Lovejoy, Abolitionist in Congress *(Rutgers University Press).*

A more misunderstood and misinterpreted band of radicals and reformers than America's abolitionists is hard to find. After five generations we are just getting around to discovering who they were and what they really thought and said. At last a trickle of biographies have begun to come forward, and now, happily, this work on the conflicting "how to do it" theories of the anti-slavery movement by Aileen S. Kraditor, who is also the author of two books on the woman suffrage movement and American feminism.

Once the reader jumps the hurdle of the book's full formidable title, its contents are engaging and absorbing. This sober study of Garrisonian abolitionism, and of its opponents within the broader anti-slavery movement, is tough-minded and humane, very much the qualities of William Lloyd Garrison himself, the editor of *The Liberator* from 1831 to 1865.

Garrison agitated and educated his fellow Americans to recognize the sin of slavery, their complicity in it, and finally the need for immediate and unconditional abolition of the system. Such a stand was a sharp break with the benevolent gradualism that existed in the minds of many well-meaning people. It was significantly a bold and necessary affront to the colonization schemes at the time—proposals to solve the "Negro question" (but not the white) by a fanciful and racist mass expulsion of the blacks.

Admittedly, Miss Kraditor has not touched on all aspects of abolitionist history. She feels that the basic decisions on strategy and tactics were made within the time limits she sets. But one more chapter on the massive events between the Compromise of 1850 and the Emancipation Proclamation would have illuminated those new events which changed old ideas and old relationships. In any event, Miss Kraditor has scored brilliantly within her chosen limits.

She undertakes an explanation of the split in abolitionist ranks between 1837 and 1840 as the main thesis of her book, attributing the fundamental cause of the schism to basic differences over social philosophy. The "radicals" were those who believed with Garrison that America's immorality, with slavery the worst of its sins, required fundamental changes in American "institutional structure and ideology." Opposed to them were "conservative" abolitionists, or reformers, who saw "Northern society [as] fundamentally good," and who would abolish slavery as a deviation in order to preserve the North's "basically moral arrangements." Differences in theory led to a conflict over the proper mode of agitation for abolition. Her distinctions are by and large valid, although, as the author shows, some overlapping occurred between the factions. Moreover, this approach is a sane departure from the "personality conflict" explanations of some historians.

The bitter debates and inner organizational struggles that followed from such basic differences find a clear and careful historian in Miss Kraditor. Striking observations and new insights run throughout the book. One worth quoting points to the necessary and complex task of breaking the power of the slave system while it points away from the radicals' individualistic terms of struggle:

> Paradoxically the reformist abolitionists were more radical than they realized; or rather, their demand for the abolition of slavery linked with the establishment of political and civil equality of the races would require an alteration in American society more drastic than they thought or were by temperament prepared for. And the nonresistants [Garrisonians] were less radical than they imagined, for they had no profound understanding of the nature of power and the conditions for its overthrow.

The book's focus on conflict tends to strengthen a prevailing impression of the abolitionists as sectarians who were merely raising ideological hackles on both sides. (One of the lighter ironies is to find each side accusing the other of sectarianism.) At first, both the tactic of moral suasion and that of expedient political action seem to have failed. But when such abolitionists as Frederick Douglass and Owen Lovejoy combined the two tactics in the 1850s, they found themselves denouncing the sin of slavery to audiences larger than those they had faced in the 1840s, gaining wide acceptance and winning elections while paving the way, with Garrison, for abolition. There is therefore more to be said about the unity of tactics and the tactic of unity, if not in this book then perhaps in others to come.

One of the more remarkable achievements in the book is the vigorous rehabilitation of Garrison through a deep look at his thinking on strategy and tactics, his uncompromising devotion to freedom of speech, thought and behavior and, above all, his extraordinarily consistent logic. (Truman Nelson, in his introduction to a selection of Garrison's editorials, *Documents of Upheaval*, calls him "one of the most seminal of American thinkers.") But there were inconsistencies in Garrison's thinking, and Miss Kraditor also deals with them very well.

Particularly notable is her handling of the abolitionists' sincere effort to join hands with the labor movement. The approaches on both sides broke down fundamentally over ideas about the nature of social change. Miss Kraditor makes it convincingly clear that labor and abolition had common grounds for joint struggle. She also views Garrison's alleged "hostility" toward labor in relation to the systems of labor exploitation and chattel slavery, shedding much needed light on this failure of the radicals.

The author admits to having begun her work with a "rather negative opinion" of Garrison, derived mainly from reading secondary works. But in his letters she found Garrison to be conciliatory, frankly uncertain about some of his opinions, and desirous of discussion in his paper, *The Liberator*. To her delight, and ours, she also found him occasionally witty, "at his own expense." The former portrait of a man "bullheaded, arrogant, vindictive, and incredibly blind to some obvious truths," dissolved. Most impressive was Garrison's "logical consistency on all subjects." Generous quotations amply bear out her more favorable impressions.

The clash of ideas on strategy and tactics in the 1830s and 1840s will strike a responsive chord in participants in contemporary movements for social change. Too, conservatives might identify with some of the people they find in this book. But the book will surely be taken to heart, especially by young people trying to sort out their approaches to social change. Indeed, this book is intended as one of numbers of historical studies so that "current movements for change will be able to benefit by the lessons of their predecessors' successes and failures."

Means and Ends in American Abolitionism is a necessary and deeply impressive book; it helps to bury the myth of the vain, doctrinaire, fanatical and crazy abolitionists of some latter-day historians. Instead of such fantasies, one finds in Miss Kraditor's reconstruction of the debates serious men and women whose views and modes of expression merit respect. (On those distorting historians whom she implicitly puts to shame, one should look back also at Louis Ruchames, "The Historian as Special Pleader," *The Nation*, November 24, 1962.)

Finally, the book has some light touches of entertainment which pop up in splendid one-line footnotes, where some scholars' arguments get their comeuppances for errors in fact, judgment and bias.

Notice to Subscribers

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Commonplaces About Women

THINKING ABOUT WOMEN. *By Mary Ellmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.95.*

GEORGE STADE

Mr. Stade teaches English at Columbia University.

In this book at least, Mary Ellmann is not directly concerned with women as they are. "I am most interested in women as *words*—as the words they pull out of mouths." Her primary concern is with woman as rumor.

As current literary gossip, or rumor in its aspect of invidious comparison, has it: "the feminine is the not fully conscious, not fully assembled, the intemperate, incoherent, hysterical, extravagant and capricious." Women are fanciful, but unimaginative; complacent, compliant, passive, yet dominating; grossly material, anemically genteel, narrowly pious; drabs of restraint and bawds of the new-fangled; fleshliness itself, yet quick to contaminate sex with obligation; scatterbrained, yet calculating; at once the type of men's aspirations, the source of their inspiration, and the cause of their failure; if not bitches, then witches, all of them.

Each of their characteristic virtues is gamy with an implicit vice: their chastity smacks of frigidity; their intuition, of irrationality; their motherhood, of smotheration; their practicality, of an incapacity for grasping "subtle principles of conduct, large aspirations, bold errors, grand designs." Praise for women tends to be condescending or left-handed; they are celebrated for childbearing, as Negroes used to be complimented for their sense of rhythm—in order to point up their generic mindlessness; and "the domestic functions which are strenuously urged upon American women who are not yet involved in them are precisely the sources of complaint against the women who are."

The commonplaces about women that Mrs. Ellmann exposes proliferate so crazily and stand in such contradictory relationships to one another, that were women "to believe that all opinions about them are true, they would also have to believe that there is too much truth." Their chief effect is to "coarsen judgment and limit choice"; "the individual is assumed into the sex and loses all but typical meaning within it." The unifying assumption of these attributions is that "femininity must disparage," that "femaleness is a congenital fault, rather like eczema or Original sin."

The pervasiveness of this assumption, in modern fiction and criticism, the hostility and revulsion that informs it, as these attitudes inform an appalling number of ancient saws, fashionable clichés, fictional stereotypes, will distress anyone who considers himself a man of good will or of liberal ideas. He will surely find that he has allowed himself to entertain ungenerous opinions just because they were easy to come by and gratifying to savor. Mrs. Ellmann's own fair-mindedness, her refusal to contend and her freedom from cant, makes the demonstration the more discomfiting. But where, we begin to ask, did so much dislike for one-half of humanity come from?

Mrs. Ellmann gradually works her way to a kind of answer: "By whatever accident control is placed in one human group, another will assume the characteristics of contradiction." Women are presented as the obverse of whatever men think of as their own definitive virtues, as Negroes were always presented as the negative of whatever their masters thought of as defining their own right to rule. Women, like Negroes, "have been repeatedly allied to frivolity, improvidence, guile, and disobedience." No doubt Spartans and seigneurs so allied Helots and serfs. And "when the imagination insists upon a form in opposition to reality, the effect must perhaps always be one of simplification." These simplifications are coercive—the controller thinks of those he controls as he needs to think of them in order to remain in control; few among those he controls will have what it takes to make their disagreement audible; many will not even know they disagree, at least while the control is exerted with the remorselessness of perfect self-confidence.

Masculine self-confidence is eroding a bit, thinks Mrs. Ellmann. Strength, the chief physiological trait of masculinity, and reproductive capacity, the chief physiological trait of femininity, are now "socially gratuitous, obsolescent." The kinds of sexual characterization that steadied our fathers now seem comic, pompous, forced. "When Norman Mailer talks about feisty men and languid women, one touches the past." In an increasing number of recent writers, Mrs. Ellmann sees "a divorce from the reaching of conclusions," a turn to "the essential anarchy of detachment. The sense develops of how much that is peculiar cannot and need not be changed." For all that, she sees no more likelihood of an end to sexual characterization than of an end to sexual intercourse. Moreover, tedious as the characterizations are, "imagine the tedium *without* them!"

For all the insight and wit of *Thinking About Women*, for all the incisiveness and intelligence, the book falls just short of satisfying entirely. For one thing, there are a number of curious mistakes. It is not true, to take a typical example, that "all imagined forms of fear and punishment, like God and the Devil, are masculine." How can Mrs. Ellmann have missed all the death-goddesses, vampires, sorceresses, crones, succubi, Erinyes, Harpies, sirens, Fates, assorted loathly ladies and voracious vaginas that populate the world's religions, mythologies, literatures?

This oversight is related to another

LEARNING

We sat on the steps. The graduate student
Rested his scrawny neck on the edge
Of one of them, and then
The juggernaut professor with bull shoulders
Lurched across the lawn.
In the mammoth skull the eyes glittered
Like knives, the great intelligence
Wallowed in its pride
And the graduate student laughed.

We were all drunk, and I
Also a student, sat
And watched, while the ham hands
The red knuckles approached
That thin boy with one leg
Half an inch shorter than the other.

A whippoorwill spoke.
The mountain breathed
Silently, behind our backs,
And suddenly, with no warning
Stood like a house above the student,
And the hands grasped,
And held, and started to throttle
The helpless chicken neck.

I could not believe —
Because I was a student, I suppose
I could not bear to look
At what I was starting to see.

I put my hands
On his hands
Right over the neck, as children play
Games of counting out.
Stop it, I cried, Professor
Remember your position
Wondering how I knew, or if
He heard, or if there was any intelligence left
In him, or any of us.

As for the graduate student
(Who got free)
I only cared to keep him alive
To go on learning if
There was anything left to learn
At this school, or any other.

PATRICIA GOEDICKE

THREE POEMS

1

In the huge snow blizzard
the traffic lights go on and off
red, green, in the wild dim day;
the angels disregard them
having other signals.

2

Two pigeons
slowly walking on a limb
seem to be in academic procession.

3

Be ardent, reader

Our eyes must be like the suns
to open the flowers of words.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

GEOMETRY

(Translated by Victor Contoski)

A line is straight
since Pythagoras
with a piece of blessed chalk
drew it on the chimney

For a thousand years
stretched like a string
the line stands at attention
for humanity

It is very tired by now
and dreams only
of rolling itself into a ball

JERZY HARASYMOWICZ

TWO WINTER PIECES

1

Wrapped in artificial fur
to my nose, I am mistaken
constantly for people I hardly
resemble. I can't conceive
why, unless it is we are
disfigured by the same snow,
squint-eyed Tibetans
on pilgrimage.

2

The snow fell continuously until
it stopped falling and then
as if nothing had happened
everything was still.

I switched on the radio to hear
snow had fallen continuously
until it stopped falling.
The weather now is clear.

SAUL TOUSTER

source of dissatisfaction: the inadequacy of Mrs. Ellmann's remarks on how all these opinions on women came into being—clearly the situation of American women is only in a very rough way analogous to that of American Negroes. Any collection of public delusions with a long history serves an important social function. We have our fantasies about women because we need them, whether the need is species-characteristic, social or individual. And clearly one of the functions of certain fantasies about women (including those that tie them to imagined forms of fear and punishment) is to control and allay the quivering terror or abject funk that most men from time to time, and some men frequently feel, when they think about women.

To see the invidious comparisons that men make and many women accept as no more than a conspiracy of gossip to keep the hussy in her kitchen is to miss the powerful emotions out of which they arise, the communal horrors they express, the unhappiness they cause both to those who make them and to those who are unmade by them, and so to miss the difficulty of disestablishing them.

Book Marks

CHARLES STEIN

Mr. Stein is the author of two books of poems, Provisional Measures *(Gnomon Press), and* The Virgo Poem *(Angel Hair Books).*

Cape Goliard, London, and Grossman Publishers, New York, have collaborated in producing a distinguished series of books of poetry representing poets on both sides of the Atlantic, of varying fame. No particular school or trend is represented. Each volume has received distinctive book-design treatment, with individual type face, layout and art work. The series has done justice to the several fine writers it includes, and has given poetry of lesser merit a most advantageous presentation. Some of the books already published in this continuing series are discussed below.

IN . ON . OR ABOUT THE PREMISES. *By Paul Blackburn. Cape Goliard Grossman. 56 pp. $4.50. Paper $2.50.*

Two small groups, *The Ale House Poems* and *The Bakery Poems*, are included in this handsome collection of Blackburn's work. These are fast-paced, open-form poems, whose witty surfaces belie a darker, almost desperate content: Bowery derelicts, barroom situations of various descriptions, urban characters in urban poses. Blackburn assumes a number of voices in his poems which realize a compassion that is at once generous and alarming. The poems' matter-of-fact diction and the poet's suggested identification with his characters save him from self-congratulation and make his material potent and immediate. Disparate aspects of a given moment are presented: in one poem, the assassinated President McKinley is lowered in his tomb as a shopkeeper finishes making love to his typist. The connection between these events is that they are observed (really by the poetry, not the poet) at the same time, as part of the same occasion. Time is felt as the *subject* of the poetry. Simultaneity does not merely unite disjunct happenings, but taken together, happenings reveal a meaning of the moment in which they occur.

T.V. BABY POEMS. *By Allen Ginsberg. Cape Goliard Grossman. 36 pp. $4. Paper $2.50.*

Several of the poems in this book have been reprinted in Ginsberg's new collection, *Planet News*, City Lights Books. The Grossman edition, however, does offer an engaging frontispiece photo of Ginsberg as guru. The key piece in the book, "Television Was A Baby Crawling Toward That Death Chamber," addresses itself apparently to atomic holocaust: "either we blow ourselves up now and die. . . ." No alternative is given. Appropriately. What follows is ruled by a vision that might equally apply to a doomsday nuclear explosion, a prophetic revelation, or an acid trip. In fact, these three are mutually resonant in terms of poetic meaning. Though the poem lacks the clear structure of "Howl" or the consistent context of writing while high of "Ether," the language and content at any given point is exciting and absorbing. In it, Ginsberg holds forth on a myriad of things: the media, Standard Oil, the molecular structure of consciousness, of the universe. As in surrealism where images collapse into other images, here contexts collapse into contexts with surety and rapidity. The book also includes a moving elegy for the late Frank O'Hara.

THE MOST DIFFICULT AREA. *By Kenneth White. Cape Goliard Grossman. 48 pp. $4. Paper $2.50.*

Kenneth White is advertised on the jacket as feeling "a kinship with Chinese Mystics and Celtic Visionaries." Whitenesses, silences, star-bursts, rare dead birds: the props of mysticism are there. The spirit is not. Such images abound in Mr. White's work, but they seldom either induce or bear witness to a convincing visionary experience. White's rhythms are for the most part uninteresting, and his formal organization comes out of the open-form bag of tricks: regular repetition of lines or images at embarrassingly predictable intervals. An occasional arresting metaphor proves on second reading to be merely original. "Metaphysical" words and phrases appear in places in the poems where they are meant to feel surprising, but do not.

PAAVO HAAVIKKO: Selected Poems. *Translated by Anselm Hollo. Cape Goliard Grossman. 64 pp. $4.50. Paper $2.95.*

As Anselm Hollo writes in his introduction, Haavikko is a "meditative" poet. He is present in his poems as the mind before which the poem's voice articulates itself. He thus stands outside the current split in poetic practice between those who write for the "eye" and those who write for the "ear." His presentations occur in a mythical and sparse Northern landscape, a silent atmosphere that is an externalizing of the inner silence against which the words of the poem arise. "The Winter Palace," the longest work in the book, is divided into nine poems composed of fragments of various lengths. In Haavikko, the poet's "voice" represents itself as a bird, often vanishing into or passing by out of the "Dark North." At times the poet is the bird, at times he wishes to be the bird, wishes to be at one with his voice, to find a place in his poetry for himself. The relationships between poet, voice, winter, bird, woman and Northern European history are complex, yet established quietly and unobtrusively. Hollo's fine translation supports his claim that Haavikko is an important poet deserving of international readership and reputation.

KITCHEN POEMS. *By J. H. Prynne. Cape Goliard Grossman. 26 pp. $4. Paper $2.95.*

J. H. Prynne is one of several British poets influenced and in a sense schooled by Charles Olson. *Kitchen Poems* consists of four pieces which are more verselike arguments than poems. They are oddly reminiscent of Olson in concern as well as specific diction, though Prynne's sound, if not perfectly lucid, is at least his own. Like Olson, Prynne's concerns are history, economics, epistemology, methodology. Unlike Olson, the poems read as difficult abstract arguments, though more than once "abstraction" is condemned. For the reader of poetry who delights in the music of language, imagery and thought, Prynne has little to offer, and his works are extremely difficult in content. If, however, the reader takes pleasure in following an interesting intellect through his thinking in verse, he will find this book rewarding.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

A logical response to the announcement that the New York Philharmonic was commissioning, for its 125th anniversary season a year ago, works from such composers as Elliott Carter, Luciano Berio, Gunther Schuller, Milton Babbitt, and even Karlheinz Stockhausen, might well have been "Why?" None of these men—all very different composers—could be expected to produce works accessible to the Philharmonic's regular audience, which has been allowed to remain substantially ignorant of major facets of 20th-century music, and specifically of those aspects that form the background for the work of the men in question. The orchestra's management (or whatever part was responsible for the commissioning) was obviously not acting in response to subscriber demand—and the possibility that the orchestra's members were the constituency to be served by these commissions is patently absurd.

Thus if the Philharmonic intended anything more than a publicity gesture, the motivation for the commissions must have been approximately as follows: "These men are among the composers most respected by their colleagues, and we feel that they should have an opportunity to write works for large orchestra, and to have them performed; and we owe our audience an opportunity to hear their music." There was perhaps a longer-range thought: "If the Philharmonic and similar institutions are to survive, they must make certain that the best musical minds of today are enlisted to create works employing the symphony orchestra. The time has passed when composers are willing to write orchestral music 'on spec,' but perhaps some of the music we commission will demonstrate the employability of the orchestra in these new idioms."

Whether or not just these particular lines of thought were involved, some such "educational-cultural" view of the orchestra's function and responsibilities must have prompted these commissions, and that is well and good. But has the commissioning arm of the Philharmonic any relation to its programming arm, beyond arranging for performance of the new works? At one level, have the orchestra members sufficient experience with music of this order and type of difficulty to be able to cope respectably within the normal limitations of rehearsal time? And, at another, will these works be heard by an audience prepared, both in attitude and in experience, to profit from hearing them?

The answer to the last two questions is certainly negative—from which one may plausibly infer that the first question, too, must be answered negatively. Schuller's *Triplum* was presented during the 1967 summer festival, and thus to a nonsubscriber audience, but the performance was less than satisfactory (a recording made at that time is issued on Columbia MS-7052). Berio side-stepped the problem with characteristic ingenuity by writing a piece specifically tailored to Philharmonic audiences, who, if they know nothing else, certainly know Mahler's Second Symphony by now (see *The Nation*, November 4, 1968). The Carter and Stockhausen works are still to come, but the performance of Milton Babbitt's *Relata II* (at the concerts of January 16, 17, 18 and 20) brought into clear focus what was even fairly apparent at the presentation, last season, of less conspicuously "new" works by Copland and Sessions (and even, I am reliably informed, Roy Harris): "normal" conditions at the Philharmonic comprise a singularly unfortunate environment for the presentation of serious new music.

Babbitt's work is, indeed, of exceptional difficulty, and this was recognized in the rather special measures taken by Bernstein (mostly at the price of still further extra work for himself, it should be noted) to gain rehearsal time, including the programming of a Mozart violin sonata (played by Stern and Bernstein) and a Brandenburg concerto, so that the full orchestra had only the Prokofiev D-major Violin Concerto to prepare in addition to *Relata II*. The result, by the time of the fourth concert, Monday night, was surprisingly adequate, despite continuing deficiencies of detail (on Friday and Monday, the piece was conducted by Boris Brott, one of the assistant conductors, who demonstrated a remarkable capacity for projecting the work's shape even when important components were missing; we shall surely hear more of him in the future).

Of course, the closer the performance drew to adequacy, the more ironic the fundamental situation became. There was no broadcast, no recording, so that the almost exclusive beneficiary for all the exertions by Bernstein, Brott and the players was the Philharmonic subscription audience—which for the most part simply wasn't interested. And those who *were* interested found it exceptionally difficult to gain admittance, for the same device of programming that saved rehearsal time also brought a rush on the box office by people who wanted to hear the Stern-Bernstein duo. Furthermore, the marked improvements in execution over the four performances made no impact on the major reviewers, who attended only on Thursday, so that most published reports on the piece were based on what was, in effect, little more than a public run through.

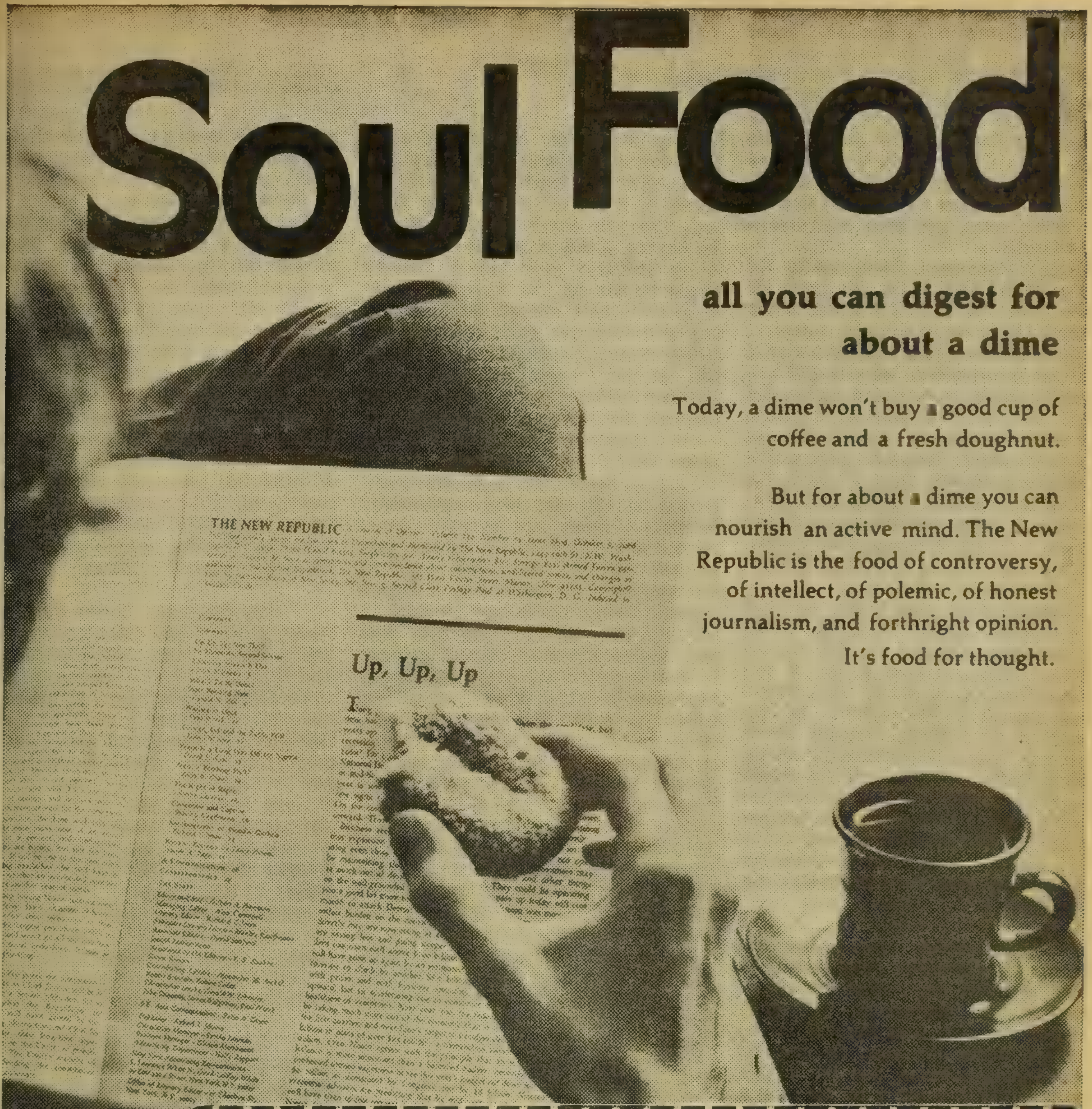
(The fact that the majority of press comment about the Philharmonic's concerts is made on the basis of a single hearing—thus almost automatically dooming works of any significant complexity to miscomprehension and misrepresentation—is but another reason for assuming an educational-cultural, rather than a public relations, function for these commissions. The degrees of factual inaccuracy, intellectual muddling, and philosophical pretension in the reviews of *Relata II* are more than I can bear to explore; a notable exception was the *Boston Globe*, where Michael Steinberg devoted two informative and probing Sunday columns to the work and the issue its performance raised.)

In fact, the only efforts that were not to some extent dissipated were those of the composer, for it is clear that *Relata II* embodies excitingly new conceptions of orchestral sonority, timbral juxtaposition—most obviously some far-reaching octave doublings, whose gradual clarification at successive performances was one bench mark for measuring executive improvement—and the relation of timbral characteristics to rhythmic density. The gestural aspect is exceptionally prominent in the brief, arresting introduction and "extroduction," and elsewhere seems to play a greater role than it did in the composer's earlier instrumental music.

I will not, on such limited acquaintance, comment on the work's structure, but the clear articulation of its main divisions and the parallels among their internal progressions suggest what will probably emerge in further listening. Even under the present limitations, *Relata II* could be perceived to be an unmistakably significant contribution, and there can be little doubt that it will be performed again, and more satisfactorily.

But if the Philharmonic is really serious in viewing the encouragement and propagation of music such as Babbitt's as one of its functions—and there is every reason why it should—then it ought to extend that seriousness to embrace the provision of adequate rehearsal time and to undertake the education of its present audience (or the acquisition of a new one). Otherwise, the efforts expended are out of all proportion to the results achieved. They will continue to be so, as long as the audience that comes to Lincoln Center is encouraged to come for the wrong reasons.

Between the Berio and Babbitt premières, the Philharmonic offered a remarkable dearth of contemporary mu-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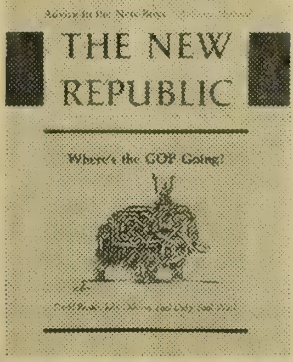
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sic, of whatever persuasion. Among three guest conductors from England, Poland and Italy, only Stanislaw Skrowaczewski made the slightest effort to promote his living compatriots, and this effort was limited to Lutoslawski's primitively schematic *Funeral Music* of ten years ago. From Colin Davis, we heard no Goehr, no Maxwell Davies, no Bennett—only Elgar; from Carlo Maria Giulini, no Dallapiccola, not even Malipiero—only Casella.

Among these men, Davis was by far the most impressive for his grasp of musical structure and his ability to secure really brilliant playing from the orchestra. A fine Berlioz program showed a special flair for the orchestral weights and balances of that composer, and makes one await his projected Berlioz recordings (especially the much needed *Troyens* and *Benvenuto Cellini*) with great anticipation. Throughout these concerts, the Philharmonic played with unusual lucidity and a fluent responsiveness to the various articulative demands of Beethoven's *Eroica*, Elgar's First, and Stravinsky's Symphony in C.

Giulini, on the other hand, managed to extract no such flexibility; the strings, in particular, produced for him an unpleasant toothpaste-tube stream of undifferentiated tone for all occasions—most conspicuously, perhaps, in the *Romanze* of Mozart's D-minor Piano Concerto, where Michelangeli's chaste and controlled statement of the theme was followed by a too loud, portamento-laden distortion thereof, suitable for use by the MGM Heavenly Chorus. However, Giulini's programming of Verdi's extraordinary *Pezzi Sacri* was a welcome benefaction.

Unfortunately, this pattern—or absence of pattern—in programming is exactly what we may expect during the post-Bernstein interregnum, with such occasional exceptions as Rosbaud in the past and Boulez this year. (It must be pointed out, however, that for all his reputation as a prophet of the *avant-garde*, Boulez's announced programs are extremely conservative; every work on the listings is an acknowledged masterpiece, and should long since have been standard fare for Philharmonic audiences.)

I don't know the management's ideas about the next musical director, but I doubt that any inferior imitation of Bernstein's unique combination of talent and charisma will hold the substantial part of the audience more interested in "Who is playing?" than in "What is being played?" Now would seem an appropriate time to go after the audience that is staying away from the Philharmonic because its programs offer so little that is new and stimulating.

THEATRE and FILMS

Harold Clurman

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. For instance, there was Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, filmed by Russians as ineptly as if it had been done by Eskimos. The only convincing element was the birches. And people have the temerity to castigate poor Sidney Lumet's screen version of *The Sea Gull* which at least has all Chekhov's lines more or less in their proper order and some excellent acting. The players are all English except for an American girl—Kathleen Widdoes and a rather less appropriate Frenchwoman, Simone Signoret—but still everyone looked like a person rather than a "still" or a stick.

I do not cavil at the Renoir-like background in *The Sea Gull*—authenticity demands a denser and somewhat more somber atmosphere—I am content that Lumet's "Russia" is pretty. And if Vanessa Redgrave looks like a Shakespearean lovely, she is very touching in her final scene as Nina. Kathleen Widdoes' Masha is directed to neck ardently in the bushes with the schoolmaster Medvedenko—which is most unlikely—before he speaks the play's first line, "Why do you always wear black?"; but she suffers well though too overtly through the rest of the play. David Warner's Constantin is so wretchedly disturbed as to belie Chekhov (only American and English poets are so blatantly unhappy). Denholm Elliott's Doctor Dorn is more picturesquely intellectual than he should be and Simone Signoret acts the actress Arkadina as if she were sitting like a pyramid. James Mason's Trigorin is intelligent without being interesting. The best performance is that of Harry Andrewes as Sorin, though he does not appear to be aware of the comedy aspect of his role which is generally true of the direction.

Though the picture thins the play out in its linear progression, and has little of Chekhov's deep delicacy of nuance—after all the play was written for the stage and a change of medium always affects substance—it moved me more than much of the cinematic stuff we ordinarily see.

The British-made *Great Catherine* is a movie out of Bernard Shaw's somewhat heavy-handed skit. Together with some of Shaw's dialogue a hash has been composed of such ingredients as Errol Flynn-Douglas Fairbanks swashbuckling athleticism, slapstick, horse opera, Moiseyev-like ballet, with dancers doing fantastic leaps over the heads of the guests at an orgy in which no dress is ruffled and no wig is messed—all in a setting so palatial as to have cost as much as the Empress must have spent on her St. Petersburg residence.

Zero Mostel, a Gargantuan Potemkin, mugs like a madman, clowns like a colossus, and is sometimes as funny as he is unfettered. Peter O'Toole, as an English officer, camps only a little less than the out-and-out caricature of an English queer who plays a Russian chamberlain. This is not O'Toole's best side. Jeanne Moreau, disastrously miscast as Catherine, speaks—if she has not been dubbed—in several accents, none of them readily identifiable. One is whacked into an occasional guffaw, but considering the exorbitant waste of funds, justice would demand that everyone responsible for this shebang deserves the classic Muscovite knout.

On the stage in the past two weeks, an airy and then a violent allegory have addled our brains. The soufflé specimen is *Celebration* (Ambassador Theatre), with book by Tom Jones and music by Harvey Schmidt. It's about the purity of the young and poor, in conflict with the impotence of the old and fabulously rich. No aspect of this charade converted me to its ethereal propaganda. This leads me to wonder whether my heart has been hardened, because several of my colleagues found delight in the show's benevolent antics. I suggest that the authors are more adept at adaptations—their *Fantasticks* was wrought from a Rostand play and *I Do! I Do!* from Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*—than at "originals."

I mention *Fire!* (already closed) by the pseudonymous John Roc because two things worth notice occurred to me in regard to it. Having ridden into town on columns of rapturous praise from the Boston press (the play was first done at Brandeis University), it could hardly have been prepared for the virulently negative reception it met here. Perhaps one has to attend a series of generally staid college productions to appreciate the welcome shock of so intemperately earnest a piece as *Fire!* Audiences, as I have often remarked, transform plays.

While *Fire!* was certainly not a "good" play, its faults were by no means heinous. An end of the world parable, its environment a veritable Gehenna in which all the figures are impaled on the horns of their disbelief and exacerbated emptiness, the play suffered from the vehemence of its sincerity, and even more from the perilous nature of all allegory.

Allegory must fail when it is not rooted in the soil of a genuine folk tradition or faith and when the vocabulary of its presentation is not in itself extremely telling. Successful allegory must contain a true fund of wisdom in a form rendered inescapably fascinating by its eloquence and the grip of its fable.

What John Roc wished to say is that our world is so thoroughly diseased that nothing short of its immolation by a universal holocaust can possibly redeem it. One almost believes in his torment, and he is not without writing talent; but since no specific dramatic structure or concrete incident sustains his "poem," it ends in a thicket of mixed metaphors (both in speech and scenic devices), so that his dialogue too often becomes either pretentious or ludicrous.

Red, White and Maddox, called a Thing With Music, by Don Tucker and Jay Broad, must have had a much more resounding impact in Atlanta, where it originated, than it does at Broadway's Cort Theatre. Still, its merit is that it attempts, and to a certain extent achieves, political relevance—something which the "uptown" theatre has eschewed for a long time. Then, too, the show has a grass-roots flavor which saves it, for all its weaknesses, from being meretricious.

Much of it is good fun and, occasionally it thrusts a little harder than one might at first sight believe. The target is not just Maddox as an individual, nor even the Deep South, but the social scene as a whole. The point is clearly made that, while everyone laughed at the ignoramus restaurateur who became Georgia's Governor, "everyone," including those who jeered, voted him into office. Doesn't our history—to mention no other—offer examples of men who were the mockery of nations and who nevertheless were hoisted to power by waves of fear, confusion, pusillanimity, lethargy, cynicism and underground sadomasochism? And isn't it true that such men end by believing themselves gods? While we laugh, we prepare our doom. In this respect, *Red, White and Maddox,* frail though it be, is both record and warning.

Its cast is generally young, its chorus—there are virtually no distinct voices—muffles most of the lyrics. One tune, *Jubilee Joe*, with its faintly melancholy irony, haunts by repetition. There is insufficient professionalism or sweep to make the show appear conclusive. Particularly in the latter half of the evening, a disappointing limpness sets in. The "Thing" stands in constant danger of falling between the stools of sharp satire (with a peculiar note of sadness at its center) and being just an amiable juvenile romp.

Special commendation, however, is due Jay Garner whose Maddox is a fatuously smiling bald-headed boy in Bermuda shorts and bobby socks; his voice is piping, his mouth always ajar—tongue pointed as if anticipating a lick of ice cream or ready to incur a deadly sting—while his eyes twinkle with shrewd malice which might easily be mistaken for good-humored idiocy.

During the time I labored through these many film and stage events I longed to return to the exquisite elation of the City Center Ballet with such delicious deities as Allegra Kent, Suzanne Farrell, Violette Verdy and their various partners, as well as to the sweetness of the Harkness Ballet. And Merce Cunningham, in an electrifying moment, struggles desperately to extricate himself from a plastic bag, and imparts in one stroke a sense of modern horror which so many others in our midst fail to dramatize in a plethora of words.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Peggy Guggenheim, reminiscing about her New York gallery in the catalogue of her collection, now on view at the Guggenheim Museum, recalls: "Pollock became the star of the gallery, and for five years I supported him." She records, too: "I gave away about twenty Pollocks to museums and friends"—which left her with eleven. In her Palazzo Venier dei Leoni in Venice, they are crammed into a small lower gallery, but in her uncle's museum they are given place of honor in the High Gallery, the tall *flat* room off the first ramp. Here the eleven paintings are clearly lit, visible as they never were when hung in Venice. Several are in a deteriorated condition, but are scheduled for restoration by Orrin Riley, the museum's conservator.

The paintings were acquired by Peggy Guggenheim from the four one-man shows she gave Pollock at Art of This Century, as she called the gallery, in 1943 and 1945-47. The latest works, two drip paintings, are from an exhibition at Betty Parsons Gallery in 1948, while Pollock was still under contract to Peggy who had left the United States for Europe. The group of works, though smaller than it might have been if she had had *more* confidence in Pollock's work, represents admirably a decisive period in American art, the years when New York artists prepared for the work that gave them international domination.

These works by Pollock from 1942 to 1946 are nourished on two of the main themes of New York art in the forties, which might be summed up, rather cursorily, as Cubism and Iconography. The Cubist influence can be seen not only in the containment of paint within certain formal perimeters but in specific references. In "Moon Woman" (originally "The Moon-Woman"), for instance, the earliest work on show, the head includes a bland profile taken from Picasso's lunar heads of Marie Thérèse. Iconography as used here refers to both mythology as general knowledge and to the notion of art as self-discovery. Pollock said as late as 1956, "When you're painting out of your unconscious, figures are bound to emerge." This statement, from near the end of his life, embraces the work of the early forties, as well as the abstract paintings. The early work of Pollock can readily be seen in close relation with the later drip paintings.

Pollock's confidence that he was painting from his unconscious and that its forms would naturally be figures, is not something that we can easily share now. The fact is, Pollock's totems, *person-*

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nages, ritual scenes and animals are less revelatory of the psyche, less the natural form of self-expression, than a learned iconography which is understood to denote deep states. His experience in analysis was alone sufficient to train him in the romantic iconography of nightmare, quite apart from the wholesale myth-raking of American and European intellectuals in the thirties and through the war years. Mythic typologies flourished during the war, when Pollock painted these works.

The luxuriance of Pollock's bestiary and his cast of *personnages* prove his belief in the connection of individual psyche and mythological pattern. There is other evidence, too, that Pollock was aware of the usefulness to his art of a set of permissive symbols. In an untitled *gouache* of 1946, now at the Guggenheim Museum, a whirl of bright colors is inhabited by the zigzag outlines of stick figures derived from cave painting. Other drawings of the mid-forties, not in the exhibition, also show microcosmic groups and crowds. Though not especially good, these drawings bring into the open Pollock's conscious interest in visual sign systems and in ideographs. Thus a painting like "Eyes in the Heat," 1946, in which loops of paint make a serial structure of forms resembling sockets and eyes, comes out of a definite attempt to invest painterly improvisation with human content.

"Moon Woman" is linked to two sister pictures in other collections, "The Mad Moon-Woman" and "The Moon-Woman Cuts the Circle" (the recurrence evokes iconographic volumes). Though the central figure is derived from a fairly neat and formal source (Picasso), it is painted in a new way, at once very rough and very elaborate. The paint is clotted, dragged, dabbed, scored, worried; Pollock's handling is heavy (with much sense of the brush's pressure on the canvas), but every touch is countered by another dab of paint on top of it, or justified by an echoing color elsewhere in the picture. It is as if a lot of overstatements, by colliding with and qualifying one another, became a complex statement. The picture, though brute, is internally complex in its oppositions. Toughness becomes the vehicle, not of simplicity but of intricate tensions.

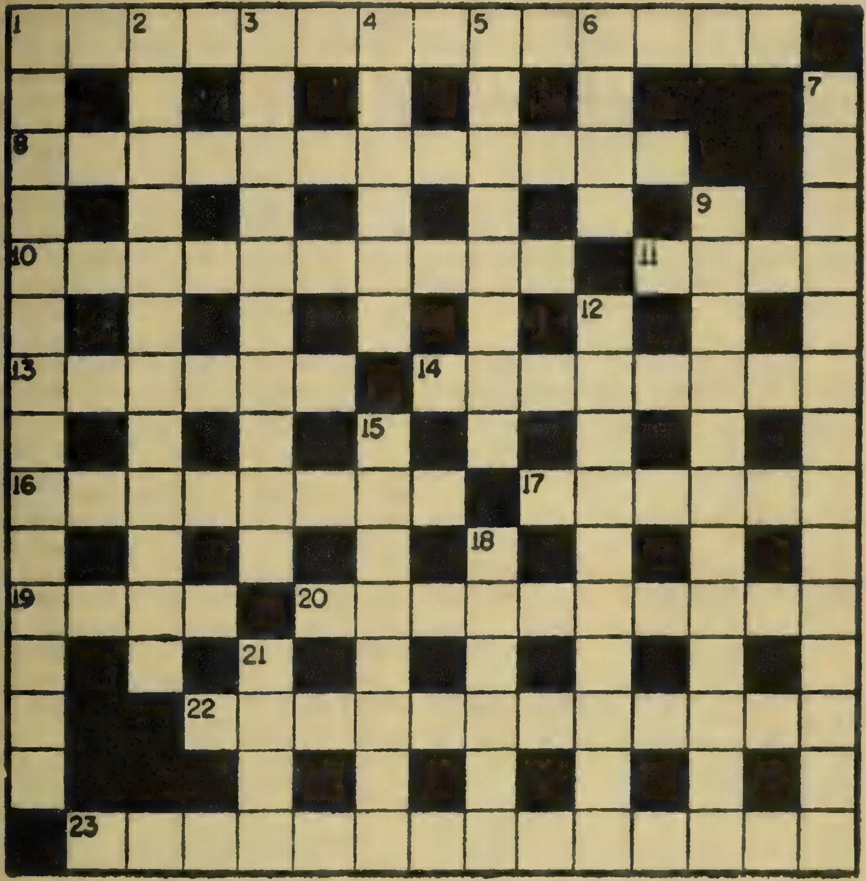
The mythographic imagery of Pollock reaches a maximum point of vehemence in "Circumcision," painted in January, 1946. The turbulent and obscure activity is held on a grid which braces the whole picture, like a trellis beneath unshorn flowers, a mass of blacks greens yellows pinks and whites. In his last show at Art of This Century, 1947, Pollock grouped his paintings in two series: "Sounds in the Grass" and "Accabonac Creek." One of the latter series, which continues mythic Cubism to some extent, belongs to Peggy Guggenheim: "Bird Effort" (1946). It is a remarkable painting in which the smeared Cubism of "Circumcision" has been turned into a subtle interplay of color and line across the flat surface. White canvas intercedes continually between black contours and scabby color patches, so that line and color seem to be pried apart.

Two of the "Sounds in the Grass" series belong to Peggy Guggenheim and both are further developments of the allover emphases of "Bird Effort." In the painting called here "Sounds in the Grass," a structure of white lines is laid over a scratched and bristly paint bed of darkish yellows greens reds blues and purple. The white loses its linearity and frays, expanding, into the colored ground. The density of paint is constant and ceases just within the edges of the picture, a device which has the effect of making the picture edge subservient to the display of paint. The edges do not break or interrupt any images or shapes. The canvas is only slightly larger than the area of the paint field it carries, a principle of organization which replaces internal subdivisions by a holistic definition of area, a kind of space developed superbly in later drip paintings. In both this painting and "Eyes in the Heat" there is, too, what we might call the pulverizing of mythic imagery but not its abandonment. The iconography is present in these later works, not as figures but as atmosphere, as rhythm; it is as if somebody had demolished a pagan idol in the room and its dust had settled on everything. Hence, a pulverized but not absent mythology, with meanings—tidal, seasonal, labyrinthine—evoked by rhythm.

The catalogue entry for the painting "Two" notes: "This picture is usually dated 1945, but Peggy Guggenheim states she is practically certain that it was done in 1943." If it was painted at the later date it must have been early in the year, as it was shown at Art of This Century in March, 1945. In fact, the image of tall totemic forms, partly modeled in volume, partly held flat by large planes of color, is close to other paintings of 1943, and even of 1942, so the earlier date seems likely. The planar flatness is a prolongation of Cubism, but cracking like an old sidewalk split by new grass. Pollock's nervous, harsh, repetitive, unsparing touch gives the emergent figures their own lush life. Pollock's iconography has an imperious presence as painting which reduces most of its Surrealist rivals to surreptitious lechery; a Pollock *personnage* is Cortez say, to Max Ernst's Crippen.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1285

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Error is best not tampered with—though the results show the strain of New England breeding. (6,8)

8 In order to be such a person, possibly? (12)

10 Used for dragging large economy size logs? No danger! (4,6)

11 Hamlet questioned flying to those we know not of. (4)

13 One of those classic Japanese productions that makes for Jack's lack of polish? (2,4)

14 Begins to look like what they did in the Garden! (6,2)

16 Does something through typical documents. (8)

17 One of the things Mesopotamia relates to. (6)

19 The first person to defraud an image? (4)

20 Strangely enough, some people mix it up with a soft drink. (4,6)

22 Grammatically general in some titles, for example. (It also suggests what a horse might have.) (12)

23 The rest of the board of trade might be acting in opposition. (14)

DOWN

1 It might bother stenographers and draftsmen, but they shouldn't reach them because of it. (8,6)

2 Eve, this should be you! (6,6)

3 Where a man pressed for time puts powder at five? (The star might, by comparison.) (10)

4 Threefold point in the test? (6)

5 Was one of his titled subjects leaner, when blessed. (8)

6 Was the hibiscus partly venerated by the Egyptians? (4)

7 Dying under peculiar circumstances, as Othello might have said? (7,7)

9 The bourgeoisie go to an island as an annual event. (Bachelors might make up a good part of the crowd!) (5,7)

12 Triple-I flat car made up, but not for real! (10)

15 What they did to the Concord farmers? (8)

18 Notices the eye here? It's a way to gather in a condensed layer. (6)

21 False form of 19 that might be real for the Spanish. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1284

ACROSS: 1 Sports reporter; 9 Life net; 10 Steamer; 12 Stressed; 14 Trireme; 17 Yolks; 19 Oracles; 21 Edgewise; 23 Spider; 25 Enticed; 26 Uttered; 27 Cross reference. DOWN: 1 and 15 across Salisbury steak; 2 Off-beat; 3 Tanneries; 4 Ruth; 5 Pass the hat; 6 Reeve; 7 En masse; 8 Bred; 13 Reconsider; 15 Saltpeter; 16 Kittredge; 18 Lighter; 20 Sadiron; 21 and 11 Even-steven; 22 Wicks; 24 Buff.

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LETTERS

pickets on the long march

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: We write on behalf of the striking professors of San Francisco State College, in whose company we have proudly marched the picket line that commenced on January 6th. . . . We are aware that from that date on we have . . . been accused of being a minority group of opportunists riding on the student turmoil in order to swindle for ourselves such particular gains as reduced teaching loads, higher wages and free parking, along with such generally subversive intentions as power for the local American Federation of Teachers. . .

We do admit to opportunistic action. We saw the opportunity to avoid mass murder on our campus, and we acted on behalf of that opportunity. . . . We saw the opportunity to object effectively to the high-handed appointment of S. I. Hayakawa to the Acting Presidency of our college, and we took it. It is apparent by now to all that Hayakawa . . . is reaping a personal bonanza of TV and radio time, as well as newspaper and magazine space. The general public now knows the name of this instant college president as it would that of a new mentholated cigarette, but it knows nothing of the enormity of the problems the college faces.

They are not the problems of San Francisco State College alone. The chaos here is exportable. Every tax-supported urban college in the country is vulnerable to it. And through our present struggle here all such institutions can foresee whether they will go the way of Hayakawa and of repressive governmental powers that will mix politics with education, or gain an inch in the long march for meaningful faculty and student voice in faculty and student affairs.

The vast majority of the striking faculty has no other source of income than its teaching salary. One month of that is already sacrificed . . . But as of now there is no foreseeable end to the strike. The ability of the striking faculty to carry on in its cause is dependent on money to pay the rent and buy the food. All money raised by the striking teachers is to be shared with the culinary workers, the library assistants, and those of the clerical staff and student workers who, in support of the strike, have left their campus jobs.

We shall be grateful if you will forward such contributions as you can make, and as soon as you can, to: American Federation of Teachers, Local 1352, 4097 19th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., 94132. Please make checks payable to AFT, Local 1352. *Kay Boyle, Leo Litwak*
Ray B. West, Jr., Herbert Wilner

Gruening in Boston

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Massachusetts Political Action for Peace will be honoring Senator Gruening at a testimonial dinner in Boston on March 7. . . . Besides Senator Gruening, the speakers at the dinner will be Sen. Harold Hughes of Iowa, I.F. Stone, Sam Brown, who was the National Youth Coordinator for the McCarthy campaign, and Canon James Breeden, who is a black priest and on the Commission on Race in the Massachusetts Council of Churches. Tickets are available through Massachusetts Political Action for Peace, 44 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Martin Peretz

goals and tactics

El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs: Smith Simpson ["Diplomats in Disarry"; *The Nation*, Feb. 3] predicts a decay in the decision making of

(Continued on page 244)

EDITORIALS

Angry Voices, Harsh Words

It has been a wretched season in "Fun City." The embittered dispute over "decentralization" and community control of the schools has precipitated a flood of harsh language and mutual recrimination. And not alone in New York. In other cities, the angry name calling has echoed. Propelled by passion, words have been used in reckless disregard of their meaning and of the consequences that attach to certain terms and phrases in current settings and situations. Now, fortunately, a realization is spreading that the time for language therapy has arrived; spokesmen for various groups are being urged to lower their voices and watch their language. This is a sound first step. While group tensions are not "caused" by words, in times like these name calling can be disastrous.

It is true that many individuals who could fairly and accurately be described as "racists" watch their language and never give public expression to their private views on racial issues; the polite, well-mannered, powerfully placed bigot is a familiar type. But now, when dialogue is needed as never before, words take on special importance. In many communities abusive language is substituted for communication. Indeed, in some situations ugly words are being used to disrupt or prevent communication. In these instances, epithets are employed not to relieve anger, or to say anything, but as tactical weapons. For example, in certain ghetto communities rival groups of black militants are competing for control of unstable constituencies. In settings of this kind, violent language is nowadays used by some groups to isolate the black community—that is, to keep whites out—and at the same time in the hope that verbal violence may be taken as the true measure of militancy. In some cases, although it is clear that the angry voices do not intend to incite physical violence, the action often gets out of hand. Flamboyant language directed by a spokesman for one group against another can provoke a retort in kind which not only embitters relations between them but alienates groups not directly involved. In some instances, *some* blacks, without perhaps being fully aware of the consequences, have used language that could be interpreted as a bid for support by anti-Semites in the white community. And *some* whites are no doubt quite willing that Jews should be made scapegoats for every imposition and harassment against which blacks must contend.

What is needed is not merely a moratorium on abuse—although that would be a boon—but the validation of serious discourse about real problems. Verbal violence may be less disastrous than race riots, but there comes a time when abuse must give way to genuine talk, aimed at forging a political movement strong enough to bring about changes in all the relationships that handicap racial and other minorities—blacks, Indians, Mexican Americans and others.

It would be one thing if the society showed no movement at all in this direction. But change is occurring—not fast enough, not in enough significant areas—but it is apparent and it should be accelerated. Half measures, palliatives, sociological soothing syrups, temporary pressure relievers hawked like aspirin tablets, public relations gimmicks, magic words and phrases are of no avail. Similarly futile is appeasing unrest by automatically granting every demand, no matter how unworkable or regressive, out of a feeling of guilt and in the vain hope of achieving "peace." Massive political pressure for social change must be initiated at every level and sustained without interruption for as long as may be necessary. All those, of whatever races and groups, who believe in a multi-racial democracy must insist that their views be heard and heeded. The aggravation of group relations that has occurred since 1965 has been caused as much by their default as by any single factor. It is now their move.

The Missile Pause

It is all to the good that Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird has announced a temporary halt in the Sentinel missile defense system. However, rejoicing would be premature. For one thing, the standstill is only of the token variety. Research, development and some manufacturing have not been interrupted—the "halt" affects only clearing operations on the proposed Boston site and perhaps some others. The public, therefore, should not relax or conclude that the whole fantastic project has been sidetracked. Even less should the public conclude that the Pentagon is at long last on the defensive to such a degree that military spending can be curtailed.

Mr. Laird is no lion tamer when it comes to keeping the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Pentagon's industrial beneficiaries under control. When Bernard Nossiter asserted in *The Washington Post* (January 26) that the highest profits in the aerospace industry seem to accrue to the poorest performers, and analyzed thirteen aircraft and missile systems built at a cost of $40 billion, Laird called the *Post* in an effort to stifle further criticism. He argued that public discussion of unreliable weapons could weaken American negotiators in the forthcoming arms-reduction talks with the Soviet Union.

As we noted editorially in the issue of February 17, the Senate's recent coolness toward Sentinel is largely the result of indignant mail from constituents. But public reaction is spasmodic and undependable, because it is largely set off by personal apprehension or distaste. Much of the steam against Sentinel has been coming from suburban communities that didn't like the idea of nuclear monstrosities squatting in their backyards. Essentially the same thing happened some years ago, when the shelter mania was high on the agenda—the citizens began to protest against a hairbrained military scheme when it impinged on them directly.

The Pentagon might have got away with its Sentinel scheme if it had sited the installations out in the boondocks, but this would have interfered with the development of the system to really impressive dimensions. It started as a $5 billion "thin" defense against primitive Red Chinese missiles consisting of a single warhead atop the rocket. These were to be brought down by long-range (about 400 miles) Spartan anti-missile missiles

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—a Chinese ICBM headed for Washington, say, being brought down over Chicago. But if the Chinese resorted to all sorts of decoys, or multiple warheads, or other ingenious designs still in embryo, there would be no guarantee that Spartan, though equipped with a 2-megaton warhead (2 million tons TNT equivalent), would stop all the incoming missiles. Secondary defense would have to rely on relatively small (10 kiloton—equivalent to 10,000 tons of TNT) defense missiles with a range of only about 50 miles, and these would necessarily have to be sited close to the target city. An advantage of this duplex system, from the viewpoint of the military-industrial complex, is that it would cost something more than $10 billion, thus making it worth while for the generals, bankers, executives, scientists, engineers and workmen charged with bringing the system into being. Later, when deployed against the Soviets, such a system might cost $40 billion or more.

These present and future Sentinel features are known to but few citizens, and would not be known to them if Sen. John Sherman Cooper had not been apprised betimes by his legislative aide, William G. Miller, a former Foreign Service officer. Even when the facts are thus uncovered, only a few newspapers in the whole country will give the story much of a play.

What is needed, then, is some continuing mechanism by which citizens, as taxpayers, consumers and possible victims of the nuclear holocaust, can be given technologically sound advice about the defense budget. This might take the form of an independent institute for the critical study of proposed defense outlays, backed by foundation grants, with a sizable staff of scientists and engineers, and the right kind of names as trustees. Such a body could alert the electorate, politicians, journalists, et al., to the menace to national security which constantly emanates from the very sources that are supposed to enhance that security.

The Misuse of Science

Scientists are citizens too, and some of them are starting to behave like citizens as well as scientists. The germ of an organization to ride herd on the Pentagon can be discerned in the "research stoppage" planned at M.I.T. and other universities for March 4. As described in *Science* (January 24), a group of professors and graduate students have scheduled a voluntary work halt to focus attention on "the misuse of scientific and technical knowledge [and how] it presents a major threat to the existence of mankind." Instead of getting on with their research, these men of science will discuss problems and possible ways for scientists to initiate political action. Sen. George McGovern will speak at M.I.T. on reconverting the U.S. economy from defense to domestic production. Prof. Hans Bethe of Cornell, a Nobel laureate, will discuss the anti-missile missile. Prof. Noam Chomsky will speak on the responsibility of the intellectual. There will be panels on the world food crisis, urban problems, and finding jobs for young scientists and engineers outside defense industry. At Yale, Cornell and other schools, psychologists are joining with physicists in the research stoppage. The original call for the protest was signed by forty-seven M.I.T. faculty members including the heads of three departments—B. Magasanik (biology), J. Ross (chemistry) and V. Weiskouf (physics).

Although Vietnam has played a catalytic role, the aims of this group are of far wider scope. They want to turn research away from the present overemphasis on military technology and toward the solution of pressing environmental and social problems; to interest students in devoting themselves to bringing the benefits of science and technology to mankind; and to expose "ill-advised and hazardous projects," such as the missile "defense" system.

At M.I.T. separate faculty and student committees have been formed. The student group is called Science Action Coordinating Committee, the faculty group is the Union of Concerned Scientists. This bifurcation can be an advantage, since the students may wish to do some things the faculty cannot do or may not want to do. Although the whole movement is only in the nascent stage, it is impelled by sound thinking and may have widespread influence.

The M.I.T. movement is not the first of its kind. In their several ways, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science and the Federation of American Scientists have been active for many years. At the recent meeting of the American Physicial Society in New York the chief excitement centered upon proposals for participation in social issues. A particularly striking example of social thinking came last year from a citadel of the military industrial complex. At a meeting commemorating the 150th anniversary of the founding of the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Simon Ramo cited as one mark of our failure to control our technology that we have developed a system to provide pure air for an astronaut on the moon, but seem incapable of doing as much for the inhabitants of our cities. Dr. Ramo is closely associated with the development of the American ICBM. When a scientist-engineer of his prominence criticizes the country's technology, something significant is beginning to stir.

'A Sticky Situation'

To Washington spokesmen the latest flare-up over West Berlin is merely "a sticky situation" and will not lead to another major East-West confrontation. That it is sticky is evident. The Soviets and East Germans have announced that travel permits—land and rail—will not be issued to the 1,000 or more delegates who will be traveling to West Berlin for the Presidential election on March 5. Presumably they will have to be flown in, a "sticky" if not exactly serious nuisance. It is also a bit "sticky" that President Nixon, with full knowledge of the West German election plans, and the likely East German-Soviet reaction, decided to visit the city on February 27.

The President *had* to visit West Berlin. Ritual requires it: every new President must visit Berlin, there to receive the predictable "thunderous" reception from a million or more West Berliners made "deliriously happy" by his presence. This is the stuff of which good television shots are made, even if the scenes somewhat lack spontaneity. Such visits are said to boost the morale of the West Berliners, but a fair inference would be that their prime purpose is to brighten the President's image. By now the jaded and unhappy residents of West Berlin must be bored with command performances. If President Nixon runs into some flak on this visit, it will be because his advisers needlessly exposed him to it.

But more important, why did the West Germans feel that the election had to be held in West Berlin? Perhaps to make a point. But the point had been made in 1954, 1959 and 1964. The decision to hold the election in West Berlin, we are told, was "not made at the highest level." But that, too, is a bit "sticky"; for one thing, the allied powers had been consulted.

As to the timing, the Soviets had recently made "a serious effort" (David Binder, *The New York Times*, February 10) to negotiate several issues with the West Germans, including an attempt to get Bonn's signature on the nonproliferation treaty. Recent Soviet notes had "exuded reasonableness." This, then, was hardly the time to bait them—unless, of course, accommodation was not to the West German taste.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Binder reports that *some* West Germans and allied officials, "at intermediate levels," had sought to shift the election to Bonn, but were told that the announcement of President Nixon's visit precluded such action. So everyone, more or less, is locked into "a sticky situation," which might easily have been avoided. Mr. Binder gives all parties bad marks for inept "crisis management," but this is a case not of the mismanagement of a crisis but of the manufacture of one.

Josephine Herbst

Over the long and active span of her life as a critic and reporter, Josephine Herbst participated in the great social movements of the period and reported on them with grace, honesty and consummate humanity. She was involved in many of the vital publications: *Transition, Smart Set, New Masses, The Nation.* Her reporting was distinguished by a rare combination of stylistic simplicity and radical commitment to a human view, and she remained true to her own tone over the decades. She was also well known in the thirties as a novelist, but none of the novels she wrote then is now in print, and her essays have never been collected in a book. *New Green World: John Bartram and the Early Naturalists* (1954), is the only Josephine Herbst book in print. This failure of appreciation will surely be righted in time.

What she has left behind, in addition to her early work, is a correspondence of great interest and—what may well be the crowning achievement of her life—a memoir on which she had been working up to the time of her death. Excerpts from this work published in *The Noble Savage* and *New American Review* have aroused wide enthusiasm, and it will undoubtedly appear soon in book form.

For *The Nation* Miss Herbst reported from Germany on the underground anti-Hitler movement in the thirties and from the front lines of the Spanish Civil War. Thirty years later she still displayed the same passionate concern, writing in *The Nation* on July 25, 1966: "The Spanish Civil War was a profound personal experience for me and I am hopelessly biased. It was also a period of exposure. Exposure can be merciless and when it is we can gain the most valuable sort of understanding there is to be had. Then we are forced to examine what we believe about ourselves and our experience, our justifications of our institutions, our practices and conduct." In the fifties, in one of her most eloquent essays, "The Ruins of Memory" (*The Nation*, April 14, 1956), she salvaged the thirties from the destructive views of the cold-war critics: "In a period of demoralization and terror it was no bad thing to try to act, however mistakenly or inadequately, as the conscience of the age." In the same essay she said: "It takes a true writer to show us what has been missing in our lives." She was that kind of true writer.

Brittany: Revolution in a Cemetery

MARION MAINWARING

Miss Mainwaring, who divides her time between Europe and America, was the foreign research editor for The Adams Papers. *Her translation of Turgenev's short novels will be published in the spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

Paris

Not long after he announced his forthcoming visit to Brittany, President de Gaulle received a letter from the Comité d'Emigration Bretonne. It called on him to choose between two alternatives: "Either to order the French occupation troops to evacuate Breton territory; *or* to resume observance of the conditions of the Treaty of 1532—that is, to *reconstitute the sovereign Breton assembly . . .* and restore to it *all the powers stipulated in the treaty,*" powers amounting to "administrative, legal, fiscal and customs autonomy."

"You see," cried "Caerléon," the Breton leader who showed me a copy of this diplomatic note, "our position is luminously clear! That letter was written by a doctor of laws. France has no case. French presence on Breton soil is foreign occupation. Brittany was settled by Celts from Britain and was independent from the fifth century till the French forced union on us in 1532. Even then, the treaty of peace guaranteed political autonomy. In 1789 it was unilaterally annulled by France—whereupon we declared that action, and all acts of the French National Assembly affecting Brittany, null and void.

"That treaty of 1532 is the sole basis of France's claim! As to the marriage of Anne of Brittany with Charles VII in 1491, the French forced that on her—it was a rape, and her earlier marriage by proxy to Maximilian of Austria is the only one we recognize.

"France has crushed our institutions, but we have resisted the Revolution, the Restoration, the Empires, the Republics. Our movement today is nothing new. Brittany is a country in a permanent state of revolution."

Breton nationalism has long been regarded by outsiders as a picturesque part of the French Establishment, an opera set of menhirs, Druids, fisherwomen and Celtic twilight, with alien touches of *Passport to Pimlico*. Even the *plastique* bombs of the Front de Libération de la Bretagne (FLB) have been shrugged off indulgently by the public, if not by the authorities. Today, the sentiment is different. On the one hand, there is a growing expectation that the government will make some real concessions to regionalist demands; on the other hand, the police have been jailing persons suspected of FLB activity.

What is Breton nationalism, beyond being the overt expression of a sense of otherness? I have talked with two leaders of the movement, Alan Al Louarn and Ronan Caoussin or "Caerléon." Louarn lives in the pleasant airy city of Rennes. The "Bézedach" ("BZH" for "Breizh" or Brittany) is chalked up on walls; old women go to the supermarket wearing the traditional stiff white lace *coiffe*; university students lunch on crepes that are griddled on a hearth whose black and white tiles form the Breton flag —ermines and stripes. "The flag is rather recent, 1923-24," says Louarn; "the symbolism is plain. The five black stripes are for our five provinces." (The fifth of these, the "province" of Loire-Atlantique, is considered part of Brittany only by the nationalists.)

Louarn works in a dilapidated 18th-century house in the Place des Lices, near the old Halles. A sign across the façade proclaims that here is the Mouvement pour l'Organisation de la Bretagne. Louarn's office is warmed by a wood fire; a slip of paper tacked up by the chimney points a penciled arrow at the smoldering logs, with the gallant conceit: "The Breton Movement rises from its ashes." The room is chock-full of Breton flags, Breton musical recordings, tourist souvenirs, framed 19th-century photographs, mostly of clerics. There are car stickers, the flag, the Bézedach, and—"This one is a little more clandestine, take this one," said Louarn, handing me a "Celtic sign" or triskel. Above all, there are papers, files, books, newspapers, magazines and hundreds of little mimeographed leaflets. The office is the "Information Center" of the movement, and Louarn is its director.

"One finds information here," he said, "on Ireland—Scotland—Cornwall—the Isle of Man—the Jura—Val d'Aoste—the Occitans [those natives of southern France who speak *langue d'oc*]. All the minorities, whether they be European or extra-European. All . . . ? No; that is impossible. But all who send us their materials. We have just this morning received *L'Ecosse Nouvelle*, and here I've just received the *Journal Basque*. We are always *en rapport* with the Basques. We are *en rapport* with all the minorities! That doesn't mean that we are necessarily in agreement with them all. For example we can very well have, over there, you see, materials from a minority like the Arabs, and on the other side of the room, from Israel.

"And Quebec, of course. Our principle is to claim for Brittany the same status as Quebec. De Gaulle calls for a *Québec libre*; well, in refusing us a *Bretagne libre* he is not very consistent! But we have many allies among the French minorities: Normans, Alsatians, Basques, Occitans. We are the strongest minority—the most numerous, and with a well-defined territory. We try to keep in touch with all the organizations which demand liberation. The American Indians: we are not directly *en rapport* with them, but our delegation in Quebec is in contact with them.

"You see, our structure is not like the French. The French system is a star; everything radiates from one center. We have one ray going out: a ray goes out from that, others from that—perhaps yet others from some of them. There is endless ramification. It is not at all the Jacobin system; quite the contrary. It has perhaps certain disadvantages, but it is ours. It is very Celtic.

"Every cell, every sector, has its own radiation. There are an extraordinary number of different and specialized Breton movements. The traditionalist movement concerns itself with ancient history, with recalling historical events. Then the economic movement, which concerns itself with Breton production in the world markets, with transport, with the material organization of the country—there are several organizations like that. Then the cultural organizations concern themselves especially with questions of Celtic civilization and language; you have a whole series of *folklorique* groups devoted to dance, music, arts. And there are several political organizations; certain ones are purely socialistic, others entirely nationalistic.

"And you have, furthermore, the organizations which are preparing for a Breton state. A sort of 'shadow cabinet' [Louarn used the English term] which covers all the structures. If tomorrow, for example, by some strange circumstance, we were to assume responsibility for the life of the Breton community, there are people ready to take the places of the present establishment. We, or certain organizations, know who would be in the place of the prefect, of the archbishop, of the chief of police. Again, you have the army group, which anticipates the Breton *force de frappe*. You have some small implementation of every sector of life—religious, political, military, economic.

"That is not to say that everything is ready; one must go gently. But there are persons who are readying themselves for responsibility, and who work every day, every free hour, to prepare the Breton state.

"A new group is *Sao Breizh*—that is to say, Brittany, Arise! (These posters read '*Sav*,' but actually '*Sao*' is a better spelling.) It attracts many young people. In fact, our movement has *especially* young people, and they are the ones we especially seek. We have many links with the students. As for the professors . . . it is better not to go into our links with the professors; it might cause them trouble. We are in touch with some.

"Today there are young people who have been brought up in the Breton idea, in families interested in the movement. But we who became interested before the war had first of all to destroy our own education and to contract another. We were alone. We had to teach ourselves Breton. Even today only a very few of our schools teach Breton; it is not well supported by the authorities.

"Probably the commandos of the FLB are young; but we ourselves don't know who are in the commando army.

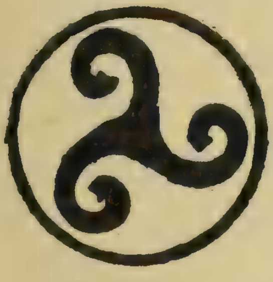
You can understand that the boys who carry out military operations, who *plastiquent*, when they come in here they don't tell us what they've done! One may suspect, one may or may not believe—but one does not *know*. It must be so. Absolutely. The police would come, and everybody would be interrogated—in one month, ten months. Therefore, no information!

"We have a *modus vivendi* with the French police. I am known to them, and certain others are known. We live in correct relations with the police; we aren't on bad terms. But it is a question of prudence."

Breton culture, above all language, is one of the two fields of major interest for the nationalists. France, they say, is guilty of "cultural genocide, genocide by absorption." They demand that Breton be recognized as the, or an, official language, and that the language and literature be taught at all levels. Linguistic kinship is the basis of the "Celtic League," though the League's dreams are political: if its wishes were fulfillled, Northern Ireland would be annexed by Eire; and Eire, Alba (Scotland), Cymru (Wales), Kernow (Cornwall) and Mannin (Isle of Man), as well as Breizh, would be autonomous states in a Federation of Europe—each the peer of dismembered France and England.

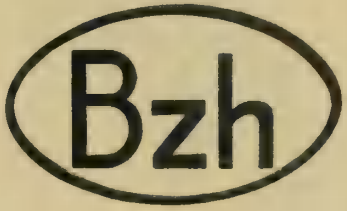
The other great area of grievance is suggested by a glossary in a little news sheet. Some Breton words, the editor notes, are not yet familiar; and he gives the Breton for: *economy, bureaucrat, oil tanker, oppression, underdevelopment, tourism* and *colony.*

Brittany's economic predicament is generally acknowledged. The nationalist interpretation may be melodramatic ("France deliberately keeps us in a state of chronic economic underdevelopment, colonial in its nature") and all the problems may not be peculiar to the region. But there is substance to many nationalist assertions. Breton farmers *are* poor, though they work hard. Factories in Brittany *are* closing down, without being replaced by new ones, though throughout the country Breton workmen are highly regarded. Tourism is *not* what it could be. Communications *are* poor. (Roads are inadequate, but in any case Brittany is "boxed off" as, say, New England is boxed off; and furthermore is cursed by a mountain which "forces north and south apart like a knife in the claw of a lobster.") There is what U.S. sociologists call massive out-migration: "deportation," the Bretons call it. Young people, seeing no future at home, "emigrate" to other parts of France and above all to Paris. Old people come home to die. It has been said that Britttany is becoming a "*cimitière des elephants.*" A French rejoinder to this is that it is at least a cemetery with a lot of elephant calves playing about in it, the Breton birth rate being well above the national average.



The Triskel

Proposed economic solutions vary, of course. One group wants a reconstituted Breton States-General to "undo the French laws that favor big business and prevent development of small or new ones." Another, the new Sao Breizh, rejecting "capitalist neo-liberalism, as well as every form of exploitation or oppression of one group by another," would have cooperatives in agriculture, self-management in business and industry. There is widespread agreement that Breton interests are different from those of "Rhine-axised" France and the Common Market, that Brittany should make its own tariff and trade arrangements, particularly with England, and that if Brest were developed into a great port, Brittany would be the "advance post of Europe, facing the New World."



During our conversations in Rennes, Alan Louarn urged me repeatedly to talk with the very important Ronan Caoussin, known as "Caerléon," historian of the movement, author of *Complots pour une République Bretonne* (Editions de la Table Ronde, 1967), who lives in the outskirts of Paris.

A few days later I did meet Caerléon, in a *brasserie* near the Gare Montparnasse. He was identifiable not only by the copy of *Complots* which, by prearrangement, he carried, but by a tendency to look over his shoulder. "I am known," he told me immediately. "Whenever I go into Brittany I am followed by the French police, and after any *plastiqué* there are policemen outside my house."

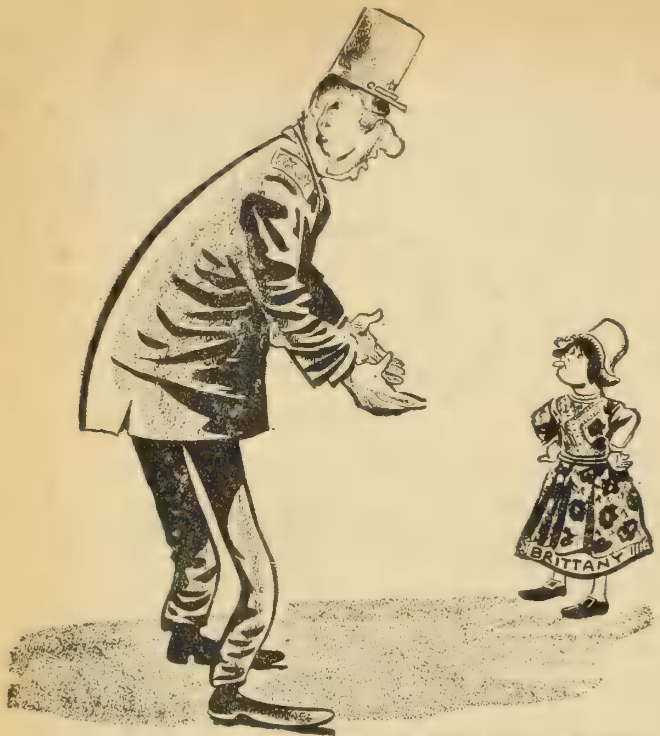
Like Louarn, he is intense, enthusiastic and single-minded; he talked very fast, in a low voice, stroking his beard, and added generously to my collection of photographs and leaflets.

"Regionalism? All right in its way—it is a breach in Jacobin centralization. We want autonomy: not separation, not independence, but autonomy in a federated Europe. Holland is no more important than Brittany! We have the same territorial and maritime possibilities. If only de Gaulle had begun federation with Algeria, made Algeria a province! But he preferred to ruin the empire to save the Republic. About Quebec, he is not consistent.

"Our young people even envisage, if it is necessary in years to come, making Brittany a nation like Ireland. They are only a minority, but it is the minority that makes a revolution."

Asked if there is much support for regionalist or separatist programs among Bretons in general, apart from those in the various organizations, Caerléon sighed:

"The Breton people *follow* very badly. They are influenced by government propaganda. They are a people



The Christian Science Monitor

who are chloroformed, depersonalized, and who have lost all national consciousness. The peasant knows he is condemned to leave his country because agriculture isn't flourishing, but he does not know who is responsible. He knows the evil exists, but not where it comes from. Or the peasant believes in the cause but doesn't believe change is possible.

"And the Church: before the war the clergy were for Brittany; today they are not. I am a Catholic, and I am a great friend of the clergy. I know them well, and I am their friend. But the bishops are at orders of the prefects. The Breton movement is sliding toward the left, and so the clergy are against it. The new Celtic church will be like the Anglican—Catholic but not Roman. I defend it, because it resists the *Francisation* of Brittany by the Church.

"Still, we are strong! Though we lack funds—the movement never has money—we are strong. In 1944 people believed the movement was over, so many were in prison, fled, or doing forced labor. But today I believe Breton nationalism is as strong as it was before the war."

The war! The unsavory aspect of Breton nationalism is its record of collaboration with the Nazis—or rather the attitude of many nationalists today toward that record.

"It is a page that has been turned," says Caerléon. But no one can forget it, if only because of the Breton, Yann Goulot. In 1944 Goulot was condemned to death, *in absentia,* for collaboration. He lives in Ireland, and from there, so he says, directs the FLB and the Breton movement in general. It was he who signed an "Appeal" to the United Nations on behalf of Brittany in 1969; he is reported to have offered a "truce" during de Gaulle's visit. He has a flair for publicity, and foreign papers tend to take him at his own valuation.

His true importance is hard to gauge, as so much is hard to gauge in the Book-of-Kells convolutions of the "movement." The news sheet *Douar Brèizh* (Mur-de-Bretagne) printed on the first page of its first number (December 1968) what purported to be a categorical statement by the FLB that "it has never authorized the famous Dublin Committee to act as its correspondent and that it disagrees with the declarations of the said committee. M. Yann Goulot speaks only for himself. Information, to be worthy of belief, must come either from Brittany or from Breton Emigration in Paris."

Both Louarn and Caerléon brought up Goulot's name. "Bretons," said Caerléon, "would never tolerate any totalitarian regime, Communist or Nazi. They are temperamentally Socialists—and, as an old leader said, 'Socialists who will have their Matins in the morning and their Angelus in the evening.' Goulot personally was Socialist and Christian, not National Socialist; and we have in our band the Bretons who were allies of the French. Take Ned Urvoas—he was in the Allied forces, a war correspondent, a delegate from the Free French for all Brittany. And he is a chief of the Breton European Federalist movement. And the Commandos of the FLB are young people who don't know the war and cannot be considered pro-Nazi. They tend to be of the Left, not of the Right."

Thousands of Bretons were in the French army or the Resistance, said Louarn; only a handful fought for the Germans. Journalists have confused an innocent youth group which Goulot ran, the "Bagadou Stourm," with the "Formation Perrot" of Bretons who wore the *Wehrmacht* uniform. Goulot himself, however, in his "Appeal," speaks proudly of this latter unit, which "fought with the Germans against France, the common enemy"; and the comment on it in *Complots* is that it "engaged in open warfare at the side of Germany against France, thus forcing history to register the Breton fact."

Indeed, collaboration seems to be regretted more because it now hurts the nationalist image than because it was deplorable in itself. "The nationalists," Caerléon explained, "have one sole objective: the liberty of their people. Those who played the German hand marked world history with an undeniable Breton fact. To save Brittany from a conspiracy of silence, they even accepted the risk of defeat. They tried to collaborate with the Germans when there was no longer any French Government or army, in order to establish a Breton state—but it was already too late.

"For," he went on bitterly, "Von Ribbentrop was Francophile! He failed to support a Breton state. He did not want to do what displeased the Vichy government: he wanted to collaborate with Vichy. Brittany was sacrificed to France in the Accord de Montoire."

The ability of the extreme nationalists to see the world outside only as it impinges on their cause gives their version of history a curious two-dimensional quality. According to *Complots*, the abortive plot against Hitler's life was significant because its leader was "the nephew of Von Stauffenberg, who took a personal interest in the attempted Breton *coup d'état* of 1940!" The liberation of Europe meant "only the return of the French occupiers to Brittany. One principle, the principle of minority rights, excellent in itself, has been cultivated in isolation until, like the patience of patient Griselda, it has become grotesque; consistency as well as objectivity suffers.

"The Bretons," Caerléon continued, "were accused of treason to France. But they could not commit treason to France, because they did not consider themselves French." But loyalty is not left to the individual conscience, for a little later he informed me, apropos the "shadow cabinet," that "there are also even secret tribunals which at the chosen moment will judge the traitors toward Brittany."

Most Bretons, of course, have a milder vision of the future, more modest expectations; they would simply like to have somewhat more say about their own affairs—which they do stubbornly feel to be their own. But the professional nationalists find it useful, even when working toward moderate objectives, to allude to the threat of violence and extremism. Speaking for the Mouvement pour l'Organisation de la Bretagne, Alan Louarn says: "I believe what it would be very important to say in America is this, that the Bretons at present, while hoping perhaps for a little something from the new French policy, do not count on the good will of Paris. One does not expect that the adversary will give you an opportunity to do what you want! So the Bretons are creating for themselves their own organizations—like the Irish with Sinn Fein."

THE POLITICS OF ANTI-POVERTY

ROGER H. DAVIDSON

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The Nixon Administration is hard at work trying to de-escalate the two Great Society wars that have become increasingly irritating and inconvenient for professional politicians. They are the war in Vietnam and the "war on poverty," which may prove to be the more tenacious.

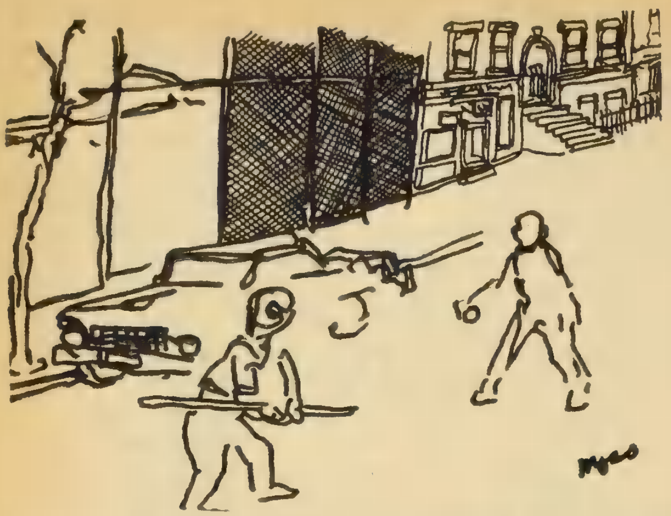
The focal point of current debate on poverty is the five-year-old Economic Opportunity Act, heralded by President Johnson as "a total war on poverty." The law, and the Office of Economic Opportunity which administers key portions of it, has proved a magnet for controversy from the very beginning. The agency's resources and powers never justified the total-war label, since it spends less than 10c of the federal anti-poverty dollar. Yet OEO has been under continued attack—by politicians as too troublesome, by militants as too tame, by liberals as too cheap, by conservatives as too expensive.

What principally makes OEO the butt of controversy is its frank commitment to "community action," which has come to mean mobilizing the poor into an effective political force which will reshape public institutions and services. As OEO's former director, Sargent Shriver, once put it, the agency's mission is "to serve the poor, to speak for the poor, to marshal America's resources on behalf of the poor." The mission has not been an unqualified success. The poor lack skills and resources to engage in middle-class modes of influence, and encouraging them to participate has been a frustrating business. When achieved, this participation has inevitably raised (in the words of one Congressman) "ugly problems of the political establishment."

Broadly speaking, there are three stratagems for aiding the poor. One is to provide traditional services—job training, some medical care, etc.—designed and administered by professionals. A more radical solution is to redistribute incomes through some such massive commitment as family allowances or negative income tax. The third strategy is to encourage the poor to speak for themselves, on the assumption that they will use their political power to obtain economic and social parity. It is this last objective which characterizes the community action phase of OEO's work. OEO has waged war not on poverty but on the indifference which surrounds poverty—the apathy of the affluent and the passivity of the impoverished. Like all self-knowledge, the process has been painful. "Since the poor have become less invisible, for we know they are there," writes Michael Harrington, "the society has become even more guilty; now it knows its callousness."

Few Washington observers would gamble much on OEO's future. The two-year renewal granted by Congress late in 1967 runs out on June 31; Bertrand M. Harding, OEO's capable acting director, has been asked to stay on in a caretaker role. A post-election task force headed by Richard Nathan has urged "spin-off" of some OEO programs to old-line departments and agencies, and even President Johnson in his farewell State of the Union message invited Congress "to improve the administration of the poverty program by reorganizing portions of it and transferring them to other agencies." Such spin-offs would not necessarily prove fatal to OEO's mission, though they would certainly impair its budgetary leverage. What is at stake, however, is the very notion that the federal government should support the evolution of the poor into a political clientele.

The new Administration is obviously eager to discover ways to remove the political liabilities from anti-poverty programs, and the suggested solutions range from the popular Community Development Corporations to the negative income tax. Meanwhile, an open season has been declared on community action, with new scandals promising to add fire to the controversy. These attacks now include (in case anyone has yet to be told) Daniel Patrick Moynihan's new book, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. An early Great Society dropout and a respected ur-



banologist, Moynihan has the singular distinction—not lost on the press—of having helped draft the Economic Opportunity Act in 1964, and now of working in the White House to plan new urban programs for President Nixon. Moynihan can always be counted on to stir the liberal establishment, and his book has already produced a flurry of protest; but it adds credence to the feeling that community action, not to mention OEO, is in for another bad year.

Moynihan argues that the war on poverty cruelly misled the poor by promising them political muscle rather than jobs or income. His interest in family allowances, in particular, stems from his deep concern for family structure in the ghetto—a concern that is no doubt traceable to his Irish orthodoxy and his fascination with the experience of earlier waves of immigrants. But the crux of his position—and the factor which makes him so useful to the Administration—is his attack on the political component in the war on poverty.

In fact, to assume that OEO's demise would de-escalate the political conflict inherent in anti-poverty programs is itself a feat of maximum feasible misunderstanding. If OEO is scuttled, the conflict inherent in anti-poverty politics will not subside with it; and community action by any other name will still be community action. However unique OEO's mission, it was not the product of a few misguided social theoreticians or overzealous administrators. It is an integral part of the crisis in which we all find ourselves, and to understand the full measure of the predicament, one must recall the OEO experience.

Just before President Kennedy's assassination, White House advisers were looking around for new ideas which could be packaged into an anti-poverty bill. A small task force from the Council of Economic Advisers and the Budget Bureau canvassed each federal agency for ideas, and was dismayed by what turned up. Most of the agencies simply grabbed the chance to push for pet projects, some of which were already stalled on Capitol Hill. President Kennedy's aides were hampered by the fact that economists and practitioners were just beginning to rediscover poverty; tested ways of fighting it were not available in 1963 or 1964.

One proposal, however, attracted the White House planners (by now Johnson had become President). Staff members of the President's Commission on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime suggested funding local community action agencies (CAAs) which would draw up their own plans for fighting poverty. The idea was ridiculously (and deceptively) simple: it respected local prerogatives, and it solved several sticky problems. If new plans were hard to come by, the Community Action Program (CAP) neatly by-passed the dilemma: the federal government would simply hold out "a pot of money," and local people would bid for it. The Budget Bureau, always eager to shore up administrative lines and save a few dollars, saw CAP as a way of coordinating welfare spending at the local level. Only the Juvenile Delinquency people, it appears in retrospect, sensed how radical the idea really could be. Theoretical writings on the sociology of juvenile delinquency—particularly the work of Richard A. Cloward and Lloyd E. Ohlin of Columbia University—were propounding the view that reform must come, not by rehabilitating the slum-dwelling delinquent but by altering the opportunity structure of the slums. Practical work of the Ford Foundation's "Gray Areas" program (headed by Paul N. Yivisaker) and by the Juvenile Delinquency Commission was therefore directed at community reform rather than individual rehabilitation.

While Moynihan details much of this background in his account of the origins of the Act, it is important to remember that few planners in 1964, when Sargent Shriver's Task Force drafted the final legislation, understood the implications of the community action provisions in the Act's Title II. Congress displayed even less comprehension than the executive planners, and Title II became law almost without change.

As defined in the 1964 law, "community action programs" means (to quote the key phrases) a program which "mobilizes and utilizes resources, public or private, of any . . . geographical area . . . in an attack on poverty," and which "is developed, conducted, and administered with the maximum feasible participation of the residents of the areas and members of the groups served. . . ." Almost any effort to reduce poverty can be funded through CAP. Projects have included preschool and remedial education, legal aid, recreation, health services and neighborhood centers. And, of course, federal money was usually required to create the CAAs and keep them running—the only proviso being that at least 20 per cent of the budget be raised locally.

Several questions had to be resolved when the CAP section of the Act was set in action. First, how would CAAs relate to existing community institutions—including city and county governments, school systems and welfare agencies? Second, what was the meaning of "maximum feasible participation"? Underlying these was the deeper question of how much local control would be *politically* feasible in a federally funded program. The questions were intertwined, and they were pre-eminently political. "Community action has given everyone a problem from the beginning," observed Rep. Sam Gibbons (D., Fla.), floor manager of the 1966 anti-poverty bill—in what must rank as a supreme understatement.

Some legislators and local officials have always been uneasy about CAP's relations to local government. "What scares me," said Rep. Roman Pucinski, an organization Democrat from Chicago, "[is] a tendency to by-pass . . . elected officials . . . to set up . . . so-called nonprofit private organizations which have become somewhat notorious as empire builders. . . ." Democratic mayors like Richard J. Daley of Chicago and Robert F. Wagner of New York contended that CAAs should be run by city governments; Republican Mayor William F. Walsh of Syracuse went so far as to say, "If we could not have direct control of the program we would not want it." Still the hunger for federal money overrode any doubts, and the Act as passed retained its original flexibility.

Spurred by federal funds, more than 1,000 CAAs sprang up throughout the country. Most were private nonprofit agencies—umbrella groups composed of influential citizens, welfare professionals and spokesmen for the "target populations"—designed to finance actual field projects. Because CAAs could embrace "any geographical area," they traversed political boundaries with ease: some were essentially ghetto organizations, others paralleled municipal boundaries, still others (especially in rural areas) ranged over multi-county areas. Relations with "local power structure" (to use the emerging phrase) were as varied as the organizations themselves.

The first operating grants had no more than gone out, however, when the cry of "by-passing City Hall" began to show political urgency. The central event was the battle over political registration in Syracuse. In February, 1965, OEO funded an experimental political-action training program, sponsored by Syracuse University, to train political organizers and instigate field work in slum areas. To Republican Mayor Walsh the program looked suspiciously like a drive to register Democratic voters—about 2,500 of them. By mid-1965 several influential Democratic mayors were having similar trouble with CAAs and, led by Mayor Daley, they stormed into Washington to confer with Vice President Humphrey, who assured them he would instruct OEO on the facts of life.

Thus ambushed, Shriver saw little choice but to make peace with City Hall. Militants and pragmatists in the ranks of his advisers had been at loggerheads from the start; now the militants began to depart and the agency came increasingly under the influence of old Washington hands. The Syracuse grant was terminated and its militants instructed to work through the Mayor's Crusade for Opportunity, the local CAA. Détentes were reached in Chicago, Newark and other cities, and in early 1966 it was revealed that OEO was giving numerous mayors an informal veto over CAP projects. The Conference of Mayors, which had agitated for City Hall control of CAAs, now became one of OEO's staunchest allies.

While relations with local politicians improved markedly after 1966, CAP continued to be politically vulnerable. John Kenneth Galbraith once observed that "*whenever* you spend money on behalf of the poor you get into trouble." Certainly community action was scandal prone. Home-town CAA recruits were unfamiliar with federal fiscal practices and often became hopelessly mired in funding irregularities; some questionable programs were undertaken—a racist theatre group in Harlem, Black Power classes in Tennessee; and some activities were simply misinterpreted, as when a local training officer who purchased surplus gun sights to use for microscopes was accused of providing arms for the poor. Moreover, it was impossible for the CAAs to be effective without putting *some* prominent citizen's nose out of joint: consumer education inevitably stirs up landlords and merchants, and neighborhood workers necessarily flirt with political activism in performing their duties.

Congressional harassment of OEO therefore persisted long after the agency had made its peace with local officialdom. In the fall of 1967, Congress petulantly voted to exclude OEO employees from a general salary increase for government workers, then refused the usual continuing resolution permitting OEO to operate at the previous year's budget level pending new authorization. For two weeks, OEO was literally without funds and had to discontinue expiring projects. That Congress had misread the national situation became apparent when CAA clienteles—including many local politicians—raised a cry about imperiled programs, among them many of the popular Head Start projects. Before it adjourned, Congress funded OEO for two more years and passed an amendment giving local governments authority to designate CAA organizations. Sponsored by OEO's unpredictable critic, Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.), the provision was dubbed the "bosses and boll-weevil" amendment because both big city and Southern Democrats could support the bill, on the assumption that local prerogatives would henceforth be protected.

Little has changed under the Green amendment, a fact that confirms how adroitly the bulk of CAAs have handled their relations with City Hall. Of the 1,012 CAAs now in existence, only thirty-four (less than 4 per cent) were run by public agencies before 1967. Under the Green amendment, another twenty-five are being taken over by public agencies. Some 94 per cent remain private nonprofit organizations.

In point of fact, the formal status of CAAs is not the best measure of their relations with "local influentials." Typically, CAAs were formed by a mayor's committee or a coalition of traditional welfare officials; and the Green amendment now requires that up to one-third of the seats on CAA governing boards be allocated to elected or appointive public officials. Sometimes a mayor exerts a firm hand, as with Chicago's Committee for Urban Opportunity; sometimes—as in Oakland, and at one time Syracuse and San Francisco—the CAA coexists with local authorities in a state of high tension. But in between lies a vast majority of CAAs which have reached a workable accommodation with old-line politicians and welfarists.

The charge that community action has been unrelentingly hostile to local government is a hangover from OEO's first year or so, when the agency's militant faction was in its heyday. Even then, the lurid tales of "war on City Hall" were at best true of only a few of the 1,012 CAAs. Syracuse was such a battleground, as were some activities of New York's Mobilization for Youth. Moynihan bases his criticisms on these two areas—hardly what social scientists would call a valid sample.

The more frequent criticism of OEO today is quite the opposite: that it knuckled under too readily to political pressures, that it too quickly retreated from its mission of (to borrow a phrase from Saul Alinsky) "rubbing raw the sores of discontent." Some of these critics, professing that extremism in the defense of the disadvantaged is no vice, would measure OEO's success precisely by the number of sores it rubs.

That OEO is subject to such diametrically opposed evaluation is evidence of the tightrope the agency has walked in the past five years. Being, after all, a product of public largess, OEO had to come to terms with established institutions, without whose experience and political influence the war on poverty would have ended long ago. As one OEO evaluation put it, the agency has pursued "a limited form of pressure and antagonism [which is] preferable to extremes of vehement antagonism or docility."

It is here that OEO's second great dilemma—involvement of the poor in decision making—becomes germane. The Economic Opportunity Act speaks not of the poor but of "residents of the areas and the groups served." Nor does it say the poor should run anti-poverty programs; its words, if anyone can forget them, are "maximum feasible participation"—an expression which, like "all deliberate speed," encourages diverse interpretations. As with CAP itself, there was no consensus within OEO as to what it required.

SAGSOORIAN

Again OEO was torn between powerful forces. Mayors and welfare professionals maintained, in the words of Nashville's Mayor, that "you can't have unqualified people running good programs." Radical militants defined participation as control. OEO as usual had to chart an unpopular middle course. "We have no intention," Shriver said, "of letting any one group, even the poor themselves, run the programs. That's not *community* action."

The law could be honored without having a single low-income person on the local CAA board, and at first CAP loans failed to specify criteria for including the poor in decision making. OEO then began sponsoring local elections for target-area representation on CAA boards. In the first year of CAP about a dozen cities held such elections, but turn-outs were disappointing; voter participation ranged from a low of 1 per cent to a high of 5 per cent of those eligible. Lacking middle-class habits of political involvement, lacking issues or party labels or inspiring candidates, taught by experience that the ballot box is no remedy, the poor were not prepared to go to the polls in force. Involvement could not be achieved overnight.

Working from another angle, OEO began to require informally that at least a third of the members of local CAA boards be poor people or their representatives. OEO was somewhat reluctant to stipulate guidelines; inflexible requirements would smell like dictation from Washington and would foredoom some CAAs in the South. But failure to maintain these standards would expose OEO to charges of "welfare colonialism." The issue was settled when Congress wrote the one-third rule into the 1966 amendments to the law.

To lay a groundwork for long-term participation, however, OEO had to rely on the programs themselves. Activists in and out of the agency tried to push CAP into funding projects that would encourage political education, but these often rebounded. Good locally initiated plans being hard to come by, and many being politically risky, CAP has increasingly backed safe, popular "national-emphasis" programs like Head Start. But more subtle devices were geared to the same objective: lobbying for a voice for the poor in policy making; funding projects—such as legal aid, neighborhood centers, or consumer education—which produce skills needed for participation; and hiring and upgrading the poor in CAA operations.

Thus CAP has helped create a large cadre of disadvantaged citizens who are educated in their rights and knowledgeable about techniques of influence. In assessing the first two years of CAP's experience, William C. Selover, a close journalistic observer, found that in the forty cities he surveyed "poor people . . . have gained a foothold in running many local anti-poverty programs." Nor is the full legacy of CAP limited to the program itself: many poor people who received their initial civic education in CAAs later "graduated" to a host of action groups.

It is not easy to evaluate OEO's success in organizing the poor. Five years is a short span, and the full dividends—or deficits—of OEO's work will not be known for some time. Moreover, social scientists have yet to develop precise yardsticks for the political impact of programs. Finally, it is next to impossible to relate CAP to the broad political movements of the 1960s, including the rise and demise of the civil rights movement, the upsurge of Black Power, and the ghetto riots.

Moynihan purports to find a conjunction between community action and urban unrest—although the first riots, in Moynihan's home city of New York, flared up before the federal programs were operating. "The seven-year span that had seen the establishment of Community Action programs in over one thousand American cities," he writes, ". . . had witnessed also a rise of internal conflict and violence that in truth was without precedent in American experience." No direct causal linkage of the two facts is warranted, and one wonders what other observer would attribute so much punch to OEO.

OEO officials, despite their past reputation for glowing press agentry, are circumspect in evaluating CAP's influence for institutional change. A recent internal memorandum describing some preliminary findings concludes that "CAP is not a powerhouse, but it is not insignificant." Based on assessments by observers in forty-seven sample locales, the study found favorable developments in almost all cities; in nearly two-thirds of the cases, CAAs played some role. This evidence hardly implicates OEO in urban riots; given the limitations of publicly funded efforts, it does permit the modest conclusion that OEO has been a useful catalytic agent.

The experience of the war on poverty, or at least the community action phase of it, should not be overlooked by President Nixon's poverty planners. The basic lesson is certainly that political action is an inevitable component or consequence of all anti-poverty programs. Any attempt to aid the poor raises fundamental issues of citizenship and political influence. Localized control of programs—to the extent that the local representatives in Washington will allow it—reinforces rather than removes this political content.

A case in point is the Community Self-Determination bill. Under this scheme, target-area residents would buy shares in Community Development Corporations, which in turn would run subsidiary businesses and administer social services. The federal government would underwrite the CDCs, first by purchasing nonvoting stock, then by tax incentives and perhaps supplemental grants. The plan is complicated, and there is reason to question its economic feasibility. But, probably because it is untried, it is enormously popular—thirty-four Senators and forty-eight Representatives of both parties supported it in the 90th Congress, and President Nixon has endorsed it. Not only does the CDC idea (often linked with "black capitalism") appear to remove the politics from anti-poverty programs; it offers instead the orthodox image of the poor helping themselves by becoming capitalists. But if the CDCs are really permitted to be indigenous institutions, they will inevitably become involved in community action. They will then pose the same problems in their relations with local governments, welfare professionals and politicians as have the CAAs.

Whatever the virtues of local control, the history of CAP shows that politicians—conservative no less than liberal—do not dare to permit it. Their instincts are not necessarily wrong, but they are frequently misdirected. There is too much mythologizing of "grass-roots democracy," when in fact local control has often meant the institutionalization of local prejudices. If as a general proposition we are prepared to give social services back to local groups, are we prepared to choose between Mayor Daley and the Blackstone Rangers? And are we able to require that either, or both, meet certain standards in doing their own thing with federal money? As a supplier of capital and the protector of rights, the federal government cannot and should not remain wholly neutral; it must determine to whom the money shall go, and under what terms. Despite inevitable repercussions from all sides, tough political decisions must continue to be made about what the society can or cannot support.

Anti-poverty politics cannot be purged from anti-poverty programs. Nixon's planners, no less messianic in their own way than the Shriver warriors of 1964, seem determined to avoid discordant politics, buy off the discontents, and turn the angry rioters into middle-class capitalists. But the history of OEO shows how visionary such hopes are. By all the omens, the fighting will get a lot hotter before the war is won.

CALIFORNIA

WHY THE COLLEGES BLEW UP

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La Jolla

The campus revolts of recent months cannot be understood as just one more wave of student rebelliousness, though the world-wide movement sets some of the temper and style. Nor can the militancy in the California State Colleges system be adequately explained by ethnic minority problems, though they are real and often ignite the disruptions. Something much larger, including the revealed illegitimacy of contemporary authority, informs the rebellions. And something quite specific, including the state of California's ambitious program to give a mediocre and stratified higher education to almost everyone, raises new currents of insurrection.

Endemic discontents in the California State Colleges reached an insurrectionary stage in the fall of 1968. In November, some thousands of students at San Francisco State College went on strike. They were led by ethnic minority groups protesting the autocratic suspension of a black English instructor (who was also a Black Panther minister) and demanding an ambitious black and brown counter-racist program. In early January, some hundreds of faculty, partly organized into a union and angered by the attempted suppression of the student strike as well as by their own grievances, created a parallel strike which closed down about three-quarters of campus activity. Hundreds of professors are in the process of being fired and hundreds of students have been arrested.

A little later, an unsuccessful sympathy strike at San Jose State College resulted in the firing of twenty-eight professors. Protests, disruptions, violence and mass ar-

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rests, often organized around Afro-American and Mexican-American demands, repeatedly occurred on other campuses, one of them being San Fernando Valley State College in suburban Los Angeles. Student rallies and black ultimatums, faculty picketing and brief strikes, took place on at least nine other campuses. While protests similar in style but usually of lesser duration also occurred at universities and local junior colleges, there seem to be especially good reasons for the recent state college furors. These upheavals also uncover more general problems of American institutional containment.

The California State College system, with nineteen campuses, 10,000 professors and more than 200,000 students, has swollen into one of the largest academic bureaucracies in the world. Grubby sibling of the prestigious University of California (which has nine campuses, half the total enrollment, but about two and a half times as much money per student), the state colleges generously exist to provide free academic preparation for much of the lower-middle class. With a mixture of good intentions, social blindness and ambitious political manipulation, California established in the early 1960s a Master Plan of Higher Education which structured social class differences, and hence bigotry and other repressions, into a three-tiered system of public academic institutions. Before that, the University of California had accepted students from the arbitrarily defined "top one-third" of native high school graduates. But the rapid expansion of the technocratic and status education provided by the university was felt by many powerful people to be both expensive and vaguely threatening.

The university, with self-interested encouragement from private higher education and other tax-fearful and prudent groups, compromised its expansion in exchange for buttery treatment. Its cream became the top 12.5 per cent, the milky remainder of the top third being poured into the state colleges, those incoherent jumbles of semi-liberal arts programs, trade training centers and former "normal schools." This autocratic but inefficient system was intended to provide white middle-class education at less than half the per-student university expense to the state. And even the underclasses were to receive benevolent, if cut-rate, academic inculcation. The social and cultural minorities, who largely and necessarily fall within the "lower two-thirds" of graduates from the middle class and competitive and authoritarian high schools, were to be skimmed into the lowest tier—those fancied-up super high schools, the local two-year "community colleges." But something started curdling.

By a strange but usually unquestioned logic, the California Master Plan not only re-enforced social and racial class differences but provided the least funding and concern for those students and social groups who needed the most. Effort and quality in higher education were roughly proportionate to privilege in the society, not to need and potential. Resentment, frequently displaced against "trouble-making" students and professors, became widespread. Investigations were launched, appropriations for higher education cut, bond issues for university and college expansion defeated: bumbling rant against the campuses became stock political oratory. Actually, the stratified system operates confusedly, which may be its major virtue. As I learned by teaching at both the main campus of the university and at one of the largest of the state colleges (a procedure usually forbidden in California by an elaborate educational snobbery), much of the most incompetent teaching and nastiest anti-intellectual bureaucratization is to be found in the university. Nevertheless, many of the negative effects of class-stratified education continue to be pervasive.

At present, they bear most heavily on the state colleges, which have not only been legislated into second-rate education but also seem most vulnerable to economic reprisal and ideological attack by pressure groups and state officials. Though rightists also assault the university, it retains some considerable autonomy because of its traditional status and its service to, and partial funding by, the national technostructure and the military. The junior colleges are under local control and retain some petty autonomy, though hardly anyone takes them seriously as more than custodial institutions. The state colleges carry on the main work of technical training and indoctrination for submissive service in the middle ranges of corporate and state hierarchies. Thus the righteous control.

To those who know them, California's State Colleges seem not as bad as they should, and might well, be. Yet being neither quite academic halls nor entirely custodial playpens, their half-benevolent confusions encourage dissatisfaction rather than gratitude. In the state colleges, mediocrity is the end as well as the rule. A mean and muddled bureaucracy, chronically short of everything from mimeograph paper to auditoriums, and constitutionally unable to treat professors and students in the university style for which they yearn (registration is always a hassle, sabbaticals are rare, programming is uncertain, procedure is usually slow and petty), manages in the end to irritate everyone.

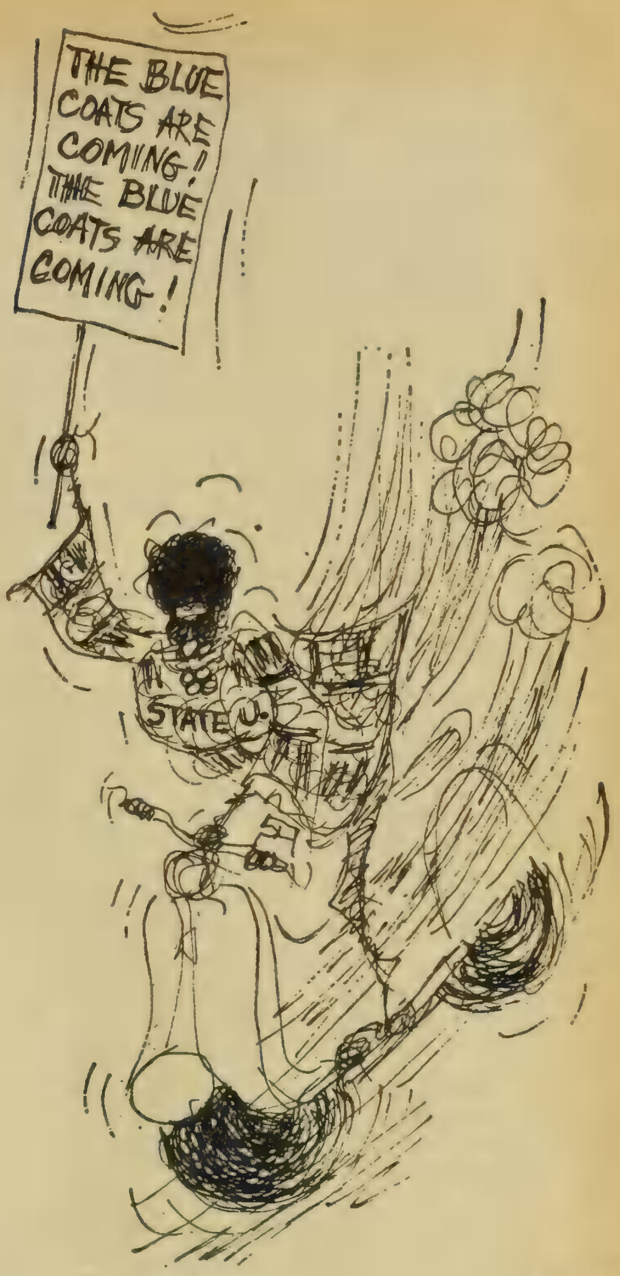
And now the minorities are the most irritated of all. Newly self-conscious black and brown students constitute disproportionately small numbers in the state colleges. For example, before the master plan took effect, San Francisco State apparently enrolled about 11 per cent ethnic minority students, which was somewhat below the community proportion. Now it enrolls about 3 per cent. The blacks and browns recognize the structural bigotry in institutions, which don't merit much respect anyway; and so they angrily demand change and more change.

The intellectual faculty, which takes a similar stand, is another small minority. These heterogeneous colleges carry heavy ballast against internal reform, including a large anti-intellectual emphasis upon schools of education, business administration, industrial arts and other sub-academic services which, in programs and faculty and students, encourage protective imitation of universities of a generation ago and a fearful academic conservatism. The state colleges also systematically perpetuate resistance to change by recruiting faculty only at the bottom, and by a civil service stylization (minus legal tenure). Because of inefficiency and a very rapid expansion, however, the colleges failed to screen out an intellectual minority which now germinates discontent. One can almost sympathize with the super janitors who run the colleges: knowing that the system intentionally excluded intellectual ferment and social experimentation and academic quality, they are perplexed as to what the dissident faculty and students are doing within their institutions. In the state colleges, as so often in America, intermittent freedom and quality result not from official purpose and order but from inefficiencies and contradictions.

In the early sixties, the minority faculty in the state colleges slowly started to unionize. They now constitute a College Council of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) with sixteen locals and a membership a bit less than 20 per cent of the system's faculty. Committed to activism in deliberate contrast to the ineffectively genteel American Association of University Professors, to the servile state employee organizations, and to the pedantic professional associations, the union deviates considerably from usual professorial attitudes. The membership, rather weighted with the younger and often more intellectually active faculty in the social sciences and humanities, certainly does not reflect the stock personnel of the system. Now, in two colleges (and threatening in several others), the unionized professors have done the really exceptional and gone on strike.

Striking college professors seem to arouse even more discomfort in the citizenry than striking police and priests. To the stolid, including a majority of colleagues, dissident professors may be indulged in their oddities of intellectual criticism and moral gesture only if they do not flaunt them in the everyday world. It is strange, for a picket line of professors shuts down very little. Much of the better education at striking San Francisco State continued outside the classrooms.

At first, the union emphasized the traditional issues: salary, teaching load, leaves and, adopting the not altogether appropriate industrial model, "collective bargaining." That last was a moderate demand for the rule of law within the institutions, of mutually binding regulations mutually agreed upon, rather than the continued arbitrary rule of men (administrators, trustees and the congenitally intruding California politicians). But the extremity of events partly took over: the reduction of pay by trustee fiat in the middle of the year (senior ranks in all colleges); the censorship from the top of art exhibits and theatre productions (Long Beach State and Fullerton State); the autocratic suspension or dismissal of faculty (San Francisco State and Fresno State); and, most recently, the firing of ostensibly tenured professors for striking (San Jose State and San Francisco State). Other troubles have included the state's drastic reduction of funding in spite of overcrowding, frequent attempts at reprisals against the "liberal bias" in the colleges, and the generally authoritarian and unresponsive businessmen-trustees and bureaucrats who admit little faculty or student prerogative. Under these conditions, "collective bargaining" becomes, uncertainly, wistfully, something larger; a demand for autonomy, for self-government, for faculty-student power, for major change. Further pushed by student radicalism and its repression, the union's bread-and-butter concerns have expanded into social and political issues. Then, quite without precedent in America, the *faculty* strike at San Francisco State (and the grievances elsewhere) formally insists that radical student demands "must be resolved and implementation assured."


THE BLUE COATS ARE COMING! THE BLUE COATS ARE COMING!
STATE U.

Pat Fink

That stand smacks of political syndicalism, but the vagueness also indicates the unionized professor's uncertainty. The college locals somewhat embarrassedly obscure the radicalism. (For example, at San Diego State College I wrote two versions of our official—and officially ignored—grievances: one, for campus distribution, emphasized student demands and social and educational change; the other used the more narrow union jargon of "job security" and "working conditions," and was designed to elicit support from the outside and strike sanctions from the local labor council.) What claimed to be a rather traditional union of public employees took on some tones of political syndicalism, just as what had been student rebellions became more fully rationalized student-faculty insurrections. This shift has not yet occurred in other American institutions. Finally, the refusal of any negotiation by the paternalistic authorities has probably raised the collective purpose of the dissenting beyond what can be bargained for in this society.

The shrewder officials recognize that the current insurrections inherently push beyond employee grievances and youthful rebelliousness. Almost everyone in official power, even the ostensibly "liberal," resists control of the community of scholars by, as well as for, that community, and blames all problems on the blacks, the SDS militants and the now radical-intellectual seeming union. The organized blacks persist in their demands to set the standards of admission for minorities, which means redefining the educational class structure. And they insist on self-determining power over their rather synthetic ethnic studies schools and black (or brown) studies departments. The unionized professors more euphemistically demand faculty "due process," college "autonomy" and procedures which would reduce the administrators to their proper functions as hired help and the wealthy businessmen-trustees to a committee of liaison with the financing legislature. Apparently those in power sense that all these student and faculty demands might ultimately lead to communal control in the institutions, and lead to more direct democracy in the offices and factories and streets of America.

The party of order in California takes up the challenge in vehement style. Gov. Ronald Reagan regularly and righteously makes large ideological pronouncements about the campuses, avoiding the more usual American politics of accommodation by insisting that there will be "no compromise," not even any "negotiations," with the insurgent students and professors. One can easily mock Reagan's theatrical rhetoric, his cosmeticized face and mind, as when he denounces the rebels as "anarchists" and "Fascists" (in the same sentence) and declares that he will "maintain education in California" at "the point of a bayonet." However, he knows what, and whom, he serves. In the quaint diction now characteristic of American authoritarianism, Reagan repeats to great applause his slogan that "higher education is not a right but a privilege." This is social nonsense, given the current American piety about formal education (and its ritualistic necessity for jobs, social place and even personal identity), but it has the real meaning that the economically privileged shall keep full power over education and withdraw its access from the socially and politically unsubmissive. Inevitably, then, the insurrections in the colleges become part of a larger ideological struggle.

Reagan's smugly manipulative straw boss of the state colleges, Chancellor Glen Dumke, denounces the "trouble-making few faculty who cause the problems." The Governor's shrewdly clownish chief cop at San Francisco State, Acting President S. I. Hayakawa, alternates denunciations of the "handful" of striking professors who "read such magazines as . . . *The Nation* and encourage students in their alienation," and projective vituperation against the "Nazism" of a "little minority of revolutionary students out to destroy society." These educationist brothers in arms of the notorious State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Max Rafferty (who also sits on the State College Board of Trustees), distort the facts as well as ignore the basic issues. Disinterested estimates indicate that about 40 per cent of the 900 faculty and a probable plurality of the 18,000 students at San Francisco State provided significant support for the strike in January. However, these officials may ultimately be right in their simple political arithmetic. Insurgent professors and students run a course which probably assumes an impossible degree of support. Exacerbated circumstances at San Francisco State, including violent repression of the students' strike and the crass failure of traditional academic liberalism to show any relevance to such provocations as faculty firings, temporarily allowed militancy a major role. But the gritty realities of the state colleges and their rightist officials, and a generally hostile and misinformed public, suggest that students and faculty cannot really achieve the radicalization which the logic of their efforts requires.

Against the odds of massive police force, intransigent officials and public antagonism, insurrection requires a mystique to carry on the arduous struggle. That explains much of the style of the rebellious movements everywhere, including the pure disruptiveness and overcooked rhetoric. What continues to justify the dissidents may be seen in the very harshness of the authorities. Further sanction comes from the now evident contradiction between the rhetoric of generously offering higher education to vast numbers and the reality of arbitrarily reducing it by outmoded bookkeeping, class stratifications, ideological impositions and autocratic control and force. A half-benevolent order loses all legitimacy. While the programs and ideas of the insurrectionists often appear appallingly thin, change in itself becomes the goal. Against the prevailing meaningless power, change promises to liberate energy, to transform fatuous order, to affirm life itself. In their desperate hopefulness, the rebels may also reveal the failures of a dubious education and a dreary middle-class life style.

The hard-shelled system of bureaucratic indoctrination called higher education would like to expel its irritants, its minorities of black militants and Yippy-ized dissidents and radical intellectuals. Reaganism would probably like sooner or later to chance a showdown, betting on warped populist support by an "outraged public" and its ability to manipulate the myth of a "silent majority" opposed to all humane change. The aim would be a final reduction of such dangerously mixed systems as the California colleges and universities to tamed custodial institutions, and the freezing of large sections of society into repressive mediocrity.

But rightism may also get by with concessions to the minorities, and some further process of attrition against other dissidents and against autonomous education. The very differences of style between insurgent students and professors suggest the method for splitting, and thus containing, the protest. Surely broad conditions and consciousness for truly radical changes do not yet exist. Even very well-intentioned people express "grave doubts" that higher education provides the proper place, and that this is the proper time—is there ever one?—for the social experimentation required for the institutions to relate meaningfully to the underclasses, and to give real quality and liberation to mass higher education. An expansive higher educational system which promises much but performs by heightening the old class and caste restraints, and enforces a new mediocrity and repression, generates hardly answerable discontents. Reasonably moderate men offer few alternatives, in or out of the colleges, to an arbitrary and increasingly illegitimate social order. Insurrection in the California state college system, including political syndicalism among the faculty and the demands for a community of change among the students, points to radical possibilities. That is why it is so bitterly fought, but no one can be sanguine about the probable results.

THE NEW FEMINISTS

JO FREEMAN

Miss Freeman, a free-lance writer and photographer, is currently compiling a book of readings on the women's liberation movement.

Chicago

When the Nineteenth Amendment became part of the Constitution on August 26, 1920, the nation thought it had washed its hands of "this woman business." Almost fifty years later the granddaughters of those suffragettes are declaring that the business is unfinished. Consciousness that women are still second-class citizens has been growing at least since President Kennedy established the Commission on the Status of Women in 1961. Created at the urging of Esther Peterson of the Women's Bureau and Eleanor Roosevelt, the commission in its short life came out with several reports documenting just how thoroughly women are still denied many rights and opportunities. A citizen's advisory council and fifty state commissions continue to gather such information.

Data from the Department of Labor outline the present situation: One-third of all women work and one-third of all workers are women, but women are disproportionately concentrated in the underpaid and menial jobs. As a result, the median income of white women employed full time is lower than that of Negro men employed full time. Needless to say, the median income of black women, discriminated against for both race and sex, is lower still. This situation prevails although the median education of both groups of women is higher than that of their male counterparts. Their unemployment rate is also higher.

Even within the same occupations, the median income of women employees runs 50 to 60 per cent that of men. Only twenty-five states have laws that dictate equal pay for equal work, and these are not vigorously enforced. Lower pay for women is justified by the general belief that theirs is a luxury income, which supplements that of their husbands. Yet 35 per cent of all women of marriageable age are not married, and Department of Labor studies show that, married or not, most women who work do so from economic necessity. In fact, more than one-fifth of the 65 million women in this country, aged 16 and over, live in poverty. Ten per cent of the nation's families are headed by a woman, but 40 per cent of the families classified as poor have female heads.

The wage situation is exacerbated by the fact that forty-three states limit the number of hours a woman can work—generally to eight per day. Passed at the turn of the century in an attempt to curb sweatshop exploitation, this "protective" legislation prevents women from earning overtime pay or from promotion to jobs in which overtime is likely. As Governor Rockefeller remarked in a speech last year, the laws are "more often protective of men."

These economic facts of life have for a long time been softened by the belief that "things are getting better." But in reality, while the percentage of women in the labor force increases steadily, the gap between the incomes of full-time men and women workers has been widening at the rate of .5 per cent a year for at least fifteen years.

According to Mary Keyserling, former director of the Women's Bureau, "occupationally, women are relatively more disadvantaged today than they were twenty-five years ago. In 1940 they held 45 per cent of all professional and technical positions. Currently they hold only 37 per cent. This deterioration has occurred despite the increase in women's share of total employment over the same period and the rising number of women who enroll in and graduate from institutions of higher education."

For fifteen to twenty years after women were given the vote their participation in every field expanded rapidly. Then, in the late thirties and forties the reaction set in and the era of the "feminine mystique" began. This course parallels the experience of the black man after the passage of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments: Negroes enjoyed a wide expansion of opportunities during Reconstruction; then the imposition of Jim Crow laws created a new form of slavery.

And like the Negro, women have once again begun to revolt. Two major feminist organizations have formed within the last two and a half years. In 1966, the National Organization for Women (NOW) was created under the slogan, "full equality for women in truly equal partnership with men." It is a top-down structure with an office in Washington. Its some 2,500 members are primarily career women, women whose families are grown and no longer occupy most of their time, and some sympathetic men.

The second feminist group is not exactly an organization, but a loose confederation of about seventy-five "sister chapters" spread across most of the United States and Canada. It has no national structure but does mail a newsletter from Chicago. The groups attract primarily young, white, college-educated, middle-class women. Many have been involved in the various social-action projects of recent years and women in different cities, largely unknown to one another, had met quietly for months to analyze their perpetual secondary roles in what has become known as "the Movement." About a year ago they discovered one another and since then their ranks have been growing at a rapid clip.

These feminists call themselves "radical women" and call the new surge of feminism the "women's liberation movement." They object to the term "the woman question" on the ground that the only question is that of women's liberation. (For brevity, I shall refer to the groups as the Women's Liberation Front (WLF.)

According to the WLF, liberation goes far beyond gaining more rights. It is dedicated to a total restructuring of society, much as is the New Left, and is not content simply to integrate women into male-defined goals and values. And it is adamant that any new society must destroy the social definition of women as sex objects whose major function is the care and maintenance of men and their children.

The WLF bars men from membership and meetings, and in general ignores them. Like the Black Power movement, from which it draws many ideas, it feels that women must run their own show. The ban on men is also tactical, since radical women have learned that female discussions are more open and honest when there are no males about.

With a few extreme exceptions, the women are not separatists, but they do see men as agents of an exploitative society and feel that women must organize for their own liberation. As one militant put it, "Men will not liberate women; women must free themselves. They have waited too long as it is. Now the largest minority group is getting angry. Women are tired of working for everyone's liberation except their own."

When the WLF held its first national conference last fall, bringing together almost 200 women from twenty states and Canada on less than a month's notice, the first thing it did was ask the press to report none of the proceedings. Despite this scorn of publicity, the WLF has grown rapidly by taking advantage of the infrastructure that has been built up by the civil rights and student movements, the underground press and the free universities. To date it has been largely underground, but in the last few months has begun to emerge into sight. Radical women have joined with NOW members to boycott the Colgate-Palmolive company for its discriminatory employment practices; they picketed *The New York Times* until it "desexigated" its want ads. The WLF disrupted the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, demonstrated at a tea given by Mrs. Nixon before the inauguration, and has given headaches to almost all New Left organizations by refusing to continue to do the bulk of their flunky work. It was also one of the sponsors of the three-day First National Conference on Abortion Laws which began in Chicago on Valentine's Day.

One offshoot has been WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), a women's guerrilla theatre group which extols the "evil" qualities of women. WITCH made its first appearance last Halloween when a coven (thirteen) danced down Wall Street in full costume to hex the financiers. The stock market dropped five points the next day, and WITCH has been expanding its activities ever since. Its other major targets have been the University of Chicago Sociology Department and the Chicago Transit Authority. A national assault on the Playboy Clubs is planned.

Only a few radical women are involved in WITCH, but it exemplifies the style of the new movement. Partially because it is dealing with more subtle forms of discrimination than Jim Crow laws and partially because typical protest tactics are seen as rather shopworn, the WLF prefers flashy actions. It likes to do what it calls "violating the reality structure" by parodying the typical sex roles. More ordinary actions such as picketing are not disparaged, but the WLF leans toward what it calls "consciousness raising" activities.

A good deal of woman consciousness was raised recently in a dispute at the University of Chicago when the Sociology Department chose not to reappoint the first woman to teach under its aegis in nineteen years. The dismissal of Marlene Dixon, assistant professor of Human Development and Sociology, and an active feminist, stimulated massive protests of students who wanted to retain her and to attain student representation on faculty hiring and promotion committees. The local WLF group, WRAP (Women's Radical Action Project) was also protesting the university's general attitude toward women students. They objected to advisers who recommend marriage instead of a continued academic career, and teachers who disparage women as a group in class or who see their women students primarily as sex objects. They demanded that the more restrictive dormitory rules for women be abolished.

WRAP is the most militant of about two dozen campus groups, primarily graduate students, who have organized special seminars to study women because they found that their regular classes ignored the subject. These women have also begun to appraise their own future job prospects against the fact that positions for women with Ph.D.s are rather scarce, particularly at the major universities.

NOW has been devoting its energies, meanwhile, to several court cases and the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission. Set up to handle complaints of race discrimination, the EEOC was totally unprepared to deal with the flood of complaints of sex discrimination that ensued after Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act was passed. "Sex" was put into the bill as a joke by octogenarian Rep. Howard W. Smith of Virginia, and since then that little word has gone on to plague the agency.

According to Rep. Martha W. Griffiths of Michigan, the EEOC "started out by casting disrespect and ridicule on the law." She later decided that their "wholly negative attitude toward the sex provisions of Title VII" had changed—for the worse.

After several years of pressure by NOW and other groups, the EEOC decided the women were serious and even entitled to some of the same rights which the law gave to Negroes. Although the relevant section of the Civil Rights Act had clearly prohibited discrimination in employment on the basis of an "individual's race, color, religion, sex or national origin," the EEOC had maintained that, while this meant newspapers could not segregate want ads by race, they might still do so by sex.

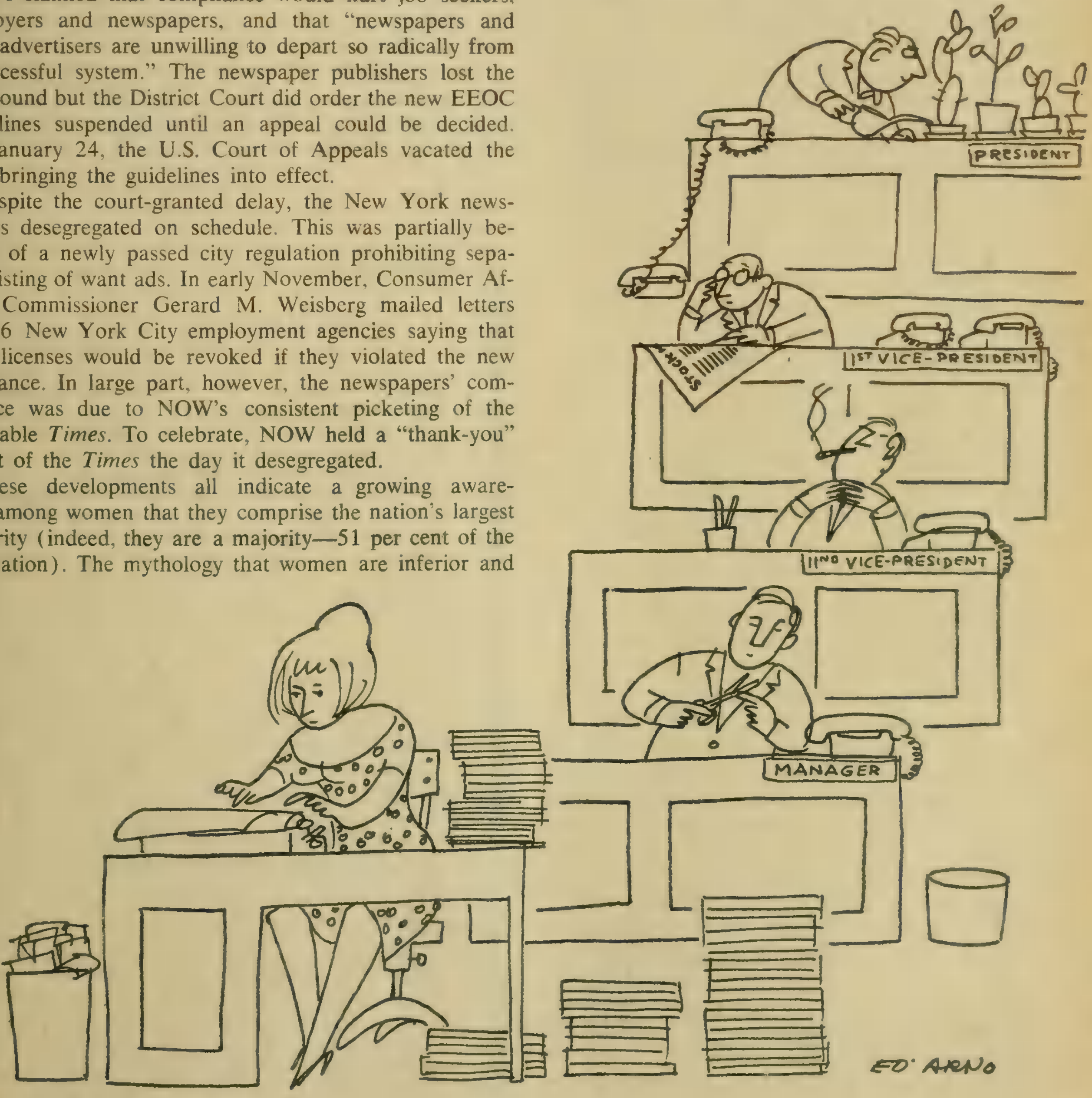
Last August, the commission changed its ruling and ordered newspapers to desegregate their want ads by December 1, 1968. The American Newspaper Publishers Association and the Washington *Star* promptly filed suit. ANPA claimed that compliance would hurt job seekers, employers and newspapers, and that "newspapers and their advertisers are unwilling to depart so radically from a successful system." The newspaper publishers lost the first round but the District Court did order the new EEOC guidelines suspended until an appeal could be decided. On January 24, the U.S. Court of Appeals vacated the stay, bringing the guidelines into effect.

Despite the court-granted delay, the New York newspapers desegregated on schedule. This was partially because of a newly passed city regulation prohibiting separate listing of want ads. In early November, Consumer Affairs Commissioner Gerard M. Weisberg mailed letters to 956 New York City employment agencies saying that their licenses would be revoked if they violated the new ordinance. In large part, however, the newspapers' compliance was due to NOW's consistent picketing of the venerable *Times*. To celebrate, NOW held a "thank-you" picket of the *Times* the day it desegregated.

These developments all indicate a growing awareness among women that they comprise the nation's largest minority (indeed, they are a majority—51 per cent of the population). The mythology that women are inferior and need to be protected by men went out with the mythology about the superiority of the "Aryan" race. But the *Kinder, Küche* and *Kirche* philosophy that it supported has not entirely receded. It has only been transformed into more sophisticated terms.

With increased prosperity, increased education, and increased freedom from unplanned pregnancies, women have been moving out of the home and into the world in greater and greater numbers. Men have welcomed them; but only if they abided in their place as assistants to men. The attitude is that of what Caroline Bird calls "the New Masculinists." They are all "for updating women's traditional role, providing their jobs don't change the lives of men."

This attitude is reflected in an occupational structure which refuses to admit more than a token number of women to major positions and almost none at all to jobs where they would have authority over men. While doing research for her book, *Born Female: The High Cost of*



Keeping Women Down, Caroline Bird interviewed several hundred "successful" women and discovered that almost every one of them had either made it through a loophole or was significantly better qualified than the men in comparable positions. *Harvard Business Review* once decided to do a survey of opportunities for women as business executives. They concluded that there were hardly any. Scan the masthead of any magazine or the faculty listings of any university catalog: the higher you look, the fewer women there are.

Chemical and Engineering News made a study of chemists' salaries last fall which showed that, with seniority held constant, women with Ph.D.s made less than men with only B.A.s. James J. White recently compared all the women who graduated from law school in the last ten years with a similar group of male law graduates. With every variable he could think of controlled, the figures still showed that a year after graduation the average man earned 20 per cent more than the average woman and that ten years later he earned 200 per cent more.

The general attitude toward women is also solidly enshrined in law, which reflects the English common law tradition that "the husband and wife are as one and that one is the husband." In many states, a woman's income and property are under the control of her husband. In most states she cannot use her maiden name if her husband objects, or maintain a separate domicile for tax and voting purposes.

Study after study has shown that children are not harmed by the fact that their mothers work (that, on the contrary, they frequently benefit), but employed mothers are still made to feel that they are shirking their maternal responsibilities. Because the United States is the only industrialized nation in the world which does not provide public child-care services, women whose income is less than $1,500 must pay out most of it in baby-sitting fees.

This egregious situation has gone unnoticed by all but a few because the culture has never been particularly interested in what happened to women as a group. As Gunnar Myrdal once commented, America's values and concerns are those of the white male. In a little noted Appendix to his monumental study of the American Negro, he wrote that when a legal status had to be found for Negro slaves in the 17th century, "the nearest and most natural analogy was the status of women." Progress in the emancipation of both groups has been parallel ever since.

What has also been parallel is the attempt by society to stereotype both groups. The Masters and Johnson milestone study, *Human Sexual Response* (1966), shattered the foundation for the myth that women are sexually passive, but passivity, in mind as well as body, is still deemed a feminine characteristic. The social sciences have given little study to women, except to discern the ways in which they are different from men. All that has been discovered is that (*1*) Individual differences are greater than sex differences. (*2*) Almost no ability differences appear until a child enters school. They then increase with age, and seem to be more strongly correlated with child-rearing practices and social expectations than with sex.

Yet woman's only important function, for which she is "naturally" made, is held to be that of wife and mother. If she wants a career she is told to choose between that and motherhood because she cannot do both well. Men are never asked to choose between their career and fatherhood; it is assumed that they can do both. These attitudes are so pervasive that they are rarely even noticed. They are reflected in movies, fiction, advertising and popular opinion. They are now being challenged by the new feminists.

These women place no value on ascribing special advantages or handicaps to women. Similarly, they believe that men should take greater responsibility for domestic duties at home and for their children. They want to break down sexual stereotypes, so that women and men may be free to choose the extent of their participation in both domestic and economic spheres.

The major thrust of the new movement is not to prove that women are as good as men—almost. Neither is it to say that women are "different but equal," if only they'd be recognized as such. Its challenge is much more fundamental: the women's liberation movement has begun to question whether what we define as feminine and masculine has anything to do with being female or male. And it is objecting outright to the traditional dominance of male values and of men as their agents.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 226)*

the Department of State will cause Mr. Nixon his "seventh crisis." "Lawyers" and "pragmatists" Rogers and Richardson might prove too preoccupied with the troublesome "facts" of foreign policy in a department too unoccupied with direction and management.

Mr. Simpson's solution: fill the six remaining strategic State posts with career diplomats; dispatch these deputies to a "suitable" business graduate school; retrain them in up-to-date management concepts and techniques; and turn over U.S. foreign policy innovation, reform and management to these MBAs who emerge.

Much of Mr. Simpson's appraisal and suggestion has merit. It was just such McNamara management which gave Defense its long lead over State (as Simpson knows and fears). . . . Yet Mr. Simpson's originality must be questioned. Indeed it is his almost totally present perception which gets him in trouble. Haven't "lawyers" and "pragmatists" been the typical and not the unusual choice for top State spots? Why, save the President's penchant for crises, should this become a peculiarly Nixon problem? Furthermore, haven't Secretaries, deputies and advisers, whether lawyers, careerists or managers been trying to do just what Mr. Simpson now suggests for the last half century at least? . . .

Certainly meaningful breakthroughs might occur in the use of modern organizational tools. Surely the structures of the past need to be remade. . . . Yet can more of the same be the answer? Is management breakdown the major American diplomatic problem or is the Department's morale decay simply symptomatic of what the President himself described as the real seventh crisis, one of the spirit? . . . Perhaps Messrs. Rogers, Richardson and Simpson might, for once, lay aside the flow charts, management seminars and suggestion boxes and go to a "suitable" place, graduate school or otherwise, to be retrained in the substance not the structure, the goals not the tactics, of our foreign policy. *Jerry Israel*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Berryman: Without Impudence and Vanity

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST. *By John Berryman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 317 pp. $6.50.*

MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Mr. Goldman is the author of First Poems. *His second volume of poetry,* At the Edge *(both Macmillan), will appear this summer.*

Wouldn't it be an excellent thing for criticism if, as I. A. Richards once remarked, we could always write as though the author were sitting beside us, listening to every inflection? It would certainly help suppress the occupational diseases of criticism, which Richards rightly named as impudence and vanity. And in the case of John Berryman's new book, it seems even more than ordinarily important that the impulse to score cheap points be recognized and resisted. Berryman's sensitivity to our perverse literary environment is so great that the impudence and vanity of its criticism and competition have become part of his mime, and with all his sparkling baggage of allusion and aggression he offers appealing targets for the impudence and vanity of others. But his aim, as I begin to see—and part of the burden of his remarkable music—is to chasten these more-than-literary afflictions, in others and in himself. The puzzles, the intellectual "content," the mandarin touchiness are all present; indeed, they advertise themselves. But as Berryman says in one of his sudden shifts of direction:

These Songs are not meant to be understood, you understand.
They are only meant to terrify & comfort.

Terrify and comfort are perhaps not the words for the characteristic effect. Stun and relieve would seem closer to what happens in this presumably final installment of the *Dream Songs*, exactly four times the length of its predecessor, *77 Dream Songs*. There is less juice and crazy glee in the new poems, more steel and somberness. But like the first seventy-seven, the songs of *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* are distinguished by Berryman's unique cadence and idiom, a manic goosing into music not only of the demotic but of all the fossil dialects of poetry in English as well as the hopped-up jargons of American life. What is striking in the new book is the extent to which he can invest this music with a degree of grim repose.

The book's narrative framework seems to provide little aside from momentum and accessibility. The poems follow a loosely chronological sequence in the life of Henry, their protagonist. Henry is inexplicably dead in the opening section (all its songs are marked *Op. posth.*). Later he is resurrected, suffers from a broken arm as well as the more usual disturbances of the academic year, and travels off to Ireland on a grant. A more important element in the book is the presence of certain obstinately recurring themes: Death, Fame and Love. These are classical enough, and Berryman, as one would expect, is brilliantly responsive to their provenance in the lyric tradition; but they are nakedly personal, too, even obsessive. The reader deserves at least one song in full:

Draw on your resources. Draw on your resources.
It's not clear if I can. In a French town
Autun
where the grand cathedral stands, Henry's mental gown
amazed the residents, and his mental forces
exceeded Verdun.

But he was not up to that ancient sculpture
cold and uneasy witnessed he them scenes:
the figures put him down.
The figures figure what the lost soul means,
so long ago, in an acre of sepulture
insisting on the verb, not the noun.

I wanted so to go to the Windward Islands,
and I will never make it, stuck in this French
vaulting cathedral thought.
We've been here long, long, lowlands & highlands
but not as they have. Draw on your mere mensch
for the benefits we sought.

Berryman does not so much meditate his themes or exhibit them as he is stricken with them. They worry him, seize him, flay him, come over him like thirst. As in the *77 Dream Songs* but more insistently, the artist is seen as someone who manages loveliness while suffering degrading tortures:

. . . a broken heart
but not as bad as Schubert's:
that went beyond the possible: that was like a man
dragged by his balls, singing aloud 'Oh yes'
while to his anguish glance
the architecture differs: he's getting on,
the tops of buildings change, like a mad dance,
the Piazza Navona

recovers its calm after he went through

Death makes its appearance not only in Henry's foretaste but, later, as the death of friends, especially Delmore Schwartz and Randall Jarrell. There is, too, the death by suicide of Henry's father, which receives its full statement in one of the group of extraordinary songs with which the book concludes.

The theme of Fame, as I have called it, is perhaps the most crucial for grasping the tone and method of the work. Fame appears at times in its traditional monumental bronze form, the immortality of poets, but much more often as a typically contemporary and typically American anxiety, a nervous, often mean concern with the phenomena of making it. I'm not convinced that the confessional mode is necessarily the one in which I would most like to see Berryman develop. A poet's self is not always as good or as interesting as his poetry. That is one reason why poetry is written. Still, many of the personal details that most irritated me when I began to read these songs—the fame-dropping, the references to literary prizes, the self-advertising humilities—now strike me as perfectly gauged to the cultural and emotional atmosphere Berryman evokes.

The American-style yearning for eminence, though it is certainly not limited to our country, is something unique to our times. The desire of a serious artist to win a National Book Award or to be on the cover of *Time* (or *The Village Voice*) is a far cry from the spur that the clear spirit doth raise. It is a cheat and a humiliation. What it reflects, of course, is a familiar and appalling doubt as to one's identity, and the reliance on publicity's mechanical methods only heightens the anxiety:

I say the paralyzed fear lest one's not one
is back with us forever, worsts & bests
spring for the public, faded.

Berryman is talking about poets here, but the fear is universal. Shakiness, the lack of sustaining self-confidence, is the mark of the age, and Berryman has been in tune with it since he published "The Nervous Songs" a couple of years ago.

Love, in this volume, is sometimes the aftertaste of past affairs, sometimes the relieving loyalty of certain good women and friends, and most of all the sustaining love of wife and child. The last few poems bring all the themes of the book together with great skill and force, and it is altogether fitting that the final line refers us to "my heavy daughter"—the adjective receiving from its context an equal suggestion of innocent growth and of progress into the sorrows of the world.

The Henry of *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* is reborn as a solicitous father contemplating the wreck of pleasure and hope and comfort—the toy, the dream and the rest all broken by time and grasped at in love and poetry. His daughter restores these elements of happiness, but in this respect she is like the season of the year in which the book concludes:

> *Fall comes to us as a prize*
> *to rouse us toward our fate.*

These lines are also from the final song, and are not only perfect in themselves but resonate profoundly with what the book has shown us of love, fame and death.

The book is big. As I read it, I kept thinking, "There is either too much of this or too little of me." And though I now think that there are things in it I have not yet learned to hear, I think, too, that some of the *longeurs* and inconsequences I still detect are real. In his use of long form here, Berryman strikes me as more like Pound or Crane, who turned to length as a way to accommodate—or overcome—a tendency to incoherence, than like Eliot or Williams, whose large structures are poems in themselves, natural and rewarding patterns of feeling. But to go on like this, in the face of the book's achievement, is impudence and vanity indeed. In the *Dream Songs*, Berryman has managed to be himself as only extraordinary resourcefulness allows a poet to be himself. More important, he has surprised us in our condition; he has even at moments succeeded in singing aloud "Oh yes;" he has given us startling and memorable poetry.

On March: Time to Take Stock

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

Miss Johnson's first novel, Now in November, *was written in 1934, and awarded a Pulitzer Prize. The essay below, "March," is a section of her most recent work,* The Inland Island, *a "nature book" which describes the detailed changes, month by month, for the twelve months of the year, as observed by the author on her farm in Ohio. It will be published this month by Simon & Schuster.*

The hear-hear of the cardinals in the cold is an icy sound. Knuckles on glass. It will sound different in April. The great wicker cage of the forsythia bush, which covers thirty feet now, is turning yellow. It has moved outward from a moderate bush to this wild tangle—as the banyan tree expands—up and then down, to root in an ever-widening circle of curved earth-seeking arches and wild, unrooted shoots. A beautiful mess, a witch's hair. An open cage, through which the birds pour all day long, or sit in sullen lumps to feel the morning sun. Rabbits and opossum move along its floor; it is the quails' way station in their endless circling of the land—a line of bright, speckled globes, brown heads, they run into this wild witch shelter. The hawk beats silently away. The voices of the quail are strange and sweet. A cat pounced on one female in the flock, and she carried a grey ragged patch directly in the center of her back where all the neat, exquisite feathers had been torn away. She was not crippled, but the purplish skin was bare for a long time, circled with grey down.

The hill edge is rimmed with daffodil shoots, falsely called forth, betrayed by snow and ice. Yellow-sheathed buds surviving grimly. This is a new month because a little bunch of squares on the calendar says so. Once it was the year's beginning. The Saxons called it *Hlydmonath,* loud and stormy month. Around and around the seasons go, and every year the gaping mouth of March, the windy month that breaks the season open. Mars, god of war, lengthening month, and out of this month flow lengthening days, wind, leaves, and war, torn crows and promises. O promises.

There are brick-red elm buds against the sky. The far hills appear lavender instead of grey. Or do I imagine this because I turned the calender page over? Month of the bloodstone, that strange stone of polished plasma, green with red spots, those drops that represent the blood of Christ in our mythology of gems.

How long can I go on pretending the world is not changed beyond recognition? The blood from that one nation which we ravage flows all over the world. It flows into my mind night and day. Blood, despair and rage. It's not frozen into a stone. It's living blood and it's turning black, not red.

The traditional March winds have been around for several months, but now they come again, leaf lifting, tree shaking. It is terrifying to see a huge tree move and shake clear of its roots. Or does it only *seem* to move? The branches whip and bend, they strain, and the roar of the wind strikes terror to our hearts and we think the tree has moved from bud to root. The wind is glorious and pagan. It blows the dust of our lives a thousand miles. We read the dust. If there's a deadly message in it, that's for us to know. The wind comes bearing things with it, lifting up, sweeping on. The great invisible river that has no need of knowledge of us.

. . . The wind's an enemy, too. Except the joy of hiding from it, finding a hollow haven in the leeward side of a ravine. It seldom turns corners. Like the ancient Chinese ghosts, it must flow straight ahead. Weak, furry creatures watch from holes. Birds flatten against the bark. The crow locks his knees. One doesn't find the small perching birds in heaps like tumbleweeds, so they survive somehow. Shoulder up in the heart of the prickly cedar. Cover their eyes with their wings or hole down in their feathers, flatten their crests. The leaves, not mashed by ice and heavy snow, break up, turn on end. Dry leaves start awkwardly on brief journeys, wild risings, brown and ghostly dispersions to a traveling nowhere and a huddling under the thorns.

* * *

The quail come through the snow, which is steady and slanted, not aimless; thoughtful, as in slower snows. The quail rouse up the leaves, make disorderly beds. The snow covers them. The grass sticks up green hairs. The daffodils stick up, their pale heads watery and discouraged. The delicate cold petals of forsythia open in the house. A triumph. A success. It makes one feel among the great gardeners at last. Didn't rot; didn't slump; didn't wait until its brethren outside were also in full bloom. These frosty fingers I regard with awe again.

The near trees are stark black. The far trees a net of white webs, the far hills grey. Now the snow shifts its pattern. The steady slant turns to a spiral. The flakes seem larger, rounder. Some trees are turning green with lichen. Yesterday the fields were alive with flocking robins. When the robin flies down he does not flutter, he drops. When he eats, he pulls at his food, as though pulling a worm out of the ground. He lifts the leaves in his beak and tosses them aside. He jerks up the crusts of bread.

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The forsythia cage has turned pure white. An arched net of snow. The delicate grey juncos line its inner branches. Its buds are white. It has caught and caged every flake of snow that's fallen. And under the snow run the thin gold lines of sap. The forsythia came from China and is related to the olive. *Forsythia suspensa* has hollow upright branches, *Forsythia intermedia* has arched branches, and most forsythia are hybrids of *F. intermedia*, which was the offshoot of *F. viridissima* and *F. suspensa*, the wild olive ancestors from Asia. *Intermedia* is a dull name for those great arching bridges and branches, half in heaven, half in earth. It's *viridissima*—*virere*, to be green, *vire*, the arrow-feathered, to achieve a rotary motion . . . *vir*, to turn . . . virent, freshness . . . to shoot up . . . up and turn . . . burrow down and rise again . . . *virbiasses* . . . being twice a man (and *sississimus* is Swahili for red ants—are you with us still?).

This is *suspensa-viridissima* that we have here, not just a squatty *intermedia*, studded with barn sparrows, huge brown buds on every hoop.

The snow is slowing down. A trilling comes. Some early amorous bird. The cardinals feed each other. A courting gesture. He offers her a sunflower seed. Her beak is full already. He jabs away. Eventually his loving peck is received. Usually it's better handled, better beaked, a sweet reciprocity.

He stretches lean in his courting song. His crest stretched up, his whole body thinned out as he sings, watching the female, tung tung tung . . . the strained persistence of a single note. She flies away . . .

The ground is whiter, whiter, the bark greener. The mournful sounds of the Norfolk and Western hoots up the valley. It rolls up two miles through the snow.

The quail are eating and down comes a squirrel, snow-frosted pink-rimmed eyes, icy little claws. What is the quail attitude toward the squirrel? They stop eating, they huddle together, and each and every quail turns its back toward the squirrel and stares off into the distance. He rummages about, digs up snow-covered bread, runs away. They turn around and resume their eating. A curious sight. How does he feel? He doesn't give a damn. He is long gone with his greasy bread.

It appears to be snowing birds—sparrows and juncos, tomtits and chickadees, woodpeckers and cardinals, and suddenly a robin is snowed down.

May God make the snow fall on this terrible war. Bury the armor. Cool the burned.

The year moves on toward spring. The wicker cage of the forsythia grows more yellow every day. They used to call these changeable days "the dangerous weather." Every day is dangerous now, climatewise and otherwise. For three months there have been these shiftings, these extremes.

Woke one morning to an extraordinary snow. Deep soft blanket world. Great white elephants looming everywhere. The honeysuckle and the fence a hairy mammoth. The wind releases the pine branches slowly—a long exploding tip of pine moves in a circle, like the sensitive tip of an elephant's trunk.

On the green-grey ice of the pond a caravan of camels is kneeling. Strange shapes everywhere. The garbage cans like giant popovers. Two men with guns. "We didn't see no signs." One was kneeling in the road, his gun pointed at the field's "No-Hunting" sign.

A world too beautiful, too strange for words. After awhile the sun and wind turned all the snow into something mad and messy. Suds, batter, dashed against the trees. The snow on the ground was pitted from odd falling clumps off the branches. Once a load descended like a falling bird with outstretched wings that shattered into light.

Showers of snow fell in a veil before the sun. All through the woods white birds flying and falling. And yet it was silent. Lovely and silent and blazing white.

Then, in a few days, the warming began. The invisible melting.

Spongy ground. The dry hummocks of grass squashing under foot into the snow ooze. Saw tadpoles in the brown water of the pond and, dimly, mossy encrusted crawfish crawling near the shore. The algae rose in green clumps with curious rootlike hangings, green Medusas. The ground is pitted with mouse and mole and shrew holes. It looks like a big brown cheese around the bird feeder. Bees are out; mosquitoes. Big black ants appear on the sink.

That kingfisher sound was a flicker. I should have remembered that peculiar call. It paused briefly, high in black cherry. (Was it a flicker the opossum gnawed . . . sitting preposterously calm on the flood-lighted lawn, his little nasty hands shuffling yellow feathers, spreading the wings like a fan before his face, and gnawing the bloody bones?)

Two doves flew down. Indescribable softness of their color, pink over grey; the shape of doves is maddeningly beautiful. Their feet were pink in the moss. They have tiny little heads. Their descent, awkward, nervous, twittering, is a disaster more than a descent. Their rising is labored and noisy. They are so slow only their extreme nervousness saves them. But beautiful—oh, beautiful—dove grey, dove rose, dove blue, and the exquisite lines of their stupid little heads. They drive the bluejays away.

Very warm in the woods. The big creek filthy—a greasy grey like an enormous flowing of dirty dishwater with tiny particles as from thousands of human teeth pickings.

But the second creek is pure and flowing over the stones. Sweet wet earth smell. Sat by the large granite boulder, almost green now, orange where the water edged around it. Found two silvery nests of vireos still knitted well with the moss between. No birds. No tracks. Only the leaves on the move.

NO MORE VIETNAMS?

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Leaping up, tugging at the thin frozen blanket of themselves, moving about like squirrels. Got scared by a rabbit bolting out from his shelter. Sounded louder than a gunshot.

Stroked a fallen log covered with moss as though it were a green, living thing. A cloud of yellow pollen blew from my hand. Other logs had every crack filled with the oyster-shaped fungus of *Stereum versicolor*, some small and greyish, upright as oysters, shoved in the cracks, and the larger spread as the tails of drumming pheasants, beautiful with copper bands, brown, grey and mossy-green bands, damp and velvety smooth to touch. Another fungus grew with them, less distinctly banded, whose underside was ridged and folded, *Daedalea quercina*, which means worked cunningly, and labyrinthine—after Daedalus who made the Minotaur's deep winding labyrinth. A heavy name for this crimped and greyish bit of stuff! I would like to find a *Polyporus squamosus*, which they say grows seven feet in circumference, forty-two pounds in weight, and all this colorful expansion in four weeks alone. Found, instead, a root so resembling the head of a goat that horns, ears and beard were clearly there, a rude yet delicate resemblance that startled.

It grows almost hot in the ravine. The air is soft and damp, a soft light breeze at times. The creek is running well. The cold water flowed through hollow cow bones on the pebbles, the air full of little white things flying. And on a rock a lively coal-black springtail brisked about. The bright-green varnished shoots of the star-of-Bethlehem came up in clumps, and the pure-white bulbs were exposed along the creek where the earth had washed away. Moss everywhere—green moss on stones, on logs, bright emerald green. The tree across the creek that slants up skyward is covered with moss now, snow all gone. The only whiteness, odd, bleached rocks stranded here and there, returning to their old shell color. And there are flat square stones, grey, ominous, chiseled with laws, like some mosaic tablet (or one could think of them as stone sandwiches instead, very old and stale).

Someone has upturned a big stone under a tree, its earth side raw and exposed. And has ripped a great vine from the tree and knocked it aside.

The stream is crossed and recrossed by fallen logs. And on one a mourning-cloak butterfly sits in the sun, slowly folding and opening his dark wings edged with cream. A red so dark it is black. A phoebe has come, but it is silent. The only sounds are the crows and the creek.

Almost invisible under the leaves, the salt-and-pepper flowers are opening with a faint honey scent. And from a fresh hole comes a puff of skunk. The scarlet cup fungus are open. Bright cardinal mouths among the leaves.

And then comes a more believable March day. Harsh, cold. The week of warmth and sun has urged everything forward in preparation for this grey descent, this icy air, this icy mist. Fold on fold, over every bud, every gold daffodil. Every premature arrival. Get them up. Freeze them out. Chill. Chill. It's some ghastly gothic joke that's played each year.

The forsythia fountain looks alive though, runs yellow in all the hoops, and all the hoops are hung with yellow drops, the unopened flowers arrested by the cold. Above them the elms are a mass of brown buds, brown lace. The redbirds are shrill, deceptively cheerful.

It's a good cold day for burning. Three thousand scraps of paper bearing things of importunity and word of man's sinning, cries for help, and stuff for sale. The very things you save accumulate until they press you down. Too much of everything. I am obsessed with the thought of starting over. Starting again with everything gone. A March thought. Fifty-seven years of accumulation. But man is not earth. He does not change to marble under pressure. Just assumes a curious shape. Living conglomerate.

> Conglomerates represent consolidated gravel, and always indicate an aqueous origin, often the delta of an ancient stream or the invasion of sea over land. Important to geologists in interpreting past events.

Well, here we stand. A mass of rounded pebbles of varying sizes cemented together. A few of boulder size, but all rounded in water and transported a great distance. Waiting to be interpreted. Blue clay, yellow clay, and some geodes, hollow and lined, surprisingly, with beautiful crystals. These lumps gathered around some hard and undissolving memory. Love, failure, hate—or that lost ice-cream soda on the streetcar ride. The refused, the ungiven, the undone. These lie inside like fossil insects, but in some no nucleus can be found. No leaf. No shell. No bone.

* * *

Now is the time for taking stock. What do we have to deal with here? Shut the door. Or put your shoulders against the wind. Stomp on stuff coming up. Hold it down. We've got to have a quiet moment here. Tides of life and tides of decay, and all more silent than the sea.

What can we learn from the past? What teach? Our experience is vinegar. Mother-of-vinegar. *Mother*, this strange transparent stuff. Membrane of yeast cells and bacteria, added to wine and cider to start vinegar (and also—for the record—mother is *modder*, is mud). How can I live in two worlds? As you have been living. Torn, divided, growing by shreds and wounds, growing by ridicule. Until one resembles the astonishing corn plant emerging from rolled and shredded newspaper. Behold the poet, the ragged and upright soul of man.

ON RESURRECTION

1.

The reason for her pride
in the soup
was not that it came out
good but that when she started
making it (even five minutes
after, even ten while stirring
it) she expected it to be no good
and then and there knew
that it was a nothing
soup but then out of nothing
came suddenly the good soup, she
was so proud

2.

Now I have not seen her tears
glisten for a long
time and when the tears
began rolling down her face
out over the entire continent
of joy I knew she was feeling
again (something) and I
rejoiced
mingling myself among
her and hands and flowers

3.

For I had filled out the
death certificate and it was
matter of factual and at
the counter. The men were
waiting and said they would
take me and I checked that
I had died (and had) and
then I checked again (no
I had not.) I'll tell
you what: we were quite
simply looking for a little
place to rejoice

DAVID RAY

The poets were honored men in the old days in Ireland. They had a place then. Voices of wisdom, bearers of tidings, good, bad, true, invented, newsmen and singers. We're a small bunch today. Fellow tapirs. We cannot understand each other. Gather seven hundred together in a kingdom? One hundred in a castle? I wouldn't spend the night there. But things were different then.

I had a strange thought this month in the wind and snow. A vision of the Coming—not the Second Coming, that dream of Christians, but a Coming of man from the Arctic, marching slowly down. Brown, broad, majestic. Great, flat, moonshaped face. Black eyes. A pagan man to deliver us from our bloody and binding dreams. To deliver us from our stinking wars of religion, wars of patriotism. Our wars in which we use the bodies of burned children to ward off our childish nightmares of a Communist world. Our war for democracy in which we blind, burn, starve, and cripple children so that they may vote at twenty-one.

The bud ends of box-elder twigs look like hard green roses. Green stem, green rose, tough buds. Smooth and wiry branches. Very tough. Formed like the horsetails, the ancient plants. Scarred already, and only a year alive. There is a chill wind, and the clouds are edgeless and thin.

The Weight of Tradition

THE GATE OF DARKNESS: Studies on the Leftist Literary Movement in China. *By Tsi-an Hsia. University of Washington Press. 266 pp. $7.95.*

NORMAN J. GALLO

Mr. Gallo has lived in the Far East for three years. He is currently writing a novel about the Far East.

There is a Chinese legend which tells of a tournament held for the purpose of determining who would win the title of the Supreme Rebel and the honors due a king. The reigning ruler, however, was of a treacherous nature and had a plan whereby he would kill off any survivors of the tournament's contests and thus remain in power. His plan centered upon a huge, massive gate which, lowered into the city wall, would block the escape of any of the tournament's warriors and thus allow them to be massacred by the imperial troops. The plot was foiled by a herculean bandit who held up the gate with his own superior strength and enabled some of the warriors to escape to safety. He did so, however, at the cost of his life. The gate was too heavy even for a man of his immense power and he was crushed to death.

This legend had lasting significance for Lu Hsun, probably the major Chinese writer so far in the 20th century. He wrote in 1919, the year in which the famed May 4th movement began: "Let the awakened man burden himself with the weight of tradition and shoulder up the gate of darkness. Let him give unimpeded passage to the children so that they may rush to the bright, wide-open spaces and lead happy lives henceforward as rational human beings."

To Lu Hsun, the gate of darkness was the onerous traditions of China's infinite past. He exerted a great effort and literally gave all of himself to holding up that immense barrier. Upon his death in 1936 it was remarked that: "When the Chinese Communist Party was greatly handicapped by lack of funds, Lu Hsun more than once made donations and loans from what he laboriously earned by his writing. When some comrades of the Chinese Communist Party were being hunted by the reactionary police force, Lu Hsun defied all danger to secure the safety of these revolutionary fighters."

Mao Tse-tung himself has said: "Lu Hsun was the greatest and the most militant standard-bearer . . . the most loyal and most zealous hero who stormed and broke up the enemy's front. . . ."

This is only one of this collection's revealing vignettes of the leftist literary movement in China from 1919 to 1942 provided by Tsi-an Hsia, a literary scholar and writer who died in February, 1965. Hsia, a former teacher and professor both in mainland China and Taiwan as well as in the United States, gives an accurate account of those twenty-three stormy and eventful years in a series of six essays.

Two of the essays deal with Lu Hsun, one depicting his struggles with the forces of darkness, the other a record of his relationship with the League of Leftist Writers. Hsia feels that the gate of darkness represented for Lu Hsun not only Chinese tradition but also death and despair. The League of Leftist Writers, "an organization of revolutionaries" formed in 1930 and dissolved six years later, was engaged in the creation of proletarian art and "dedicated to class struggle." Its members took part in the Chinese civil war "on the literary, artistic, ideological fronts," and "had more than diversionary effects on the outcome of what turned out to be the most important struggle for power in modern China."

Another essay deals with the young Chinese writer, Ch'ü Ch'iu-po, who was executed by the Kuomintang in 1935 at the age of 36. A poet as well as a journalist, he left China for Russia in 1920. Despite intense homesickness and tuberculosis, he became an accomplished Russian linguist. He was one of the rare individuals who used his fluency in both languages to teach the first generation of Chinese students as they arrived at the new University of Toilers in Moscow.

Thus Ch'ü joined the Communist Party while he was in Russia and took an active part in the Chinese Communist Party's struggles upon his return to China two years later. He enjoyed a cordial relationship with Mao Tse-tung and sacrificed both his health and, ultimately, his life for the party.

Chiang Kuang-tz'u seems to have been a very different type of poet and individual. "A writer of mediocre ability," he requested permission to resign from the party in 1930, but was expelled instead. He died the next year from illness at the age of 30. Chiang looked upon himself as the Byron of China and felt he could contribute more to the party as a writer than as an active revolutionary. Despite his expulsion, his name was rehabilitated in 1949 and his remains were later reburied in a ceremony headed by Ch'en Yi, then Mayor of Shanghai and now Foreign Minister.

A most interesting section of Hsia's work is entitled: "Enigma of the Five Martyrs," an account of the execution of five young Chinese writers killed by the Kuomintang on the night of February 7, 1931. Of the five, one was a young woman, and their ages ranged from 22 to 29 years.

"One of the few substantial achievements of television is that it has been responsible for these essays."—NAT HENTOFF

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Hsia suggests that the five were caught in an intraparty power struggle and that they were betrayed to Chiang Kai-shek's forces by a member of a rival faction. But as the author points out, the full truth will probably never be known.

A statement he makes about the Chinese youth of that turbulent time hits a nerve in the United States today:

"If the importance of an event is to be judged by its consequences, then the handful of young people, who broke away from their families and lovers to participate in street demonstrations foredoomed to failure, were harbingers of bigger events to come. It was young intellectuals . . . who kept replenishing the ranks of revolutionaries. It was they who carried on and spread the revolution in its most difficult time."

Memory and Revelation

LEGENDS OF OUR TIME. *By Elie Wiesel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 197 pp. $5.95.*

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein is on the staff of N.B.C. News. He is also a free-lance book critic and film maker.

For Elie Wiesel memory is an instrument of revelation. Each word he uses to document the past transforms both the word and the memory into an act of faith. The writings of Elie Wiesel are a journey into the past blackened by the Nazi death camps where the charred souls of its victims possess the sum of guilt and endurance that mark the progress of man. It is a compulsive, fevered, single-minded search among the ashes for a spark that can be thrust before the silent eyes of God Himself.

Early in this book of stories and essays, Wiesel says, "For me writing is a *matzeva*, an invisible tombstone, erected to the memory of the dead unburied. Each word corresponds to a face, a prayer, the one needing the other so as not to sink into oblivion."

This is the substance of legend. Each episode in Wiesel's life marks a portion of a journey that has torn the provincial Jew from the confines of the *shtetl* and set him loose upon the world. Since the fact of his life is a triumph over the indifference of that world, his destiny is dramatically self-contained. He is both the living repository of his people's legends and the sole interpreter of their meaning.

Legends of Our Time is a celebration of the liberation of memory from horror too terrible to be recounted or dismissed. If the holocaust defies analogy, it can be confronted only by an assault of an imagination determined to humanize the bestiality, guilt and fear that have sealed it from human experience. For Wiesel "Auschwitz, by definition, is beyond the vocabulary" of those scholars and philosophers who have had the opportunity to observe the tragedy. And so, for Wiesel, memory and its compulsive, mythic extension into fantasy become probes to search out feelings that remain in the brutalized nerve endings that are the final legacy of the holocaust.

"Stretched out on a plank of wood amid a multitude of blood-covered corpses, fear frozen in his eyes, a mask of suffering on the bearded, stricken mask that was his face, my father gave back his soul at Buchenwald." From that beginning in the first story, "The Death of My Father," Wiesel moves back to his origins in the insulated and idealistic childhood world of the *shtetl* surrounded by Eastern Europe. The death, which impends, filters through each memory, preserving his childhood in the glow of the ovens which wait in the distance.

In "An Evening Guest" a stranger comes to Wiesel's family's household on the first night of Passover, the celebration of freedom. He is seized upon with childlike inspiration as the incarnation of the prophet Elijah who ascended heaven alive, in a chariot of fire, to go on through the centuries as the herald of deliverance. This is 1944, the last Passover when, in just a few weeks, the stranger will take that brief rail trip to a peaceful little town somewhere in Silesia, "where his fiery chariot was waiting to carry him up to the heavens." Wiesel asks, "Is this not proof enough that he was the prophet Elijah?"

And what of the world after? "The Last Return" painfully describes Wiesel's return to the town of his childhood where he and 10,000 other Jews were condemned. He remembers the silence as Jews, by the thousands, were prodded into cattle cars; and he feels the intolerable weight of that indifference when he returns. "Nothing had changed. The house was the same, the street was the same, the world was the same, God was the same. Only the Jews had disappeared." And then the final knowledge: "If the Jews were to come back, they would be driven away again." The town had never really existed for him or for the Jews. Only in the cemetery was he truly welcome; outside he was on foreign soil.

But the compulsion to return, to understand, to confront his hatred and make it as axiomatic to his values as justice and compassion drives him to revisit Germany. It doesn't work. In "An Appointment with Hate" Wiesel realizes the Germans "had started and lost the most ignominious war in history, and afterward had managed to surpass their conquerors in wealth and happiness. Above all, in complacency." Yet knowing there is no forgiveness, knowing that each Jew betrays the dead unless he houses that healthy, virile hate "for what the German personifies and for what persists in the German," Wiesel cannot forge that hatred. He quotes the Israeli humorist Ephraim Kishon: "Logic, too, went up in smoke at Auschwitz."

This ambivalence, the knowledge that irony is as much the servant of sanity as commitment, moves him to see life as a process where each experience affords a double vision "between them and myself, between the self I had left at Buchenwald and the other self that thought it was healed." The possibilities offered by this vision account for the remarkably compassionate tone of Wiesel's work. He writes with that possessive reverence for language that celebrates, as much as describes, experience. The written word becomes a powerful assertion, the triumph of life over death and indifference. To carve words, especially in a graveyard, is to love.

Wiesel's ironic vision lies at the heart of "The Wandering Jew," a brilliant fable in which the narrator meets and compulsively follows an ugly, abrasive hobo who is the repository of Jewish wisdom and Jewish endurance. The wanderer is the humanized sum of Judaism which even the holocaust has left intact. The narrator clearly sees the duality of what the man represents and he is finally "afraid to plunge once more into his legend which condemns us both, me to doubt, and him to immortality."

"An Old Acquaintance" is the darker side of Wiesel's excoriating dialogue with his past. Here memory is transformed into the drama of a victim's confrontation with his tormentor. The narrator suddenly encounters in Israel a brutal *Kapo* from one of the barracks in Auschwitz. He challenges him. "I was in your barracks. I used to tremble before you. You were the ally of evil, of hunger, of cruelty. I used to curse you." The man denies his identity. The narrator persists, remembering the horrors inflicted upon him. Suddenly the barracks chief turns on him, shouting in

brutal German, threatening to break his bones, make him eat dirt, melting the narrator in his voice. The narrator is beyond the fear of dying or even of killing. "It is something else, something worse. I am suddenly aware of my impotence, of my defeat. I know I am going to let him go free . . . but I will never know if, face to face with the executioner, I behaved like a judge or a victim." With the barracks chief still shouting obscenities and threats, the narrator flees—grateful that "he let me go. He granted me freedom."

In his essay on the Eichmann trial he concludes that the tragedy of the Jewish victims was that "they believed themselves to be guilty, though they are not . . . they prefer, in this condemned world, not to hurl their defiance at men and their anger into the face of history, but to keep silent, to pursue the monologue which only the dead deserve to hear. Guilt was not invented at Auschwitz, it was disfigured there." And in his final "Plea for the Dead," Wiesel begs us to learn that "The lesson of the holocaust—if there is any—is that our strength is only illusory, and that in each of us is a victim who is afraid, who is cold, who is hungry. Who is ashamed."

Words carved on gravestones, legend torn from the pit where millions of broken bodies lie. This is the inheritance which Elie Wiesel brings to us. His voice claims us with its urgency. His vision lights the mystery of human endurance.

Nero Wolfe's Brand of Beer

NERO WOLFE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET. *By William S. Baring-Gould. The Viking Press. 203 pp. $5.50.*

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd teaches English at Harvard. He is a former editor of The Harvard Crimson.

> cult: great and esp. faddish devotion; *also,* its object or adherents.

Nero Wolfe would hardly take it well that I thus quote from Webster's Third International Dictionary (he once burned all 25 pounds of it, page by page, in his fireplace), but no other word really describes his vast and loyal order of admirers. Drawn-to-scale plans of Wolfe's study, long hours searching in paperback book stands and out of the way libraries, a truly childish capacity for rereading—all this has set apart the adherent for thirty years or more. Now the late William S. Baring-Gould, distinguished editor of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, has supplied the cult with what amounts to a handbook for informed appreciation, a compendium and a chronology about America's largest and most irascible detective.

It is fitting, of course, and even patriotic that an authority on Holmes should at last have looked homeward to Wolfe. Similarities between them have not gone unnoticed by scholars, and some have grumbled that Rex Stout has done little more than up date Holmes's eccentricities and translate him to New York. Such a charge, though serious, deserves to be answered, and almost the only thing I regret about this handsome volume is that Baring-Gould did not fully address himself to it. For Rex Stout has restored great sleuthing to the country that, properly speaking, discovered it. And in matters far more subtle than geography, he has *Americanized* the genre.

Take the original Holmes-Watson relationship, for example. As Stout himself has cunningly seen, it depends upon a major archetypal configuration. Years ago, in a speech to the fanatical Baker Street Irregulars entitled "Watson Was a Woman," Rex Stout advanced the thesis that Watson was more than a friend; that he was in fact Holmes's wife (and that her name was Irene). Whether Conan Doyle's Victorian shiftiness or perhaps his love of a mystery led him to disguise the truth, Stout does not say. But in America both Archie and Nero are assertively masculine, triumphantly so. They belong to that great American company of buddies, spiritual kin to Huck and Jim, Ishmael and Queequeg.

Indeed, it may be more precise to regard the devoted duo simply as the national type of father and son (Baring-Gould gives over a number of controversial pages to genealogy). After all, who can have failed to see the bond of trust between those two, the nearly symbiotic dependence between fat maturity and athletic youth? Who can have missed the note of wonder when Archie describes Nero at work. So small boys worship fathers. Even his occasional engaging irreverence toward Wolfe smacks of familiar adolescent rebellion.

This arrested development, so to speak, is an important part of Stout's shrewd Americanizing. More problematic is Wolfe's bourgeois, embarrassingly grasping attitude toward money. Nero Wolfe, as Baring-Gould points out in an elaborate fiscal analysis, never fails to consider publicly his bank account, and frequently charges a client $50,000 or more. Soaking the rich, of course, is something that any detective, hard-boiled or egghead, might understand. ("To be broke is not a disgrace," Wolfe once said; "it is only a catastrophe.") But the Englishman Sherlock Holmes rarely mentioned a fee and frequently served for nothing. Might not a Marxist make dark work of all this?

Jingoism aside, however, in every other respect the book conforms splendidly to the high standards of the author's earlier studies. His chronology of

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LITTLE GROUPS OF NEIGHBORS:
THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

James W. Davis, Jr.
Kenneth M. Dolbeare

"*This book is unquestionably the best piece of work that has been done on the Selective Service System. It is an objective, scholarly, factual, and to me at least, therefore devastating analysis of how a very large and very complex bureaucracy works. It separates fact from myth, and fully documents and supports every conclusion reached. As a result, the Selective Service System is made understandable, really for the first time.*"
BURKE MARSHALL

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Wolfe's career seems entirely accurate, and he includes much else that we have needed to know. The news, for instance, that Viking Press will shortly publish a Nero Wolfe Cook Book is most welcome. The glossary of orchids is appreciated. And the authorized floor plan of Wolfe's house is indispensable. The information that Wolfe's brand of beer is Remmers (six quarts a day) has settled a long-standing bet in at least one home. Also, an anthology of Wolfe's aphorisms and wise sayings, which might have been called "The Thoughts of Chairman Nero," is thoughtfully included. There are, I believe, two errors: Johnny Keems, not Archie, questioned Wolfe on the verb "contact"; and Purley Stebbins did not call Marko Vukcic a "chicken-chaser." But these are quibbles. The cult is grateful for such a treasury, and few members will manage to be without a copy. Satisfactory, as Wolfe might say. Most satisfactory.

Nation Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

THE LOVE OBJECT. *By Edna O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 172 pp. $4.95.*

The eight stories collected here make a strong book, and a moving one. "The Love Object" is that upon which we fix our hopes and fantasies: whether lover or possession, its possibilities are always somehow more real than its actuality. In the title story, a very likeable young woman refuses to part with a lover who has become more of a pain than a pleasure simply because she's incapable of giving up the world she's built *around* him. In another, an aging working-class woman trapped in a bad marriage cuts off the possibility of a happy love affair with a neighbor because the new furniture around which she's fantasized their relationship turns out to be as drab as her life has been. Although Miss O'Brien writes about sex and love with an accuracy and perception that are often startling, what is most arresting about her book is its exploration of that fine, sometimes invisible line between hope and obsession.

NOG. *By Rudolph Wurlitzer. Random House. 164 pp. $4.95.*

"I have received no instructions. I will just lie here. . . . I can inhabit and furnish this space so that travelers will have a refuge, on the way to the bathroom or the way back from the bathroom." No one usually notices whether a writer imitates someone else's style unless it doesn't work. Mr. Wurlitzer's hero is a young and American version of a Beckett hero; the problem is that where Beckett's heroes, for all their apparent catatonia, are always saner and more brilliant than the mad society which has produced them, *Nog*'s hero is more a boring nut who can't cope. Even though his afflictions arouse proper sympathy, reading about his paralyzed adventures across America is itself paralyzing. Mr. Wurlitzer is a serious writer with important concerns, and there are some brilliant passages in his novel, but only the most devoted reader will be able to struggle through the anesthetic quality of the rest to get from one reward to another.

HEADS. *By Edward Stewart. The Macmillan Company. 224 pp. $4.95.*

Breeze, of the New York City police, is called in to investigate what grows into a series of crazy murders: the pattern is that the victims, all of whom are heads of various institutions, get their heads chopped off by apparently different murderers. What the victims have in common is their association, twenty years earlier, with an Eli College musical, but that's only the beginning, and there are two separate endings. The mysterious rabbi of Temple Beth Rico (in a changing neighborhood); a shallow, alcoholic and lovable public relations man; a sex-loving, soon-to-be-decapitated priest, and a groovy Bengali girl who may be the murderer—or one of them—are only a few of the characters in this fine, funny book which swipes at everything from Hitchcock and the police to professional virgins and detective novels, and never misses. Mr. Stewart, who wrote *Orpheus on Top*, isn't simply a skilled satirist but a very superior novelist.

THE WOMAN DESTROYED. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 254 pp. $5.95.*

Mlle. de Beauvoir has been accused of being a humorless tattletale with maddeningly total recall, but few contemporary writers have so generously exposed their own lives for our inspection and instruction. It is difficult to believe that she has now reached 60, and just as difficult to dissociate her current "work of fiction" from that fact. *The Woman Destroyed* consists of three separate novellas about women who are variously unable to bear growing older, and who destroy themselves by their inability to change as the lives around them do. In the most successful, an intelligent but empty middle-class woman becomes so distraught over her husband's affair with a younger woman that she descends into a literal orgy of self-contempt and, almost, self-obliteration. All three tales are highly melodramatic, but the quality of the experiences they record, and the stern and wise perspective of their author, will make them of interest to a wide audience.

THE HUSBAND. *By Sol Stein. Coward-McCann. 288 pp. $5.95.*

The proposition that to divorce your wife and marry your mistress is the honest thing to do may have a lot going for it, but not in this novel. Once his ad-man hero is gotten out of his dead marriage (with much breast beating) and into the arms of the woman he really loves, Mr. Stein spends the rest of his book tch-tching at other people's sexual hang-ups. His highly moral hero, Peter Carmody, is shocked and repelled when his voyeuristic boss fires him because Peter virtuously refuses to be blackmailed into participating in his sexual machinations; but he is grateful when the same boss generously hires him back again after Peter's almost successful suicide attempt. It all ends happily with a brilliant campaign for a beer account, a steep divorce settlement, and visitation rights. This is a genuinely dirty book, an observation which has nothing to do with the frequency of its sex scenes.

The Nation

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THEATRE/Harold Clurman

The only new play which has genuinely interested me for some time is Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, as given by the Negro Ensemble Company. When I say "play" I refer to the whole phenomenon of stage presentation: "words" in the "music" of an acting team perceived as a single experience. (*Tango*, in contrast, contains a vital text damaged by inadequate acting.) With *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* I did not think to evaluate any of its parts (script, acting, setting, direction) separately. That is *theatre*. With Elder's play the Negro Ensemble has achieved its own proper pitch.

One may note some repetitiousness in the text and there were overfacile strokes for comedy effect. The total impression, however, is without blemish. Even the crudities in the play's texture are of a kind which appear organic with the material, part of its reality.

There is no special pleading: it proclaims no thesis, espouses no cause, appeals for no largess. *Ceremonies* is a family play whose characters are foolish, fallible, sweet, stupid, lovable, always understandable folk. They are richly human and as such not easily subject to petty compromise in humdrum jobs at paltry wages.

Russell Parker was a pop dancer till one day he no longer had the strength. He became a barber, but without any aptitude for the work, earned little in his Harlem shop and allowed his faithful wife to support him till she died of the burden. Their daughter took over her mother's task; now she supports her father who spends most of his time playing checkers with a kindly friend and recounting tall tales to the delight of his two sons, who also find indolence more convenient than work. One day the hard-driven girl, fed up with the situation, announces that either they get jobs or she will refuse to contribute her earnings to their further maintenance. Crisis!

The younger brother has already begun to amuse himself by larceny; the older one has hit upon a scheme suggested by a local racketeer, Blue Haven. Since the young idler has a talent for making bootleg whisky on the premises, they will arrange to convert the barber shop into a speak-easy. Parker balks at the proposal but, faced with the alternative humiliation of finding work "downtown," agrees to the plan.

It all ends disastrously, though the play cannot be said to have an "end." We know at the last fade-out only that the family will abandon their illegal trade after (but not because) the young brother has been killed during a robbery which is one of the activities into which he had been led by Blue Haven.

None of this gives any idea of the humor, the oblique pathos, the unsentimental pain—affecting the racketeer himself—with which the story is told. If the play were to be summarized in a bald reduction of its theme, it might be stated as an account of how poverty and other wretched circumstances in the lives of a black family force them into a tragic mess, for which there is no base motive, but only the wish to enjoy life, freely and fully. But such a summation lacks the savor of what I felt while observing the characters through what, despite elements of violence, are really little more than casual happenings in a poor black neighborhood. There is no sensationalism, not even a "problem"—only the warp and woof of ordinary living: funny, crazy, frightening and somehow strangely innocent, heartwarming as much as heartbreaking. The play, the first by a writer of 30, is a "little" comedy—much more telling than many that are ambitiously "significant."

What makes it altogether delightful and arresting is the unadorned, exciting, joyous and entirely devoted nature of the acting—the kind which not only makes one believe that he is *there* (yet happily in the theatre), but that the actors have invented their own lines, on the spur of the moment. Speech and flesh are one. It all seems so artless as to constitute the truest art.

If only one member of the cast were to be singled out, it would have to be Douglas Turner in the central role. His passion, his raciness, his vigor, his total commitment to the essence of each moment make his performance one of the memorable occasions of the year: far more expressive and *useful* than some of those exuberantly touted elsewhere in town. There are few more hilarious scenes in recent days than the one in which Turner, as Parker, tells of his travail on a chain gang—a yarn which ain't necessarily so but which he makes more vividly to the point than truth itself.

It would be a critical misdemeanor to pass over Arthur French, Parker's companion in fun, games and sorrow; he is inescapably winning. And William Jay as the older son, David Downing as the younger, Rosalind Cash as their doughty sister, Samual Blue, Jr., as the racketeer, and sexy Judyann Jonsson as Parker's fling all contribute more than honorably to the evening's success.

After *Ceremonies*, I find little I wish to say about the rest of the things I've seen since. *Canterbury Tales*, a London hit, with book by Martin Starkie and Nevill Coghill, with lyrics by Coghill and music by Richard Hill and John Hawkins, conveys the mildest sort of ribaldry (Eugene O'Neill Theatre).

Speaking subjectively, I submit that it is the kind of show to which you should take your nice aunt—if she is a rather dull woman. More objectively, I note that George Rose, craftily and amusingly made up as a rakish medieval burgher, provides a pleasant moment in a semi-Calypso song and dance called "If She Has Never Loved Before," that the production is visually neat and that the entire company performs agreeably. But though I am still hung up on the theatre (with some difficulty in New York nowadays), I prefer Chaucer on the printed page.

I must also append a word on *Dear World* (Mark Hellinger Theatre) to pay tribute to Angela Lansbury, an actress who has humor, feminine grace, "class" and a talent for characterization with a down-to-earth heartiness. She sings, dances: a consummate trouper. As to the show itself—based on Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, one of the finest comedies written since 1945—I am tempted to exclaim with the perpetually ravished Candy, "Good grief!" Why don't the uncouth keep their hands off Countess Aurelia, that delightfully daft old lady?

Black Scare

The Racist Response to Emancipation and Reconstruction

Forrest G. Wood

This is an account of the first "white backlash" in American history. It describes the responses of white racists to emancipation and reconstruction: their misuse of "science" and the Bible; their libidinous fantasies; their fears of "Negro domination" and "mongrelism." Thus, this is a book about white men, not Negroes, and as a description of the origins and early applications of American racism it is highly relevant to the present.

275 pages Illustrations [illegible]

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Watching *Martyrs of Love* by the young Czechoslovak, Jan Nemec (*Diamonds of the Night, An Account of the Party and the Guests*), it occurred to me that one reason for the extremism, hysteria and cunning presentation of much contemporary fiction is a generalized fear that human beings are inherently boring. Put a man out on a limb or into the wrong bed, give him a formidable tic or a surrealistic assignment, and he may provide a flicker of interest in the museum's hall of mammals. But man in his normal habitat, it seems to be thought, is a dull dog.

That it is not so, Mr. Nemec is on hand to testify. He offers in his current film three episodes, independent but related by theme and temper, in which three unimportant—in at least two of the cases, you might say ineffective—people daydream somewhat more adequate lives for themselves. A young clerk is not making it with the more swinging members of his age group; a housemaid finds that her Prince Charming is curiously delayed; an orphan, no longer quite young, is oppressed by the intuition that his very real charm does not win him any very real friends.

The dreams, and therefore the narratives move more by impulse than by logic. Yet they are in no sense mystifying, because the viewer is given a double orientation. In the first place, he will find in his own longings the substance, if not the furnishings, of these reveries; we would all eat the rich, obvious fruit if we could reach it. And in the second place, if his experience of the screen goes back any distance at all, the viewer will recognize that Nemec is speaking a simple and direct filmic language which has now been somewhat dated by metaphoric editing and camera exploitation. Nemec has himself said that a possible title for the picture would have been "A Tribute to the Cinematograph," and he has added that it is really a silent film with accompaniment. *Martyrs of Love* will not lead you astray—or let you down—if you keep your eyes on it and do not try to guess. The picture is about what it shows, not about something quite other which you are intended to supply from your guilty knowledge of the intolerable. One forgets how tangible the movies used to be—Douglas Fairbanks laughing from behind a saber, the rackety staircases of René Clair.

And the spirit that suffuses *Martyrs of Love* is nothing more unusual than an affection for men and women. You can say much the same of *War and Peace*—it is all a matter of what discrimination you bring to the love. I won't burden Nemec with allegations of genius, but his powers of savoring the human species, of being compassionate without turning sentimental, of being racy without turning rank, of laughing on the side of folly and recognizing that illusion is preferable to despair—his powers of thus participating in the available richness of mundane experience are sufficient for his needs as an artist. And sufficient to put us in his debt.

I switch from fantasy to *Me and My Brother*, which is reality disturbingly unreal. Peter Orlovsky, poet and companion of Allen Ginsberg, has a brother, Julius, who is mentally disturbed ("catatonic schizophrenia" seems to be the term; the effect is that he fails to respond). Julius has been for some time in an institution. The treatment there has not helped him, and Peter feels, with some justification, that he is too nice a man to be kept locked up. He joins the Ginsberg-Orlovsky floating family.

There is good logic to this: these poet-prophets are trying to fight their way out of the mortally complex present into an older communal simplicity, and simple societies have always coped with their own naturals. Indeed, they have often been disposed to revere their fools, and this picture, directed by Robert Frank (*Pull My Daisy*), but I suspect controlled by Ginsberg and Orlovsky, seems to be nudging all the while at the notion that Julius has found the truth we all seek. It won't wash; Ginsberg and company may be genuinely simple but they are not innocent and, being themselves possessed of excellent brains in good condition, they value them. They treat Julius with a rough, impatient affection that is no doubt a great deal better for him than institutional routine, but to pretend that they envy him his state is both unnecessary and unseemly.

I found that suggestion estranging, and I also found estranging Frank's highly mannered approach to the material. He seems as much interested in making all the stations of the cinematic *avant-garde* as in recording this engrossing situation. Thus, he offers enigmatic shifts between color and black and white, makes a film of the showing of the film (with audience reaction), features himself at work (he is young, handsome and almost excessively well-dressed), introduces scenes and personalities not evidently related to the matter at hand and looks dispassionately on deviant sexual activity. Further, he provides an actor to play Julius in scenes which Julius could presumably not manage (in such episodes he also supplies an actor for Peter), thus raising the question of how much acting the real Julius is being asked to do. I'm not objecting to acting, by Julius or anyone else in the film; only to the confusion between document and narrative. Is Julius participating—when and how much? It makes a difference.

Roscoe Lee Browne appears as a photographer. He is no doubt a friend of the company, and the underground cinema, from which this picture springs, casts largely from friendship. But Browne is also a professional actor of great force whom one immediately recognizes; his appearance—for no very important reason—breaks the verisimilitude with the question, "How did they get Browne to play a bit part?" One can understand the temptation to use him if he was around, and one can see why it should have been resisted.

Peter Orlovsky and Ginsberg project marvelously—naturally enough: after the Beatles, they are the most successful international entertainers of the day. Julius is touching, a little frightening. The whole situation is honorable; strange but somehow heartening. But you have to struggle against Frank's intrusive manipulation to keep the document in focus. Less art would have been a great deal more.

Then at the end, Julius does speak—they have put him on the far side of a window, speaking in the cold, the symbolism of that being as explicit as a blunt instrument. But he does express himself—haltingly but cogently, in a pleasant voice. What was everything that went before—some sort of game with sympathy? Frank's time indicators may be at fault here: the picture was made over many months and Julius may be coming back. That is a point which I wish they had made explicit.

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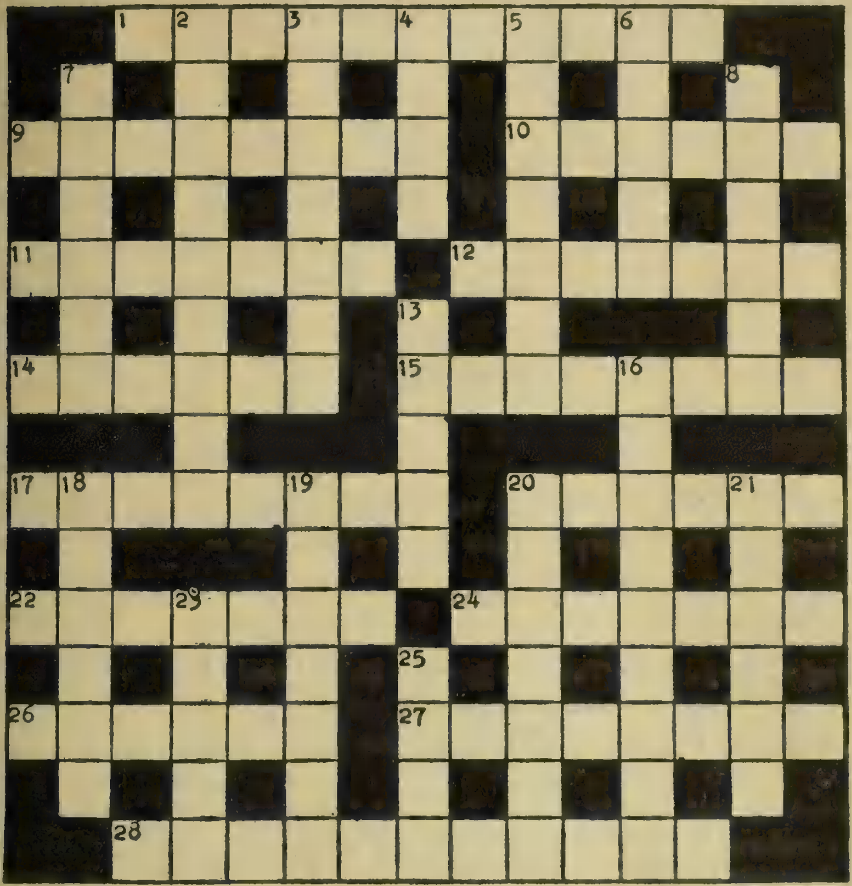

ACROSS

1 An old-time performer suggests what the more daring Go-Go Girls might be doing. (7,4)
9, 21 and 25 down Nursery rhyme report on the probable choice, if Middle East cuisine prevailed. (4,3,1,6,4)
10 See 2 down
11 Where one is almost certain to be dining out. (7)
12 What a raconteur might be doing is certainly effective! (7)
14 To us, the sort of stuff like coal should be of service. (6)
15 Do they demand a sound sense of humor from us? (8)
17 We have to listen and listen for such approval. (4,4)
20 Some of the things questioned in today's society are not the fabulous type. (6)
22 Let out, or let out again? (7)
24 Charges offensively? (7)
26 With proper balance, we don't have to 17 with it—once is enough! (6)
27 Is the fire laid rather poorly? Port might be associated with it. (8)
28 How to press directors into service? (Are they listed among induction coils?) (5,6)

DOWN

2 and 10 across Invitation to a court function? (6,3,6)
3 The probability of anything happening to a number in the church? (7)
4 Evidently the animals are without water. (4)
5 To a point, this bird is disagreeable. (7)
6 One of those short and simple things to the poor, according to Gray. (5)
7 Clothes are continually being picked up, even by those not naturally 4. (6)
8 One might have a circle at the track. (6)
13 Not altogether a role one plays. (5)
16 Make a 23, if bound to get around it, not like the brave. (9)
18 Time's were dark to Walt Whitman. (6)
19 What a sailor might do to a rope implies the holiday is over! (4,3)
20 Island with lots of layers? (7)
21 See 9 across
23 Conceivably a muff. (5)
25 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1285

ACROSS: 1 Boston terriers; 8 Ecclesiastic; 10 King snakes; 11 Ills; 13 No play; 14 Starts in; 16 Performs; 17 Tigris; 19 Icon; 20 Hard liquor; 22 Post position; 23 Counterbalance. DOWN: 1 Breaking points; 2 Second person; 3 Overshadow; 4 Trinal; 5 Rossetti; 6 Ibis; 7 Passing strange; 9 Class reunion; 12 Artificial; 15 Embattle; 18 Adsorb; 21 Coin.

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LETTERS

mental hospitals

Topeka, Kan.

Dear Sirs: I would like to express appreciation for Max Gordon's clear and objective presentation of the issues involved in the strikes against the mental hospital system in New York ["Emancipating the Mental Wards," *The Nation*, Dec. 16]. It was written with a rare understanding of the needs of both sides. *Dr. Alfred Paul Bay, Superintendent*
Topeka State Hospital

no slur

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am delighted to learn that Claudia Dreifus regards the case of *United States* v. *David A. Gearey* (not "Gerry") as a "landmark in draft law" ["Which Memo? The Odor of Fraud," *The Nation*, Feb. 10].

I doubt very much, however, if either David Gearey or Antonio Fargas would appreciate being referred to as "draft dodgers" even in quotation marks. The whole point of the Gearey case was that a man could legitimately reach the conclusion that he is a conscientious objector after he received an order to report for induction. The receipt of the induction order can be the triggering mechanism which resulted in the final crystallization of a conscientious objection to participation in killing. . . .

The courageous young men who undertake this uphill struggle to have their consciences recognized—and face jail if they lose—deserve more of *The Nation* and its writers than to be called draft dodgers.

Marvin M. Karpatkin

P.S. I was, and am, David Gearey's attorney.

New York City

Dear Sirs: The purpose of my article was not to accuse Antonio Fargas and David Gearey of draft dodging. Rather, it was to explain that someone high in public office was working terribly hard at obtaining convictions for draft violators. So hard, indeed, that he was willing to use fraudulent papers to send Antonio Fargas to jail.

In using the term "draft dodgers," I was sarcastically describing an attitude that is all too common around the Federal District Attorney's Office in New York. In no way did I intend to impugn the motives of Mr. Gearey or Mr. Fargas. I have the greatest respect for these so-called "draft dodgers," and if I were a male, I might indeed be one of them. *Claudia Dreifus*

Spanish exile

Given in part below is a telegram sent on February 13 to Secretary-General U Thant and signed by thirty-two American writers, artists and scholars, of which a few representative names are here given:

On February 1, *The New York Times* reported at least eighteen prominent economists, editors, lawyers and professors have been seized by the Spanish Government and sent to forced residence in remote villages in Spain. . . . Some [of those seized] have played a prominent part in the moderate and, until now, tolerated opposition. . . . The exile can last as long as the state of emergency—three months if not extended. . . .

This random seizure of some of Spain's most respected intellectuals as well as arrests of hundreds of students and workers is an unpleasant reminder of the early days of Nazi Germany and the totalitarian Spain of thirty years ago. . . .

Have these men been arbitrarily arrested? Have they

(Continued on page 276)

EDITORIALS

The Tactic of Terror

The grenade-and-machine-gun attack by four Arab terrorists on an El Al airliner in the Zurich airport should dissipate "the climate of forgiveness" about which the Israelis complain. For if a preponderant world opinion criticized the Israeli retaliation against the Beirut airport for an earlier terrorist attack on an El Al airliner in Athens, opinion of equal measure and force should now condemn this latest act of terror aimed not alone at Israel but at the international community itself, or what is left of it. This latest attack, like the one in Athens, is an offense against the sovereignty of a neutral nation and a criminal act directed against civilians. In theory, the cycle of terror-reprisal-terror can escalate until it culminates in the disaster of another war in the Middle East or until, by some miracle of will and cooperation, the UN and the Big Four powers intervene.

The cycle is more dangerous today than at any time in the past. The Arab commandos have spread through most of the Arab world. More and more young Arab intellectuals have joined the revolutionary groups or work with them. In Jordan, the Palestinian refugee children have grown up. Some 25,000 Jordanians, mostly Palestinians, are attending universities. "It is out of this educated, politically conscious reservoir of the Palestinians," reports Donald Grant in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "that the guerrilla movement against Israel has been formed." Andrew Borowiec reports in the Washington *Star* that, whether Jordan wants them or not, it has been swamped by Soviet and Chinese arms distributed, even to children, in refugee camps. Syrian, Egyptian and Algerian instructors are "indoctrinating the disoriented refugee masses by a network of commando camps and their slogans of victory."

The immediate objective of the acts of terror is to provoke reprisals. Strong reprisals contribute to the mystique of the movement; they are cited as proof of the commandos' ability to hurt the Israelis; this in turn builds popular support. As the commandos see it, the Israelis are already overextended and their problems will increase if they can be baited into seizing more land and holding it pending a settlement. In brief, the commando scheme—for the moment—is to lose, to be defeated, to suffer reprisals, to forfeit more territory, always with the thought in mind that in the end they will be able to destroy Israel. And as the terrorists gain prestige, the host governments are increasingly subject to their pressure. Hussein and Nasser have recently given what amounts to formal approval of commando activities. Thus even if they do not control the organizations, they can hardly deny responsiblity for their activities.

At the moment, the Israelis can, and will, defend themselves; they have a clear preponderance of power. But the long-range implications of the terror tactic must worry the most intrepid Israelis. In an interview with Donald Grant, Ben-Gurion stated the basic dilemma. Israel had won three wars, he told Mr. Grant, but Nasser can "make a fourth war, a fifth war and if he is defeated, a sixth war. But if only once he manages to defeat us we will be finished. We are not going to destroy Egypt and all the Egyptians, but they can do it to us, so our position is not an easy one."

And it is not likely to get any easier. Since the Beirut raid the Israelis have shown commendable restraint and this latest act of Arab terror should swing world opinion back to them. But in the meantime nothing happens. The Big Four talks seem to have bogged down. The Security Council will not condemn the Arab governments because of the Soviet veto. So the Israelis are denounced when they take reprisal actions, but the Arab states escape the same formal condemnation for acts of terror. The world community "deplores," but does not act; the Big Four "talk" about "talking," and the UN succeeds only in discouraging its mediator. Not only has Israel shown admirable restraint but Premier Eshkol, in his *Newsweek* interview, struck a conciliatory note. However, the continued willingness of the world community and the great powers to tolerate the terror-reprisal cycle offers little hope for an early reduction of tensions, much less for significant negotiations between the parties.

'Selling' the ABM

Readers of Fred J. Cook's *The Warfare State* (which developed from a special *Nation* feature) will not need to be reminded that we have harped for years on the proposition that the Pentagon is far too deeply involved in "selling" its multifarious programs. Cook's Chapter 4, "Madison Avenue in Uniform," deals with this aspect of military prowess. As a general rule, he finds, the more dubious the product, the more intensive the public relations effort. On this principle, it is not surprising to find a massive push behind the current version of the anti-ballistic missile, christened "Sentinel." The campaign is described by Philip Geyelin in a February 16th *Washington Post* story titled, "U.S. Bid to 'Sell' ABM Told."

Last fall, Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor proposed to his superiors in the Defense Department an all-out effort to counter the opposition of such highly placed scientists as Dr. Hans Bethe, Dr. George Kistiakowsky and Dr. Jerome Wiesner to the Sentinel system. Although Resor's memorandum deals only with public relations, it was and remains classified, giving Defense officials a good excuse for not discussing it in any detail with reporters. What Geyelin has managed to uncover, however, leaves no doubt that every resource is being used to convince the public that millions of American lives will be saved if Sentinel is installed to intercept Chinese and Soviet ICBMs.

It is all there in the Resor package—the promotion of friendly magazine articles by leading scientists (although not usually as leading as Bethe, Kistiakowsky and Wiesner), intensive lobbying in Congress by high Defense officials, calls on local editors and publishers, a trans-

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THE NATION

Volume 208
No. 9

portable display exhibit, films, taped interviews, invitations to newsmen to witness test firings (including trips to Kwajalein in the Pacific), widespread distribution of "information packets," coordination with aerospace public relations efforts on behalf of Sentinel, and every other gimmick of the make-'em-believe-it industry.

Senator Kennedy's announcement that he is setting up his own study of the ABM because the Department of Defense "Review" is in fact no review at all adds substance to our editorial assertion ("The Missile Pause," February 24) that citizens need an independent research organization in Washington to maintain continuous surveillance of the military budget. His charge that for too many years nothing has been available on Sentinel but official reports could be directed against many other items in the defense budget. Reports put out by such an organization would help the press, the public and the Congress to arrive at sound judgments of what is required, what is prudent and what is irrational. It would substitute sense and reason for pressure, particularly Pentagon pressure.

The Sentinel campaign is only the latest of such Pentagon machinations. This kind of tampering with the public's mind goes on all the time; it should be exposed and stopped. Nor should that be too difficult. No new Congressional committees are required. Senator Symington has a subcommittee in being which is free to go into this field, to dissect what is being done, and to analyze the effect on foreign policy of the creation, at enormous expense, of weapons systems that will never benefit anyone but the members of the military-industrial complex.

Deadly Moderation

Deceptively billed as a mere "change of name," the newly approved HUAC mandate clothes the committee with even broader and more substantive powers. The "Committee on Internal Security," as it is now called, is a full-fledged institutional member of the security establishment, with credentials rivaling those of its Senate counterpart. Under the pretext of curing constitutional defects in the superseded resolution of authorization, the committee has acquired new status.

Court decisions— in the *Watkins, Barenblatt, Krebs* and *Stamler* cases—had cast a cloud on the committee's mandate. When the new chairman, Richard Ichord, joined the committee, he announced his disapproval of the mandate as written, proposed that such terms as "un-American propaganda" be dropped, and raised the banner of "moderation." In 1968, Ichord and Rep. Del Clawson introduced the present "clarifying" resolution, but it came too late in the session for House action.

As part of its masquerade of moderation, the committee has announced a new set of rules which, though not materially different from the old, is calculated to attract support. The moderation package also includes a proposal that the House set up a special committee to screen all contempt citations—a persuasive sop to its critics. But while stating that the committee would in the future use moderation even in calling hostile witnesses for exposure purposes, Mr. Ichord took great care to propose that the committee be given contempt power to punish "misbehavior" by hostile witnesses in its presence.

The purpose of the new jurisdictional provisions (approved by the Rules Committee after a one-day private hearing) is to furnish the committee with an instrument to cope with the new radicalism. The enlarged resolution uses as a model the Internal Security Act, which makes a target of those seeking the establishment of a "totalitarian dictatorship within the United States." It adds even broader jurisdictional authority by including the power to investigate organizations and groups, "their members, agents and affiliates" which seek "alteration" in the United States form of government by "treachery" or "unlawful means." It has obtained power to proceed against members of organizations or groups who use "any unlawful means to obstruct or oppose the lawful authority of the government of the United States." It has obtained authority to investigate the administration of any law "or any portion of law" relating to the enormously expanded jurisdiction approved in the new resolution, as well as "all other questions" relating to its new powers. The purpose of this catchall provision is to give the committee "legislative oversight" not only over laws within its own jurisdiction but laws within the jurisdiction of other committees which "may have general jurisdiction over the whole or major part of said law." With the announced committee investigation of Students for a Democratic Society (Senator Eastland's subcommittee has also subpoenaed SDS members and files), the stage is set for a new witch hunt which may make us long for the bad old days before "moderation" took over.

'Basically Honest'

President Nixon led with his chin when he appointed Willie Mae Rogers to be White House consultant on consumer affairs. Miss Rogers was—and is—director of the Good Housekeeping Institute. Connected with the magazine of the same name, the institute purports to function as a consumer-protection organization. But even as the President was appointing Miss Rogers to this sensitive and vital position, Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.), in his capacity of chairman of a Government Operations subcommittee, was investigating the Good Housekeeping Institute and its Seal of Approval. He had already discovered—what had been known in the advertising and consumer-protection field for many years—that only products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* were eligible for the seal, that apparently few products so advertised had ever been denied the seal, and that to keep its seal a company had to agree to maintain a proportionate share of its total advertising with *Good Housekeeping*. This meant that if the company decided to increase its advertising budget, *Good Housekeeping* would have to get the same percentage increase, or more.

And here came Miss Rogers, to advise Mr. Nixon on giving the restive consumer a break. Moreover, she was to be an unpaid consultant, continuing to receive her salary from the Good Housekeeping Institute ($100,000 a year, according to reports). In Mr. Rosenthal's view, and in that of anyone interested in real protection for consumers, it was almost too brash to be true. He likened Miss Rogers to a fox in the chicken coop, and was joined in denunciation of the appointment by Sens. Harrison A. Williams, Jr. (D., N.J.), William Proxmire (D., Wis.) and Richard S. Schweiker (R., Pa.). Miss Rogers' position was made even more delicate by the circumstance that at least one product of which samples had been seized by the Food and Drug Administration was still advertised in *Good Housekeeping* and still carried the seal. Two other products were said to be under investigation. How, Mr. Rosenthal wanted to know, could Miss Rogers report on the vitality and efficiency of the FDA when products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* were being scrutinized by that agency?

Miss Rogers was of another mind entirely. She said at a press conference: "You've got to accept the fact that I'm basically honest." We hasten to do so. But there is more involved than conflict of interests; could a person of her background, experience and connections ever qualify as a protector of the consumer's dollar? Miss Rogers is convinced there is no consumer problem that business itself cannot be relied on to cope with, because it is in the interest of business to do so. But the growing and widespread demand for consumer protection refutes the assumption. Patently there is a consumer interest. It is not identical with the interest of all business, and it does need protection.

The incident shows that Mr. Nixon badly misjudged the strength of the new consumer movement. When the Rogers appointment blew up in his face, he quickly backed away. Miss Rogers was out of the White House office almost as soon as she was invited in. And knowing now what the public temper is, Mr. Nixon will hardly find it prudent to put another Willie Mae Rogers in this key post. He must name a person whose attitudes are seen to be sympathetic to the consumer interest. He is now in somewhat the same spot as when Mr. Hickel was under fire. Russell Train, a real conservationist, was appointed to backstop Hickel and to be the "conscience of the conservationists" in the Department of the Interior. Nowadays both conservationists and consumers are quick to spot foxes among the hens.

Twenty-Seven Billie Budds

On October 14, 1968, at about 7:30 A.M., a group of twenty-seven prisoners in the stockade of the Presidio of San Francisco left their formation, sat in a circle on the ground of the courtyard, locked arms and began singing *We Shall Overcome*. The Sixth United States Army decided this action constituted a "nonviolent mutiny."

The Presidio twenty-seven—most of them in the stockade for being absent without leave—hardly fit the popular conception of mutineers. Indeed, they don't even resemble those tough movie cons who used to hold the prison chaplain hostage until the warden agreed to open the gates. They are for the most part scared youths of about 20; in some cases they appear to be mentally disturbed and should never have been drafted in the first place.

The most immediate reason for their being scared that October morning was that another stockade prisoner, 19 years old, had been shot to death seventy-two hours earlier in what the Army alleged was "an attempt to escape from a work detail." The Presidio twenty-seven said they felt it was murder. There is some evidence that this man was mentally disturbed.

The trials of the twenty-seven got under way last month. The first defendant soldier was convicted after thirty-five minutes of deliberation by the court; he was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor. Two more, aged 20 and 21, were given sentences of fourteen and sixteen years.

Assemblyman John Burton, of San Francisco, said the sentences are an attempt by the Army "to stifle the expression of legitimate grievances." American Civil Liberties Union attorney Paul Halvonik, who defended one of the men, said: "Military justice is to justice as military bands are to music."

In a sense the Army, rather than the twenty-seven, is on trial at the Presidio. It would appear that what one lawyer called a "military backlash" against the alleged mutineers could cause the Army to lose its case in the wider court of public opinion.

A Little Freedom

For the past year *The Nation* has been trying to keep the issue of the American bases in Spain high on the agenda of items with which the press, the public and the Congress should be concerned. Now the deadline is approaching.

Spain renounced the treaty covering American bases on Spanish soil on September 26, 1968. Since the treaty was negotiated, some $2 billion in military hardware has been given to Franco. In return for a renewal, he wants a higher rent and still more benefits. Unless a new agreement is negotiated by March 26, we have a year in which to dismantle our bases and go home, although negotiations might continue for a while after the one-year period had started to run.

In the meantime, Spain's internal situation has deteriorated. Some elements of the Franco dictatorship sensed the need for a degree of relaxation and, beginning in 1966, some slight easing of controls was started. It soon began to get out of hand and on January 24 of this year Franco cracked down. A national state of emergency was proclaimed and remains in force.

Much the same thing happened in Portugal when

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Salazar was stricken. His successor, Caetano, tried to create the impression that some liberalization might be in store. But as the Lisbon wisecrack has it, he signaled left while turning right. In Portugal, too, there has been a crackdown.

In Spain the rationale offered for bringing back the shackles was "the historic incapacity [of the Spanish people] to live together in freedom." It is the same old Franco line, voiced in this instance by an editor, Emilio Romero. In Portugal the trouble was "the beast within the Portuguese psyche." The same old quack psychology.

The fact is that, in part because of the influx of U.S. funds, the Spanish have been a little more prosperous. The bases contribute $300 million a year to the national income. Spain also has a $1.25 billion tourist industry. Spaniards working abroad send home another $300 to $400 million. Portugal also has a substantial income from workers abroad, tourism, etc.

Whenever improvement, however modest, occurs in a dictatorship, there results a general lifting of spirits, and politics begins to revive. Also, a new generation has come along to worry Franco. When people have had a taste of freedom, however dilute, they want more. This frightens the dictatorship, and not without reason. Franco observed the May upsurge in France and he is taking preventive measures. He fears an alliance of students and workers (since February 1 workers have been on strike in Bilbao). The Basques keep him awake nights.

As long as we maintain our Spanish bases and pay Franco tribute, we are in effect upholding the dictatorship and repressing the Spanish people. If we stay, and big trouble develops, the bases will be worthless—they probably are anyway. We will be caught in the middle, and a large sector of world opinion will blame us for supplying Franco with the arms with which he will try to reassert his authority.

March 26, then, is a date to watch. And it would be a good day to start getting out.

Big Deal

Some insurance companies are interested in buying the California State College system. The plan is endorsed by Sen. John G. Schmitz of Orange County, well known as a member of the John Birch Society. He thinks the insurance companies would be able to stop campus disturbances and would also help reduce the taxes of the good Californians. It would be, he said, "a multi-billion-dollar windfall" for the California taxpayer . . . though it might not look so good to him when he has to find the tuition for his children.

The California State College System comprises nineteen campuses and has about 125,000 students. It is estimated that in ten years this number will almost double. The advantages of selling the colleges to an insurance company, or a group of them, are not to be dismissed lightly. It would give a tremendous shot in the arm to the actuarial science, and to the business schools in general—which are quite ragged. Quality faculty could be lured to the system by promises of reductions on insurance policies, options on stock and similar inducements which corporations offer their workers. Parents can be reassured that their children will be "in good hands," in institutions as "solid" as the Rock of Gibraltar.

And there is no reason why the principle cannot be extended to the university system; it might even be advisable to sell the whole state. Howard Hughes is buying Nevada; might he be a prospect for California?

NIXON'S WAR IN VIETNAM

TRISTRAM COFFIN

Mr. Coffin is an author and journalist, based in Washington.

In a brightly lit Pentagon niche a sergeant performs a melancholy task: he adds the latest figures of American deaths in Vietnam to the grand total. There were 150 in the week of February 8, bringing the total to 31,562.

The Washington news gatherers tend to ignore the sergeant and his statistics in their fascination with the public relations techniques of President Nixon. Besides, the Administration is providing jim-dandy headlines—a trip to Europe, messages to de Gaulle on the Middle East, the tricky backfield shift on ABM, patriotic remarks on West Berlin.

The real story of Vietnam is that the United States has again escalated the war, in the face of disengagement from the other side. President Nixon has given in to the advice of his old friend, Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster who, by report, is running the show from the White House. General Goodpaster, second in command in Vietnam, was called back for consultations with Nixon, sits in on all the conferences on Vietnam; his return to Saigon has been put off indefinitely.

The President has chosen to listen blankly to the realism of such old hands as Averell Harriman, Edwin Reischauer, McGeorge Bundy. Reischauer said recently: "Vietnam has shown the limited ability of the United States to control at a reasonable cost the course of events in a nationally aroused, less developed nation. . . ."

According to Republican legislators who have talked to Mr. Nixon, he apparently sees Vietnam as a problem in public relations and American politics. General Goodpaster has convinced him that victory can be won in Vietnam. The argument is drearily familiar. ("I fully expect the defeat of the Communist Union after six more months of hard fighting": Gen. Henri-Eugene Navarre, French commander in chief, January 2, 1954. . . . "With a little more training the Vietnam army will be the equal of any other army in its ability to combat the enemy": Secretary of the Army Wilbur Brucker, December 18, 1955. . . .

"The militant march of communism has been halted": Vice President Nixon, July 7, 1956. . . . "South Vietnam is beginning to hit the Vietcong insurgents where it hurts most": Secretary of Defense McNamara, July 25, 1962. . . . "The war in Vietnam is turning an important corner. Government forces clearly have the initiative in most areas of the country": Secretary of State Rusk, March 9, 1963. . . . "I feel we shall achieve victory in 1964": Maj. Gen. Tran Van Dong, October 1, 1963.)

Nixon has allowed himself to fall for the fantasy, because of his own obsession with communism. Roscoe Drummond, a Washington columnist close to the new Administration, writes that Nixon "will not go for a fake peace, for a make-believe face-saving peace which for a few weeks or a few months might look like peace but which really would mean turning the South Vietnamese people over to the Communists at the conference table."

The President reportedly expects a military victory in Vietnam within a year or two. His job as he sees it is twofold: to razzle and dazzle the populace so that it will not complain about the sergeant's statistics, and to get the war over at least six months before launching his campaign for re-election. He also has a short-term goal. He hopes to put together by midsummer a relatively tough U.S. ultimatum for the Paris talks. Joseph C. Harsch writes in *The Christian Science Monitor* that his formula for Vietnam "should emerge sometime in July or August." The timing is significant. Nixon expects the U.S. military position to be so improved by summer that he can call the tune at Paris.

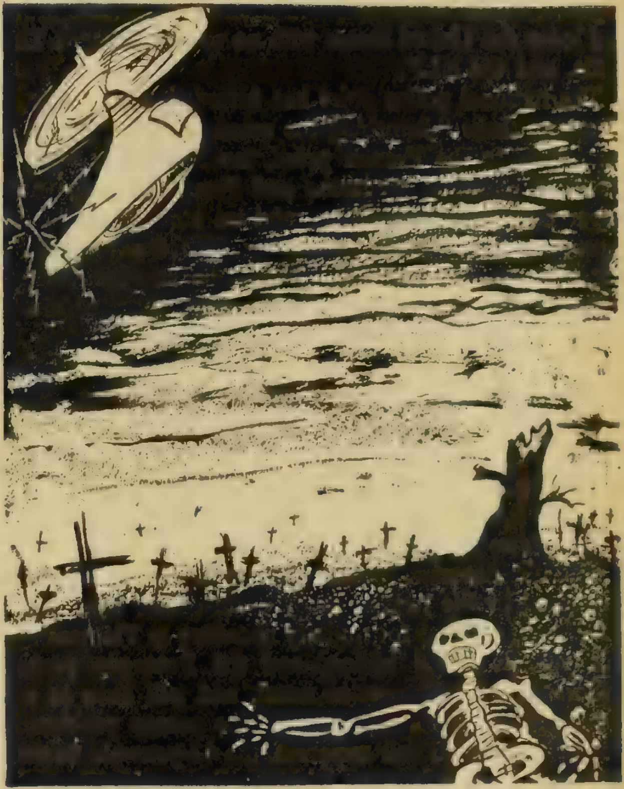
By report, the formula shaping up is not much different from the hard LBJ line, but with one grand concession to be announced with blinking neon lights and horns: the NLF will be allowed one place in the postwar Saigon regime—some post like commissioner of traffic lights.

The NLF, of course, will not agree to that, now or in August. It insists upon a new caretaker government, with equal representation for the Saigon regime, the NLF and the non-Communist dissenters. This would mean that airline flights from Saigon to Paris would be quickly filled with departing Thieu-Ky executives.

While President Nixon smiles upon the populace, ominous events are taking place in Vietnam. The order of the day is escalation. *The New York Times* reports that General Abrams has embarked on a new campaign "to extend South Vietnamese Government control over disputed areas and territory long controlled by the Vietcong." Another *Times* dispatch refers to "an accelerated pacification program which might be called a 'territorial security program.' "

The Washington Post, in a high-keyed editorial about this "absurd, futile business," recalls a series of events: after the bombing halt, North Vietnam pulled troops "back from the lowlands into the mountains; they have, in fact, disengaged their troops." The *Post* says some of the experts claim "that the basic decision was political, not military; it was a conscious act of *de facto* de-escalation. If that is what it was, the American response to it was all wrong." The editorial suggests that the enemy reaction to our escalation (I. F. Stone reports that the tempo of our offensive operations rose about 25 per cent in December over November) is a hardening of the line, and a decision to kick off a new offensive. An Agence France Press dispatch says the NLF has vowed to "push forward" in a general offensive because the United States "feverishly steps up the war and keeps piling up barbarous crimes against the people."

Another casualty of the Nixon escalation seems to be the Chinese "soft line." Late last fall, our China watchers in Poland sent word of a surprising development: Peking was willing to guarantee the neutrality of Southeast Asia, if we would wind up the war and pull out. This was not a humanitarian gesture but the result of some hard thinking by the Communists. China, expecting that it must eventually fight Russia, hoped to break up the possibility of a Washington-Moscow axis, which would pummel China from west and south. Peking's intelligence at that point was saying the United States wanted, above all, to get out of Vietnam with reasonable "face" and let the Asians run Asia.



Backes, Nuremberg

This line has now been abandoned. A Peking broadcast on February 8 said that Nixon and "American imperialism . . . will step up its counterrevolutionary global collusion and make counterrevolutionary deals with the Soviet revisionist renegade clique."

The current escalation is bringing death and horror to South Vietnam. A Vietcong commentary quoted in the *Times* says, "On a single day the B-52s dropped 1 million pounds of bombs on a tiny area northwest of Pleiku." No matter what the military objective, 1 million pounds of bombs is an indiscriminate attack, in which a lot of innocent people are killed and maimed. The anti-personnel bombs, armed with metal pellets, are particularly indefensible.

With the accelerated offensive has come a crackdown by the Saigon regime on all moderate opposition. A *Times* dispatch quotes President Thieu as saying, "We will strictly and vigorously apply martial law to anybody—private citizen, politician, priest or monk—if he incites the people to revolt, if he tries to overthrow the Government, if he helps the Communists, or *if he does anything harmful to the national security.*" This hardly seems possible without at least the tacit consent of Ambassador Bunker and Washington. The aim is obvious—to destroy the middle ground and leave the United States with no choice between Thieu & Co. and the NLF.

The national police chief has invented a new category of crime, those "disturbing the minds of the population." According to the French press, hundreds have been arrested, a Buddhist magazine and French-language newspaper have been shut down, and an atmosphere of dark repression has returned to the city. *The Washington Post* states in another editorial, "From the standpoint of the United States and its interests, the harassment of dissenters is ominous."

Meantime, the acid of the Vietnamese War is dripping deeply into the American scene. The sergeant's figures may be ignored by the Washington news gatherers, but not by the people. The latest Gallup poll finds that 40 per cent list Vietnam as their chief worry, as compared to 17 per cent who list crime and violence.

Nixon's domestic chiefs find themselves increasingly frustrated by the heavy money drain of the war. The official budget figure for military spending in Vietnam alone this year is $28.8 billion, and the Pentagon probably underestimated the cost as usual, and will have to come sneaking back for a supplement. The money problem hits Nixon's presumed heir apparent, the 43-year-old Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Robert H. Finch. Unless he can get more money for education and welfare, his jurisdiction and reputation may go up in smoke this summer. But Finch runs up against Nixon's confidence that, by public relations stunts and diversions, he can cool off the domestic scene until his generals win the war. No President ever put so much faith in the PR game as this master of Checkers.

There is a direct relation between the war and student demonstrations, according to a suppressed report by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. It argues: "The primary cause of anti-war protest is the course of the war itself. . . . It is safe to say that by now the only effective countermeasure against the bitterness that leads to violence would be the termination of the war in Vietnam."

The armed services themselves are deeply, though privately, worried by an undercurrent of passive disobedience, dissent, mutiny and racial antagonism that grows out of the war. You simply cannot run an army with this kind of ferment.

A new youth ethic toward the military is emerging and could collapse the whole gigantic, futile military-industrial complex while the politicians and peaceniks argue and hold banquets. The ethic was enunciated by a young deserter, the son of a Pentagon official, in letters to his mother from a Swedish jail. In excerpts published by *The Washington Post* he said: "The North Vietnamese are fighting for a political point of view they think would be best for all of Vietnam. The same reason the Yankees fought in the Civil War. . . . But Americans are actually killing thousands of people in the small country of Vietnam to spread a political belief they like to talk about but never really get: freedom of this, that and the other thing. . . . If you want to be open-minded enough to see out of the plastic red, white and blue shell you are in, you've got to stop taking it for granted that people should kill. . . ."

Disturbing omens can be detected in the American economy. The consumer price index climbed 4.2 per cent in 1968, the biggest jump since the Korean War year of 1951, and the Department of Agriculture predicts higher food prices in the near future. In late January, the Nixon Administration, negotiating its first financial operation, had to pay the highest interest rate imposed on the federal government since 1865, the last year of the Civil War.

Signs as alarming are to be found in a study issued by the Joint Economic Committee, and blithely ignored by Washington news gatherers during their winter romance with Nixon. It shows that the Vietnamese War is contributing $4 billion a year to the balance-of-payments crisis. As the London *Financial Times* has consistently pointed out, this drain could pull down the West's monetary system at almost any moment. The United States narrowly escaped a showdown last year, when money from West Europe, frightened by the instability of the franc and pound, poured into America.

A study by Peter Passell, a young Yale scholar, also shows how the war has brought a basic change to America's position in the nonmilitary world market. American corporations have been so busy filling orders for the Pentagon that they have neglected the export market and even, to some extent, the domestic market for non-maiming goods. In 1966, our foreign trade position was $1.3 billion below what could be expected had we held our pre-Vietnam trading balance. This includes lost exports and the rise of non-defense imports. Since 1964, there has been a decline in the U.S. current account position of more than $6 billion. Passell says, "The Vietnamese War has played a major role in this deterioration."

To bring this judgment up to date, the Commerce Department said on January 30 that our trade surplus—the excess of exports over imports—plummeted from $4.1 billion in 1967 to $726 million last year. The Department also revealed that imports exceeded exports by $81 million in December for the fifth monthly deficit of the year.

Nevertheless, the end of this miserable war is not in sight. President Thieu said blandly at his Saigon press conference on February 6, "I can by no means assert that peace will come in 1969." President Nixon prepares to traipse off to Europe for more PR exposure via Telstar. (If he really wanted to sound out other heads of state, he has ambassadors and a State Department for the purpose.) And the sergeant in the Pentagon goes quietly about his doleful business.

How We Look to the Third World

EQBAL AHMAD

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During America's first two decades as a superpower, its foreign policy escaped harsh judgments by foreign as well as native analysts. West Europeans were grateful for American help in surviving the menace of fascism, and acknowledged the success of the Marshall Plan in reconstructing their war-torn economies. Among the nationalists of Asia and Africa the United States enjoyed, in Wendell Willkie's words, an inexhaustible "reservoir of goodwill." Americans had waged the first successful struggle against colonialism, founded a nation dedicated to the exciting proposition that all men are created equal, and fought a civil war to uphold that principle. During the crucial years of Asian and African struggle for independence America had been our model; faith in its friendship was part of our rising expectations. As a schoolboy in British India, my first act of rebellion had been to substitute the phrase "American Rebellion" for the "War of American Independence" in a history reading class. Even Ho Chi Minh has regularly invoked the example of George Washington. An anti-imperialist, revolutionary United States was part of our nationalist mythologies.

Somehow that myth lingered on through two decades of disappointments. Richard Barnett has pointed out that between 1947 and 1965 the United States sent military or para-military forces, on an average of once every eighteen months, against local revolutions or nationalist governments of which it did not approve. It spent in excess of twenty times more money on its military operations in underdeveloped countries than on economic aid to the poor. At the same time its investments abroad grew from $7.2 billion in 1947 to $50 billion in 1965, and it consumed 60 per cent of the world's raw material. With each successive year, its war budget reached an all-time high. Yet, except for a handful of pacifists and Marxists, few Americans challenged the assumptions and goals of this policy. Total consensus on matters of policy is an anomaly in a democratic, pluralistic society; yet in this instance it lasted until the continued escalation of an undeclared war put intolerable strains on the country, and particularly on its young.

To us in the Third World, America appeared increasingly a *status-quo*-seeking, interventionist monolith, whose allies were the Samozas, the Diems and the Saigon generals who had once collaborated with colonial France and are now sanctioning the destruction of a people and country they claim to represent. In the crucible of Vietnam the myth of revolutionary America has finally exploded.

Or should we regard Vietnam as a unique aberration? That depends on one's perspectives and priorities. In the underdeveloped countries the uniqueness of Vietnam generally refers to the peculiar historical and political circumstances which permitted the Vietnamese people to resist American intervention in a manner that the Guatemalans, Iranians and Dominicans did not or could not.

Threat of Nationalism

The United States, the protestations of its leaders notwithstanding, has been, in effect, opposed to Third World nationalism—historically in South America, and recently in its client states. This opposition, however, has been manifest not in the initial stages of the demand for independence from Spanish, French, Dutch or British colonialism; but in the stage when a particular nationalism has begun to acquire a diplomatic, economic and social expression. American analysts are beginning to acknowledge the objective factors behind this fact. Nationalism appears to threaten the "interests" of those who are responsible for or exercise influence over government policy. The status and opulence of the military and civilian bureaucracy connected with the "national security" establishment depend on accumulating and expanding military power and political influence. Business interests which, in the absence of countervailing forces, exercise a near monopoly of influence on foreign policy, prosper under a policy characterized by overmilitarization and interventions in behalf of right-wing oligarchies hospitable to private U.S. investments.

In the recently emerged nations, by contrast, the diplomatic and economic expression of nationalism entails an independent and neutralist foreign policy, the rejection of foreign military bases and socialization of national resources. It threatens potential or actual American investments; it implies the loss of a potential or actual ally in the cold war; its revolutionary program appears dangerously similar to communism.

American tolerance for such a development appears to vary inversely with its political and economic investments in a country. In client states, like Guatemala, Iran and the Dominican Republic, the United States has engineered *coups d'état*, or mounted sharp, swift, armed interventions to suppress the expression of radical nationalism. In non-client states the development is tolerated if it occurs unexpectedly, or if a country turns radical, gradually and without serious challenge, under a popular leader. Egypt is an example of the first type; Tanzania of the second. But relations with such regimes remain reserved, often restrained; if local conditions permit, their subversion is encouraged, as it admittedly was in Indonesia (1957-1958) and British Guiana (1962-1963). In recent years there has been an inclination to encourage radical governments in zones of French influence; Tunisia is an example. But only among the Eastern European clients of Russia has America consistently welcomed and encouraged assertive nationalism.

Policy by Paranoia

The subjective but equally important factors which reinforce American policy in underdeveloped countries seem related to the following aspects of U.S. political culture:

The paranoid strain in American politics has been analyzed at some length by Richard Hofstadter. He states: "The distinguishing thing about the paranoid style is not that its exponents see conspiracies here and there in history but that they regard a vast and gigantic conspiracy as the motive force in historical events. History is a conspiracy set in motion by demonic forces of almost transcendent power and what is felt to be needed to defeat it is not the usual methods of political give and take but an all out crusade."

The deep hold among the people of an almost theological anti-communism, which the realists like Morgenthau, Kennan and Senator Fulbright have bewailed, becomes more understandable when viewed in this light. It also accounts for the easy and, until recently, total public acceptance of the official ideology. Like other powers which preceded it, the United States needed a rationale to police the world. A democracy claiming an anti-imperialist character would have found it particularly difficult to justify such a role on the ground of *Realpolitik*. The doctrines of historical necessity and moral responsibility combined to produce a compelling ideology whose most important single component is the constant invocation of the threat of conspiratorial communism.

A sense of power is congenial to any people. Its exercise becomes morally acceptable when it is felt to be directed in behalf of a noble cause and against a mortal threat. Officials contend that America was reluctant to assume the guardianship of the world; but the nation, come of age, could not shirk its historical responsibility of defending humanity against communism. History and metaphysics had crowned America to become, in John F. Kennedy's stirring phrase, "the watchman on the walls of world freedom." President Johnson echoed more sadly that "We did not choose to be the guardians at the gate." The stake in the struggle, according to President Kennedy, was nothing less than "sway over the destiny of man." The principal battleground was assumed to have shifted in the late 1940s to the poor countries. Hence, every important local event has global significance.

The mixture of globalism and paranoia produces a rhetoric so senseless and extreme that were it not uttered by serious and successful politicians, one would tend to dismiss it as irresponsible. Thus, in a letter to *The New York Times* (October 29, 1965) Mr. Nixon warned that "The victory for Vietcong . . . would mean ultimately the destruction of freedom of speech for all men for all time not only in Asia but in the United States as well. . . . We must never forget that if the war in Vietnam is lost . . . the right of free speech will be extinguished forever." Whatever opinion one may hold of the military-industrial complex or of economic imperialism in American foreign policy, it would be difficult to deny that such a statement by the most durable and successful of contemporary American politicians reveals more about the political pathology of this society than do the economic interests of its ruling class.

The conspiratorial view of history leads also to the habit of seeing historical events and social processes in *ad hoc*, technical terms. Even the social scientists are conditioned by it; the official literature on counterinsurgency is a case in point. Revolutionary warfare is seen essentially as a technical problem—that of plotting and subversion on the one hand, and of intelligence and suppression on the other. As the chief conspiratorial group, the Communists are believed to be the most likely initiators and beneficiaries of revolution. This belief produces a pessimistic posture toward a transforming world, and underlies the obsessive concern of the United States with stability and order in the countries under its influence, an attitude which led to the quashing of what was construed as the Dominican Communist conspiracy. A logical extension—the belief that any revolutionary movement is inspired, directed and controlled from abroad—leads to a ridiculously simplified puppeteer view of the world, which disregards the force of nationalism. Dean Rusk's famous description of China as a "Slavic Manchukuo on a large scale" is now legend. The belief in Washington, perhaps once sincere, that the National Liberation Front was a puppet of North Vietnam, which in turn was a puppet of one or the other of the larger Communist powers, may fly in the face of facts; but it has been held with tenacity by the government and is believed by most of the people.

Management of Dissent

Perhaps because its immigrant character necessitated the successful integration of diverse groups into the system, the American political culture is management oriented. Historically, group demands have been managed through political bargaining and selective rewards. Ideological and social dissent has been dealt with by coopting both individuals and ideas. Insofar as the society was endowed with expanding resources as well as an extremely mobile social structure, the politics of management within a pluralistic framework was possible. It was further facilitated by a basic consensus to which all aspiring groups tended to subscribe.

Yet the same forces which produced a flexible tradition of bargaining and cooptation also produced an overemphasis on the maintenance of a basic consensus—which could accept differences of opinion, but not cleavages—on how society was to be organized. Unmanageable dissent, therefore, has often met swift and ruthless repression in America. The IWW comes immediately to mind. Groups defined as being outside the political boundary faced extermination—as did the Indians; or were forcibly kept on the outer limits—as were the blacks. The result is an authoritarian superstructure, that allows for a well-defined but extremely permissive infra-structure. This cultural complex has important ramifications for American response to the stresses of social change in underdeveloped countries.

First, the Americans expect that the Asian and Latin versions of robber barons and party bosses will, out of self-interest, come around to introducing serious reforms and achieving an orderly resolution of the conflicts that arise from pressures for political participation and distribution of income. Washington therefore clings obstinately to the hope that institutions will be promoted and social progress will be achieved under a Diem, the Thai generals, or the Filipino politicians. But this optimism misconstrues the value system and class characteristics of the rulers in traditional and feudal societies: their concept of self-interest and their relationship to society, upon which their defense of the *status quo* is predicated.

Since rewards and bargains are essential aspects of the domestic political style, the United States increases its economic and military commitments to client states in the expectation that these will be useful levers for political and economic reform. Yet students of American foreign aid have noted that in many countries American pressures for reform, backed by direct economic aid, fail to produce the desired reforms; but somehow expand the American presence, undermine the legitimacy of the native government, and sometimes culminate in military intervention on behalf of the defaulting client. This phenomenon, called "incrementalism" in academic parlance, results from transposing an American style and expectation of behavior to relationships with traditional or feudal elites whose techniques for assuring political and economic survival are often the exact opposite of the American.

The consensus upon which the American system of bargaining and boundary management is predicated does not exist in underdeveloped countries. It is likely to be particularly lacking in client states, since foreign alignments tend to exacerbate internal divisions. There is growing in the Third World a trend toward the radicalization of conflict. The imposition of modern technology and values is drastically altering social and economic configurations which formerly held discontent in the traditional societies within the boundaries of religiosity and rebellion. The countries are feeling a fundamental shift in the equation of human condition; it produces a shift from rebellion for limited goals to revolution whose basic aim is the transformation of all relationships—political, economic and social—between groups and individuals. As groups previously outside the political realm force their way into politics, the common man becomes politically relevant. For many newcomers to politics, this mass is their only capital. Politics, thus, ceases to be a mere struggle within a privileged minority for the spoils of power. It becomes a contest between the contenders of different social systems and political ideals. The opposition in such societies is frequently unmanageable because it does not share the values of an often ill-defined and sometimes unlegitimate authority.

When faced with unmanageable dissent of this nature in countries of its paramount influence, the United States inclines to intervene, responding according to the traditions of its domestic style. The opposition is defined as being outside the legitimate political boundary (it often does not matter if legitimacy as well as a defined boundary are absent). Paranoia seeks plausible enemies; radical nationalists, Socialists, all become Communists; "outside agitators" are repressed. If the clients are unable to defeat the opposition with American aid and advice, then direct intervention appears to be necessary. After listening to a State Department official's defense of Vietnamese policy at Tougaloo College in Mississippi, a black woman remarked that he spoke exactly like the white leaders she knew: people in the South were generally satisfied; trouble began only when agitators from the North infiltrated; there was Communist subversion. For the same reason Ambassador Nolting in Saigon "reminded" *Time*'s correspondent, David Halberstam, "of some white community leaders in Mississippi and Tennessee."

Latin American Extrapolation

Perhaps the most important single factor in influencing American style in the underdeveloped countries has been its experience in Latin America.* There radical nationalism has been the greatest threat to vested American interests. There the pattern of alliance with right-wing oligarchies was established and paid economic and political dividends. There even the practice of labeling radical nationalists as "Communists" developed long before the cold war had begun. (For example, in 1933 the American Ambassador in Cuba found the ill-fated Grau San Martin government "Communistic"; in 1937 Cordell Hull referred to a Mexican Government intent on nationalizing oil interests as "those Communists down there.") There, too, was confirmed the belief in the efficacy of violence as an instrument of foreign policy.

There has been a great deal of discussion in recent years of the part played by violence in American culture. However, I have seen insufficient analysis of the ex-

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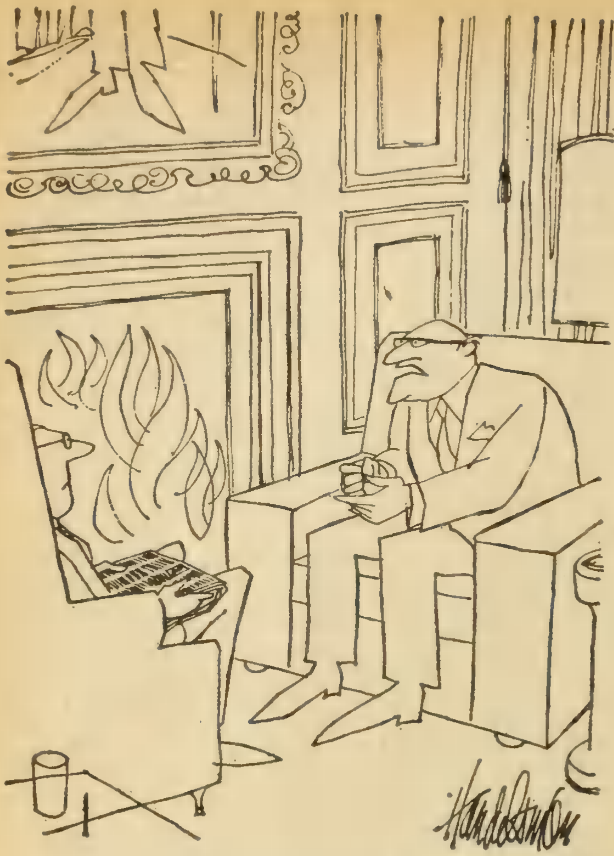
* See review of *Latin American Radicalism*, page 277.



"I Say Bomb Them into Submission! It's the Only Language I Understand"

tent to which a belief in the efficacy of violence appears to be an important aspect of the historical outlook in the United States. As a newcomer, I was struck by the thematic consistency of films on American colonization, and the audience reaction to them. The whites are shown as a human grouping with all its diversities, emotions and failings. Tension builds up when a pioneer group, united by a common enterprise, is threatened by an invisible, elemental enemy. The Indian is an outsider, and dehumanized. One does not learn of his family life, hopes, fears and grievances. Indians come in hordes, screaming; white guns, strategically placed and skillfully fired, wipe them out. They fall in stylized movements which bring cheers or laughter from the audience. Efficiency and superior technology in the service of a mission overcome the Indian; violence is seen as an instrument of national purpose.

At first one hesitates to believe that this constitutes a fundamental source of socialization in America, but an examination of decades of school history texts confirms one's fears. They display some pity, but little self-examination; considerable chauvinism and self-righteousness. They may show some respect for the Indian, but only in his role as a noble savage. (The Negro, also an excluded group who suffered another form of violence, is denied even this honor.) But his extermination is accepted as the natural offering to manifest destiny. The destruction of a people and culture has become an object of public entertainment and children's games. Instead of deriving a sense of tragedy from it, America has institutionalized even its genocide.

The violence which has been practiced against the Indians or the blacks is not genocidal in intent; it is instrumental, political and ethnocentric. It is seen as a natural vehicle for the attainment of societal goals, especially when it involves confrontation with culturally and racially alien groups who are often perceived as inferior and expendable. The belief in the efficacy of violence, when reinforced by the feeling of racial superiority, augments interventionist tendencies, brutalizes the resulting conflict beyond legal or necessary bounds, and also produces miscalculation regarding the will and tenacity of the enemy. As an alien and colored people, Asians are particularly vulnerable, which is one reason why a rapid military disengagement of the United States from their countries will be highly desirable.

New Assumptions, New Goals

If the above analysis of the American political culture is valid, it points to the danger of continued interventionism, especially in the client states. It should follow that, if the dialectic of intervention is to be broken, scholars and policy makers must give attention to the manner in which the United States must disengage from direct involvement in underdeveloped countries. Such a disengagement need not be the result of isolationist sentiments. It must envisage a new role for the United States and new forms of relationships which will take into account the interests of both America and the underdeveloped peoples. Yet such a change in policy must necessarily be preceded by not only an examination of its assumptions but also a redefinition of its goals.

At the very least and without envisaging a revolution in America, one has a right to expect Americans to understand that the underdeveloped countries are undergoing a simultaneous triple transformation—social, economic and political—in telescoped time, and under the multiple pressures of colonial heritage and growing population. We citizens of these countries hope to avoid excessive civil conflicts, or regression into the colonial, racist, Fascist and Stalinist aberrations that attended the phased modernization of Western countries—even though they enjoyed the luxuries of time, superior psychological, economic and cultural resources, plus the opportunity of relegating to the colonies and the expanding frontier the tensions and ambitions produced by technology and social change. But we shall inevitably experience conflicts and disorders in the process of formulating our values and reconstructing our societies. The interest of the United States does not lie in influencing the outcome of such conflicts, but in preventing their enlargement into international wars and in reducing the extent of destruction.

Second, the United States might redefine its goals just enough to permit an operative admission that the world, particularly the parts inhabited by the dispossessed and the poor, is not a hunting ground for American business nor, more importantly, a dumping place for its surplus weapons. Third, one could reasonably expect contemporary Americans to understand that, just as it proved unsafe to have Harlem and Watts in their midst, the poor and the oppressed in a shrinking world will eventually make it an unsafe place to live. It is, therefore, a good investment to spend some money on, so to say, water power instead of fire power.

More specifically, this means that the United States must disengage militarily from and dismantle its bases in Latin America, Asia and Africa. It means also that the great powers must start negotiations to bar the supply of heavy arms to underdeveloped countries. Such an agreement is more crucial to world peace and well-being than the more dramatic issue of nuclear disarmament.

A plan for restricting military capabilities of the Third World can probably be enforced only in stages, for in certain areas—Korea, Middle East, India-Pakistan, etc.—it will be hard, initially, to obtain great-power agreements, and to assure reliable protection for the constituent states against aggression by an industrialized neighbor capable of producing heavy arms. Yet assuming America's willingness to exercise its leadership as a superpower in this direction, it is not difficult to conceive of several workable alternatives.

The United States, if it genuinely desires to help the poor, must shift its priorities. It could begin by offering favorable terms for international trade. Also, one-fifth of its military budget (i.e., more than $20 billion) could be shifted to developmental research and anti-poverty programs around the world. To avoid incrementalism and intervention, as well as to achieve maximum efficacy and freedom from diplomatic and political constraints, this benevolence would best be internationalized. A multinational Organization of International Cooperation, endowed by the rich countries to the tune of some $50 billion annually, would certainly mark the beginning of peaceful cooperation among divergent nations of the world. I doubt that even the USSR could long resist the pressures and prestige of joining this consortium of the rich, especially if the small European and nonaligned countries were given a prominent role in fixing the criteria for aid, thus keeping it somewhat free of cold-war diplomacy.

I am not optimistic that even these minimal expectations will be met in the near future. That being so, I feel that the poor countries will eventually be better off without *direct* American military and economic assistance, for American presence and intervention can only distort their development and enhance their sorrow. In America today the thoroughly discredited dogma of anti-communism is being replaced by the specter of isolationism. Although my country is on the receiving end and although I am fully aware of its misery, I feel no inhibition in acknowledging that I would rather live in this world with an isolationist than with an activist and interventionist America. But we may not have a choice.

EAST OF THE WALL

GERMANY NO LONGER

SIDNEY DU BROFF

Mr. Du Broff is an American author, resident in London, who frequently visits and reports on Eastern Europe. He also writes fiction, his most recent novel being Woe to the Rebellious Children.

London

A state now almost twenty years old, East Germany—the German Democratic Republic—is little known, little understood and little liked. Two important reasons contribute to this: the skillful and expensive press-agenting by West Germany, and the clumsy, rigid and unskillful East German presentation of themselves. While West Germany has been marketed and sold like a product, East Germany, deliberately isolated, is best known for the escape attempts of its citizens. These feats are often engineered under West German auspices; if the escapee winds up dead in the barbed wire, so much the better for the West German propaganda media. [See "Letter from Germany" by Leslie R. Colitt, page 283.]

West Germany, rebuilt after the war as a "bulwark against Bolshevism," is America's best friend in Europe, perhaps in the world. United States foreign policy requires a dangerous, belligerent, sword-rattling East Germany to justify the maintenance of troops in Europe. An enemy is the prerequisite of a war machine. America is the parent of West Germany and the policies of the two countries run parallel. They have very successfully branded East Germany as the outlaw of Europe.

West Germany, laying claim to all of East Germany, as well as part of Poland, does not really want unification since that would upset the delicate religious balance in the Protestants' favor. Russia has tried not to take the existence of East Germany too seriously; the Soviet Union is both afraid and jealous of it, and would probably be glad to exchange East Germany's present Socialist status for a unified, neutral, disarmed Germany. For the present at least, West Germany is not ready to make this kind of deal, though it may become increasingly attractive as East Germany's economic strength continues to grow. But economic strength is what Herr Ulbricht is depending upon to prevent such an eventuality.

Much of the animosity once felt toward Germany as a whole is now directed toward East Germany, not only from Western Europe but from East European countries as well. The Hallstein Doctrine lays down that countries which recognize East Germany cannot be recognized by West Germany. (Russia is an exception.) Thus Bulgaria, Hungary and Romania find their sister Socialist Republic an embarrassment when they attempt to conclude wider diplomatic functioning and increased trade relations with hard-currency West Germany, which is itself eager for these new markets. In 1966 East Germany was turned down for membership in the United Nations. To travel in the West, an East German must apply to the Allied Travel Board in West Berlin for permission, which is not granted lightly or often, and is frequently refused in an arbitrary assertion of power. If a visa should be granted, the holder may not say that he comes from the German Democratic Republic, the official name, but only from East Germany. Isolated, demoralized, harassed and threatened, the East Germans feel—and are—alone in a very hostile world. Their reaction has been one of bitterness and hurt pride, particularly in view of their considerable material progress.

A real split exists in the German Democratic Republic (the GDR) between young and old. Those of 35 and younger are very different from their elders. Many of them knew Nazism as children, then Stalinism, then anti-Stalinism. They are skeptics. If you, or Walter Ulbricht, says something, they will listen; then want you, or Walter Ulbricht, to prove it.

This new German is very un-German, pleasant to see and encounter. He is not rigid, nor dogmatic, nor a blind follower. Though the government told him he should support the Arabs during and after the Six Day War, he preferred the Israelis. He, and most East Germans, including party members, also supported Czechoslovakia last year, and some of them said so quite openly. This younger East German, more often than not, is a Socialist, aware of the advantages, which he feels are perfectly evident in his ordinary, everyday life. But he dislikes bureaucracy and in time will probably change it in a quiet, calm and orderly way, with hardly a pause to indicate that any change has taken place.

The young, who know the future is theirs, are waiting. In some respects they are impatient, angry because the government puts so little faith in them and their loyalty as to deny them unlimited access to the printed word from Western sources. They completely and entirely resent and reject this censorship, which they feel is a reflection on their ability to discern good from bad and right from wrong. At the same time, West German radio and television programs are readily received on multitudes of East German sets.

From a personal and practical point of view the East Germans see that huge housing units are going up in relatively short time, and that they are moving into them. Usually both husband and wife have jobs. There are nurseries for their children—the need is not fully met but is rapidly approaching that point and moving infinitely faster than in the other Eastern European countries. Up until 3, children are under the care and supervision of the Ministry of Health; beyond that, of the Ministry of Education. There is one nurse for every five children in the 3 and below group; you can count for yourself as you see the kids, beautifully dressed and clean, strolling slowly down the street, hand in hand with the nurse or the other children.

A couple will probably have a combined income of 1,200 to 1,400 marks a month—often more (a man's suit costs 125 marks and up). The stores are filled with merchandise of every description, priced within reason. Weekends, children and parents will usually be together, walking slowly along Karl Marx Allee, holding hands in a most loving, and un-German, manner. If there is a head of the house here, it is the child, who generally appears fully aware of his exalted position.

High school students are given a government grant when they reach the age at which they could choose to go to work. Starting at about 40 marks monthly and increasing appreciably as the students advance, it covers their expenses and eliminates the need to take money from parents who might encourage them to leave school and become wage earners. In families where there has never been a tradition of education, and only a regular pay envelope has real significance, grants are a concrete inducement to stay at school. Indeed, grants have become a keynote of recent East German domestic policy—bonuses and incentive payments are used to induce people to do more and to produce more. The effect has been quite startling, as a visit to any shop will prove.

Boys with long hair and stylish clothes walk up and down Karl Marx Allee in groups of two or more, often carrying transistor radios (the larger the radio, the more prestige; and the very "with it" ones are now carrying portable transistor tape recorders). The authorities do not appear to be disturbed by this display, though were the same young men to produce and distribute leaflets condemning the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, they would soon find that official tolerance is not very elastic.

The German Democratic Republic is the fifth industrial power in Europe, ninth in the world. Its population is only about 17 million, as compared with a West German population of about 52 million. It started with less than nothing—delivering what it could produce to the Soviet Union, at the same time that America's Germany was receiving massive aid. As late as 1960 the buildings on Unter den Linden were held up by long poles. Today Unter den Linden houses the new Soviet Embassy, smart cafés, an automobile showroom, the Chamber of Foreign Trade, fashionable clothing shops for men and women, stores selling furs, imported liquors and tobacco, leather goods and jewelry. East Berlin is the shopping center of Eastern Europe. Russians churn out of the revolving doors of the giant Warenhaus department store at an amazing rate, laden with suitcases and other packages. Poles, with the black-market dollars readily available in Poland, shop at the expensive store which specializes in imported French fashions. East Berlin will soon complete the tallest building in Europe, a television tower.

The government is liked; government popularity, particularly in East Europe, is usually based on the standard of living it is able to provide. Since the construction of the Wall, which put an end to the drain of currency and skilled manpower, the climb to prosperity has been steady. Freedom is a relative and abstract term, more significant to intellectuals than to a factory foreman who is figuring how long he will have to save to buy a car, taking into consideration his ever-increasing production bonuses.

Ulbricht is liked, if not loved. He is a remote figure, despite his appearances at farms and factories to shake hands and present awards. He is the old-fashioned German Papa, the head of the house who made the decisions which no one dreamed of questioning. But in this new Germany, Papa is head of the house only because the rest of the family approve of the manner in which he functions. Ulbricht, thus, is something of an anachronism. The young, encouraged perhaps by the externally enforced isolation, feel an urge to participate; among older people isolation sometimes has the opposite effect, making them unable or unwilling to take part.

East Berlin, despite its position, is a calm, tranquil and relatively tension-free city. It would appear to be a very normal sort of city—much like anywhere else. The citizens are annoyed because West Berliners, many of whom have relatives in East Berlin, cannot come across the border to visit, as they once did. GDR policy now is to consider West Berlin as an entity separate from West Germany, and to accord it the status of independent municipality. This is not acceptable to either West Berlin or West Germany. Hence, while visitors may come to the GDR from West Germany, West Berliners are barred.

Once you are inside the borders of the GDR, the ogre image suddenly disappears. The people, accustomed to foreigners from both East and West, including GIs and British Tommies sightseeing for the day, are without hostility, and will talk quite freely on the streets or in a café. The waiters, particularly in the better restaurants, remain the most enthusiastic proponents and practitioners of free enterprise—as well as the best argument against it; they are notorious cheats.

Desperate for recognition, East Germany has been thrusting itself heavily upon the coquettishly demurring Arabs, who do them the favor of accepting large amounts of aid. The Arab threat to recognize East Germany is useful in exacting more assistance from West Germany. Arabs are a luxury the GDR can afford without depriving its own people, but the misalliance will not go on forever, with the Arabs taking everything and giving nothing—not even recognition.

East Germany—the German Democratic Republic—would do itself a favor if it stopped calling itself Germany, either East or Democratic. It should change its name—divorce itself from its past, and emerge as a new and separate state, with many of the accompanying advantages. The West Germans, paranoid in their efforts to prevent any form of recognition for East Germany—including sports activities and UN membership—would be undermined. Besides, East Germany is not really German any more, and the new generation is proving it.

NO MORE SOMBREROS

THE CHICANO REBELLION

ROY BONGARTZ

Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), has been a radio announcer, educational adviser, reporter and* Nation *contributor for many years. He is now a free-lance writer, specializing in travel, and wrote the following article on assignment from* The Nation *during a recent visit to California.*

Now it's the Mexican Americans—Chicanos, they are called in California—who are appearing on the scene of protest, with a self-evaluation that breaks radically away from the old, degrading stereotype of fatalistic loafer asleep under a sombrero. These young Chicanos are wide-awake, and when something happens, they intend to be the ones who make it happen. Militant Chicano student organizations are active throughout California, not only in colleges but in high schools as well, and they are growing in the rest of the Southwest: the Mexican-American Student Association, United Mexican-American Students, Mexican-American Student Confederation. They all make a central demand for courses in Mexican-American studies, such as are now available at San Francisco State College, Sacramento State College, California State College in Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley College and the University of California at Berkeley.

Teaching the course at Berkeley is Octavio I. Romano, an anthropologist, born in Mexico and raised in California, who wants to destroy the myth of the passive Mexican. He points out that Mexican Americans have been the main figures in the labor movement in the Southwest, that they published the first Western underground newspapers, that they have pushed through bilingual education in two states, that they clinched the victory for John F. Kennedy, that they have a strong influence on the Spanish language that extends into Mexico itself, even that they originated driftwood sculpture.

Romano's most energetic attacks are aimed at sociologists who are preserving stale anti-Mexican prejudices in the academic jargon of scholarly works. In place of "the Mexican is lazy," the academic (in this case Celia Heller) writes: "The combination of stress on work and rational use of time forms little or no part of the Mexican-American socialization process." Instead of saying that you can't tell them apart, she writes: "They exhibit a marked lack of internal differentiation." Referring to this and other writers of Chicano studies, including William Madsen, Ruth Tuck, Lyle Saunders, Florence Kluckhohn, Fred L. Strodbeck, Julian Samora and Richard Lamanna, Romano says: "Contemporary social scientists [are] busily perpetuating the very same opinions of Mexican culture that were current during the Mexican-American War. These opinions were, and are, pernicious, vicious, misleading, degrading and brainwashing."

Romano has some new ideas on how to give a college course. For one, students will think up a subject and assign it as a term paper to the instructor, then grade the paper and discuss it in class. Students' own papers must be presented in three versions—one in academic style, one in a "journal" style for possible publication in a Chicano review, and the last a newspaper version to be submitted to a local paper. Students writing the papers for publication will work directly with the editors. Members of the course may take a third of class time to address their colleagues on any relevant subject. It is Romano's hope that by using students' own ideas and writings the course may improve and grow in the future. Sacramento State is already planning a four-year program leading to a B.A. in Mexican-American studies.

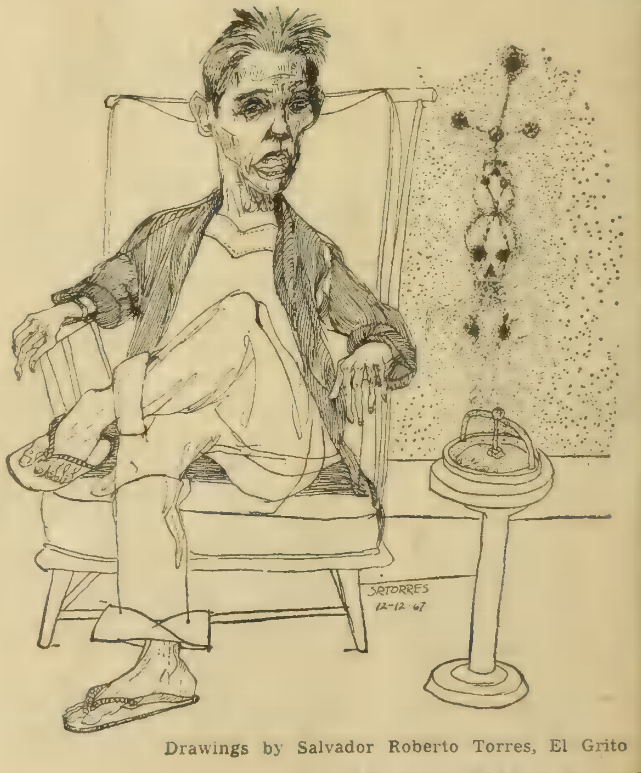
But the Mexican Americans at Berkeley have not confined themselves to the classroom. A number of Romano's students are among the hundred-odd members of a student group called Quinto Sol, some of whom two years ago marched in upon hearings of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in San Francisco to protest the exclusion of Mexican Americans from a program designed to recruit college students from minority groups. They also attacked the commission for having but one Mexican American on its staff of 350, yelling "Practice what you preach!" at commission members until police threw them out. Quinto Sol members invaded and occupied the office of the university president at Berkeley to protest the purchase of California grapes by the university cafeteria—student groups all solidly support the nation-wide grape boycott led by César Chavez and the United Farm Workers. The Chicanos were forcibly removed from the office and eleven of them were jailed.

Says one Quinto Sol leader, Nick Vaca, 24, a graduate student and an editor of a sharp new quarterly review called *El Grito* (The Cry): "The message our group wants to give is that the Mexican American is not docile. That idea of the 'sleeping giant' is an insult—it's that same old peon taking his siesta under his hat. Mexican Americans are not an *emerging* people. We're already here!" Bill Vega, 24, and John Carrillo, 27, who, along with Professor Romano, also help edit the review, agree that the Chicano is here; but they add ruefully that he is here in very few numbers at Berkeley—some 200 out of an enrollment of 25,000. Though they do not want to deny the Negro *his* chance, they have been forced to vie with him for benefits from the Educational Opportunity Program, whereby colleges recruit a certain number of minority students who cannot satisfy the regular academic entrance requirements and lack the money for college. Even though there are nearly twice as many Mexican Americans as Negroes in California, blacks in the Berkeley Opportunity Program outnumber Chicanos 9 to 1. The average Chicano has an 8th-grade education; the average Negro has ten and a half years of school (Anglos, 12.1 years) in California. Chicanos earn less money than Negroes; that is, less than anybody else in the state.

A little more than two years ago a conference was held in Berkeley to enable Mexican-American high school students from the Bay area who were interested in college to meet counselors from all the colleges in the state; the idea was to help them pick a school and find out how to go about getting admitted. Nearly 2,000 Chicanos applied to attend the conference, which had to be limited to 600 from lack of space. Two counselors showed up, only Mills College and Contra Costa bothering to send anybody. "We're facing a monumental indifference to the Mexican American," says Romano. "And they blame the kid in the *barrio* for being 'non-goal-oriented.' "

In the continuous political free-for-all at Sather Gate, Berkeley students wearing great Walt Disney pig heads rush a group of sign carriers in a noontime skit lampooning police attacks on militants over at San Francisco State. But Chicanos and their problems are invisible. *El Grito* is aware that Berkeley students are supposed to be radicals, but notes that they give Chicanos very little support. They don't back the grape boycott; they don't demand increased Chicano student enrollment. The editors believe that the Anglos are moved by self-interest and that the Mexican-American cause doesn't fit the pattern.

Chicanos have only a toehold at Berkeley, but they are more numerous at some other colleges. At San Jose City College, for example, the Mexican-American Student Confederation (MASC) recently organized a Mexican Week for both students and townspeople. It provided an art show, film festival, discussions, a show of regional Mexican clothing, a *charreado* (football match), and a horse show put on by Los Charros de la Plata Aspada (Silver Spurs). The climax was a talk by an old Mexican revolutionary who had fought with Pancho Villa and Zapata. Says one MASC member, Manuel Madrid, 23, "Our main goal is to orient the Chicano to *think* Chicano so as to achieve equal status with other groups, not to emulate the Anglo. A decade ago, the idea was that the Mexican American wanted to be totally assimilated into the American culture. But not now."



Drawings by Salvador Roberto Torres, El Grito

A Mexican-American counselor named Angelo Atondo is on the scene at San Jose City College as a direct result of Chicano student agitation. "The attitudes of Mexican Americans toward themselves has completely changed since I graduated from college in 1956," he says. "We never spoke Spanish. We would have been stared at. There was a silent taboo against Spanish." He explains that San Jose is an "open door" college, with a two-year program that can lead to continued studies at one of the state colleges or can give a diploma in a wide variety of vocational fields, mostly technical. "A student can get in here even if he had straight Ds in high school," says Atondo. "We salvage many students that way."

One student who dropped out of high school is Lee Polanco, now 31, a qualified electrician who bitterly recalls answering a help-wanted ad by telephone, being invited for an interview, and then, because he's a Chicano, being greeted with: "What do *you* want? Get out of here!" Polanco, director of campus activities in MASC, is studying social sciences. "We found that the colleges were paying attention to the blacks because they were militant, so we started to get as militant as the blacks," he says. His friend Manuel Madrid adds, "I hope we don't have to get as militant as the blacks. But if we have to, we will."

Polanco points out that of the 12,000 students at San Jose, some 1,200 are Mexican American, while 200 are black. But four courses are offered in black studies, and only one in a Mexican-American subject. Naturally the Chicanos want to adjust that balance. "We're being ignored," says Madrid, "but we want to work with the blacks."

Besides getting a counselor assigned to the college, the Chicanos succeeded in having a committee from their group screen the professor who teaches the one Mexican culture course; they even got some money from the administration for their Mexican Week. In addition to demanding more Chicano-oriented courses, including one in Spanish for the Spanish-speaking, they want free buses to town and back. Going beyond their own issues, they have held a vigil of sympathy for students at Mexico City who were killed or injured there by troops last year.

Manuel Madrid also dropped out of high school from discouragement. "The white kids knew you weren't like them. Talking Spanish was a 'no-no.' It gave us an inferiority complex." One of the most encouraging things about Madrid and other dropouts now in college is their concern for the young coming up behind them. They go out to the high schools to talk with Chicano students and encourage them to stay in school, and they intend to have MASC make this a part of its official program. Madrid, who may well realize that he's on his way, still says, "Let's get a little uncomfortable about our friends back there."

But these days there is much less apathy among the friends back in high school. Thirteen East Los Angeles Chicanos were arrested last May for organizing a boycott of their schools to protest intolerable conditions. In Livingston, fifty-three Chicanos skipped their high school classes on Mexican Independence Day, demanding it be made an official holiday. They also wanted the schools to hire Mexican teachers and counselors, and to offer courses in Mexican and black history. They wanted the double lunch periods ended—white kids at the first sitting; black and brown at the second. Police picked up the truants, although at harvest time, when the big local farms need extra help, the compulsory attendance law is ignored.

Hospital Daydream

At Fremont High School, in Oakland, students demonstrated for weeks to demand a Chicano student union, and Mexican-American entertainment and speakers at assemblies. A Chicano group called Los Carnales at Redwood High in Visalia made twenty-one demands on the principal, including Mexican food in the cafeteria, mandatory attendance by all teachers at classes in black and Mexican culture, and a rule to keep police, probation and parole officers off the school grounds.

Though nothing enrages the young Chicanos more than to be called "emerging," the facts are not only that their political awareness (like that of all young people) has become greatly sharpened of late but also that their presence as an intellectual force is for the first time establishing itself. *Bronze*, a new militant paper at San Jose, deals with problems that haunt Mexican Americans. Writes Luis Valdez: "This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values. There is no poetry about the United States. No depth, no faith, no allowance for human contrariness. No soul, no *mariachi*, no chili sauce, no *pulque*, no mysticism, no *chingaderas*." Valdez sees a gloomy future for Mexican Americans who lose their identity in the cities: "They have solved their Mexican contradictions with a pungent dose of Americanism, and are more concerned with status, money and bad breath than with their ultimate destiny." But he does not despair altogether. "There will always be *raza* [the race, the people] in this country. There are millions more where we came from." Manuel Madrid says that the 50,000 immigrants who arrive every year from Mexico "give us all a shot in the arm."

Another student describes the strains of holding to a clear identity: "Sometimes you have to go to a Mexican show or a Mexican bar and be by yourself, to remind yourself of what you are. And then you . . . begin to see that you are becoming something that you are not and you know it. I had to relearn how it is to be a Mexican and what it is like for so many Mexicans to be poor in San Jose. *Hijo*, I was so dumb that I used to be proud to have Mexicans die in the war. I used to be so dumb that

I used to think in college how beautiful it would be to pick *fruta* again and watch *la raza* work against the rays of the sun, that is how stupid I used to be."

A number of newspapers have formed the Chicano Press Association, which includes *El Malcriado* in Delano, *La Raza, Carta Editorial* and *Inside Eastside* in Los Angeles, *El Gallo* in Denver, *El Papel* in Albuquerque, *Inferno* in San Antonio and *Compass* in Houston. A note in *El Grito* says they are all "very relevant to Mexican Americans, Spanish Americans, Chicanos, Hispanos, Spanish-Speaking Latin Americans, Mexican-Latin Spanish Speakers, greasers, spics and bandits." (One of *El Grito*'s favorite targets is the way some *Tío Tomás* Mexicans try to dissociate themselves from *la raza* by using fancy group names: "a vacuous ethnic taxonomy," *El Grito* calls it.

By far the most impressive evidence of intellectual liveliness among Chicano students is to be found in the pages of *El Grito*, named for the famous "cry" of the Mexican Revolution. It grew out of publication by Quinto Sol, the Berkeley student group, of articles attacking social scientists; these were called The Mexican-American Liberation Papers, and were priced at $2 for students, $15 for federal agencies, $500 for governors of states and $15,000 for the President of the United States. *El Grito* first appeared in the fall of 1967, after the editors had each contributed $50 to $100 to pay the printing bill; it has been solvent ever since. The journal threatens its readers: "Subscribe now, or La Llorona will get you" (she's the witch who grabs bad Mexican children). The journal has been much helped financially by the fact that several of the Mexican-American college courses use it—900 copies, for example, go to San Jose State. But at Berkeley itself enthusiasm remains low; a mailing of 300 fliers brought in but one subscription. "Publishing in Berkeley is a real hang-up," the editors say.

The editors want to explore relationships between Chicanos and Mexico. They believe they can see philosophies of life that are very different here and in Mexico. They say the United States has a nationalistic ideology that develops "self-interest groups through a combination of political and religious affiliation." The Mexican idea, in their view, is much broader—people tackling moral problems as world-wide concerns, not just Mexican. The editors have published some work, and want to carry more, from the Mexican *nueva ola*—new wave—currently being produced by a café clique in Guadalajara.

Chicanos accuse both Jews and Negroes of nationalism. Writes Nick Vaca, "After viewing the effects of the nationalistic fervor in Israel, it is not surprising to note that it has been the Jewish merchant who has exploited and continues to exploit Negroes in the ghettos. . . ." Vaca is no more friendly toward the black, who, he writes, "is systematically 'putting down' his 'brown brother.'" The Chicanos were especially angered by a black teacher's remark: "While blacks were out protesting, Mexican Americans were sitting at home before their television sets, eating beans." Chicanos have much warmer feelings toward the smaller ethnic groups—American Indians, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Samoans and Koreans, and include them in demands for a fair share of educational opportunity.

A more encouraging aspect of *El Grito*'s point of view is its concern about aspects of American society that affect everybody. For example, they would like to do away with commercials in television and radio news broadcasts: "When a people have to wait for news of the world, for news of their country, and even of their own community, while mascara is peddled, then that people have lost the right to be called civilized." The editors would also put an end to Congressional hearings on local social problems: "It seems absurd, as we do today, to elect a man to Washington only to have him return to find out what problems exist. . . . People are electing representatives who do not know what is going on, and who then, at taxpayers' expense, must return in order to find out." *El Grito* also favors having the length of military service determined by income, and in wartime would draft industry, so that workers and management receive soldiers' pay.

The journal runs thoroughgoing pieces on the use of Mexican national workers in the border areas, which *El Grito* calls the Mexican-Dixon line, and one of its contributors has offered the pertinent suggestion that U.S. aid to Mexico should go mainly to raising Mexican income, along the border, and "not, as is happening now, to lowering the American to present Mexican levels." A joint border authority would take over the economics of these international communities. The journal prints some of its material in Spanish, and derides such continuing tenets as that of Theodore Roosevelt, who said: "We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house." The editors point out that many people "speak English somewhat colorfully," and suggest Lyndon Johnson, May West, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Wernher von Braun, Lawrence Welk, Everett Dirksen and George Jessel.

Excellent graphic work, both drawings and photographs, enliven the pages of *El Grito*. The clash-and-blend flavor of Mexican-American life is expressed in a renewed tradition of bilingual poetry in which lines of Spanish alternate with lines of English. They do not translate each other, but move the thought along in the two tongues.

Mexican Americans everywhere in the Southwest are feeling their oats, not only in traditional labor-movement unity but now also as students, writers, artists, teachers—as thinkers. A bilingual poem by John J. Martinez, a mathematics major at Berkeley, sounds the note:

brown power!
qué?
Together we must . . .
Sí!
The problem . . .
qué?
It's your fault . . .
who?
I mean . . .
qué?
brown power!
testing, testing, testing
uno, dos, tres . . .

A TIP FROM THE CONQUEROR

JUDITH T. YOUNGER

Mrs. Younger is an Assistant Attorney General of the state of New York and a former teacher of land use planning at New York University School of Law. The views expressed here are those of the author and do not represent the official policy of the Attorney General.

There are, according to the latest United Nations' count, 3.42 billion people in the world. Two hundred thirty-nine million or 7 per cent of them are in the Soviet Union and 200 million, or almost 6 per cent, are in the United States. The Soviets have one-sixth of the world's total land area, or 8.7 million square miles, to romp in; the American national playpen is less than half that size, 3.6 million square miles. Soviet and American boundaries, barring conquest or moon colonies, are fixed, but inside them the populations expand. Thus the need for land multiplies, and ever-increasing numbers of Russians and Americans clamor for more room. Take, for example, three of modern life's greatest consumers of space.

Housing. More and more land is destined to be occupied by housing. The Soviet Union is the third most prolific house builder in the world. It has been filling up acreage at an annual rate of ten new dwellings per 1,000 people, and last year completed 2.3 million new units. Despite this intensive building program, begun in the mid-fifties, available housing facilities still lag behind the demand. To meet future needs in urban areas alone, the Russian house-building rate will have to increase by more than 30 per cent in the next eleven years.

The United States boasts 342 dwelling units per 1,000 people as compared to 240 for the Soviet Union. It proposes, nevertheless, to build another 26 million homes in the next ten years. Even if this fantastic goal is met, a trend toward two-house families foreshadows unlimited need. A Bureau of the Census Survey reports that 1.7 million households (one out of every thirty-five) now have second homes and 300,000 more planned to acquire them during the two years beginning in April, 1967. As the number of dwelling units increases, so does their size. In the five years from 1960 to 1965, the average number of rooms per Russian dwelling went up from 2.8 to 3. There was a comparable rise in the United States, from 4.8 to 5.

Cars. A record 9.6 million cars were sold in the United States in 1968, with almost 73 million of known age already in use in 1967. Despite the almost 4 million miles of municipal and rural highway on which cars can travel, more land continues to be set aside for their use. Last year Congress added $14 billion to its already burgeoning highway construction fund, authorized 1,500 miles of "missing link" highways, launched a program by which the federal government will pay half the cost of demonstration parking lots built at the boundaries of business districts in cities of more than 50,000, and ordered the construction of the controversial Three Sisters Bridge and an eight-lane Potomac River Freeway in the District of Columbia.

If the Soviet Union now assigns less land to cars, it is only because it has fewer of them. Recent developments indicate that it is catching up fast. Next year, for the first time in its history, the Soviet Government will allocate funds under a separate budget heading for gasoline stations, car wash facilities, repair shops, spare parts suppliers, garages and other services associated with automobiles. Passenger car production—now about 250,000 a year—will increase fourfold when the $800 million Fiat plant in construction at Togliatti on the Volga River begins operations in the '70s. According to the magazine *Soviet Life*, private automobile ownership is already common enough to provide the subject matter of a current hit movie, *Beware the Automobile*, in which the hero insures cars by day and steals them at night; and traffic conditions are bad enough in Leningrad and other cities to warrant the installation of talking traffic lights which tell pedestrians when they may safely cross.

New Towns. In forty years from 1926 to 1966, the urban population of the Soviet Union rose from 26.3 million to 124.8 million; the rural population decreased from 120.7 to 107.1 million. Fifty-four per cent of the population now lives in urban developments; by 1980, the figure will grow to 70 per cent. Determined to avoid the "urban sprawl," characteristic of American cities, the Soviets, like the English, have adopted a policy of containing the growth of old communities and settling increasing numbers of the population in new ones. Thus from 1917 through 1965, the Russians built more than 900 new towns, 400 on completely new territory and 500 through the development and radical reconstruction of existing small settlements. Despite similar long-term population trends, new towns in the United States, unlike those of the Soviet Union, have been strictly private affairs. No one knows exactly how many there are, estimates ranging from 250 to fifteen, but President Johnson's Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations expressed doubt that "new communities actually incorporating significant residential, commercial and industrial features exceed fifty projects in all of the United States." In its April, 1968, report it listed fifty-three new towns in construction, covering 879,913 acres in eighteen states and ranging in size from 1,000 acres (Oxmoor, Ky.) to 101,120 acres (California City, Calif.). Whatever their exact number, new towns are likely to proliferate. Congress has given them

its imprimatur, offering, in 1968 legislation, to guarantee bonds, debentures and notes of those brave enough to undertake their development.

Houses, motor cars and new towns are a few of the contenders for available space. Advocates of jetports, heliports, power plants, parks, universities, atomic blasting grounds, wildlife refuges, jogging trails, subways, dams, offices, industrial complexes all want more land for their projects. They are getting it, but not in the most suitable places; developing it, but not in the most beautiful ways; and using it recklessly, as if the supply were inexhaustible. This is a familiar story in America, where land development is the haphazard result of dickering between private landowners and a multitude of local governments endowed with the power to regulate them. Owners are interested in profits; local governments in satisfying those who elect them. In the last twenty years Congress has passed a host of laws, ranging from Title I of the Housing Act of 1949 to the New Communities Act of 1968, designed via financial incentives to teach owners and local governments to think in terms of the public good. The educational effect of these programs, judging from the ugly buildings, dreary roads, smog-covered cities and polluted waters which surround us, has not been impressive. Despite the deteriorating environment, few Americans would vote to scrap the present system of local land use regulation. They doubt that regional or central controls would yield anything better. The Russian experience supports them.

In the Soviet Union land belongs to the state. The government has absolute powers and public values are supposed to take precedence over private. Despite these advantages, the Russians have hardly made perfect use of their land. Rich farmland is allocated to housing and industry while nearby uncultivated acreage lies overlooked. Industrial enterprises build and mine but fail to take protective measures or rehabilitate the land. Thus, large areas of the country have been ruined through wind and water erosion and lost fertility. Arable land per capita declined sharply from 1.06 hectares in 1956 to .96 in 1966. The situation is worse in individual republics. The private sector (see "Russia's 'Private' Sector," by Margaret Miller, *The Nation*, September 23, 1968) continues thornlike to prick the governmental hide. Citizens farm their private plots intensively—these make up only 3 per cent of the country's total cultivated area, but produce more than half its eggs and potatoes and nearly half its meat and vegetables—to the neglect of less rewarding obligations on state and collective farms. Others grow rich on profits from illegal building, rentals and sales.

The Soviet Government has responded with a "new" scheme for determining priorities, allocating land and controlling its use. This plan, "Draft Principles of Land Legislation," as it is called, is based on an idea which came out of Norman England 884 years ago. The Russians, concerned for the future, have harked to William the Conqueror's "deep speech with his wise men" which resulted, according to W. F. Maitland, in "the mission, throughout all England of 'barons,' 'legates' or 'justices' charged with the duty of collecting" for the Conqueror, "from the verdicts of the shires, the hundreds and the vills, a *descriptio* of his new realm." In essence, the Soviet "Draft Principle" is the same thing as William's *descriptio* or "Domesday Book," as it came to be called. If the Russian plan, now being discussed throughout the nation, is passed as expected, the central government will be charged with compiling a nation-wide *descriptio* of the use, soil characteristics and economic value of every bit of land in the country. The ultimate product, a Domesday Book for the Soviet Union, will be the basis for rational classification, assignment and use of the land.

The idea of a land census—the Russians call it a *cadastre*—is a good one in these times of expanding population and diminishing open space. It seems particularly apt for America, where land development is becoming a profitable corporate venture. Companies which have never been in the field before are suddenly buying up land. They are acquiring large tracts, planning their use, and marketing to builders what J. W. Van Gorkom, president of Union Tank Car Company, calls a "complete package," including roads, utilities and zoning. This kind of program may be good for stockholders in Union Tank Car Company, Chrysler, Westinghouse, I.T.T., Gulf and Western and the other corporations that will join them in the land development business. The important question, however, is whether the rest of America can afford it. Large corporations are unlikely guardians for a dwindling natural resource. They are in business for profits. Land development, Van Gorkom freely admits, is expected to "yield ample rewards." Should big corporations be allowed to enjoy them? Perhaps. Corporate giants may produce better landscapes than do individual developers or national governments, and we may still have enough undeveloped land left to afford the experiment. But perhaps not. Corporate carelessness made a cesspool of the Connecticut River, defaced the Kentucky countryside and created the oil slick which at this writing is killing sea birds in the Santa Barbara Channel and threatening ruin to California's finest beaches. Whatever the decision, it should be an informed one. We ought to take a leaf from the Conqueror's book and arm ourselves, like the Soviet Union, with an up-to-date inventory of our land. Once we know what we have, we can perhaps agree how to use it.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 258)*

been advised of any criminal charges against them? Are they being subjected to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment? Are they able to confer freely with counsel of their own choosing? Will they have a fair and public trial by an independent and impartial tribunal? Will they have all the guarantees of justice necessary to their defense?

These are among the human rights set forth in . . . the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations. . . .

It is most fitting, indeed it is urgent, that the United Nations, and the Commission on Human Rights inquire immediately whether the Spanish Government is observing or violating the human rights of the men it has recently arrested. . . .

Hannah Ahrendt, W.H. Auden, Richard Hofstadter,
Irving Howe, Robert Lowell, Hans Morgenthau,
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Barbara Probst Solomon

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Latin America: Radical Interpretations

LATIN AMERICAN RADICALISM: A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements. *Edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, Josué de Castro and John Gerassi. Random House. 656 pp. $10. Paper $2.45.*

ROBERT F. SMITH

Mr. Smith teaches history at the University of Connecticut. He is the author of What Happened in Cuba? *(Twayne).*

For many years the standard textbook interpretation of the historical development of modern Latin America has remained essentially unchanged. Emphases may vary, but in general the history of the various republics has been presented in terms of struggles between modernism and feudalism, civilian and military, middle class and landowning oligarchs, and democracy and authoritarianism. We have been told ad infinitum that the inevitable, evolutionary road from "dictatorship to democracy" is dependent upon each nation attracting foreign capital in order to industrialize. As the latter takes place, an expanded middle class will take charge and insure democracy, stability, civilian government, and private enterprise capitalism. And, the threat of revolution will disappear forever. In short, Latin American republics (even when controlled by the military) are on the road to becoming just like the United States; except for aberrations such as Cuba. There are, of course, liberal and conservative variants of the orthodox interpretation, but these agree on the latter point.

Since the 19th century, numerous Latin American intellectuals and political activists have attacked these ideas and the ideology behind them. From Simon Bolívar to Fidel Castro such critics have rejected the conceptions that the *Estados Unidos del Norte* represented a model for all to emulate (willingly or not), and the fount of revealed truth in economics and politics. Some intellectuals and politicians have tried to reproduce what they thought they understood about the traditions of the United States and Western Europe. The great Cuban, José Martí, severely criticized these "Young men [who] go out into the world wearing Yankee or French spectacles, and hope to govern by guesswork a nation they do not know." The "emulators" are considered by North Americans to be friends of democracy, freedom and U. S. interests. For the most part, the critics and their North American counterparts (such as Carleton Beals and the late Waldo Frank) have been ignored or arrogantly dismissed by the higher echelons of our academic, government and business worlds.

During the last decade (thanks in large part to the Cuban Revolution) criticisms of the orthodox interpretation have received increasing attention in the United States. This volume of essays and documents is a significant addition to the bookshelf of dissident views. The specialist in Latin American affairs, through the expenditure of much time and effort, is probably familiar with most of the writers and views presented. But, in assembling these materials from a wide variety of sources, the editors have vastly simplified the task of locating relevant literature for the many nonspecialists who need to see the Latin American experience through the critical lenses of intelligent radicals. The editors are incorrect, however, when they claim that this is the "first documentary which singles out for special attention the role of the left in Latin America." *Latin America: Reform or Revolution?*, edited by James Petras and Maurice Zeitlin, was published last spring by Fawcett Books (95c). There is a little overlap between the two, but the interested reader should consult both since each fills gaps in the coverage of the other.

Irving Louis Horowitz (sociologist), Josué de Castro (geographer) and John Gerassi (journalist) present what they consider to be the basic themes in their preface. They conclude:

> . . . that the defining characteristic of Latin American radicalism internally is the need for social development; and that would mean the elimination of internal colonialism. But the basic international need is for political revolution; and that would entail the expulsion of foreign imperialism.

The need for fundamental structural change (socioeconomic and political) and the role of the United States in preventing such change are stressed in a number of the selections. But others deal with the first theme only and either avoid or disagree with the second. Some of the authors are convinced that revolution (the real kind, not that of State Department rhetoric) is the only answer to these problems, but others take the line of peaceful reformism. The latter writers do not venture very far from the orthodox interpretation.

The selections of the three editors constitute a very broad definition of the radical spectrum. It is apparent that they agreed to disagree as to the nature of radicalism, and this approach does convey the "pluralization within the left." The lack of precision in definition does pose a few unanswered questions. Are nationalist movements invariably radical? Is there a line, however dim, which separates a radical from a liberal?

In at least three cases this reviewer would argue that the label of radical has been stretched too thin to have any real meaning. An able, scholarly essay by the Argentine sociologist Gino Germani ("Mass Immigration and Modernization in Argentina") analyzes the acculturation of foreigners but does not make any connection between this development and radical or nationalist movements. The essay is informative and worth reading. For the purposes of a reader on radicalism, however, it would seem that something by the economist Gustavo Polit, for example, on the power structure of Argentina would be more to the point. Raúl Prebisch and Paul N. Rosenstein-Rodan both call for reforms and restructuring of the economies of Latin America. Yet, both use the term "restructure" for measures to make private enterprise capitalism work more effectively; they certainly do not interpret it as fundamentally changing the economic system or making basic alterations in the power structure (except as long-range results). I would classify both arguments as fairly traditional, and not radical in either the Latin or North American sense of the term. Perhaps these essays were included to provide a contrasting background for the solidly radical analyses provided by such men as Rodolfo Stavenhagen, Pablo González-Casanova, Salvador de la Plaza, Manuel Maldonado-Denis, and Hélio Jaguaribe.

John Gerassi includes only revolutionaries in his section, "The Political-Activist Pivot." Three of the writers have been killed as a result of their activities as guerrillas—Che Guevara, Fabricio Ojeda, and Camilo Torres Restrepo—and another, Regis Debray, is in prison. The activist credentials of all are well established. In fact, the editor is quite blunt in his assertion that one cannot be a genuine radical unless one is also an active revolutionary. Perhaps this formulation confuses tactics and goals, and draws the definition of radicalism much too thinly. Following the logic of the purist argument, the only persons who can truly claim to be revolutionaries are those who have joined guerrilla bands; "deeds not words" according to the OLAS Declaration of August, 1967.

Several of the selections in this section are specific calls to revolutionary action, and even the more analytical essays include similar declarations. Since all selections basically share the same point of view, there is a fair amount of repetition of arguments and rhetoric. Gerassi's two contributions help to provide some variety. His introduction is a complete and unrelenting damnation of U.S. foreign policy since 1823, which asserts the absolute primacy of economic interest groups in the policy-making process. His discussion of the OLAS Conference of 1967 illuminates in striking terms the growing gulf between the Communist parties of Latin America and the revolutionaries.

Section I ("Socioeconomic Pivot," edited by Horowitz) contains some of the best interpretive essays in the volume. In his introduction, the editor bases his interpretation of the political sociology of Latin America on what he terms the "norm of illegitimacy." This he defines as, "the perception of the state as primarily a power agency which is cemented by a common reliance on illegal means to rotate either the holders of power or the rules under which power is exercised." The preservation of this norm is now guaranteed by the imperial system of the United States which manipulates it to preserve the interests of the United States. This is acceptable to the power groups in Latin America, since it preserves their position. Using a less theoretical approach, Celso Furtado specifically demonstrates the limitations placed upon self-determination by the United States. Furtado rightly argues that the sophisticated U.S. definition of "security" goes far beyond defense, and is an inseparable part of economic, ideological and political hegemony. Thus, any change in the socioeconomic system of a Latin American country becomes a "threat" to the United States, since U.S. officials believe that the *status quo* is necessary for hegemony. John Saxe-Fernandez presents a specific example of the tactics of hegemony in a detailed essay on the Central American Defense Council.

Rodolfo Stavenhagen and Pablo González-Casanova stress the phenomena of "internal colonialism," especially the urban vs. rural aspect. As Stavenhagen notes, this is not a conflict between new (industrial) and traditional (landed) upper classes. The two are allies in maintaining the *status quo* which benefits both groups. Horowitz looks at the urban-rural problem from a slightly different perspective. He argues that the urban sector is "a center of reform," but that the rural sector is the center of both reaction and revolution. In the short run, urbanization will lessen the chances for revolution. If, however, urban-based reformers fail to promote social change (and Horowitz is equivocal regarding their chances for success) then the cities will become the "essential proving grounds" for change based on social revolution.

THE THINGS YOU DO NOT SAY

Before
Our tongues
Can make liars
Of words,
We stumble
Over the simplest
Feelings.

I think of us
Moving towards,
Away
From language.

I think of our bodies
As a language
Of their own.

I would have you
Translate me
Into yourself.

ADRIANNE MARCUS

The second section of the book (edited by de Castro) is entitled, "The Nationalist Pivot." Most of the essays do concentrate on single countries, but the nationalist aspect keeps blending into the socioeconomic. The introductory essay in fact would fit very well in the first section, since it concentrates on the role of U.S. business in the Latin American economy. More specifically, Fred Goff and Michael Locker set the 20th century U.S. involvement in the Dominican Republic against a backdrop of interlocking government-business connections. In a well researched essay they show the intimate relationship between the political, economic and military aspects of U.S. policy, and the important role played by "political and economic forces within American society." Salvador de la Plaza analyzes the relationship between foreign control of the oil industry in Venezuela and the problems of overall national development. Here again the emphasis is upon the role of the United States in preserving the socioeconomic *status quo.*

Bo Anderson and James D. Cockcroft break new, interpretive ground in their discussion of "Control and Cooptation in Mexican Politics." They show the skill with which the leaders of the dominant party have maintained political stability by utilizing control and cooptation to balance diverse interests and goals. The result "provides an example of a complicated system of exchanges between interest groups and an oligarchy that provides decisive and sometimes rather ruthless leadership." In his essay on "Political Strategies of National Development in Brazil," Hélio Jaguaribe analyzes the attempts to create a similar system in that country, and the reasons underlying the growing list of failures. Concerning the present situation he concludes: "The military will have to either return power to political parties and the social forces represented through them, or they will have to change in an essential form the orientation of their regime."

A final essay by Eduardo Frei Montalva, the President of Chile, calls for a revitalization of the Alliance for Progress, and its ideological identification with the "more progressive groups in Latin America." Perhaps there was some intention of irony in placing this selection at the end of Section II, since the previous essays by Furtado, Saxe-Fernandez, González-Casanova, de Castro, Goff, Locker, de la Plaza and others, explain rather precisely why the Alliance has not fulfilled Frei's expectations.

The book leaves the reader with the question: which road will Latin America take; reform, revolution, or continuation of prevailing systems? Arguments for the first two are clearly enunciated, but indirectly the third position does emerge in various selections. The predicting of national developments is a precarious game at best, and I have a few reservations about bold proclamations concerning "waves of the future." Yet, there is a kind of historical irony which often follows the attempts of major powers to shape the development of smaller nations.

Perhaps the very efforts of the United States to prevent revolutions and mold nationalisms in Latin America may in the long run produce unexpected (i.e., by the official planners) results. The recent nationalization of U.S. petroleum interests by the military government of Peru is a case in point. Radical action by what appeared to be a rather conservative regime demonstrates something of the unpredictable relationship between nationalism and structural change in Latin America.

Macmillan's Middle Years

THE BLAST OF WAR, 1939-1945. *By Harold Macmillan. Harper & Row. 623 pp. $11.95.*

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.

Mr. Spinner teaches history at the University of Vermont and has just completed a book about Britain in the 19th century.

Without Hitler, neither Winston Churchill nor Harold Macmillan would ever have become Prime Minister of Great Britain. The second volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs reveals many of the qualities which helped him climb to the "top of the greasy pole" in British politics.

When World War II began in September, 1939, Harold Macmillan—grandson of a founder of the publishing firm, son of an American mother, student at Eton and Balliol before being severely wounded on the Somme in 1916—was 45 years of age and still a back-bench member of the House of Commons despite almost fifteen years of service in the Conservative cause. His interest in the Disraelian notion of Tory democracy and his desire to find a "middle way" between capitalism and socialism did not endear him to his party chieftains. Opposition to appeasement only furthered his isolation from the Conservative leadership.

Macmillan was not offered an official post until Churchill succeeded Chamberlain in 1940. He was appointed Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Supply—not a major assignment but a beginning—and had the good fortune to serve under Herbert Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook before leaving for the Colonial Office in early 1942. Macmillan's great opportunity came in December, 1942, when Churchill asked him to become British Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in North Africa.

Macmillan's decision to accept made his future career. For the first time he was able to play a commanding role, to make important decisions, and to recognize and appreciate his own ability. While his own wounds from World War I would never allow him to forget the terrible horror of war, it must be said that Macmillan enjoyed his new assignment in the Mediterranean. Arriving in North Africa in January, 1943, he was promptly thrown into the de Gaulle-Giraud controversy and the Casablanca conference. He worked well with General Eisenhower and Robert Murphy, although there is occasionally a rather patronizing attitude toward Americans—not that we do not sometimes deserve it. Obsessed with the idea that Britain must be Greece to the American Rome, he regarded it as his duty to allow the Americans to talk, while he carefully defended the interests of the British Empire.

To Macmillan, the Mediterranean was a part of the British sphere of interest. He always preferred monarchists, conservatives and liberals to Socialists and Communists—which left little choice between Giraud and de Gaulle—but Macmillan was thoroughly anti-Fascist and anti-Vichy and naturally sympathized with de Gaulle. After tedious negotiations between the two French prima donnas, an agreement was finally achieved but, as Macmillan anticipated, Giraud was out and de Gaulle in full control by early 1944.

Despite the terrible blow de Gaulle dealt him in 1963 when he vetoed Britain's Common Market application, Macmillan can still write that "de Gaulle had, in spite of many faults, real genius. Passionately devoted to France, ruthless where French interests were concerned, insular, half revolutionary, half reactionary, he showed then the first signs of the great career which clearly now places him in the front rank of French statesmen."

By late 1943 Macmillan had been involved in the Sicilian invasion and the Italian surrender. Once again he demonstrated his diplomatic skill and his devotion to monarchy as a stabilizing force. His romantic nature was attracted by the Churchill-Alexander scheme to invade the "soft underbelly" of Central Europe through northern Italy and the Ljubljana Gap, and he concludes that the failure to pursue this idea was "one of the sad turning-points of history." Macmillan never considers the possibility of an Allied rebuff in this rugged region, which might have led to the Russian "liberation" of North Germany, Denmark, the Low Countries and Northern France.

As the Germans retreated from the Balkans in late 1944, the British prepared to rush troops to Athens in order to prevent the Communist-dominated resistance forces—EAM-ELAS—from seizing power. This entire undertaking stimulated Macmillan. He lived for a time in the British Embassy in Athens with bullets whizzing about as he tried to work out a settlement.

The anti-Communist Prime Minister brought back from exile by Macmillan was none other than George Papandreou. But Macmillan fails to see that his description of the British counter-revolution in Greece in support of a

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reactionary monarchy provides additional proof for the argument of the "New Left" historians that the British and the Americans must bear a fair share of the burden for the origin of the cold war.

At this time the United States refused to support British counterrevolutionary activities in Greece; Macmillan makes clear his dislike for President Roosevelt's anti-colonialism. Macmillan thought he had preserved democracy, but he seems to have saved Greece for the repulsive colonels who now govern that unhappy land.

Harold Macmillan was destined to be Prime Minister for a longer period of consecutive years than any Conservative premier in the 20th century. It was his activities between 1943 and 1945 which made his later career possible, and this volume will remain an indispensable source for British policy in the Mediterranean during these critical years.

Macmillan's style is usually charming and pointed, but it occasionally becomes precious and bland. One looks forward to the third and final volume of his memoirs. How was it possible for this tough intellectual and man of action to become a caricature of the tired and ineffective Edwardian during his last three years as Prime Minister? And to be brought down by poor health and Christine Keeler was surely a tragic end for a man who had so loyally served his country—and his class—for so many years.

House Affairs

THE GREEN HOUSE. *By Mario Vargas Llosa. Translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa. Harper & Row. 405 pp. $6.95.*

SARA BLACKBURN

The American publication of Mario Vargas Llosa's widely celebrated second novel will do nothing to alter the general indifference toward Latin American literature which prevails among readers of fiction in this country, and justly so. With Julio Cortázar from Argentina and Colombia's Gabriel García Marquez, Vargas Llosa is Peru's representative to that small party of Latin American novelists whose work is currently enjoying international publication and critical acclaim. Readers of *The Green House* will be surprised that he is only 33, because the novel, for all its grandeur and the continuously dazzling quality of its style and language, would seem to be the late work of a brilliant older man who has stopped caring much about life, and whose sense of humor has been eroded over the years—an aged Faulkner, say, but without the wit.

The Green House is a brothel on the outskirts of a city on the Amazon, and Vargas Llosa uses it as center for the sprawling biographies of the characters whose lives it touches. Among them are its mysterious, half-saintly founder; some members of the hopelessly corrupt army; the Amazon Indians, who are being destroyed by the combined forces of the local missionaries, the army and the area's revered businessmen, and Fushia, a marvelously evil Japanese smuggler, who is literally rotting away as a result of his own malevolence. The setting alternates between the city in which the Green House is located, and the Amazon jungle, inhabited by the Indians, the missionaries, and Fushia. In alternating and disjointed sequences about the origin and lives of some of the inhabitants from both locations—none of them clear without the parallel narratives about their fellow characters—the novel becomes a history of the founding, destruction, rebuilding and endurance of the brothel. Although we learn about its current life from a young Indian servant at the jungle mission who becomes a prostitute there, we are left to piece together its past and to set it in proper sequence from the histories of the novel's older characters.

The characters are connected with one another somewhere in the narrative, for it is what Vargas Llosa has done with time that gives his novel its originality and makes him more than simply a neo-Faulkner. The novel takes place in a single tense which successfully incorporates what happened in the past, and what might have happened then, into an immediate present. The technique is annoying at first and never quite unintrusive, but it gives the novel a richness of texture which is admirable, even if it is often exhausting to sift through. The world of the novel is timeless, and although almost all of its characters are subjected to indignities of the most profound kind, they absorb them with humdrum ease. Their lives are not about to change. They remain, grotesque and static, as if in an immense and beautiful canvas titled "Suffering Humanity."

While Vargas Llosa's first novel (*The Time of the Hero*, published here in 1966) about the brutalities of a military school, was widely discussed as a "political" book about Peru, *The Green House* is only incidentally concerned with social forces. The author seems much more interested in constructing and decorating his ghastly and remarkable landscape than in caring about—or making us care about—who inhabits it, and perhaps this is what accounts for a certain stuffy, old-fashioned flavor in spite of its radical style. In language and construction, it is masterly, but it is finally more exhausting than exciting, the kind of book that professors recommend and students turn away from—a "literary" book to be admired but not much liked.

Gregory Rabassa has made a translator's nightmare into a model of translation at its best: while he is always accurate and true to the Spanish text, he takes great risks and makes them work. He deserves every translation prize going for the accomplishment.

Ski Power

SNOW GODS. *By Frederic Morton. World Publishing Co. (NAL book). 365 pp. $5.95.*

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is The Suicide Academy *(McGraw-Hill).*

If an ambitious novel, today, does not raise basic questions about the form itself, I tend to question the authenticity of its ambitions. On occasion a novel appears that, by doggedly multiplying the virtues and faults of the novel-as-chronicle-of-society-and-individual-character, restores confidence in the medium. *The Fixer*, by Malamud, was one such book. Then there are books by Nabokov and Beckett which do quite the opposite. By placing every element of the novel form in question on every page, they transcend its limitations and create a personal art which is a kind of halfway house of the novel: far from Balzac and his miniature societies and too close to poetry to satisfy that deadly hunger to which this infuriating, habit-forming magnificent form has condemned us. And there we hang, distrustful of "social content" in an age when a brilliant para-journalism à la Mailer has appropriated realism for itself—longing for a poetics of the novel that will speak to the sense of strangeness even the least sensitive novel reader feels nibbling at the edges of his life.

This fading away of a secure society as the basis for the novel is at the heart of the problem. It is perfectly illustrated by Beckett's Malone, dying in his room, having, in effect, annihilated the outside world—under the pretext of its having annihilated him. And yet, finally, it won't do. We know there are people out there—perhaps because they cause us too much pain to be ignored. They have power over us and we desire power over them. Perhaps, then, it is still possible to write a serious novel about people in society by isolating this one element: power. Just as, in a way, Thomas Mann isolated the element of disease (or corruption, if you will) in *The Magic Mountain.*

That is precisely what Frederic Morton has done in his extremely ambitious book *Snow Gods.* Here at The Griff, the world's most luxurious ski resort in the Swiss Alps, Morton gathers an international cast, much too varied and, at the same time, similar, to be taken seriously. Are we then at The Grand Hotel again? Unquestionably! But our guide, the author, has brought us there to parody such forms of society and art. We are, thus, forced to take these larger-than-life power people seriously.

The puppet master is Perez, the Puerto Rican airlines billionaire. Among the puppets are Walkie Pell, the Negro mime who wears his black nerves on his skin; his hilariously cockney wife, Lady A; Von Elden, an ex-Nazi who is also a major figure in the music world (almost everyone at The Griff is a major *something*). And, there is Ina Lord the Movie Queen, or rather movie princess awaiting her coronation. It threatens to come about via a cooked-up deal to film a musical version of Kafka's *The Trial,* co-starring Walkie Pell and to be scripted by her Jewish refugee writer husband, Kurt Wertberg.

It is impossible to describe the intricate plot that ties all of them intimately together. Morton is one of the most skillful novelists writing today. In his previous novel, *The Schatten Affair,* he sketched a picture of slumbering evil encountered by an American not so innocent abroad, via a German aristocrat. It was a hypnotically successful piece of fiction. In *Snow Gods* his eloquence, and tale-spinning abilities are displayed in abundance.

But, in writing what is on the surface *the* quintessential society novel, with all the jet-set paraphernalia, Morton tends to betray his own intention. That intention is to parody, to destroy in a torrent of satirical scenes, the desperate, hopeless and passionately empty lives led at The Griff. (Not to press symbolism too closely, if *The Magic Mountain* was pre-World War I Europe, then The Griff is the world that has resulted from the postwar marriage of Common Market Europe and affluent America.) By piling on endless details of irony and caricature, where a few would do, Morton subverts his own aim: he gives license to those who would read the book as a terrific tale of high life in which the bad guys are punished at the end in a kind of snowy *Götterdämmerung.*

By giving us so much *information* he deprives us of the depth of his vision. By giving us so many round characters he ends up with a cast of flat characters—each with a wisecrack on the tongue; each obsessed with conquest in one form or another. Morton's problem is an illustration of the novel's problem today. Information about societies—whether in microcosm or in realistic scale, is not only seductive but also, finally, disappointing.

Mere description is now almost automatically irony; particularly involving the rich and powerful. Perhaps what's needed is for a writer as skillful as Morton to be absolutely ruthless with his material, by plunging into the fully developed, traditional fabric he is working from within to expose. But irony withers because there are few surprises left in such material. (Where they are to be found, by the way, he finds them. His Prince Olgenau, who has a plan to create a kind of Alpine Mme. Tussaud's by stuffing all The Griff's guests after death, is a marvelous comic creation.)

Frederic Morton is one of the most serious American novelists. Even when he falls short, as he does in *Snow Gods,* he creates a fascinating fiction. If he would only tell us less—he could move us more—and write the major fiction of which he is clearly capable.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The latest entries of the season are a program of two one-act plays—*Adaptation* by Elaine May, with Terrence McNally's *Next* at the Greenwich Mews Theatre (141 West 13 Street)—and Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam* at the Broadhurst. They are all, in one way or another, funny shows. Yet I came away from them asking myself exactly what made them funny. Laughter itself is perhaps its own justification; the fact of laughing may itself be judged an absolute good. Still, I couldn't help wondering.

Adaptation is the name of a TV game in which a monitor requires the contestant to enact his manner of portraying the seven ages of man. If the player makes a proper adjustment to the proposed circumstance, he is credited with a number of points, according to the merit of his reaction: if he muffs, several points are subtracted from his total.

The responses are very brief. Four actors, all except for the central figure, change roles according to the demands of each episode. All the "answers" are jokes, no matter how catastrophic the moment they are supposed to represent.

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They are jokes in the vein of the old Nichols-May improvisations.

There is the one about the father who tries to be a helpful pal to his son, while telling the boy to move out of the way of the television picture he is forever watching. This is repeated to denote that life nowadays is a series of crises only superseded in importance by addiction to television. In fact papa dies at the TV set—as presumably his son will also do in his time.

There is the joke about the cabbie who refuses to drive his taxi where you ask him to go, no matter how crucial your need. There are jokes about politics, sex, marriage, education. Some are very good: the player in a terrible mess about money, social position, marital relations murmurs "It's a hard game," upon which the monitor awards him "twelve points for maturity"—the highest score.

The humor does not consist so much in witty insights as in wry quips of the sort that an alert person at a party of bright folk delivers to the delight of guests who wish to pass a pleasant evening without too close contact. In this fashion they relieve themselves of pressure from whatever is bugging them.

There is a certain "realism" in this. What the sketch comes down to are clichés about clichés. The clichés (agreed-upon interpretations of everyday phenomena) are clever enough, but they tend to anesthetize and flatten one's perceptions and sensibilities. Perhaps that is their function and significance. It makes society—that part of it, at any rate, which frequents the hit shows—seem like a huge bar where people hang out to deaden the sting of experience.

McNally's *Next* begins in somewhat the same spirit, with a scene in which a man approaching middle age, an assistant manager of a movie house, is examined by a nurse for possible induction into the army. He tries to put her off by every possible gag. This is immensely comic although one is in some doubt as to whether it is the author or the actor (James Coco) who is getting the laughs.

Then, toward the end, McNally changes his tune. The man who has been treated as a dumb beast, and who has tried to kid himself out of feeling himself humiliated, becomes savagely indignant. As in a previous McNally play, *Witness* (in which Coco played a similar role), we are shown the deep-seated, festering animosity of the "little man" who has unconsciously come to hate everything to which he is subjected by the contemporary world. He bursts with a hitherto suppressed sadism which needs only another prod to turn him into a killer—in backlash imitation of the very thing that has tormented him.

McNally's intention, and it is worthy, is to launch an exacerbated attack on the mechanics of a civilization which is taken as an acceptable, because inescapable, norm. The flaw—though it should be emphasized that this sketch is one of McNally's better efforts—is that the farcical opening fails to anticipate the final onslaught. One is uncertain whether the stronger element in the author's impulse is to be funny as hell or to vent his spleen. The result is a discomfiting insecurity of style. Perhaps something could have been done in the writing or the direction of the early scenes to foreshadow the gathering storm.

Both these plays present *types*. Individual traits disappear, so that McNally's monster, for instance, becomes both "everyman" and no person. The Everyman of yesteryear was rooted in some honored tradition, faith or profound passion; today he has become a cipher. If we could all be made more aware of this, the May-McNally plays and our response to them might increase in value.

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Elaine May has done an excellent job in the trim, deft delivery of her material. She understands "flash" comedy. The entire cast of *Adaptation* is good. Gabriel Dell, an actor of considerable nervous power and intelligence capable of extensive development, is outstanding. If only there were some permanent acting companies of stature in which such actors could work and grow!

James Coco whose countenance is that of the eternal or universal clown is actor through and through. He possesses high visibility. He is sharply expressive not alone in speech but through his eyes and every other part of his body. He is a comedian, not simply in the sense of a funny man; but a *comédien*, by which the French designate a consummate stage personality. Coco was as convincing in the "legitimate" role of the Austrian scientist in Denis Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* as he is hilarious in McNally's play.

Woody Allen is a funny fellow. His long "turn," *Play It Again, Sam* (of which he is both star and author), is about a schnook or shmo, a type which New York audiences readily recognize and greatly enjoy. This harassed young man, having been divorced by his well-stacked wife, is now induced to seek a more compatible bedmate. Marriage and love in such plays are always projected in that vein.

The fun, as far as the plot goes, deals with Woody's abortive attempts, inspired by his idol Humphrey Bogart (who appears as a "phantom" character), to persuade a variety of girls to go to bed with him. When he finally succeeds, it is with his best friend's wife. Though both have a swell time in their one-night encounter, the lady returns to her husband whom she still loves and the hero, released from a delusion of amatory incompetence, proves himself adept at the game.

Allen appeals because he is perpetually hesitant, baffled, desperately inadequate and altogether honest about his constant failure at almost everything that is meaningful to him. Some of his jokes are cheap, but many others are penetrating in their equivocality. He explains, for example, that his parents never divorced, though he begged them to do so. There is in Allen, also, a residue of moral fiber and romantic sentiment—tainted and disturbed but persistent. His finest moment comes when he utters a speech of noble abnegation, which he acknowledges to be Bogart's farewell to Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*, and he adds "For years I've wanted to be able to say that to a girl."

What in addition makes Allen effective is his mask: his red hair stands upright and disheveled around his bald spot, as if in consternation; his glasses cover startled eyes. From his woebegone face there issues a voice always pitched to extreme tension caused by constant bewilderment at perpetual crisis.

The show is smoothly staged, well cast with an array of what I assume are very pretty girls with nice legs. My slight reservation on this point comes from the fact that I was seated in row N which is too far from the front for any reviewer to be placed.

Letter from Germany

LESLIE R. COLITT

Mr. Colitt is Berlin correspondent for the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. and The Observer *(London). His* The Other Germany, *a study of East Germany, has been published in West Germany.*

West Berlin

Millions of Germans, East and West, are recuperating from a recent evening of television when it looked for a few hours as though the longed-for reunification of Germany was beginning. They had watched as the cameras closed in on an East-German town identified on the program as Dubrow, and located directly on the frontier. In the course of a routine land survey, an East-German cartographer had moved the border a mile to the east. Next morning, the villagers wake up to find themselves West Germans. But are they?

Viewers sat spellbound as an astonishingly realistic story of the German dilemma unfolded. The effect of the documentary-style film was similar to the Orson Welles radio adaptation of *The War of the Worlds* in the United States thirty years ago. Viewers rushed to their telephones to ask the TV station whether the day of reunification had at last come.

Assuming that it had, the program did not show a scene of unalloyed rejoicing. The villagers of Dubrow, having lived under East-German socialism for twenty years, are unable in a day to shed their past and plunge into West-German life. When they were a part of East Germany, they had cursed the collective system of agriculture and yearned for the good old days of private peasantry. But Dubrow's collective farm continues to operate as if nothing had happened. The Communist Free German Youth troop meets, as always, in the village House of Culture under the portrait of a benevolently smiling Walter Ulbricht, as Western journalists record the quaint scene.

Hectic cabinet meetings are held in Bonn, and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt flies to Washington to consult with the President on what has become an international incident threatening the *status quo* in Central Europe. NATO is put on top alert. As packs of sightseers and newsmen flood the village, aggressive Western salesmen elbow their way into Dubrow's virgin market. The opportunity to become manager of a supermarket chain store is dangled before the owner of a Dubrow grocery who has just gotten his shop back from the state.

Bonn's minister of agriculture is alarmed by the thought that the villagers might want to break up their collective farm into individual plots. He knows that only large agricultural units can survive in the competitive European Common Market.

Gradually, some of the villagers begin wandering toward the new impenetrable border that now divides them from East Germany. Confused and lonely, they gaze across the barbed wire toward where their families and friends still live.

Then, suddenly as it had changed, the old border is restored. The cartographer had erred, and the villagers of Dubrow find themselves fenced back again in the German Democratic Republic.

Some 14 million all-German TV viewers saw the program, East Germans tuning in to the Western channel. Conversations with East Germans afterwards revealed they had been as exercised by the film as their kin in the West. An East Berlin student of philosphy said it had fascinated him because of the message that reunification will "never come about in a stroke of lightning as some Germans still dream." It portrayed East Germans as human beings who have become an integral part of another system. "We don't particularly like it the way it is," he observed, "but we want to improve it—a lot."

German reunification remains one of the most loaded subjects in the divided country. Uttered by West German politicians, reunification still evokes an almost mystical reverence from the conservative minded. A growing number of West Germans, particularly the younger ones, question its inevitability, but in doing so they are automatically labeled unpatriotic. Bonn's coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats pays less lip service to reunification than did the Adenauer and Erhard governments, but the taboos remain.

Apart from a relatively small hard core of East Germans, mainly among the elderly, few Easterners see Germany's salvation in reunification. Too many years have elapsed since East and West Germans lived under one roof, and then it was in Hitler's house of terror. One indication of the real aspirations of the majority of East Germans was their show of solidarity last year with the Czechoslovak cause. West Germany's news media portrayed it as a salve to the conscience of East Germans troubled by their government's dispatch of occupation troops, but it was more than that. (East Germans have learned to divorce themselves from the actions of their government.) Rather, it was sympathy

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with the Czechoslovak reform program which held out so much promise for ther own country.

Most East Germans cannot fathom why Bonn does not recognize East Berlin forthwith, and get on with normalizing relations between the two Germanies. They are convinced that their government will accept no other precondition for ameliorating the worst hardships caused by the division. Conversely, they dismiss the rather wishful West German theory that the East German leadership is little interested in being recognized, since that would deprive it of one of its most powerful arguments against the "militaristic, revanchist nature of the Bonn government."

The opposition Free Democratic Party (FDP) in Bonn recently published yet another proposal for a formal treaty between the Federal Republic and the East German Democratic Republic. It goes further than previous proposals to recognize the existence of two German states. East German officials, however, pointed out to me that it does not guarantee the final irrevocable existence of "two independent German states according to international law." Although the FDP proposal offers a real step forward, there is little likelihood that it will be accepted in either Bonn or East Berlin. Influential members of the Bonn coalition have indicated they will torpedo the plan because it "ignores all the plans already put forward by us to East Berlin."

In the end, a decisive factor determining relations between East and West Germany and thus Europe's security will be the attitude of the 60 million West Germans. Will they be able to exert pressure on their future governments (the current one ends with the general elections in September) to strive for a breakthrough in the nastiest and potentially most dangerous form of cold war remaining in Europe? If the press reviews of the Dubrow program are any indication, the outlook is not rosy. One commentator after another found fault with the technical aspects of the film and ignored the real issues presented.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Peter Maxwell Davies (born in 1934), one of England's leading younger composers, has been engaged in the musical education of children and the performance of new music, as well as composition. Several of his works are available in this country on records: Five Piano Pieces (1955-56; Odeon ASD-645); O Magnum Mysterium *(1960; Argo ZRG-5327); and* Leopardi Fragments *(1961; Angel S-36387).*

Revelation and Fall, *a setting of a poem by Georg Trakl for soprano and chamber ensemble, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation, was performed last summer at Philharmonic Hall and later in Washington; a recording is released this month (Angel S-36558). The following conversation about Davies' career, his views on aspects of the current musical situation, and* Revelation and Fall, *took place during his visit to this country in September.*

DH: Mr. Davies, your name first became known over here in connection with the "Manchester Group." Would you tell me a little about this—its history and function, and what, if anything, remains of it?

PMD: I think precious little remains of it now, but it served a function once. Alexander Goehr and Harrison Birtwistle both went to the Royal Manchester College of Music in 1952, and they had absolutely *no* contact through the professors and teachers there with the sort of music they were interested in—none at all. I remember a famous incident: a certain professor was supposed to take the history class. He didn't turn up on the first day, and Alexander Goehr stood up and gave the class a lecture on music history. Everybody, including Harrison Birtwistle, thought he was the professor—until the next week, when that gentleman actually turned up and lectured. Alexander Goehr stood up, said "But this is all nonsense," and was dismissed and told not to appear in class again.

Birtwistle joined him, and they formed a sort of clandestine cult of their own, together with John Ogdon. And then I met them, and that was one extra to the group, and then we gathered one or two other people in, and started giving concerts of our own. Eventually we gave a concert at the College of Music—of our own works and Messiaen, Webern, things we were interested in. We took the title of "New Music Manchester"—as opposed to the "Manchester New Music Group," which played Poulenc and Hindemith—and we survived for about three years as our own concert-promoting organization. We really looked at scores of Messiaen, Boulez, Stockhausen—things which were then coming out for the first time—and we'd spend, probably, three whole days and nights together, hardly sleeping, just looking at things and finding out how they worked.

DH: What pieces of these people particularly interested you?

PMD: Well, I remember Alexander Goehr's father [Walter Goehr, the late conductor] at that time was doing Messiaen's *Turangalîla* symphony. And we discovered the Second Sonata of Boulez, the *Kontrapunkte I* of Stockhausen, which was then comparatively new, and the latest effusions of Pousseur, Nono and whoever.

DH: Does this music still impress you?

PMD: Rarely, but at that stage it was very, very useful.

DH: In contrast to a number of composers, in England and elsewhere, you seem to have established a fruitful relation with the music of the past. How do you feel about this matter of tradition?

PMD: I find the fight against tradition one of the most stimulating things in the whole of my creative life. Particularly in England—I think probably more than in America—you can't help but be so aware of the enormous tradition behind you. In a way, it's oppressive, but if you use it in the right sort of way it can be very stimulating. If you go behind Sir Henry Walford Davies or Sir Arthur Sullivan or whoever, and go right back and find the thing which really makes it work—right back to Purcell and Byrd and before, to Dunstable, right back to plainsong—and you try to learn how those composers worked and apply this, in some way, to your own situation, and work from that. . . .

DH: You certainly don't agree with those who reject tradition wholesale?

PMD: Well, that's a matter of throwing the baby out with the bath water. You can't afford to do it. You lose everything, and you find yourself cut off from your natural roots. What your natural roots are, it's very hard to say—but you live as a student and a child with certain music (and, for better or worse, you live with certain Pop music, certain folk music, certain church music, certain symphonic music), and you feel your roots in some of that music. For me, this was particularly so of Renaissance and medieval British music.

DH: This wouldn't have been possible twenty years ago, of course; that music was simply not part of the current repertory.

PMD: Of course not, no. It wasn't available. Even when I was studying, one of the reasons for my being so attracted to this music was that the professor of music at Manchester University advised us all *not* to look at music before 1500, because it was "dangerous."

DH: Which immediately drove you to it?

PMD: Of course! On the other hand, I can quite understand someone who really throws tradition out and works from scratch—a person like Cage, for instance, who must have, when he was studying with Schoenberg, had such a violent reaction against all this that he just felt it wasn't worth while. But I didn't study with anybody who was a traditionalist in the first instance. At Manchester University, for instance, I was studying with people who knew less about music than I did. And I was groping to try to find something in the tradition on which to base my own work. Had this been *presented* to me, I would probably have reacted against it—but in a completely different direction. . . . It's very hard to say.

DH: Were you at that time aware of the work of Cage?

PMD: Until 1957, which was after I left Manchester, I was totally unaware of Cage. That year, at Darmstadt, I came across Cage, Tudor—the works.

DH: How do you feel about the place of indeterminacy in music? I know you use it in a local way.

PMD: In a very local way, yes. As far as my own music goes, it can only have a very limited application, because I have such definite ideas about the musical structures that I want to make—and I am basically interested in musical structure as such, and musical architecture, and the articulation of note in relation to note, pitch in relation to pitch, rhythmic length in relation to rhythmic length, phrase-length in relation to phrase-length (to use very traditional terminology). I have found indeterminacy useful in dealing with young people, with children and adolescents. To improvise and to make their own music in a small group—compose it, write it down, then perhaps improvise on the graphic structure or the sketch—was a very useful thing for them. And for me—I saw how untrained musical minds worked.

DH: But you also use passages of not strictly determined material in your music "for adults."

PMD: Yes, but it really is a very limited application—about as much freedom as a ship going about, and then it's immediately under control again. This is just an extension of a basic, traditional means to an end.

DH: Would you agree that often this sort of indeterminacy is really an evasion of responsibility?

PMD: Well, if you're going to be indeterminate, you're probably going to evade a certain responsibility, I'm sure. But you're going to have to determine *something* if the structure is going to work. Perhaps pitches, perhaps rhythms, I don't know. But in some way you have to define your parameter so that there are obvious "rights" and "wrongs" which a player can follow, so that he's not going to just feel that he's splashing around in the dark and that everything is possible. Somehow his freedom must be circumscribed; otherwise it's anarchy, and a state of musical anarchy is, I think, totally boring.

DH: Of course, to some of these people boredom is not a relevant criticism. They're not attempting to make anything but a kind of "aural wallpaper."

PMD: Yes, it's the intellectual thing which really gets me, where the intellect is not taken seriously. I find that the more a composer is in control of his intellect—if he's a real composer—the more he can afford to take for granted the validity of what he has to say via the intellect. I just work on the assumption that this is so in my own case, and try to make the musical structure which I articulate as perfect in every respect, as watertight as I can.

DH: What about the problems of getting new music performed in England? I know that you're involved with an ensemble—The Pierrot Players—that performs new works.

PMD: Well, the only way of getting a decent performance, quite honestly, is to do it yourself, or to get somebody who is really in sympathy with your music to do it—and either of these is very difficult, especially where the larger institutions are concerned.

DH: And you don't have the kind of university performing groups that play such a useful role over here. Does the difficulty of dealing with the larger performing institutions affect the kind of music you write—or at least the media for which it is written?

PMD: Yes. I think all of my contemporaries in England tend to write chamber music rather than orchestral music. Perhaps this is a bit unfair, because the B.B.C. has recently come around to letting composers like myself conduct their own works with the B.B.C. Symphony or the New Philharmonia, which they hire for the occasion. This, I think, is one of the most hopeful and healthy signs, which somehow might eventually revivify orchestral music as such. Of course, it's an international thing; orchestral music is dead—it's very much a museum thing, and symphony orchestras no longer have any really viable life as far as most living composers go.

DH: Despite your general lack of confidence in traditional institutions of performance, however, you have written a full-length, full-scale opera. Why?

PMD: That is rather hard to say. I've been writing the opera anyway for fifteen years, and recently finished it. [It is based on the life of the English Renaissance composer, John Taverner.] This is an opera which is perfectly performable by the traditional institutions, and if they don't perform it—well, hard luck. Eventually, I think it will be necessary to create an independent opera group which will perhaps be like the contemporary theatre group or the contemporary dance group, which will do exclusively new opera. This is the only hope, because the opera house, as it exists—and the audience which goes there—is a moribund institution.

DH: Would you agree that the opera audience is worse even than the symphony audience?

PMD: Oh, my God, it is. They're interested in who's singing, who redesigned a work they know, and so on—but it's got nothing to do with living music and

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nothing to do with the new possibilities of drama and music.

DH: What about getting the modern-drama audience into the opera house?

PMD: Well, first of all you've got to have a modern opera. To try to pretend that Britten's church dramas or the operas of Menotti are in any respect the equivalent of the works of Genet or even Pinter is just nonsense. I think the future of the association of music and text into some sort of dramatic presentation is very much in jeopardy, because there's so much commissioned rubbish around—19th-century operas in the most superficial 20th-century trappings, which have nothing to do with the basic problem of expressing the modern experience.

DH: Do you agree with Boulez that *Lulu* was the last opera written?

PMD: Perhaps. I exclude my own.

DH: The last performed opera, then. But as long as the opera houses and orchestras must cater to the "museum" audience. . . .

PMD: Well, I pity any audience which goes to a concert hall in order to have its own prejudices confirmed. Surely, when you go to a concert hall you should become involved in experience as it is, rather than just confirming experience as it was—if you're going to really receive from this encounter with music some sort of a spur, some sort of stimulus, as to how to deal with your own experience. And if the musical encounter is going to lead you much further in dealing with your own experience, then I fail to see how it can only be music of the past. It has to include music of the past—but in relation to the 20th century, the experience of the 1960s. And, as far as education goes, this idea that young people, children, should learn old music first (baroque or classical or whatever) and then be led forward to 20th-century music—I think this is nonsense.

DH: You've had a good deal of experience in teaching younger people.

PMD: Yes, and I've found that if you throw them into 20th-century music, into the music of the 1960s, they find their way. They can compose, in a simple way, this sort of music, and they can do so as readily as they paint a picture which has got some sort of relation to what's going on today in art. They can live with this music; it's their natural experience. They take to it, they reproduce what they hear and add on to that. This really contributes to their development, not only as musicians but as human beings—and that's the most important thing, because most of them, in the situation where I was working, were not to become professional musicians. The block, I think, occurs not with the students but with the teacher; he's very, very frightened of the latest developments in music.

DH: Tell me something about how you came to write this remarkable piece that we heard in New York this past summer, *Revelation and Fall*.

PMD: Well, I was given the complete works of Georg Trakl, the Austrian poet, as a birthday present in September, 1965, and I remember being so taken by this particular prose poem, the first of the *Offenbarung und Untergang* set, that I couldn't leave it alone. I sat up a couple of nights without going to bed, just reading this and sketching out the vaguest sort of musical ideas—where I wanted it loud and where soft, and the instrumentation. Immediately I wanted to use a loud-hailer [British for "bullhorn"].

DH: What about the other special instruments [the work uses a variety of homemade percussion instruments?]

PMD: Well, all of this was determined in those first two nights, because I found in my mind, working with this text, some quite extraordinary sounds; perhaps as a substitute for getting down to finding out what the notes were, I was thinking of the means of achieving the notes when I eventually got them. This, in a way, was a sort of avoidance of responsibility, but I soon came around to that responsibility. . . . I was too worked up about the overall design and the *sort* of sound, as yet.

DH: With your interest in unusual sounds, I wonder whether you have ever been attracted to the electronic media?

PMD: Oh, yes, very much.

DH: Is there any particular reason why you haven't yet worked in these media?

PMD: Yes—the unavailability of electronic studios in Great Britain. The B.B.C. won't have composers in their studio, it's used for effects music only. And there are a couple of private studios around, but these are very small yet, with primitive equipment.

DH: But you have no philosophical objections to the electronic media?

PMD: Oh, no. Particularly now that you have the possibility of changing the sounds in live performance by electronic means, perhaps in association with a tape. I think there is a drama inherent in pitting live performance against tape.

DH: Yes, I have certainly felt that in Mario Davidovsky's pieces—that this competition was a fundamental part of it—and in Babbitt's pieces for Bethany Beardslee. . . .

PMD: Certainly, when you pit Bethany against a tape!

DH: You sound as if that prospect entices you. What are you working on now?

PMD: I've been doing an orchestral piece—actually, two orchestral pieces; one's almost finished and one is just beginning.

DH: Anything you'd like to say about them?

PMD: Well, I suppose they're very much "after" *Revelation and Fall*, and both of them that much stronger, I hope, in sheer internal tension and drama.

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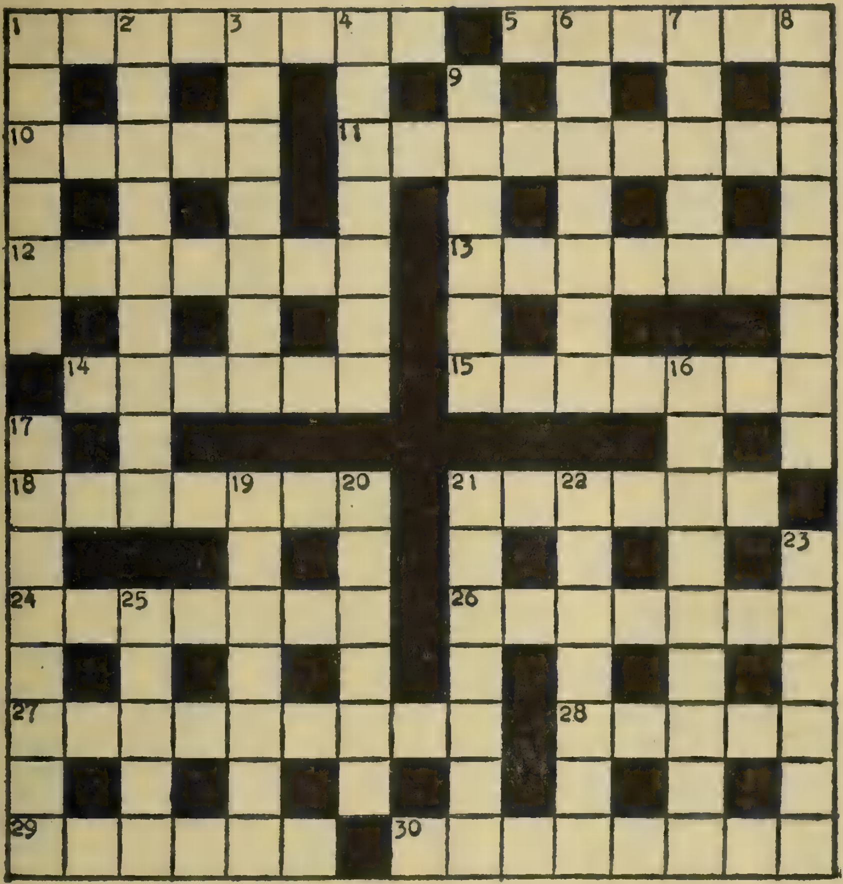
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 He's an apt representative of the 8, it could be. (8)
5 Little this for New York's mayor, as you might remember. (6)
10 See 15 across
11 and 21 across Flea powder might be reserved for traveling in style! (7,2,3,3)
12 What's likely to happen if you're here at the supermarket? (2,5)
13 One might take an oath to be so. (5,2)
14 They might have principals! (6)
15 and 10 across Carried by Typhoid Mary. (7,5)
18 Ready skill, in [redacted] manner of speaking. (7)
21 See 11 across
24 See 9 down
26 Listening to a duet in free form? (7)
27 Foreign aid absent, therefore didn't vote. (9)
28 and 7 down When it comes to drinking, 27? Wainwright used to work there. (2,3,5)
29 Not the most recent sled to manufacture! (6)
30 Lighter should describe the boat if you do. (8)

DOWN

1 Blow-out? Quite the opposite, if you get the bird. (6)
2 Contemplated being wanted in a resentful way, when about to yield in weakness. (9)
3 The cut of a noble beast, in a way. (7)
4 Clause, by the sound of it, covering young Britishers. (7)
6 Suggests some lack of belief on the part of the non-clergy, as the plan might be. (4,3)
7 See 28 across
8 The type of bird that suggests a way to polish him off? (8)
9 and 24 across Play that Winnie's friend might have enjoyed. (1,5,2,5)
16 Chambers, when little? (9)
17 One of your parents has to be told more than once to leave for someplace in Samoa. (4,4)
19 Generally descriptive of baseball teams, as organized and seen here. (7)
20 Saw the possible answer to speaking. (6)
21 Does it imply 20 trivia? (7)
22 Hinder, in a sense. (7)
23 Let fall in pieces. (6)
25 Protesters have been socked this way! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1286

ACROSS: 1 Dancing bear; 9, 21 and 25 Mary Had a Little Lamb; 11 Picnics; 12 Telling; 14 Useful; 15 Punsters; 17 Hear, hear; 20 Morals; 22 Release; 24 Indicts; 26 Stereo; 27 Airfield; 28 Draft boards. DOWN: 2 and 10 Anyone for tennis; 3 Chancel; 4 Neat; 5 Bittern; 6 Annal; 7 Habits; 8 Winner; 13 Apart; 16 Terrified; 18 Events; 19 Ease off; 20 Minorca; 23 Error.

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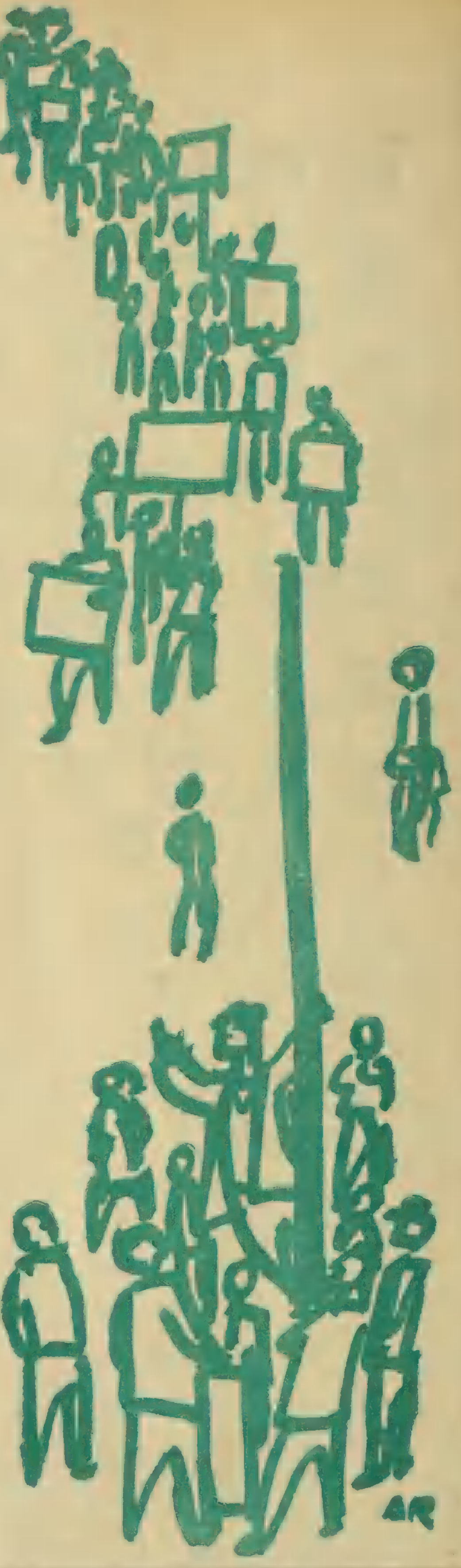

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LETTERS

competence without gadgets

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: As Aldous Huxley, in *Brave New World*, had already done a clever fantasy on the mechanization of recreation, I wonder why you thought it worth while to give us Mr. Csikszentmihalyi's "The Rigors of Play" [*The Nation*, Feb. 17]. It is not as imaginative as Huxley's, but it is clearly a fantasy, masquerading as fact.

Take one of his three main examples—chess. Csikszentmihalyi would have us believe that today most games are played with complex equipment under deadly serious tournament conditions. But in fact, virtually all "serious" chess players belong to the United States Chess Federation, which has a total membership of about 12,000, a minute fraction of Americans who play some chess. Even in regard to those who play more for blood than fun, Csikszentmihalyi's statements are totally inaccurate. Apparently he glanced at a catalogue of chess equipment and drew unwarranted conclusions; I can assure him that there are many masters and experts who do not own "stamping pads . . . a portable roll-up demonstration board," etc., and who nevertheless manage to avoid feeling "hopelessly amateur." Nor can they afford to consider an opponent as "an interchangable dummy"; nor is their play controlled by "buzzers."

But not only are Csikszentmihalyi's facts wrong; his underlying assumptions are also, I believe, questionable. . . . The values which he would have us find in recreation—spiritual, human, aesthetic—are not dependent upon bumbling amateurism. . . . *William B. Stone*

Lake Forest, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Stone claims that my statements, at least as far as chess is concerned, are "totally inaccurate," and that my facts are "wrong." His disagreement with my statements rests on empirical grounds, and they are very easy to test. All reader Stone has to do is walk a few blocks from his residence either to the northwest, where Jimmy's Tavern is located (unless it has been torn down by urban renewal in the meantime), or the southwest, to the University of Chicago's Reynolds Club, and he will see scores of chess games going on according to the pattern I indicated. At Jimmy's one could see at times three games at different tables, all using buzzing timers. It was this atmosphere of unnecessary and sterile tension which forced me to play at home, with only a few old-fashioned players. There are still a few such left, of course; I was speaking only of a quite noticeable trend which I think is important. Mr. Stone also seems to fail to catch the irony in my use of the term "bumbling amateurism"—what I was implying is that the narrow technicians are defining as amateur anyone who is uninterested in pursuing their game at the level they are playing it. . . . *Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi*

corrections

By a typographical error, David Halberstam was referred to in Eqbal Ahmad's article (p. 267, *The Nation*, Mar. 3) as a correspondent for *Time* magazine. At the time indicated, Mr. Halberstam was writing from Vietnam for *The New York Times*. *Editors*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A printer's error of the most innocent kind has introduced a most unfortunate error of fact into my review of John Berryman's *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*. "The Nervous Songs" were not published "a couple of years ago," but in 1948 as part of the volume, *The Dispossessed*. What I wrote was "a couple of wars ago."

Michael Goldman

EDITORIALS

The Unhappy Right

An enjoyable aspect of these first weeks of the Nixon Administration has been the anguish and indignation which some of his decisions have aroused among his loyal right-wing backers. Such appointments as Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., James Farmer, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Charles Yost are seen as more than objectionable; each such appointment represents a denial of patronage to the hungry legions of the Right. The columnist James J. Kilpatrick, who often articulates the impossible dreams of the ultras, and who may very well have anticipated a minor ambassadorial appointment—say to Liberia—cries out bitterly: "Throw Us a Bone, Mr. President! Throw Us a Bone!" Disappointed Southern Republicans caucus in Washington, bemoan the absence of patronage, and decline an invitation to chat with the President. David Lawrence is agitated and hurt, the newsletter *Human Events* is indignant, the Liberty Lobby charges betrayal, and Strom Thurmond maintains an ominous and sullen silence. One small item tells quite a story: Secretary of State Rogers has in effect notified Otto F. Otepka, the controversial former security "evaluator," that he does not intend to restore him to his post. During his years in "exile," Otepka has been the right wing's favorite martyr. Nor will the Right be pleased by the astute way in which Rep. Rogers Morton, named to succeed Ray Bliss, who was so cruelly removed after a productive tour of duty as chairman of the Republican National Committee, has eased Murray Chotiner, a chronic hard liner, out of an office he had pre-empted in the National Committee's suite. Mr. Chotiner had let it be known that, regardless of who was named to succeed Bliss, he would be "top banana." Mr. Morton wisely concluded that Chotiner should be sent packing. In brief, the right wing is unhappy to the point of mutiny but, for the moment, mutiny is impossible. They are trapped; they have nowhere to go.

But there is no reason why the right wing should despair. If Nixon has taken a position "a little to the right of the left of center," it does not mean that he intends to hold it. At the moment, the Democrats control Congress and the President must be tactful. Until the Republicans can regain control, the right wing has little to offer Nixon unless their opposition were to become visible and vocal —and in that case he might find it most useful. As Carl T. Rowan points out in his column, Mr. Nixon is clearly "not what he said he was, not what the Democrats feared he was, nor even what Republicans hoped he was during the Presidential campaign." So everyone, more or less, is wondering: "Just what kind of President have we?" And, as Mr. Rowan notes, the President may well be saying to himself: "What kind of President am I?" With Mr. Nixon you rarely know where you stand, because Mr. Nixon rarely knows where he may *have* to stand. He stands, at any moment, on the point of maximum expediency. Just now it is a little to the right of the left of center but tomorrow, who knows?

The right wingers, true believers all, have turned out to be more naive than might have been imagined. They did not realize, as Joseph C. Harsch puts it, that "in politics as in war, the victory does not always resemble the dreams of the fighting troops." But President Nixon may very well move back in their direction and, in the meantime, if their frustration becomes intolerable, they can always start a movement to "draft" George Wallace.

Mr. Meany's Full Circle

History, under the peremptory guidance of George Meany, has come full circle. Two decades ago, Meany helped set up the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, designed to combat the World Federation of Trade Unions, which was Communist controlled. Now, in a fit of exasperation, the terrible-tempered Mr. Meany has disowned his child, cutting off its $360,000 a year allowance. The reason Meany gives for this summary action is that the ICFTU is no longer sufficiently anti-Communist for his taste, but the truth seems to be that the WFTU has become less pro-Communist than it used to be, and an old redbaiter like Meany needs a good-guys-bad-guys contrast, as in the Westerns.

What bothers Meany most, one may surmise, is that the WFTU (see our editorial, "A Secret No More," October 21, 1968) denounced the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, with the strong backing of the Italian and French Communist-controlled wings of the trade union movement. Since 1948, the WFTU had not been so much a labor federation as an instrument of Soviet policy in the cold war. And the ICFTU had not been so much a labor federation as an instrument of the West in opposition to the WFTU. But the invasion of Czechoslovakia was too much for the French and Italian comrades, and the gap between the two federations consequently narrowed.

The severance of relations between the AFL-CIO and ICFTU shows once more that in the former Meany remains the boss. Even Jay Lovestone and Irving Brown, Meany's dedicated assistant redbaiters, opposed his arbitrary action. Jacob Potofsky, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, abstained from voting, David Dubinsky, president emeritus of the ILGWU, voted "present." But Meany's action was approved by twenty-five of the twenty-seven top AFL-CIO officers present, with what mental reservations no one can say.

For the ICFTU the severance may be a blessing in disguise. At the moment the organization is well-nigh bankrupt, but Meany's action signifies liberation from his control and dictation. The loss of $360,000 a year is a blow, but it should not be too difficult to make up, particularly if the United Automobile Workers and other independent unions move in. The ICFTU now has a chance to function as a genuine labor federation, i.e., as a bridge between Eastern and Western labor. It might secure the affiliation of Yugoslav unions at the outset, and later pick up some other, more significant affiliations in Eastern Europe. At the very least, the withdrawal of AFL-CIO from the ICFTU is one more sign of the disruption of the cold-war mechanisms that seemed so enduring. George Meany, who has lived largely by these antagonisms, may yet regret his latest tantrum.

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NATION *Volume 208 No. 10*

Toward a Social Ethic

A chronic difficulty in present-day social organization is the rampant growth of bureaucracy, accompanied by a corresponding diffusion of responsibility, so that in most cases no one can be held responsible for errors and abuses of authority. But there are signs, even if as yet unspectacular, that this pernicious state of affairs may be changing, in the only way in which it can be changed—from within. Some of the faceless bureaucrats, corporate and governmental, are beginning to show their faces, and to become vocal on behalf of the public.

The cutting edge of this development may be discerned in the professions; for example, in the various caucuses which have emerged in some of the learned societies—political science, sociology, economics, physics, even in engineering. Social pressures, the danger of a war of mutual extermination, mounting environmental hazards, military projects like the ABM Sentinel, are forcing certain professionals to adopt a new social ethic which finds expression in open intervention for the public welfare. Cornell faculty members organize against a nuclear power development on Lake Cayuga, a day-long stoppage of research is scheduled at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other universities, to protest against the way in which decisions on weapons systems are being made, while in Chicago the working press, annoyed with the biased outlook of their publishers, are issuing an excellent publication of their own, the *Chicago Journalism Review* (sample copies may be obtained by writing 5000 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 60615).

In another field we called attention last fall ("Breaking the Code," November 25, 1968) to the action of an employee of the General Telephone Company in California who appeared at a public hearing of the Public Utility Commission to say, as a matter of civic responsibility, what he thought about the company's application for a rate increase. Here is another example: Some twenty-five or thirty staff members of the New York City Planning Commission joined recently with others to submit a petition to the commission in opposition to a re-zoning measure which they felt discriminated against the poor in favor of those able to afford luxury housing. Four members of the staff faced the chairman of the commission at a public hearing and denounced him and the commission. "We have been asked to violate our personal integrity," one of them said, "by justifying decisions . . . on a technical basis when they were made on a political level. . . . We have been asked to conceal information which should be made available to the public."

The group that sparked this protest is an outgrowth of the Movement for a Democratic Society, which is made up of alumni of Students for a Democratic Society. In this instance the young planners think of themselves as a buffer group between the various planning agencies and the communities and the public which these agencies purport to serve. They are attempting to focus attention on the process by which decisions are made at higher levels. It is obvious that they are reacting against the frustration that technicians of conscience experience when they see decisions made by a process which they regard as undemocratic and unresponsive to public needs and concerns.

To date none of these assistant planners has been reprimanded, although they have been "spoken to" as a group. Admittedly, this kind of activity presents problems of protocol, procedure and discipline. But what is emerging here is also a sign of the times and a response to a vital need. If the procedures by which decisions are made are in fact anti-social, then individuals in the bureaucratic structures must speak out. Otherwise, in an increasingly bureaucratic society, in which decision making grows ever more technical, how is the public to know when decisions are made properly and when they are not?

Not many years ago, public concern was focused on the "organization man" and the organizational society—on the kind of people who explained, "I just work here." But organizations, once they are called to account by their own members, may turn out to be more vulnerable than was thought. An orderly insurgency from within may be a salutary corrective for the bureaucracy which oppresses the mass of ordinary citizens.

The Name of the Beast

When Carl B. Stokes, Mayor of Cleveland, calls other Negroes in his city "black bigots," the epithet falls upon one's mind as a blight. But the situation which evoked these words throws new, and it may be useful, light on racism and prejudice in general.

Cleveland wants to build a public housing project in a lower-middle-class section of Cleveland called Lee-Seville. The present residents of this neighborhood are Negroes who, in the past ten or fifteen years, have managed to escape from the city's central ghettos. Like the so-called "ethnic" groups in America, they are fiercely motivated to succeed, ever aware of the fragility of the supports that hold them above their pasts. They do not want the housing project, and they voice familiar objections: declining real estate values, overcrowded schools, degraded public services, public safety.

Leading their fight are two City Councilmen, Clarence R. Thompson and Albert Pottinger, both black. Stokes asserts that these men are attempting to deprive a segment of the city's population of access to a decent style of living. Thompson replies that the basic amenities of the section are scarcely adequate now, and promises continued opposition until he sees specific improvements commensurate with the proposed new construction. That his position may be more than obstructionism is indicated by the announcement by Mayor Stokes of a $4 million improvement package for Lee-Seville. If that project goes through (Thompson says he wants to be shown), it may turn out that the residents of the neighborhood and their political representatives will have found a way to make City Hall attend to their needs.

The broader implication of the situation is that it casts some doubt on the specifically racist character of similar frequent disputes in this country. People, black and white, are jealous of their successes, and most jealous of all are those who have won them recently. If they see, or think they see, a threat to them from a group with different background or experience, the protest will almost inevitably take on the color of bigotry. If this is then taken up by the press and the spokesmen for the proposed change, the debate begins to focus on human wickedness instead of on the substantive issues.

There is indeed racism in this country, as there are many other forms of prejudice, but tolerance will be advanced, and the public tranquility served, if in given situations an attempt is made to distinguish prejudice from self-interest. The latter may be selfishness, reprehensible in itself, but it lacks the confrontation explosiveness of bigotry.

Contamination of the Oceans

Dr. E. D. Goldberg, professor of chemistry at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, has written a disquieting paper on man's pollution of the oceans. The popular impression is that the oceans, covering two-thirds of the earth's surface to an average depth of 4 kilometers (2.5 miles) can be contaminated only locally, as in the *Torrey Canyon* disaster and the recent oil leakage in the Santa Barbara channel. (See "Oil on the Waters" by Edward Cowan, page 304.) Unfortunately the one-world concept applies not only politically but chemically, so that seemingly innocent discharges of more or less noxious chemicals directly into the ocean, or reaching it via the atmosphere, may do slow, irreversible harm. Often, also, as in the case of radioactive contamination, untoward effects may occur quickly, thousands of miles from the source.

"Man, a land animal," Dr. Goldberg tells us, "is influencing the chemical composition of sea water more than any of the species that live within the marine environment." In some cases man-made materials are added to those released naturally by weathering of rocks, etc.; in others—DDT, for instance—man is solely responsible.

Lead and mercury are examples of the former process. The annual world production of mercury is about 9,200 tons. The metal is used in industry and agriculture as a fungicide, catalyst, etc. It is estimated that about half of the total tonnage reaches the oceans via rivers and the atmosphere. No investigations have been made of mercury in the marine environment, but the levels found in the wings of birds in Sweden are ten to twenty times those detected earlier, and high concentrations have been discovered in the San Francisco smog. Fish, accumulating mercury compounds, may transfer them back to man.

Since tetra-ethyl lead was introduced as an anti-knock agent forty-five years ago, the input of lead into the oceans has come mainly from automobile exhausts. Some 350,000 metric tons of lead (a metric ton contains 2,200 pounds) are injected into the atmosphere of the Northern Hemisphere annually, and much of it reaches the oceans. The average lead content in surface waters of the northern oceans, while still measured in small fractions of a microgram per kilogram of sea water, has tripled over the forty-five-year period. A similar addition exists in reference to carbon compounds, such as carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide and hydrocarbons. Evaporation of dry-cleaning solvents takes place at a rate estimated at 360,000 tons in the United States alone every year. Since these hydrocarbons are chemically stable, they probably contribute materially to marine pollution.

Many contaminants have geologically long "residence times" in the ocean before they settle to the bottom. Consequently, marine life may be exposed to them for indefinite periods. The lesson of Dr. Goldberg's paper is that environmental studies should include the processes of slow pollution. If they are neglected, some unpleasant surprises may lie ahead.

Cultural Note

In population, at least, Newark, N.J., is a great city, though overshadowed by the proximity of New York. It is outstanding also in its tax rate, which runs well over $8 per $100 assessment. Understandably, the cries of the taxpayers are loud, and recently the City Council gave ear to their anguish. The Council's remedy was to cut off the city's contribution of $2.8 million a year to its library and museum, established in 1888 and 1909 respectively. "This action is out of sheer desperation," the Council president said, while the mayor termed it "tragic."

Without presuming to criticize the city fathers, one is entitled to wonder whether ours is really an affluent society. If so, the Newark museum and library would like to see some of that affluence come their way.

Crackdown

From Fort Lauderdale, Fla., one of the leading abodes of happiness in the United States, comes a disquieting story. A 27-year-old man named Will Willis, a former reporter for the *Miami Herald*, was accused of selling and possessing marijuana. The jury acquitted him on the charge of selling, and convicted him on one count of possession. The judge sentenced the defendant to three and a half years in state prison. Willis had no police record and appears to have been a model citizen. The judge gave an odd reason for the severity of the sentence: Willis was college educated and intelligent. "It's surprising," said His Honor, "that a man of his intellect would become involved. It was an unpleasant task. If I didn't do something, I'd be as weak-willed as he is." Pending appeal, he set bail at $12,000. A high police official in Fort Lauderdale called the sentence severe and said that first offenders in such circumstances are usually placed on probation.

Aside from the severity of the sentence, the case points to a current trend which is assuming dangerous implications. In proportion as serious social problems acquire a desperate urgency, the attention of law-enforcement officials is inclined to focus on relatively minor offenses, which are attacked with a savagery out of all relation to their importance. The "crackdown" is functional in that it diverts attention from issues of greater urgency, while conveying the impression of strict law enforcement.

Almost any offense can be used to trigger a general crackdown but some are better than others, and possession, use or sale of marijuana is one of the best. Many parents worry that their children are smoking pot or being encouraged to smoke it, and their anxiety is relieved when they read of severe sentences. All that most people know about marijuana is gleaned from sensational news stories, yet as *Time* pointed out recently, "practically everybody, whether doctor or layman, pothead or puritan, has been expressing dogmatic opinions for years about the effects of marijuana on its users." When reports of serious studies appear in technical or professional journals, they are generally ignored (a case in point being the Weil Report, *Science*, December 13, 1968).

The danger of Draconian campaigns against relatively minor offenses—apart from their diversionary effect—is that they create a general climate of opinion which encourages what might be called "legal violence" or "legal vigilantism." The sentence in the Fort Lauderdale case falls in this category. Crackdowns of this kind are contagious. At the moment, marijuana users are a prime target, but other offenders will be thrown to the lions if the current insistence on severity does not abate. In time, legal vigilantism stimulates the illegal variety and that, of course, is the greatest danger.

KINGSLEY MARTIN: A MEMOIR

ALEXANDER WERTH

Kingsley Martin, for many years editor of the *New Statesman*, died suddenly in Cairo on February 17. Before his death he ordered that his body be given to an Egyptian hospital for medical and scientific research. Though the son of a Unitarian minister, he became an agnostic at an early age, and remained one to the end. This was an atypical consistency in a man who, all his life, had been tormented by doubt, and who so often allowed himself to be swayed by the most contradictory influences. It was a common quip in the Great Turnstile office that Kingsley adopted the views of the last person he had seen. This was both true and untrue. He could be influenced, but only if he was predisposed to be influenced—as he was on a famous and shameful occasion during the pre-Munich crisis of 1938.

I first met Kingsley Martin soon after he became editor of the *New Statesman* in 1931. He had for three or four years been an editorial writer on the *Manchester Guardian* under the "great" C. P. Scott; and Scott, who had an exaggerated confidence in his own (often very dubious) judgment, intensely disliked his "overfussy" aide. To get rid of him as painlessly as possible, Scott used his influence to have Martin appointed editor of the *Statesman*, after the death of its previous editor, Clifford Sharp.

Kingsley, who felt himself humiliated by the episode, determined to show that he had been unjustly dealt with by making the *New Statesman*—then with a circulation of 15,000—both a financial success and a paper of real weight and influence. Its circulation shot up to 30,000 in 1939 and to 90,000 in 1945. As John Freeman, who succeeded him for a few years in 1961 recently wrote me from New Delhi: "On a paper like the *New Statesman* what matters most of all is the personality of its editor, who gives it its tone and coherent unity; and no one was, and ever will be, as good in this respect as Kingsley."

The paradox was that, although he gave the paper this extraordinary coherence, he himself lacked it. As his assistant editor, the late Aylmer Vallance, remarked: "It is not true that Kingsley is a great editor; but he is a supremely good writer himself, and he expects everybody else writing for the paper to come as near his own standard as possible." But although often torn by doubts and uncertainties, and with some of his colleagues trying to pull him far to the Left, and others further to a kind of social-democratic Right, Kingsley was, in fact, pink, rather than red, and in this respect he was very much an intellectual of the thirties. It is true, though, that what made the *Statesman* a great paper was, above all, the quality of its writing. Martin's own "London Diary" was the most brilliant journalism in England—witty, well written, and enormously readable.

I was lucky in the 1930s to write for two great editors—Kingsley on the *Statesman* and W. P. Crozier on the *Manchester Guardian*. Both had become acutely aware that fascism, and especially Hitlerism, was spreading to the rest of Western Europe. While I reported on the Fascist leagues in France, Kingsley kept an eagle eye on Mosleyism and other forms of fascism in England. Both Kingsley and Crozier were highly sympathetic to the Popular Front in France, and both took a staunchly pro-Republican line at the time of the Spanish War, even though, in the case of the *Guardian*, the somewhat unbalanced F. A. Voigt managed, for all his genuine anti-Hitlerism, to slip some pro-Franco articles into the paper during a few weeks. In 1937 I had to rush to Spain to repair the damage.

The *New Statesman*, anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi and pro-Spanish Republic, became *the* great paper of the younger British intellectuals, so many of whom went to Spain to fight. Like the *Guardian*, it seemed consistently hostile to appeasement and advocated a return to collective security, together with the indispensable Russians—though on both papers the purge trials of 1936-37 caused considerable qualms, and though neither tried, as did A. G. Cummings on the *News Chronicle*, to justify them.

In short, the beastliness of Stalinism could not be discounted altogether; but for Kingsley and Crozier it was still a lesser evil than Hitlerism—a line the opposite of that taken by certain press lords like Rothermere or Kemsley who, more or less openly, preached a free-hand-in-the-East for Hitler.

And yet, if Crozier remained consistently anti-Munich, Kingsley did not. One day at the end of August, 1938, he was visited by Roden Buxton, a Labourite who was an arch-appeaser. After this visit, the *New Statesman*, to the horror of its regular readers, came out with a proposal for the partition of Czechoslovakia. This was nearly two weeks before the *Times* proposed the same thing. That *Times* editorial of September 7 is a major landmark of the Munich surrender; but, in reality, Kingsley Martin had started the rot. For many years, he seemed deeply ashamed of what he had done, and gave all kinds of unconvincing explanations. But the truth is that K.M. was at heart a pacifist. He had been a conscientious objector during World War I, and when Buxton, in the name of "peace," advocated surrender, his words did not fall on stony soil.

Although after Munich he tried to repair the damage he had done, Martin became disheartened and pessimistic, if not downright defeatist. He blamed the Soviet-German Pact of 1939 on Chamberlain and, with the fall of France, his gloom deepened. When I returned to London after the French collapse and went to see Kingsley, he threw up his arms in a gesture of despair: "My God! What was the good of coming here? You might as well have stayed in France. The Germans will be here in a week!"

Later, when the British won the Battle of Britain, and there was no Nazi invasion, Kingsley still thought that the British shipping losses would starve the country. However, he pulled himself together once the London blitz had got into its stride and actually began to enjoy the excitement. One of the immortal paragraphs in the "London Diary" went something like this: "I must be the only man to have been blown off the lavatory seat by a bomb blast while reading Jane Austen!"

Though at first pessimistic as to Russia's chances, he became wildly enthusiastic about the Red Army once the tide had turned. After the war, he began to have serious misgivings about the way Europe was shaping. Somebody has said that he had no enemies. That is untrue; he had many enemies, among them Ernest Bevin who, soon after the Labour government had come into office in 1945, said to him: "How long will it take you, Kingsley, to stab me in the back?" Largely under the influence of R. H. S. Crossman—and Crossman had an almost mesmerizing effect on Kingsley—he adopted a sharply anti-Bevin and pro-Israel line on the Middle East. After the war he traveled prodigiously trying to size up the situation in the different countries. In Poland, Gomulka gave him a very nasty reception, and he fared little better in the other countries of the Socialist bloc. I think the only foreign country where this essentially Little Englander was truly happy was India. Nehru was a close personal friend, and K.M. liked to think that under his editorship the *New Statesman* had done more than any other proponent to bring about the independence of India and other colonial countries.

As for Eastern Europe, he developed, after the Tito-Stalin quarrel of 1948, a genuine enthusiasm for Yugoslavia and was highly pleased with the articles, mainly favorable to Tito, I sent him from Belgrade during several long visits to Yugoslavia in 1948-50. Aylmer Vallance, on the other hand, was furious. Before the Moscow-Belgrade rift he had christened his newborn son Tito, and was now kicking himself for having done so.

There were all sorts of contradictory and conflicting influences on the *Statesman* during the cold-war years of 1948-53, and Kingsley had some difficulty coping with them. His business manager, the late John Roberts, was a bit of a McCarthyite, who dreaded that the paper could be suspected of Moscow sympathies. Crossman was violently anti-Communist; Aylmer Vallance was known as a "Red," and, before long, Kingsley felt obliged to bar him from writing on any controversial international subject. He was easily rattled; for instance when Vallance signed the "Stockholm Appeal" and, above all, whenever the paper received a spate of "McCarthyite" letters, criticizing this or that article. For it is wrong to imagine that McCarthyism was a purely American phenomenon. There was plenty of it in France, and even more in England—a more insidious kind than in the United States, but nasty for all that.

Although there was weakness in his character, Martin neverthelesss remained, until his retirement in 1961, a great journalist and editor. He took a violently anti-colonialist line in dealing with France's wars in Indo-China and, later, in North Africa. After 1961 he wrote his autobiography in two volumes, the second of which, *Editor*, I found a little disappointing. Although it contained masses of information about his meetings and friendship with Keynes, the Webbs, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Harold Laski (whom he truly loved) and other eminent men of the British Left, and some very good jokes, not least about the British monarchy, which he thought amusingly absurd, it somehow failed to expound any coherent political philosophy. Also, it failed to render that pleasantly crazy atmosphere of the *New Statesman* office, as I had known it for some thirty years.

I think the truth is that Kingsley's colleagues, while admiring him as a writer, found his hesitations, his wobbling, his brainstorms and sudden enthusiasms and equally sudden phobias upsetting and disconcerting. Respecting him, they yet tended behind his back to make fun of him and of his extraordinary personal vanity. Kingsley was, I think, aware of it, but while he could be whimsically (seldom angrily) funny about other people, he somehow refused to admit that he too had a funny side. But this was a small failing, compared with his enormous achievement as one of the creators in England of the anti-Fascist mystique of the thirties. I think it was Muggeridge who recently remarked that it was a lot of fuss about nothing—that it did not delay Nazi aggression and the outbreak of World War II by half a day. Maybe not. But to resist and denounce Hitlerism was, in those days, an inescapable moral imperative for the lost generation of the thirties—whom Kingsley, except for that one terrible lapse, represented so well. A lot of things were wrong about the Spanish war, but to support the Republicans, as Kingsley did in his finest hour on the *Statesman*, was inevitable; his campaign was part of that genuine mass protest against the unchecked arrogance with which Hitler and Mussolini had been kicking the "democracies" around for years. If we failed, it was because the Chamberlains and Bonnets were determined that we should.

CAMPUS MISSIONARIES

THE LAYING ON OF CULTURE

JOHN McDERMOTT

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I

About a year ago I accepted an invitation to speak "against the war," at, let's call it, the University of Dexter. It is located in the city of that name, one of the major manufacturing towns of the Midwestern industrial belt. Since Dexter is somewhat off the main circuit for anti-war speech-making, I read up on the university and the town, and what I found made me look forward to my visit.

The university tended to draw most of its students from the town itself. They came heavily from working-class families and were often the first in their families to attend college. Frequently English was not the only language spoken at home. More significant was the fact that the city itself had at one time considerable fame for working-class militancy. One of the great early strikes of the depression was fought in Dexter, and the issue was not settled in the workers' favor until they had fought the National Guard to a draw in pitched street battles. Before that the city had been a center of Socialist Party activity, and still earlier, a stronghold of IWW sentiment. Thus I looked forward to my visit as an opportunity to talk to the kind of students seldom reached by Movement speakers.

It wasn't. Attendance at the well-publicized meeting was spotty; those who came tended to be about evenly divided between faculty and graduate students, almost all of whom were from outside the state. And there were no students at the party to which I was taken later in the evening, though they had helped plan the meeting, for student segregation is the campus rule at Dexter, no less within the Movement than outside it. Perhaps it was that or perhaps my disappointment at the absence of "normal" students at the evening's meeting; anyhow, I deliberately forced the party to become a meeting. It had taken no great powers of observation to note that the anti-war movement at Dexter, and, by extension, its Left, was largely a preserve of the faculty and some fellow-traveling graduate students, and I was interested to discover why that was so. In particular, I wanted to explore the role these teachers had adopted to their "normal" students and to examine with them the contradiction between that professional role and their wider political aspirations. I have taught in several universities, I've suffered the same contradiction and was unable to overcome it.

The most prominent feature of the discussion which followed, and of all the subsequent ones I've started on the same subject in similar situations, was that the faculty, to a man, still aspired to teach in elite schools. Dexter, after all, is what is popularly known as a "cow" college. A state school, it gets those students who, for lack of skill or money or interest, don't go to the main state university and couldn't "make" the liberal arts colleges in the area, even if they wanted to. Its students are very much vocationally oriented and still tied to their families. Most of them live at home.

Dexter is frequently under nuisance attack by some right-wing faction or other. It pays rather badly and is not in an attractive metropolitan area. Its library is inferior, it provides little research money, and the teaching loads are heavy. The administration is fusty and conservative, as is much of the faculty.

My faculty friends, obviously talented men and women, had not reconciled themselves to this exile. They depreciated the region, the town, the university and, especially, the students, even the graduate students. Loyalty and affection they reserved for the graduate schools from which they had come, and they reflected this feeling in their teaching and counseling by relating only to that one student in a hundred who might go on to one of those prestigious graduate schools. Those were the students who shared with them the culture of books and civility—and scorn for Dexter; who might by their success at a "good" graduate school justify the faculty's exile in Dexter.

Of course they didn't put it that way, and neither did I when I taught in similar places. They saw themselves as embattled missionaries to the culturally Philistine. They worked hard and creatively with the students who merited hope. As for the others, these men and women, in spite of their expressed scorn, nourished a vision, hesitantly expressed, of a society in which no student would be oppressed by cultural bondage to ignorance, vocationalism, anti-intellectualism and provincialism. In fact, that attitude and hope gave rise to and was expressed in their left-wing politics.

The guests at the party were woefully ignorant of the background of their "normal" students. They were vaguely aware that most of them came from working-class families, though what that might mean aside from greater resistance to formal education they had no idea. They had no knowledge either of Dexter's militant labor traditions. This was sad, for it penalized the faculty in a number of ways. To cite an apparently trivial instance, most of the faculty present were concerned over attacks made on the university by the right wingers in town. Respect for free speech and expression had an important place in their scale of values, and they tried to convey it to their classes, using all the familiar academic examples, from HUAC witch hunting and Joe McCarthy, to Stuart Mill, Milton and Sophocles.

Yet that they might relate the principle of free expression to the problems of Wobbly agitators in the 1910s or of CIO organizers in the 1930s (or of white-collar workers in the 1970s)—in short, relate it to the actual cultural history (or future) of their own students—never occurred to them. Instead, they were put off when the students responded to the alien and seemingly irrelevant world of HUAC and Milton and academic freedom with either passive unconcern or active hostility.

I believe this example successfully characterizes how the great majority of faculty behave in schools like Dexter, including, especially, the left wing of the faculty. Socialized like all their fellows into a rigid professional role by their university, graduate school and early professional experiences, they have neither the information nor the inclination to break out of that role and relate openly and positively to the majority of their students who cannot accept the culture of the university world as their own.

University professors as a group seem exceptionally uncritical of the limited value—and values—of a university education and the acculturation it represents. In their view, a student who is really open to his classroom and other cultural experiences at the university will, as a rule, turn out to be more sophisticated, more interested in good literature, more sensitive morally than one who is less open or who has not had the benefit of college. The student will also be free of the more provincial ties of home, home town, region and class. In short, most academics take it as an article of faith that a student benefits by exchanging his own culture for that of the university. It is by far the most common campus prejudice.

And it would be harmless enough if it were limited in its sanction to those students who allow their university education to "take," who do well at university work and will go on to graduate school and then to a place within the university world or, perhaps, into some other related profession. University attitudes and values are appropriate to that world. But what about the others, the cultural rednecks, the "normal" boy and girl at a place like Dexter? Do they really profit from acquiring the attitudes, values, life style, and so forth of the peculiar culture whose institutional base is the university? One way of attacking this question is to ask to what extent those values, attitudes and life style may be usefully transferred to other institutional settings—to little towns and big cities, to industrial or agricultural life, to life in a corporation or in government.

That was about as far as we went at that party a year ago. We agreed that we were part of a university system which was actively engaged at its Dexters in destroying whatever indigenous culture might remain among the American working class. We recognized that, consciously or not, we had assumed an invidious clerical relationship to our student laity. Like medieval priests or missionaries to the heathen, we dispensed a culture to all our students, despite the fact that a scant few could participate in it. For the others, the language of that culture, like Latin to the colloquial, was grasped largely in rote phrases, its symbols and doctrines recognized but only dimly understood. To the extent that this majority of students acquired the external trappings of the university, they seemed both culturally pacified and made culturally passive. Pacified because they were acculturated away from their own historical values and traditions; passive because they could at best be spectators of a culture whose home remained an alien institution.

II

In the year that has passed since my visit to Dexter my views of the relationship of general culture to political culture have very much developed under the influence of Edward Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class.* [See review by Norman Fruchter, *The Nation*, April 6, 1964.] I find particularly persuasive and suggestive Thompson's demonstration of how certain aspects of the general culture of the English working class, over a period of time and under the stress of events, came to support a specificially political culture—that is, to enlarge its capacity to define its social interests and to struggle successfully in their behalf. I shall cite several instances of this, for I want later to use them to illuminate the problem at Dexter from a new and, I think, hopeful standpoint.

Thompson shows that the movement into the factories in England of the late 18th and early 19th centuries was made up of two distinct streams. One was the movement of poor, dispossessed rural persons to the city and the factory in search of opportunity; the other of highly skilled, often literate craftsmen being pushed down the social and economic ladder by the new forces of industrialism and technology. The former, abruptly torn from their rural poverty, had some reason to view the change as an improvement. The cultural shock of the transition, the traditional passivity to authority, the stimulus of urban life, and the novelty of cash wages might easily have disguised for a time the exploitative nature of their place in the new factory system. The urban craftsmen, however, having a sense of their own skill and worth, with still lively guild traditions, and a strong sense of declining status and economic position, were most unlikely to think of the factory experience as a road to opportunity. They knew it for the oppression it really was. It was the meeting of these two groups that proved so creative for the future of the working-class movement. The skilled printers, weavers and mechanics recognized that their lot was cast with the unskilled rural migrants, and they became a creative element among the larger mass. Their literacy, their talent for organization, their family and folk memories that working people had once lived secure in their homes, livelihoods and craftsmanship, were transferred over the years to the mass of working people. But they were transferred with a radical difference. By contributing them to the cause of the entire working class, what might otherwise have been merely a narrow defense of guild interests was instead universalized into a struggle for the rights of all Englishmen, a struggle for the rights of man.

Thompson also shows how important for the new working-class movement was the experience so many workers had in the Dissenting Churches. Men and women who, over the years, had learned to contend with the problems of maintaining a minister's salary, keeping up the church and parsonage, administering an active religious and social program, and organizing regional church activities were able to apply these skills to nascent working-class organizations. Of particular importance was their long experience of persecution at the hands of the Church of England. Both ministers and congregations had learned how to preserve their churches and beliefs in the face of official hostility and repression. Thus when Pitt, Burke and their successors attempted to destroy the new workingmen's organizations, these were able to go underground, preserving their organizations, maintaining their programs and extending their networks throughout the country.

Still another general cultural factor cited by Thompson as a primary support for the growing working-class movement was the belief among the English lower classes that they were "freeborn Englishmen." The phrase had no precise meaning, but it was habitually called into play to criticize or resist any arbitrary act against the populace and its organizations, any claim to special place by the upper classes, any innovation in government control over the speech, writing, travels or associations of the common people. It was a useful and eminently flexible weapon in the hands of the working-class movement against the power of the capitalists and the wiles of Edmund Burke.

What makes Thompson's work of more than antiquarian interest is the suggestive analogy it offers to situations such as that at Dexter. There is a double movement into such universities today, somewhat as there was a double movement into the factories of England two centuries ago. On the one hand, a flood of lower-class young people is moving into these universities, seeking entrée into the old independent professional middle class which university attendance supposedly affords. It is necessary to add "supposedly," for passage through a non-elite university no longer qualifies one for that kind of life. The jobs for which the Dexters and the junior colleges prepare students are elementary and secondary teaching, the lower levels of social work, white-collar hire, petty management—that is, employments which were once semiprofessional, but which now are being rapidly industrialized by bureaucracy, managerial science and the IBM machine. Thus the lower-class boys or girls who go to Dexter only appear to escape from the world of industry; they are really taking the first vocational step into a new kind of industrial life.

The second movement into such institutions as Dexter is of a gifted minority of educated persons, who identify with the values, accomplishments and prestige of elite professions, but are forced by the economics of academic employment to take positions they consider beneath their skills, their sense of worth and accomplishment, their lively memories of the recent past.

But here the analogy with Thompson's English working class begins to break down, for these latter specifically and pointedly refuse to make common cause with the lower-class students with whom they share daily existence. This gifted Left minority does not help the students to develop an effective and vital popular political culture. On the contrary, it often occupies the vanguard of a university culture which, as I suggested above and now wish to argue more fully, pacifies lower-class students.

III

The most obvious political characterization of university culture is that it lives by, and presents to its students, the values and attitudes appropriate to its own upper-middle-class life style—a style that is part of the older, now declining, professional middle classes. As indicated above, a university education did once promise membership in the professional classes. This meant that university graduates could ordinarily expect a life of considerable social and economic independence, some measure of personal influence in local business and political communities, significant autonomy and initiative in carrying out their daily work, and thus the possibility of enjoying the pride that follows from personal accomplishment and craftsmanship.

Could it be clearer that no such life awaits the graduates of the nation's Dexters? Today a degree from a second- or third-line institution is a passport to a life style of high consumption and of reasonable job security. But it will probably be an industrial life style, characterized by social and economic dependence on a large institution, by little or no political or social influence, and by participation in rationalized work processes wherein one must try merely "to get by and not step on anybody's toes." Consider, therefore, how the professionally oriented values of the university's culture might function in such an industrial environment. High on the scale of university values, now and in the past, stands the virtue of tolerance—not only personal tolerance in the face of new or differing ideas, attitudes and values but the belief that tolerance itself is of greater personal and social value than the substance of almost any set of creeds. Such a value was useful in the professional worlds of the past, for it would normally help diminish conflict in a middle class made up of highly autonomous individuals. And in elite circles even today it diminishes the weight assigned to ideological differences and helps to harmonize the social and political relations of our pluralistic, semi-autonomous industrial, educational, government and other managers. It carries the advantage, too, that it opens managers to the merits of technological and organizational novelty in a political economy strongly oriented to such innovations.

But how does this belief function for the young men and women of Dexter, who will normally occupy the lower and middle levels of great institutional bureaucracies, and who may have reason to resist those very same innovations: speed-up, compulsory overtime, more and more alienating work processes, forced transfer to another city or region, institutional propaganda, Muzak and the other normal tyrannies of personnel managers? Is it a value that helps them to initiate or continue those collective struggles which are necessary to defend or enhance their interests; or does it rob them of the moral and ideological assurance which must support the beliefs of people who challenge the social legitimacy and retributive power of authority?

A second political aspect of university culture is its almost uniform hostility to the institutions of local and community life. Many churches, fraternities, veterans' associations, councils and boards upon which local and community life in America is built are havens of the narrowest sorts of provincialism, racism, intellectual baiting, babbittry and jingoism. For these reasons, and for reasons having to do with the demands of the national economy for college-trained persons, the tendency of university experience is to propel the young away from local and community life and toward national life and its institutions. A result of the university's liberalism, cosmopolitanism and technologism, this tendency is supported by the national culture, by the students themselves, and by their parents.

But it should be combated by those, like my friends at Dexter, who are interested in building mass resistance to the prevailing currents of American life. A young person from Dexter, unless extraordinarily gifted or fortunate, has almost no means of gaining influence in national politics. And to the extent that university culture directs great masses of lower- and lower-middle-class young people into the institutions of national rather than local and community life, it assists in disenfranchising them from political influence. Of course, the conventional representatives of university culture argue that the decline of local politics and local institutions is inevitable, given the institutional needs of 20th-century industry and government, the gradual nationalization of American life, and the march of technology—i.e., liberalism, cosmopolitanism and technologism. But we should begin to question whether this inevitability amounts to more than advantageous prejudice. For the kind of society which these university spokesmen describe as inevitable appears to be coincidentally one in which the Ph.D. takes its place with property and birth as a means to political influence and social status.

Similarly, the ignorance, racism and the like which characterize so much of local life should not put us off. Given the preoccupation of the Left, over the past epoch, with national rather than local concerns and institutions, it is not surprising that local America has become a playpen of unchallenged right-wing attitudes, persons and organizations. Of course, one could not expect, even under the best conditions, that the life style of local America will rival the faculty club in gentility, civility, humanist learning and other caricatures of university life. But that is not its test, any more than the theological elegance of the Dissenting Churches was the test of their usefulness to a struggling movement of ordinary Englishmen. Those who are today concerned about a different kind of economic barbarism and a similar kind of world-wide crusade should draw the appropriate lessons.

A third political aspect of university culture is its latent hostility to two of the more valuable and humane realities in current popular culture. One cannot move around this country without being impressed by its egalitarianism, that is the depth and vitality of the ordinary American's feeling that he is as good as the next fellow. And the other reality so important in our popular culture is the well-nigh universal belief among our people that they possess an extraordinary range and variety of substantive rights. Like the belief in "the freeborn Englishmen," the belief in substantive rights is often vague and contradictory. Nevertheless, the history of popular political movements is the history of ordinary people acting in behalf of what they believe to be their substantive rights.

It would be too much to say that the university's culture is uniformly hostile to these popular realities, for the situation is ambiguous. However, it is not difficult to identify important hostile tendencies. Thus in contrast to the normal American acceptance of the principle of equality, the professoriat strongly values formalized differences of age, academic rank, scholarly reputation and, it may even be, accomplishment. The effect of this sort of deference is somewhat difficult to gauge and it may be tendentious on my part to believe that it influences student attitudes on legitimacy, authority and equality. Perhaps the issue is instead that university men and women, by failing to provide a living example of egalitarian relationships, merely fail to make common cause with the American people in their resistance to the hierarchic tendencies implicit in the social and economic system.

A more secure case can be made against the disposition in the university world to identify right not with substantive but with procedural matters. Peter Gay expressed this position in the Summer 1968 issue of *Partisan Review*:

". . . democracy is essentially procedural and what matters is not so much (important though it may be) what a given policy is as how it is arrived at. . . ." Persons as fortunately placed as Professor Gay, whose substantive rights are well established in easily available procedures, have an understandable tendency to overlook the fact that, for example, tenure, sabbaticals, choice of hours, and freedom of expression on the job—are virtually unknown outside the academic world. Obviously there are other, important and thorny issues here as well. Without going into them at any length, note that the test of Professor Gay's remark is its fidelity to historical fact. From that point of view, it tends to obscure the fact that the great libertarian and democratic turning point in postwar American political history, a turning point with great promise still, came not from the narrow defense of procedural rights by academic and other liberals against Joe McCarthy in the 1950s but from the assertion of substantive rights in the 1960s by mass movements of students, blacks, professors and ordinary Americans.

The students at Dexter, and a great part of their countrymen, rightly view the liberal and academic preference for procedural right as a defense of privileges which they themselves are denied. Many view the principle of academic freedom, for example, as they view some of the laws of property. It is a tricky device which enables professors to do things, like criticize the dean or the country, for which ordinary people can be fired; just as the law of property is a tricky device which enables installment houses and loan companies to do things for which ordinary people can be sent to jail. The goal is not to do away with academic freedom, or any other hard-won libertarian procedure. A better approach would be to shape a university culture which would help to extend Professor Gay's tenure, sabbaticals, and freedom of expression on the job to everyone, on campus and off.

The existence of hostile tendencies toward egalitarianism and the primacy of substantive right is very much related to still a fourth political aspect of university culture. Even though the university is the home and source of much of the libertarian ideology within our culture, it is often the source of authoritarian ideology as well. I have two cases in mind. The first has to do with the extensive commitment to technologism found among many faculty members. A considerable body of university opinion believes with Zbigniew Brzezinski that the promises of modern technology demand for their social realization a society characterized by "equal opportunity for all but . . . special opportunity for the singularly talented few." The evasiveness of the formula should not be allowed to obscure the authoritarian social and political processes which are envisioned and justified by it—processes today best exemplified in the area of national security, where the equal voting opportunities of all are nullified by the special bureaucratic opportunities open to a singularly talented few. The second of the university's authoritarian ideologies I call clericism. To borrow from Brzezinski's formula, it is the claim to "equal cultural rights for all, but special cultural authority for a singularly scholarly few." I refer to the still widespread (but declining) academic belief that, whatever else culture may include, it also includes the Western Heritage, the Western Tradition, the Literary Tradition, the traditions of reason and civility, etc., and that these are most fully embodied in the profession of academe and the written treasures of which academe is priestly custodian and inspired interpreter.

This principle underlies faculty sovereignty over curricular matters, justifies any and every required course, oppresses first-year graduate students, and received its most prosaic formulation in the observation by Columbia's vice dean of the graduate facilities that ". . . whether students vote 'yes' or 'no' on an issue is like telling me they like strawberries." Clericism and technologism have their good points; no one wishes seriously to derogate either the social or the moral value of good scholarship or competent technology. But as principles under which to organize cultural or political life they are distinctly hostile to the interests of great numbers of non-elite students, the social classes from which they are drawn, and especially the social classes they will constitute when they leave the university. For clericism and technologism, like the doctrines of apostolic succession and of property which they tend to replace, transpose major areas of social concern from the purview of all to the treasure house of the few. Culture, no less than politics, is a critical factor in the nature of social organization; in the distribution of power, reward and status; in the infliction of powerlessness, oppression and despair. This is becoming increasingly understood with regard to politics, where ten years of war, urban decay and increasing social chaos seem to have been the fruit of the same decade's obeisance to technology's claims. But I am not persuaded that clericist depredations on culture are similarly recognized.

As I think was made clear at the start of this essay, the faculty at Dexter did not feel called upon to know the specific cultural history and experiences of the students they taught. Neither they nor anyone in the academic profession consider it their task to use their own superior symbolic gifts and wider historical perspective to identify the specific historical culture of their students, to clarify its ambiguities, to criticize it, purging it of its moral (not geographical) provincialism, and thus to assist the students to develop a culture which is at once personally ennobling and politically self-conscious. On the contrary, at Dexter and elsewhere the faculty assume that it is their duty to replace the students' actual culture wih an alien culture. Missionaries from these graduate schools, like clergy from colonial empires everywhere and in every time, feel confident that what they bring is good for the natives and will improve them in the long run. In culture, as elsewhere, this is manifestly not so.

Consider the matter of historical traditions. No acculturation worth the name should be permitted to block the transmission of Dexter's militant working-class traditions. Even granting, as is probably the case, that only a small minority of the Dexter students are children of depression workers or the earlier Wobblies, to assist, even if only negatively, in destroying these traditions is to minimize for most of the students the opportunity to discover the reasons for their attitudes on a score of moral and social questions, the reality of their social lives, and the possibility of rebuilding a more humane culture in Dexter for their own advantage. White intelligentsia recognize this danger when they peer across cultural lines at blacks or Vietnamese; why are they so blinded by the class lines of their own society? It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the anti-intellectualism of the students is often as deep and as bitter as the hatred exhibited by other colonial peoples toward foreigners and their works.

A university culture which related positively and creatively to the traditions and history of the working classes, blue collar and white collar, would find allies not only among the hippies and the leftists of Smith and Williams but from the squares of Dexter as well.

What is particularly disturbing about cultural pacification in the university is that it is not entirely an accidental phenomenon. At least since Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life* (1909), America's dominant historians have been strongly nationalist, more interested in discovering and celebrating the American essence or character, the national mainstream, consensus or moral epic, or the peculiar quality of our national integration, than in emphasizing its divisions, especially those based on class. It has often crossed my mind that when liberal historians two decades hence write the chronicle of the Southern freedom movement of the early 1960s or of the anti-Vietnamese War movement of today, they will find imaginative and persuasive reasons to show that the first was really part of the New Frontier and the second of the Great Society. It was thus that their predecessors have managed to reduce the richness and variety of popular revolt in the 1930s to the bureacratic dimensions of a Washington-based "New Deal."

Fortunately, some of the younger historians, such as Staughton Lynd and Jesse Lemisch, have begun to undermine the epic poetry of the Crolyites by reviving interest in the history of popular insurgency in America. Thus they have created the possibility that at least at some universities young people will be reacquainted with the real diversity and conflict of their past. More than that, and without exaggerating its importance or extent, this new scholarship provides a point of departure for a fundamentally different university culture than the one I have been describing.

IV

Faced with the vast social diversity of America and in opposition to the variety and strength of its Populist traditions, the thrust of university culture is to pacify its working-class "natives" and thus, I believe, to help preclude any fundamental change in national politics and priorities. Because of the surge of rebellion on campus since last spring, it is likely that this is understood better now among faculty than it was at the time I visited Dexter. But many university men and women, comparing the university's cultural values to those of industry, the mass media and the military, or to the restless hostility of lower- and working-class America, remain partisans and priests of academe, convinced that for all its faults it is, at least minimally, a humane alternative to its rivals.

The analogy I began earlier to the work of Edward Thompson points in a more hopeful and, I think, more realistic direction. A survey of recent campus rebellions would show that it is no longer only the Harvards and the Berkeleys which suffer serious student unrest; some of the most interesting and militant activity occurs at the non-elite schools. In addition, scores of young men and women continue to be exiled by their elite graduate schools into a lifetime of work in the non-elite universities. The narrowest interests of these teachers and their most lofty professional and political aspirations lie in the same direction. It is to take up the task, in common with their students, of rebuilding the vitality of a popular resistance culture—that is, of a culture which will "enhance the capacity of ordinary Americans to identify their social interests and to struggle successfully in their behalf."

This is not a task which individuals can successfully undertake in isolation, nor one whose champions will be free of serious reprisal at the hands of university and political authorities. Nevertheless, there are already a handful of campuses where the work has begun, in critical universities, liberation courses, seminars in local and working-class history, student-taught courses for faculty, and research projects on local and campus decision making. It remains for others to add to these hopeful beginnings.

BIAFRA: WAR OF IMAGES

STANLEY MEISLER

Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *was formerly deputy director of the Office of Evaluation and Research in the Peace Corps.*

Nairobi

Images play as important a role as guns in the Nigerian civil war. The Biafran secessionists, among Africa's most sophisticated peoples, have known from the beginning that their chances for success depended as much on evoking world sympathy as on holding back the federal army. Now, after twenty months of war, it is clear that the Biafrans have been far more adept at propaganda than soldiering. If they survive in some sovereign form, they will owe it to their skill with images.

Part of the Biafran success in public relations stems from the federal Nigerian Government's failure at it. At the beginning, the Nigerians made absolutely no intelligent effort to get their point of view across. In fact, the government's publicists often hurt the Nigerian case as much as they helped it. Many officials of the Ministry of Information were new at their job. Before the troubles, the top information officers had been Ibos, but they fled to their tribal home in eastern Nigeria soon after thousands of Ibos were massacred in northern Nigeria in September, 1966. When the eastern region seceded and called itself Biafra in May, 1967, these civil servants remained there.

Besides lacking experience, the new Nigerian information officers also had the disadvantage of working for a military government. The soldiers who ran Nigeria, unlike the politicians before the coups of 1966, were unaccustomed to journalistic glare and annoyed by it. In early 1967, I asked A. K. Disu, the federal Director of Information, for an interview with Maj. Gen. Yakubu Gowon, the federal military ruler. Disu responded with raucous laughter. I then asked for interviews with other top officials of the goverment. "Just go back to your hotel room and read the local papers," Disu said.

The federal government also began to censor outgoing press cables, a practice that embittered foreign correspondents. Cables sometimes disappeared. Key paragraphs were sometimes slashed, all without newsmen being told what was happening to their stories. On the night the civil war began, the censor cut from my story all sentences that contained the expression "civil war." The Nigerians had decided that their invasion of Biafra was the start of a "police action," *not* a civil war. The censorship accomplished little except to force the foreign correspondents to waste time figuring out ingenious ways of by-passing the censor. The bad feeling grew so intense and obvious that the government finally announced an end of censorship—though it kept right on censoring.

In recent months, important civilian officials of the government, like Commissioner of Information Anthony Enahoro, have tried to make the government more cooperative. But the inefficiency of the lesser bureaucrats still seems to get in the way. In a half-dozen trips to Nigeria, I have not yet been granted an interview with General Gowon.

The Nigerians have a strong moral case for unity. If Nigeria broke up, the numerous minority tribes would become oppressed in three tribal states run by the large tribes; in a unified Nigeria, the small tribes can unite at the center and have at least as much power as the large tribes. But the situation is complex, and the Nigerians have done a poor job explaining it.

The Biafrans, on the other hand, have a stark and emotional case to explain, and they have made the most of it. The Ibos believe there is no security for them in Nigeria. The massacres in 1966 and the continual bombing of civilians by Nigerian planes have convinced their leaders that Nigeria is bent on humbling and shattering and perhaps wiping out the Ibo people. The Ibos believe that life under the other tribes of Nigeria would be oppressive and that the continued resistance of the Ibos in the face of mass killing and starvation is proof that they are a determined, united people who deserve sovereignty. This is a powerful and persuasive argument, but no more so than the argument of the Africans of southern Sudan who have been trying for years to win their independence from the ruling Arabs of northern Sudan. Yet hardly anyone outside the Sudan cares about the southern Sudanese. Unlike the Biafrans, the southern Sudanese do not know how to sell their argument.

One of the key Ibo salesmen has been their leader, Lt. Col. Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, Oxford-educated and the son of one of the wealthiest men in Nigeria. The 35-year-old Ojukwu is a witty, sophisticated and romantic leader. Unlike the military leaders of the rest of Nigeria, he is a colorful politician with a flair for drama. Sometimes, however, he hurts himself by talking too much. At the Addis Ababa peace conference last August, he made a striking impact in his opening speech before Emperor Haile Selassie by repeating the same words that the Emperor had used in protesting to the League of Nations about the Italian invasion of Ethiopia in 1935. He then dissipated the impact by droning on for more than two hours.

A number of foreign correspondents find him egotistical and unrealistic. And some get annoyed by his air of faint contempt when he feels their questions are too foolish for him to answer. But, in general, he is a frank, logical, persuasive man with a good sense of humor and a good sense of news. Most correspondents find him accessible, informative and very quotable.

Ojukwu is well served by the civil servants around him, and these young men, both in the Ministry of Information and in the other ministries, are an important reason why Biafra has been able to get its story out to the rest of the world. The young Biafran officials that foreign newsmen meet are helpful, friendly, well educated and efficient. With a professional competence worthy of Madison Avenue, they set up interviews with Ojukwu and other leaders on a few hours' notice, arrange transportation throughout what's left of Biafra, rush news copy out through Biafra's Telex line to Geneva, cater to the whims of the visitors, and allow newsmen enough free rein to make them feel they are being assisted, not collared and smothered.

Sometimes they falter. Isolated from the outside world, a few imagine falsely that the press of the world is against them. Foolish, insulting remarks are sometimes made. In addition, there has been a good deal of reluctance lately to allow visitors close to the fighting. Now that the Biafrans have new stocks of arms, they seem more fearful of letting military secrets slip away. But, despite these problems, the Biafran officials far excel the Nigerian officials in public relations.

Partly this comes from experience. The Nigerian novelists who once staffed the federal Nigerian Ministry of Information are now working in Biafra. But mostly it comes from the efficiency and Western ways that have long been characteristic of educated Ibo people. The Ibos have been one of the few tribes in Africa to accept modernization wholeheartedly and they have made a convincing go of it. They have adopted the best of Western ways quickly and thoroughly.

As soon as its troubles began, the Biafran Government saw the need for an outside public relations firm to deal with foreign editors and correspondents. At first, they hired Robert S. Goldstein Enterprises of Los Angeles for a reported $400,000 but later switched to the firm of H. William Bernhardt in Geneva. His fee has not been publicized. Bernhardt puts out the Markpress News Feature Service which almost daily issues a news bulletin from Biafra. Most of it is exaggerated puffing about imagined Biafran military victories, but it does offer some factual information—the latest speech of Ojukwu, for example, or the latest total of Catholic relief supplies.

But, more important, Bernhardt arranges the trips of foreign newsmen into Biafra and then makes sure that their Telexed copy is forwarded from his Geneva office to their newspapers. Since Biafra is so isolated and has limited representation abroad, newsmen would have a chaotic time reaching the area if they did not have an outside contact man. Bernhardt himself is a quiet, pleasant, dapper American who never tries to pressure newsmen. Newsmen enjoy his company, and he often can be found with them in restaurants and bars.

Despite his important role, it would be wrong to look on Bernhardt as the all-powerful image maker behind Biafran secession. The Biafrans hardly treat him as such. At the Kampala, Niamey and Addis Ababa peace conferences, they practically ignored him. When Biafran information officials are around, they take charge.

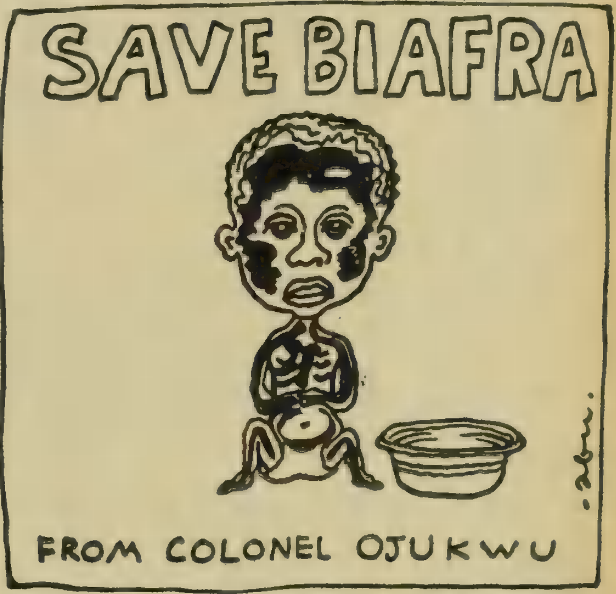
Biafra has had another, stronger proponent overseas in the Roman Catholic Church. There is no doubt that the Catholic Church and Catholic organizations have sympathy for Biafra and a special interest in it. There are perhaps 3 or 4 million Catholics in Biafra, three times as many as in the rest of Nigeria. A visitor to Biafra soon finds the foreign priests there heavily committed to the Biafran cause. Though born in Ireland, most of the priests say "we" when they talk of Biafrans. Some relive the Irish Rebellion. "Listen," one told me, "I led a rebellion in my country in 1916. We lost that militarily, but we won our independence in 1922."

The Biafrans have pointed to their heavy Catholic and, in fact, Protestant numbers as proof that the Moslems of northern Nigeria are engaged in a religious war against them. That is a great exaggeration and oversimplification. But, as one priest told me, "I don't believe this is a religious war, but I do believe the work of the Church here will come to an end if the Biafrans lose this war."

Fearful of losing one of their strongholds in Africa and intensely sympathetic to the Ibo people they know so well, Catholic officials have done a great deal to whip up emotion for Biafra throughout the world and get help to the besieged land. Priests have left Biafra to publicize the Biafran cause in Europe and the United States. Several have manned various points on the air route of supply from Lisbon and Sao Tome. The church was one of the first to cry out for a relief operation and one of the first to organize one in the face of Nigerian resistance. At the beginning, Caritas Internationalis, the Catholic Relief Organization, by paying for the illegal flights that carried food and medicine to Biafra, may inadvertently have paid some of the freight charges for arms as well.

Since last September, according to Bishop Joseph Whelan of Biafra, Caritas Internationalis and the World Council of Churches have airlifted 10,000 tons of supplies into Biafra. That heavy relief operation is a direct result of the early pressure for help by the Catholic Church.

Catholic sympathy for Biafra has angered the Nigerians and provoked them into sensational accusations. Recently the Lagos newspapers accused Caritas Internationalis of recruiting 200 mercenaries and financing their trip to Biafra. Father Raymond Kennedy, a former priest in Biafra who now spends a good deal of time publicizing the Biafran cause in the United States, was named director of the operation. The accusation seemed as far-fetched as it was shrill.



Tribune, London

Some resentment, or at least suspicion, has also cropped up in the United States lately as the Biafran cause has received increasing publicity. For one thing, supporters of Biafra sometimes seem strange bedfellows. They include extreme right wingers as well as liberals, and some cynics assume Catholicism must be the unifying force. At the end of last year, C. Stanley Lowell, the editor of *Church and State*, said: "The concerted public relations campaign being waged by Roman Catholic organizations on behalf of the Biafran secessionists is amazing. Working every propaganda trick known to man, they are seeking to arouse political support for Biafra on humanitarian grounds. Yet it should be evident that responsibility for starving and suffering in the eastern provinces of Nigeria is not that of Nigeria but of the Biafran leader, the Roman Catholic Colonel Ojukwu." *Church and State* is the publication of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, and Lowell's comments reflect a certain blindness caused by the organization's main preoccupation. The fact that the State Department supports Nigeria, and the Catholic Church supports Biafra, should not force believers in Church-State separation to line up with the State Department and Nigeria. In this case, the Catholics are right.

Biafra's greatest public relations problem has come with the mass starvation that has afflicted it in the past six months. The International Red Cross estimates that 14,000 people die of malnutrition or starvation every day. Like Stanley Lowell, the State Department has accused Ojukwu of sacrificing these thousands of children, mothers and old folk for a hopeless cause. Critics suspect that the Biafrans are parading their starving to evoke sympathy. As the London *Sunday Times* said last October, "The expensive public relations campaign has now become an unashamed exploitation of human suffering."

The criticism of Ojukwu stems from his refusal to (*1*) give up; (*2*) allow Red Cross supplies to reach Biafra by land; and (*3*) allow Red Cross flights to Biafra during daylight. The first criticism can be dismissed quickly. It makes sense to the State Department that Ojukwu surrender to save his starving because the State Department believes that Biafra has been, for all practical purposes, defeated. But it makes no sense to Ojukwu since he believes that time is on Biafra's side.

The other two criticisms are harder to assess. Ojukwu makes a persuasive case that a relief land route would allow the Nigerian army access to roads that it now claims to control but in fact controls only intermittently. He makes another persuasive case that daylight flights might enable Nigerians to slip planes into a Biafran airfield during a relief operation. There is no such problem with night relief flights because Nigeria's Egyptian jet pilots refuse to fly at night.

To my mind, these arguments are fairly good ones; embattled Biafra is obviously in no mood to allow any military advantage to the Nigerians in the name of relief. At the same time, I sense another argument in the minds of Colonel Ojukwu and his associates. It is possible that they are gambling that the horror of mass starvation and death will generate enough world pressure to force Nigeria into a cease-fire agreement. With a cease-fire, the Biafrans believe they could salvage some of their secession and sovereignty at a peace conference. In short, the starving may be Biafran hostages for a cease-fire.

I do not believe this is just callous disregard for the lives of thousands; but given the Biafran feeling that surrender may mean death and the Biafran fear that Nigerian relief overtures are a trap, Ojukwu and the men around him are not above trying to milk as much sympathy as they can out of their people's plight. Moreover, the Biafrans believe the Nigerians, not the Biafrans, are the cause of all the starvation, and see no reason why the Biafrans have to make concessions for relief. If the Nigerians turn down the Biafran proposals on relief operations, then more pictures of starving babies will appear in the newspapers of Britain and America.

Callous though it may seem, the Biafran maneuver is, in fact, a good gamble. There is growing pressure in the United States, including the Congress, for America to move in and mount an enormous relief operation of its own to save the starving. If President Nixon did allow such an operation, the decision might have political overtones. The logistics of a relief project that large might in itself force both sides into a cease-fire. Or, if it did not, it might force the U.S. Government finally to take the side of those trying to pressure the British and the Nigerians into stopping the fighting.

That might give the Biafrans what they are holding out for—to sit at a conference table without the pressure of the Nigerian forces on them. If so, it would be a triumph of Biafran will, spirit and public relations.

MANKIND'S FOULED NEST

Oil on the Waters

EDWARD COWAN

Mr. Cowan, a foreign correspondent for The New York Times, *now based in Toronto, covered the wreck of the* Torrey Canyon *for that paper and wrote of it in greater detail in* Oil and Water: The Torrey Canyon Disaster *(Lippincott).*

The escape of oil from Union Oil's offshore well opposite Santa Barbara, Calif., and the subsequent chain of events, political and natural, should be read as an object lesson in humility. The leak, the difficulties in plugging it, and the quick dashing of hopes that the shore line would be spared serious pollution, are all reminders that man has repeatedly and injuriously lost control of his own inventions, usually when he least expected to.

Fred J. Hartley, the aggressive marketing man who is president of Union Oil Company of California (record 1968 profits of $151.2 million on $1.9 billion of sales), argued that the eruption that produced the leak could not reasonably have been anticipated. Perhaps not. Nor could the loss of a hydrogen bomb over Spain. Nor the 1965 Northeast power failure. Nor the stranding two years ago of the supertanker *Torrey Canyon*, whose captain ran her onto a well-marked granite reef off England in broad daylight, causing the biggest shipwreck and oil pollution ever. Nor, just a year after that, the stranding and breakup of another Liberian flag tanker, the *Ocean Eagle*, at the entrance to San Juan harbor—hardly an uncharted shoal.

Surely no one could reasonably have expected in November, 1968, that an oil barge carrying more than 1 million gallons of heavy fuel oil would be torn loose from its tow by rough weather and grounded on Rehoboth Beach, Del., where Washingtonians soak up the summer sun. Or that, also last November, a Standard Oil of California hose would rupture and let 60,000 gallons of diesel oil pour into Humboldt Bay, not far from Eureka, Calif.

Who could reasonably be called on to anticipate that a 365-foot tanker would break in two in the Panama Canal in December, 1968, losing some of its cargo of fuel oil? Or that two days before Christmas, the little tanker *Mary A. Whalen* would run aground off Rockaway Point, N.Y., on the south shore of Long Island, hard by New York City's most heavily used stretch of beaches? Or that on Christmas Day Japanese authorities would have to close the Naruto Strait because of the danger to ships from gasoline that had escaped from a grounded tanker?

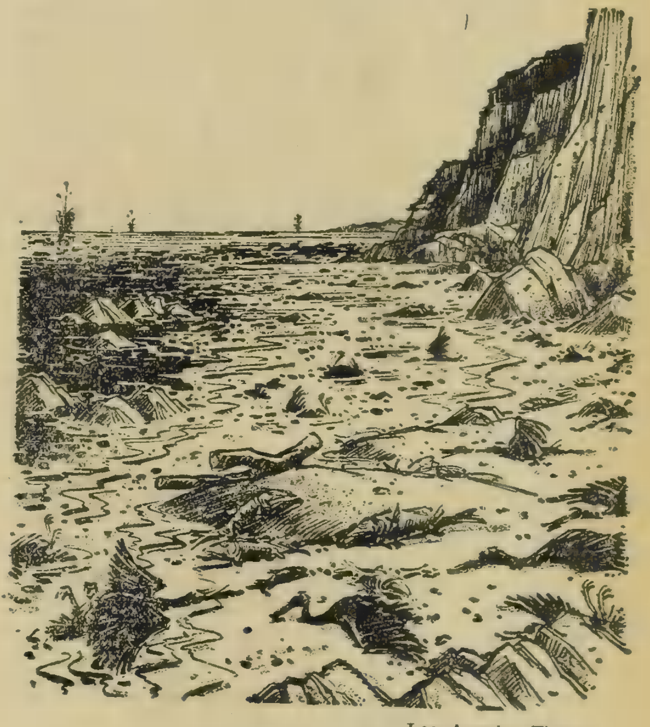
Who might reasonably be expected to warn the Coast Guard that quantities of what appeared to be heavy fuel oil would wash up onto the Rhode Island coast on Inauguration Day, 1969—but that there would be no clue to the ship or shore plant from which it escaped?

As any lawyer can quickly point out, there are differences in the origins of these several disasters which are worth defining if one is concerned about writing useful public policy. There are acts of God, such as violent storms; there is human error, such as putting a tanker on a known reef; there is the inevitable breakdown in any man-made mechanical system, such as the tendency of tankers with riveted sides (a construction technique largely discontinued about six years ago, according to one expert) to ooze oil around the rivets. That leakage may be only a barrel a day, but a barrel of crude oil, thick and persistent stuff, may be more than a drop in the ocean. In the Rehoboth Beach incident, the barge that was washed ashore lost, from a pipe that broke, a quantity of oil described by Interior Department officials as "very small," somewhere from 5 to 30 barrels. That "very small" dose of heavy oil, according to the officials, "marked" 2 to 3 miles of beach and caused substantial pollution to about three blocks of beach front.

Looking back over the two years since the *Torrey Canyon* disaster alerted the public and governments to the dangers inherent in the transportation of vast quantities of crude oil, it is startling to observe how many pollution incidents and near misses there have been; the list just recited is far from exhaustive.

It was instructive, for example, to learn from a trade publication this winter of two tanker casualties off southern Africa in the spring of 1968. On April 29, about 3 miles off the Cape of Good Hope, the *Esso Essen* struck an underwater obstruction and cut herself open at three points. She lost about 30,000 barrels of Arabian heavy crude oil. ESSO said it applied its new dispersant, Corexit, "with great success." In the other reported casualty, the tanker *Andron*, whose owner is listed as a Greek company, split a seam in heavy seas. After discharging her cargo of Kuwait crude, she underwent temporary repairs at Durban, reloaded the oil, resumed her voyage for Venice, and sank about 10 miles off Southwest Africa. Exactly what happened to her cargo of about 16,000 tons (117,000 barrels) is not fully known but there are only two possibilities; immediate or gradual pollution of the sea.

In short, with the world's consumption of petroleum products—in homes, factories, office buildings, schools, chemical plants, aircraft, ships, motor vehicles and electric generating stations—increasing by 7.5 per cent a year (it is now seven times what it was in 1938), the waterborne shipment of oil has become an industry in itself. Twenty-five years ago, the *T-2*, workhorse tanker of World War II, carried about 16,000 tons. By the early 1960s, Japanese shipyards, emerging as the world's busiest, were building ships to carry more than 100,000 tons and were "stretching" smaller ships. The *Torrey Canyon*, for example, built at Newport News, Va., to carry 67,000 tons, was jumboized in Japan to carry 118,000 tons. By keeping her original power plant and propulsion system, the most expensive part of a tanker, the *Torrey Canyon*, at only a slight sacrifice of speed, nearly doubled her delivery capacity. The saving worked out to roughly a penny a barrel. Show any international oil company how to add a penny a barrel to profits and it can make you very rich by cutting you in for only a few daubs of the extra icing.



Los Angeles Times

Oil Depletion Allowance

The same economic logic lifted tanker size to 312,000 tons by 1968 with the launching of the *Universe Ireland*, first of six such ships to be operated by Gulf. Last November the Japanese yard that built her, Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries Co., got an order for a 370,000-tonner, to cost between $22 million and $25 million. Disputing some industry experts, the buyer, Tokyo Tanker Co., said it thought that economies of scale would persist as capacity approached 500,000 tons.

The 370,000-ton tanker will carry three times as much oil as did the *Torrey Canyon*. The 50,000 tons or more of oil that she spilled contaminated 140 miles of English coast and a considerable stretch of Brittany's northern shore, 110 miles from the wreck.

Could a *Torrey Canyon* disaster occur again? Like today's new supertankers, she was well made and equipped with modern navigational aids. She stranded solely as the result of her captain's bad seamanship—an "aberration," one expert mariner called the performance. If it seemed too incredible to happen more than once in a lifetime, one had only to wait a year for the captain of the *Ocean Eagle*, which split in two, to fracture her bottom on the ocean floor in front of San Juan harbor.

Britain's aerial bombing of the *Torrey Canyon* (an attempt, successful said Whitehall, to burn the oil remaining in her tanks) and the struggle by troops and civilians to remove inches of oil from beaches and harbors attracted hundreds of newsmen. Overnight, governments, editors and the public discovered how much oil a single ship can carry; how persistent, noxious and, for waterfowl, lethal, crude oil can be; how emotional can be the argument about how to clean it up, with tourism-minded merchants advocating chemicals for a quick, thorough wash, and fishermen and naturalists preferring mechanical methods; how unprepared, in law and in practical arrangements, national states are to cope with, much less put an end to, oil pollution.

In the United States, the *Torrey Canyon* episode and unrelated instances of pollution to the New Jersey and Cape Cod shores a few weeks later dramatized not only the enormity of the (infrequent) major disaster but the fact that coastal oil pollution is an everyday problem. Despite efforts of the big tanker fleets to dispose of their residues innocuously, there is a lot of clandestine bilge washing by countless freighters, trawlers and tankers.

These events fired up a mood of reform in Washington. President Johnson directed the Secretaries of Transportation and Interior to make a study of oil pollution and recommend legislation. A number of Congressmen—and lobbyists—began to gird themselves for another round in the continuing conflict between public and private interest. In London, meanwhile, an emergency session of the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO), a UN body, had been convened at Britain's request. It began deliberations on two conventions to supplement existing international law. One would establish the right of a state to take action against a foreign-owned ship lying offshore, but in international waters, to protect the state's coast from pollution. (Britain, despite the readiness of the Royal Navy to try to fire the leaking *Torrey Canyon* immediately, stood aside for ten days of fruitless salvage attempts, in part because there was no legal authority or precedent for destroying someone else's property on the high seas.) The other convention would establish liability of ship owners for pollution damage. With uncommon dispatch, IMCO also adopted a package of recommendations to national states on technical safety matters and on tougher enforcement of anti-pollution law.

Another aspect of the tanker business that was illuminated by the *Torrey Canyon* and *Ocean Eagle* casualties is the role of the Republic of Liberia as the world's leading country in registered merchant marine tonnage. In 1947, because of difficulties with Panamanian consuls who, owners said, sought to collect "fees" every time a Panamanian-flag ship cleared their ports, United States shipping interests were looking for a new flag of convenience (or flag of necessity, depending on how one chooses to approach the wage and tax argument). That need coincided with the engagement of the late Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., to assist Liberia's economic development. The result was the drafting by three Wall Street law firms of legislation, duly enacted in Monrovia, that put Liberia in the business of registering ships.

In the ensuing twenty years, Liberia has taken great pains to rebut trade union accusations that hers is a "runaway flag," flown by unsafe, leaky old tubs whose crews are virtually galley slaves and incompetent, too. Without getting into that argument, it can be said that the jumbo tankers which today fly the Liberian flag are well-made vessels. The African state has what seem to be exacting regulations governing seaworthiness, loading and safety equipment. It issues officers' papers either reciprocally or after an applicant passes examinations which Liberia says are tougher than those of other countries. Liberia, says Albert J. Rudick, an American lawyer who is employed full time in New York with a staff of forty as Liberian Deputy Commissioner of Maritime Affairs, tries to make a ship owner's responsibilities commensurate with the benefits (no corporate income tax) of the Liberian flag.

Nevertheless, the Liberian maritime program remains very much as it was conceived—an affair for the benefit of American ship owners and quietly managed by them and their lawyers who decide, without "benefit" of public scrutiny or debate, how to balance private and public interest. (Mr. Rudick argued that there is meaningful debate in Liberia's Congress but he was unable to name the relevant committees or their chairmen.)

When the *Torrey Canyon*'s board of investigation met, it had no rules of procedure to follow. Its mandate was a regulation for inquiries which stresses the possible negligence of the crew and thereby underplays the possible role in a casualty of the ship's mechanical condition or of acts or omissions by its owners. No wonder that the board failed to mention in its report certain things it learned about the condition and equipping of the ship—matters now very relevant to damage suits by Britain and France against the *Torrey Canyon*'s owner (a phantom Liberian corporation with head office in Bermuda) and operator, Union Oil. Nor, one supposes, is it surprising that nearly a year after the *Ocean Eagle* casualty the report of investigation had not been released by Monrovia, where, it was explained, they have been very busy this winter celebrating William V.S. Tubman's twenty-fifth anniversary as President.

Similarly, Liberia has not released for discussion changes in its laws and regulations, soon to be put into effect. Surely, the maritime rules of the foremost "seafaring nation" are of interest outside Monrovia; but, except in Wall Street where the proposed changes were drafted, they are generally unknown.

The overriding issue posed by the *Torrey Canyon* disaster, the *Ocean Eagle* episode, the eruption of the well opposite Santa Barbara, and lesser instances of pollution is that of responsibility. Shall a tanker, drilling rig, shore installation (e.g., refinery, trans-shipment terminal, depot, etc.) or other oil facility be responsible for damage done by its oil? Shall it be responsible absolutely, that is, regardless of whether or not it is at fault, or only if negligent? And if liable shall it pay the full damages, or only up to a limited amount?

The questions are being debated in London at IMCO meetings of legal experts and in Washington in hearings before the subcommittee on air and water pollution of the Senate Public Works Committee. One of the conventions that IMCO experts hope will be completed at Brussels next November would deal with the liability of tankers for oil damage. The Brussels conference will have to decide how sweeping the liability shall be. A slight majority of the deliberating nations, including the United States, is said to favor absolute liability. More likely, the process of accommodation will produce liability based on fault, with the burden of proof on the ship.

The amount of liability will be limited, partly because it traditionally has been and partly because of the expense and difficulties of getting insurance for unlimited liability. How high the limitation should be will also be resolved at the conference. The United States has proposed two to four times the 1957 liability convention limit of $67 a gross registered ton, with a maximum of $15 million. (Washington has never signed that convention.) The International Maritime Committee, a small, little-known, powerful Antwerp-based network of lawyers, which has drafted several important maritime conventions, is expected to press for its 1957 formula or not much more. Undoubtedly, all opening positions on this point were taken for bargaining purposes. The issue may be argued as one of how much damage can be reasonably expected, with cleanup costs from various spills offered in evidence. At bottom, it is a matter of tanker owners and operators trying to minimize their extra insurance costs. Washington estimates the convention may add 10 per cent to a tanker's normal insurance costs, or about 2 per cent to operating costs. A 2 per cent rise in operating costs in any business is not trivial.

The same question has arisen before the Senate subcommittee, which is considering legislation (S.7) sponsored by its chairman, Senator Muskie. It would, among other things, authorize the government to clean up oil spills in inland and territorial waters and require the tanker to pay the costs. The legislation proposes a limit of $450 a ton up to $15 million. Asserting that these levels would "amount to a denial of ship owners' right to limitation of liability," the Maritime Law Association of the United States, representing some 2,000 admiralty lawyers (who generally work for ship owners) urged the Congress to return to the $67 a ton and $5 million limits written in legislation passed by the Senate and weakened by the House Public Works Committee (where an oil man and a shipping man held sway) in 1968. The American Petroleum Institute proposed $100 a ton up to $10 million. Last year it proposed $250 a ton up to $8 million. It changed its mind, it said, to go along with the limits adopted by seven major oil companies which have established a voluntary cleanup plan (which will come into effect only if a lot more tanker owners adhere). An API tabulation showed that the most expensive cleanup on record—for the tanker *General Colocotronis* in the Bahamas a year ago—was $800,000. Conveniently, the API explicitly excluded the *Torrey Canyon*, whose cleanup expenses it put at $8 million (half the claims of Britain and France), because of "technological progress over the past two years and many of the mistakes made in the *Torrey Canyon* incident would not be repeated, and, of course, research on cleanup methods is continuing." Those few words hardly justify ignoring $7.2 million of an $8 million cleanup bill.

The Maritime Law Association, seeking to establish limitation as something close to divine right, argued that it "is rooted in the universally recognized principle that it is of paramount consideration for maritime nations to preserve the continuity of maritime commerce as a matter of vital national interest." The association, noting that Congress granted limitation in 1851 (the legislation has not been significantly altered since then), went on to cite an 1871 Supreme Court decision which recognized that the law's object was "to induce capitalists to invest" in ships.

The argument could hardly be less relevant. Even if the asserted "paramount consideration" exists, it does not necessarily follow that it applies to the United States or that commerce cannot be sustained in foreign-flag bottoms, which are sent to sea to make a buck and presumably will be available. As for any national security argument, there is good reason (if only the multiplicity of pressures Washington can bring to bear) to believe that American-owned ships under foreign flags would be available in time of urgent need. As for persuading that legendary capitalist to invest in ships, the argument antedates common use of the corporation, when the investor was personally liable for the ship's damage, and the development of today's broad, deep, versatile insurance market. Because of these changed economic conditions, limitation is not so just, necessary or immutable as its beneficiaries argue. According to some qualified lawyers, the courts are moving away from it.

The Santa Barbara mishap and Senator Muskie's bill are forcing the Nixon Administration to review offshore drilling policy and regulation, and also what is known about materials and techniques for cleaning up spilled oil on sea and land without harming natural life. With the oil industry itself accepting Senator Muskie's principle that the government should be reimbursed for cleaning up spills arising from private commerce, it would seem likely that the President will sign the bill—if it is not stranded on one of those hidden shoals in the House Public Works Committee.

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DDT and the Constitution

HARMON HENKIN
Mr. Henkin, formerly with the Baltimore Sun, *is a staff writer for the magazine,* Environment.

Hearings now being conducted in Madison, Wis., on a petition to ban the use of DDT in the state, not only have demonstrated that the pesticide has disastrous environmental side effects but also reflect the changing mood of what is conveniently labeled the conservation movement. The judicial-type hearings with adversary proceedings before examiner Maurice van Susteren are made possible by a law peculiar to Wisconsin and by the new militancy of conservationists. The proceedings opened in mid-December and were adjourned after the first week of January, so that the agricultural chemical industry might prepare its defense of the world's cheapest and most abundant pesticide.

In Wisconsin, a state agency which enforces a law must hold a hearing if petitioned for a ruling as to whether that law applies in a certain situation—in this instance, the allegation that DDT is a pollutant. The Department of Natural Resources enforces water pollution statutes and was petitioned by the Wisconsin Izaak Walton League, the Citizens Natural Resources Association of Wisconsin and the Michigan Audubon Society to ban DDT as a water pollutant. The petitioners must prove that DDT is a substance which contaminates or renders unclean or impure the waters of the state, makes them injurious to public health or deleterious to fish, birds, animals or plant life. The pesticide industry has entered the case as an intervener—that is, a third party appearing to protect its own interests.

Unless the governing board of the Department of Natural Resources votes to give van Susteren sole responsibility for the decision, he will make only a recommendation, but it is generally agreed that his opinion will carry a lot of weight.

Handling the legal and scientific aspects of the petitioners' case is the Environmental Defense Fund (EDF), a small group of scientists and their attorney, who have stirred—and to a degree frightened—conservationists by their frontal assaults on polluters. EDF was created two years ago during a court fight to stop DDT spraying in Suffolk County, Long Island. Victor Yannacone, Jr., EDF's sole and unpaid attorney, became involved in a struggle with the county Mosquito Control Commission, and during the trial he and seven environmental scientists started EDF. Since then, Yannacone has appeared in state and federal courts in New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, attempting to impose bans on DDT or dieldrin, another chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticide of similar effect. Recently EDF has branched out from DDT, filing a suit in Missoula, Mont., on an air pollution issue—the "garbage" emanating from the smokestack of Hoerner-Waldorf pulp mill.

The ebullient 32-year-old Yannacone is attempting to establish a body of common law that will protect the environment. The fundamental difference between EDF and other groups interested in the environment is that EDF doesn't plead with anyone. According to Dr. Charles Wurster, a biologist at the State University of New York at Stonybrook and a founder of EDF, the group's unofficial motto is "Sue the bastards."

Wurster says that he and the other founders of EDF became disgusted with going hat in hand to officials at various levels of industry and government and begging for the favor of a clean environment. They feel that the Constitution offers ample protection aginst pollution, but that no one up to now has taken advantage of it. The major problems EDF has encountered have been to establish precedent and jurisdiction. EDF's targets thus far have been commissions, cities and the Michigan Department of Agriculture. These are the kinds of groups that spray DDT and recommend its use, and they are kinds hard to handle in court.

In the past, conservation groups have filed lawsuits to protect their own interests. Fishermen and bird watchers have gone to court over the rights of fishermen and bird watchers. EDF has a different orientation. Yannacone brings class action suits, representing the rights of all the people. Wanting the whole population to share in a clean environment is very Jeffersonian, or Populist if you prefer. In the first year of EDF's existence this democratic approach scared away most potential allies in the conservation movement.

Traditionally, such groups have endeavored to "educate" the Executive and legislative branches of government at various levels to the conservationist point of view, and then hoped for the best. Such efforts have not been strikingly successful. The enemies of conservation are much too diffuse, entrenched and numerous for friendly persuasion to be effective, and the environment is steadily deteriorating.

This approach to conservation was more fitting when the movement started up during the 1880s as an upper socioeconomic phenomenon. It had as its founders such men as Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, American aristocrats who fought against depredations of fish and game populations in their own interests.

As the conservation movement began to accelerate in the 20th century, a number of organizations such as the Sierra Club, Wilderness Society, National Wildlife Federation, Audubon Society and Izaak Walton League were formed. But these groups, again, were looking after their own interests and were less sensitive to the social, economic and political realities of the country at large. What they had in common was a basic social and political conservatism, though politics itself was never talked about in public. The groups could find a convenient scapegoat in federal projects such as dams, but even in fighting Washington they were genteel and proper—and usually unsuccessful.

With boards of directors which were, and for the most part still are, microcosms of corporate America, there was a distinct limit to how far the groups could go. Conservationists of that stamp would never dream of drawing a connection between environmental destruction and the very structure of society. In some ways, the times are changing. Some of the groups, especially the prestigious 50,000-member Sierra Club based in San Francisco, have started becoming more militant in their battles, but even in the Sierra Club there is resistance to change of tactics and attitudes.

Accordingly, EDF has had its share of problems with the old guard of conservation. Though it is far from being politically radical, EDF's activist tactics, and especially Yannacone's courtroom style, make some people very nervous. In 1967, when EDF offered to help the Audubon Society take the boondoggling Army Corps of Engineers into a Florida court for salt-water pollution of the freshwater Everglades, it got a polite "no thank you." The Audubons preferred to spend money from their well-stocked assets to "awaken" the public, and the Everglades are still in trouble.

However, it is difficult to argue with success, especially in this era of militancy; and although EDF has yet to win a clear-cut court decision, it has had remarkable effects. As a result of the Long Island trial, with its attendant adverse publicity for DDT, the Mosquito Commission quit squirting DDT, though not so ordered by the judge. Fifty-five cities in Michigan stopped spraying DDT for the control of Dutch elm disease—a practice which is highly dubious, according to most experts—after an unsuccessful suit by EDF. And in the middle of the present hearings in Madison, the state stopped recommending DDT for Dutch elm disease. That cuts in half the 120,000 pounds of the compound normally used annually for all purposes in Wisconsin. A bill to ban DDT has been submitted to the Wisconsin legislature, a similar bill has been introduced in Illinois, and the sprayers in Minnesota are getting nervous.

These quasi-victories have given the conservation movement something to think about when planning tactics. Thus, when the Izaak Walton League, the Audubon Society and the Natural Resources Association decided to petition the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, they realized that Yannacone was the best attorney for the hearing and that EDF had its fingers on the best possible data to outlaw DDT.

Even so, for some members of these groups asking the outspoken Yannacone and EDF to join the fight was like calling on the Vietcong to protect them against the Green Berets. The Patchogue, Long Island, attorney handled NAACP cases for nine years, and is frankly using the tactics of civil rights groups in conservation litigation. This, combined with his flamboyant hearing-room behavior, upsets a few people who seem to wish he would be more discreet and, well, Midwestern.

Rosenhouse

He is almost the exact opposite of Louis J. McLean, the quiet and conservative lawyer for the National Agricultural Chemical Association. Yannacone is fighting for the rights of the many and McLean is defending the privilege of the few, thus making Madison a classic American encounter. McLean is technically representing a third party, the DDT Task Force, which defends the virtues of the pesticide, wherever and whenever it is attacked. McLean thus far has made one grievous error—he underestimated the scientific strength of EDF.

Like other corporate giants the $2 billion-a-year agricultural chemical industry is slow to react until stung very hard. The last time it felt the goad was in 1963, when the late Rachel Carson published her *Silent Spring*. The industry almost immediately launched a heavy counterattack, hiring scientists to aver that pesticides did no harm to the environment.

McLean has been very active in the agricultural chemical people's offensive. He has appeared in court to defend pesticides and has written articles and given speeches about the wonders of DDT and its kin. He is also fond of recounting how DDT is saving the world from widespread famine, adding that those who are fighting to suppress the so-called hard pesticide are promoting widespread famine.

In an article for *BioScience* (September, 1967) McLean used a pastiche of pseudo-Freudianism and utter rubbish to claim that there are two types of pesticide critics: the purposeful, who are against the compounds because there is some sort of profit in the position, and the compulsive. These latter, according to McLean, are usually food faddists and/or health nuts, preoccupied by sexual potency. While the industry was thus fooling around, scientists were gathering more and more data on the effects of DDT, and their findings outshadowed even *Silent Spring*.

EDF was ready for Madison. Its previous incomplete battles made it eager for a platform from which to tell the entire DDT story, which it had not done before. To make sure the story was told, Yannacone assembled a batch of sixteen top scientists. Among these were some who would not have testified a year ago; they have become convinced in recent months that DDT is a terrible substance polluting the entire earth. McLean was faced with the task of cross-examining more scientific experts than one man could possibly handle, and before the witnesses had finished their sad picture, the industry had sent in five legal reinforcements and hired a public relations firm to whitewash the image DDT was getting in the local and national press.

The industry seemed to realize that if DDT was banned in Wisconsin, other states might take notice that it had been found guilty by an impartial judge and might take similar action. But the harder McLean tried to break down the scientists the more information they poured into the record, which at this point runs to approximately 2000 pages.

The first witness for the petitioners was Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, who has sponsored a bill in the Senate to ban the use of DDT in the United States. "In my judgment," he said, "Wisconsin should not hesitate to ban the use of DDT under any circumstances where it can enter the world circulation patterns and further contaminate the biosphere."

The main witness for EDF was Wurster, a veteran of all its courtroom appearances. He and McLean have exchanged hot words in scientific journals and no love is lost between them. Wurster spoke in direct testimony for only one hour, but was cross-examined for almost three days. McLean challenged every facet of Wurster's research, his qualifications, and EDF itself. But Wurster managed to counter these attacks, meanwhile getting important information into the record. According to Wurster, who is an authority on DDT, the pesticide has four very serious disadvantages:

(*1*) It is what some scientists call a biocide; that is, it has broad biological effects on non-target organisms. It has been found in almost every living thing on earth. Tuna, hundreds of miles out in the ocean, carry it in them and so do animals on remote land masses.

(*2*) The compound has great persistence; its half life is at least ten years and its potency lasts for as long as fifty years.

(*3*) It is highly mobile, though not very soluble in water. It goes easily into a state of suspension in water and will cling to small particles of matter, being then transported by wind, rain and snow. It is estimated that only half the DDT sprayed onto an area stays on that area. The rest is carried throughout the earth. This is why a ban, to be effective, must be a complete ban.

(*4*) Not all the DDT ingested by animal or man is excreted. The DDT residues which remain in the body are stored in the fat tissues. As one animal feeds upon another, it ingests part of this DDT content into its own system.

Wurster and the other scientists, among them Dr. Robert Riseborough, University of California; Dr. John Hickey, University of Wisconsin and Dr. Richard Welch, Wellcome Research Laboratories in Tuckahoe, N.Y., catalogued the devastation that DDT has caused in certain birds. The evidence they gave was frightening in its implications for man. The peregrine falcon is practically extinct along the East Coast and is in trouble in other areas. Hickey and other wildlife researchers have shown that since DDT came into widespread use in the 1940s the thickness of the shells of the eggs laid by these birds has declined, thus leading to an increase of breakage in the nests.

DDT is directly implicated in this malfunction through the process called enzyme induction. Enzymes are minute organic catalysts which control the flow of hormones in the body. During the reproductive period of birds, hormones regulate the mobilization of calcium used for shell production. DDT causes enzymes to be produced in the liver and these change the hormone balance that regulates calcium production.

It doesn't take much DDT to influence such hormones as estrogen in females and testosterone in males. As little as one part DDT per million of body weight will do the trick in laboratory rats, according to researcher Welch. In laymen's terms, one part per million is a jigger of vermouth in a railroad tank car full of gin. Whether the enzyme-inducing process is affecting man physiologically is not known for sure. Enzyme tampering by DDT is a very subtle business capable, says Wurster, of utterly wiping out a bird species by meddling with the reproductive process. It is now happening to an ocean bird called the Bermuda petrel, which will soon be totally extinct.

Welch is as cautious as most scientists when discussing his work, but in the hearing he did say that the enzymes in rats are not different from those in man. It is known that the average person in this country is carrying more than ten parts per million of DDT. Welch said: "If we can extrapolate data from animals to man, then a change in these enzymes probably is occurring in man."

That is the type of information which the chemical companies must refute. The scientists who will defend DDT when the hearings resume will be relying for the most part on data gathered back in the dark ages of biology, twenty years ago when DDT made its debut as a miracle pesticide. When safety tests were run on DDT by the federal government in the 1940s, enzyme induction was itself unknown.

The industry will also claim that DDT is a very effective pesticide, but even this has been disproved. During the petitioner's presentation, Dr. Robert van den Bosch of the University of California spoke about the problems which the substance is causing in agricultural use. It will kill all the insects of a given species that it comes in contact with, except those that are naturally resistant. The resistant pests then form the breeding stock for a strain which is immune to DDT and also encounter no natural enemies, those also having been killed by the chemical. The wiping out of predatory and parasitic species has completely upset the insect balance in some agricultural areas, and DDT can be said to cause serious infestations of insects which before its day were kept down by natural control.

The industry will also trot out its sob story about starvation averted because of DDT. There is no doubt that pest-control procedures are necessary for high yield in agriculture, but there are other pesticides and other methods which will keep insects down without threatening to poison the whole world in the process.

How the hearings will turn out depends a great deal on the mind of van Susteren and the political exigencies of Wisconsin. It is believed that whichever way van Susteren rules, the loser will appeal all the way to the Supreme Court. The chemical companies produce more than 100 million pounds of DDT a year for use in this country and for export abroad (so that less developed countries may enjoy our technological blunders). They will not lose gracefully. Because of EDF and the general mood of the country, the conservationists probably won't lose gracefully either. As far as pollution is concerned, the age of politeness is about over.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Jewish Mama Market

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT. *By Philip Roth. Random House. 274 pp. $6.95.*

THERESE POL

Miss Pol is a writer, and an editor at Rutledge Books. Her father is a German Jew and her mother an American Methodist.

The subject of the Jewish family in general and the Jewish mother in particular —with its catastrophic consequences for all those who move within their orbit— can no longer be regarded as a literary endeavor on the American scene. It has become a big industry, nearly as threatening as the military-industrial complex. In this sense Philip Roth, the author of *Portnoy's Complaint*, is merely the latest, if enormously successful, tycoon.

It was Philip Wylie who started the mother-kicking bit with his crusade against momism. With brutal impartiality he condemned *all* American mothers. Reviewers across the land have already praised Roth's new book as the culmination of the Jewish mother motif, apparently forgetting that Bruce Jay Friedman beat him by several miles in *A Mother's Kisses*. Friedman did a final demolition job.

Now comes the culmination of the culmination—Roth's resurrection of this type of woman. The best that can be said of his accomplishment is that Mama Portnoy is a caricature drawn by a master cartoonist, but she's no more than that.

That is not to say that Roth has not added other touches to the overall picture of Jewish family life which, as depicted, must be the most destructive form of living known to mankind. Some of Roth's scenes are outrageously funny. Alex Portnoy has an obsessively Jewish father, who is an insurance salesman in New Jersey, and chronically constipated (not as irrelevant as it sounds). The bathroom becomes for a while the center of the fun, with papa spending many unsuccessful hours on the john and Alex, the kid, masturbating himself into near lunacy. Roth's treatment of constipation is a scream—but how much mileage can you really get out of constipation?

Roth's book is a long monologue addressed to a hypothetical psychoanalyst (does the man listen?), in which Alex dissects his stifling childhood (mother, father, the whole damn Jewish neighborhood, come under the microscope) and his subsequent, and practically preordained, troubles with sex. Because all the girls he yearns for are Gentiles.

Alex drank in the longing for Gentile sex, whatever that is, with his Jewish mother's milk. Alex, the adult, a successful civil servant of sorts, has the worst experiences with his women. He really picks them. The Monkey, an illiterate high-fashion model from West Virginia, blackmails him with suicidal impulses. The Pumpkin, straight from the Corn Belt, is wonderfully American but becomes a bore. The Pilgrim, a Mayflower product, has too much class for her own good, and is incapable of giving Alex oral gratification (of which there is a great deal in this book, in case anyone wants to brush up on it). The novel ends with a five-line scream of *ahhh*, and a slapstick suggestion from the analyst to the effect that perhaps now the treatment might begin in earnest.

The pacing of Roth's book is frantic, which gives it a one-dimensional quality. It is filled with orgies of various kinds, saved from total tedium only by Roth's comic vein. The melancholy truth about orgies is that in the long run they are dull, even funny orgies. The barrage of four-letter words is also getting to be a pain in the ass, to use Roth's idiom, although he has justified it on the highest artistic grounds. In effect, Roth has created the same permanent Jewish joke that his Alex so bitterly complains about in the novel, complete with Jewish self-loathing and guilt far beyond anything Saul Bellow ever had to offer, but certainly nothing brand-new.

There are of course some gems in this book. At the age of 5 or so, little Alex is so mixed up by the overarticulate salt-of-the-earth people, their vindictive religion, their superstitions, the whole kosher household, that one day he looks out of the window into the drifting snow and asks, "Momma, do we believe in winter?"

Some people profess to see the depths of despair—both Jewish and cosmic—in Roth's book. Maybe so. But Thomas Mann once said that irony can become so dense that it is no longer recognizable as such. So it is with Roth's despair. There is something else wrong with it: it is basically trivial because it is rooted in endless self-examination, leading nowhere in particular, which no amount of stylistic cleverness can disguise. And his occasional gallant attempt to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime without losing his balance simply does not come off.

The main trouble with the Jewish family theme is that it has been overwritten. Unlike the plague in the Middle Ages or the pogroms in Czarist Russia, the Jewish mother goes on and on, spawning more mother-smothered Jewish girls, who in turn will inevitably smother their own brood. It is a vicious circle which can be broken only by a moratorium on the whole subject, guilt included.

Enough already.

A Music of Angels

PLANET NEWS: 1961-1967. *By Allen Ginsberg. City Lights Books. 144 pp. $2 paper.*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism *(Basic Books).*

Communicating vases: so the French surrealists described them. Between the inner and the outer vase, a boil of suffering; memories churning over the psychic obstacles, on their way to be captured in the nets of grammar and consecutive statement. If there is one man who has helped us to believe in and to practice the mystery of these communicating vases, it is Allen Ginsberg, whose new book, *Planet News*, contains some of his finest poems. Between the planet earth and the planet Ginsberg, a banter of loves and disasters has been carried on; between this aging space of ecstasies, who insists aloud:

> *I am that I am I am the*
> *man & the Adam of hair in*
> *my loins This is my spirit and*
> *physical shape I inhabit*
> *this Universe*

and that other jet-diminished globe, riddled with places: Warsaw, New York, Calcutta, Wales . . . titles of so many personal, gritty moments from which poems arise.

What Ginsberg forced us to understand in *Howl*, twelve years ago, was that nothing is safe from poetry. His argument was not for new poetic subjects, for speech rhythms, for more emotions, or for mysticism. Argument in fact, is not the word for the unsettling spell Ginsberg-as-shaman chanted, suffered and danced in *Howl*. In life, as in poetry, the shaman does not argue. He climbs the psychic hill, beyond the last familiar stone, and then disappears. Later the wind will blow disquieting noises back to us. Morality has pursued him like a clean razor and dismembered his body; his spirit has been assaulted by righteous chancres; rumors abound that he has been nailed to a tree, where the animals will play upon his bones forever, like a harp. But then the poet-shaman reappears, carrying the sick soul he had gone to save: anyone and everyone's soul, his own too, for the shaman must have suffered from all the ills he can cure. He comes back, but he is changed, for he has seen, played before him, all the fantasies of the hidden psyche, and all the possibilities of the will. He has learned the demanding truth that Montaigne discovered in his tower: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." Here, I think, lies the generous fantasy of *Planet News*. Ginsberg has brought back the sick soul—his own, mine, yours. In payment, he has received the gift of love. Now nothing human is foreign to him.

We know how much what we are is bound up in what, and how, we remember. Our character, and therefore what we do, depends upon—and is—the style of our remembering. I insist upon the word "style," for quantity, the sheer bulk of what we have been, has nothing to do with it. It is like stringing beads out of a huge box of beads. I work in reds, you in shades of green, and you in sharp edges. The "I" is selective, distrustful. And when, beguiled by travel, drugs or women, I recklessly string a rainbow stone, or a piece of turd, that too is part of the pattern. I have learned to be selectively reckless. On principle I open a certain third eye, let it flicker on the marvel of endless possibility, and then hurry it shut, afraid I will be convicted of "too much."

Ginsberg has made "too much" the affair of his life. Like Whitman, Blake, Traherne, Rabelais, he has enacted what it means to say: "I am the greatest lover in the universe." It is the mystery of seeing, and not judging, of understanding, and not discriminating. If such a life can have a program, then Whitman formulated it:

This is the meal equally set, this the
meat for natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as for
the righteous,
I make appointments with all,
I will not have a single person slighted
or left away,
The kept-woman, sponger, thief, are
hereby invited,
The heavy-lipp'd slave is invited, the
venerealee is invited;
There shall be no difference between
them and the rest.

In *Planet News*, the quintessential poem of "too much," is "Television Is A Baby Crawling Toward That Death Chamber." It is a poem which, like electricity, is sustained by its own movement. And the movement arises from Ginsberg's magical ability to know all the beads, and yet select none, for he selects all. Here as elsewhere, Ginsberg opens a hot line to every recess of his roomy, endless body. Like the infinite interconnection of all phenomena in the physical world (when I spit into the ocean, it rises; when I blow, the wind changes direction), the tangled relationships of everything with everything speak in Ginsberg's poem. He has faith that this is so; that all fishing in the dark water is successful. When Ginsberg is at his best, his mad leaps of association are perfect; they imitate the ideal knowledge of a Monad linked, lovingly, to the whole planet: even to cat vomit, Peruvian skulls, disappointed old body, or LSD pastoral worships:

That's what I came here to compose,
what I knocked off my
life to Inscribe on my grey metal
typewriter,
borrowed from somebody's lover's
mother got it from Welfare,
all interconnected and gracious
bunch of Murderers
as possible in this Kalpa of Hungry
blood-drunkard Ghosts—

The shape of "Television . . ." is the shape of "too much," which is to say that it works against the very idea of poetic form. And yet, by creating the experience (or enchantment) of "too much," it claims for itself all the privileges of form, i.e.: the privilege of being this irreplaceable, absolutely achieved word-vision. Ginsberg, like Whitman, does not forget the place he occupies in the spectrum of cultural forms. He has the pleasure of knowing, from some shy Victorian refuge in his own psyche, that he is being a bit ridiculous. And so he acts out for us our temptation to judge his "too-muchness," and to contain it. What I mean is that Ginsberg, like his spiritual godfather, Walt Whitman, has a sense of comedy. He is an American humorist:

Dusty moonlight, Starbeam riding its
own flute, soul
revealed in the scribble, an ounce
of looks, an invisible
Seeing, Hope, The Vanisher be-
tokening Eternity
one finger raised warning above his
gold eyeglasses—and
Mozart playing giddy-note an hour
on the Marxist
gramophone—

. . . .

The Bardo Thodol extends in the mil-
lions of black jello for
every dying Mechanic—We will
make Colossal movies—
We will be a great Tantric Mogul &
starify a new Hollywood
with our unimaginable Flop—
Great Paranoia!

The humor is part of the generosity of *Planet News*. Ginsberg, in his expansive way, is trying to convince us to wade out from the moralizing beaches where we have learned too well to string our beads. The water is fine, he says. If only we could stop judging and disdaining, we would realize how simple it is to paddle around in the world (and in ourselves).

Often *Planet News* modulates from the glutted, sexual fantasy of "too-muchness," to a quieter, more intimate vision. When the Kalpas of extended space collapse momentarily, Ginsberg remembers himself: the citizen of an aging body, uprooted, humanly unhappy, and yet far from lament, for—and this is the peculiar strength of these moments—he has learned to love even his own aging despair:

Allen Ginsberg says this: I am
a mass of sores and worms
& baldness & belly & smell
I am false Name the prey
of Yamantaka Devourer of
Strange Dreams . . .

. . . .

and I lay back on my pallet contem-
plating $50 phone bill,
broke, drowsy, anxious, my heart
fearful of the
fingers dialing, the deaths, the
singing of telephone
bells

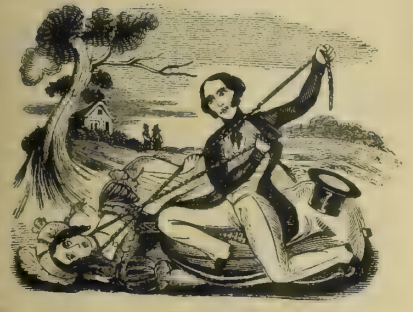
Ginsberg, in *Planet News*, has given us a music of angels. Not Christian holy angels, but the angels of which Rilke spoke: "those almost deadly birds of the soul." They are almost deadly, because they ask what is most difficult to do: to love even what is not lovable, to serve up the meal for everyone, to love fate while seeing with intelligent, discriminating eyes what fate is.

I have insisted on evoking the ancestry of Ginsberg's vision because there is in this poetry of "too-muchness" a tradition and a genre which deserve to be

noticed. In "Journal Night Thoughts," for example, Ginsberg echoes a conventional form and uses it, with humor, to express his continuous fantasy. It is a poem of night images, traveling a path of the mind's peregrinations in New York. One thinks, inevitably, of Young's "Night Thoughts," of Whitman's lovely poem, "The Sleepers." Ginsberg has confidence that form, once rhetorical shapes have been discarded, can arise from life itself, referring backward and forward, in the fashion of a psychic genre, to a larger shape of human experience. Here Ginsberg writes the "night-ode" or whatever name we give it: a form more ample for our total needs than sonnet, epic, or other hanger for old clothes.

The Publishing Game

Henry Mayhew's monumental classic, *London Labour and the London Poor*, is a 19th-century study of the culture of poverty and the criminal classes. The 1861 edition described itself as "A Cyclopaedia of the Condition and Earnings of Those That *Will* Work, Those That *Cannot* Work, and Those That *Will Not* Work." Dover Publications has produced a reprint definitive edition which restores intact this most remarkable work. Their handsome, four-volume republication has a new introduction by John D. Rosenberg; it is generously illustrated with sketches, prints and photographs of the period and each volume has a cover illustration by Gustave Doré, taken from his graphic study of the same period, *London: A Pilgrimage*. Each paperbound book sells for $3.50.



Street Art Illustration, Depicting the Murder of Jael Denny, Victim of Thomas Drory
—London Labour and the London Poor

Mayhew set out "to publish the history of a people, from the lips of the people themselves—giving a literal description of their labour, their earnings, their trials and their sufferings, in their own 'unvarnished' language." To do this, he walked hundreds of miles of London streets in the 1840s and 1850s, gathering testimony about the colorful, comic and tragic lives of the underclass of London. Though his data has served primarily as a basic reference source for sociologists, historians and criminologists, it is also fascinating to read as literature. Thackeray wrote of Mayhew's masterpiece: "It is a picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it." It also contains some amusing and instructive parallels to our present times, as shown in excerpts below. They are taken from Mayhew's study on publishers, authors and hawkers (hawkers were divided into patterers, chaunters and ballad singers) of street literature, the popular reading matter of the period. The first excerpt is Mayhew presenting an aspect of the "profession;" the second is a hawker's account in his own words, of some of his best-sellers.

On Street Literature

The way in which a narrative or a "copy of werses" is prepared for press is usually this: the leading members of the "schools" [groups of hawkers], some of whom refer regularly to the evening papers when they hear of any out-of-the-way occurrence, resort to the printer and desire its publication in a style proper for the streets. This is usually done very speedily, the school (or the majority of them) and the printer agreeing upon the author. Sometimes an author will voluntarily prepare a piece of street literature and submit it to a publisher, who, as in the case of other publishers, accepts or declines, as he believes the production will or will not prove remunerative. Sometimes the schools carry the manuscript with them to the printer, and undertake to buy a certain quantity, to insure publication. The payment to the author is the same in all cases—a shilling.

Concerning the history and character of street and public-house literature, I shall treat hereafter . . . for the reader's better appreciation of the curious and important theme. I say, *important*; because the street-ballad and the street-narrative, like all popular things, have their influence on masses of the people. . . .

It must be borne in mind that the street author is closely restricted in the quality of his effusion. It must be such as the patterers approve, as the chaunters can chaunt, the ballad-singers sing, and—above all—such as street-buyers will buy. One chaunter, who was a great admirer of the "Song of the Shirt," told me that if Hood himself had written the "Pitiful Case of Georgy Sloan and his Wife," it would not have sold so well as a ballad he handed me, from which I extract a verse:

Jane Willbred we did starve and beat
her very hard
I confess we used her very cruel,
But now in a jail two long years we
must bewail,
We don't fancy mustard in the
gruel.

The Hawkers Story

"There's nothing beats a stunning good murder, after all. . . . Daniel Good . . . was a first rater; and would have been much better if it hadn't been for that there Madam Toosow. You see, she went down to Roehampton, and guv [two pounds] for the werry clogs as he used to wash his master's carriage in; so, in course, when the harristocracy could go and see the real things—the werry identical clogs—in the Chamber of 'Orrors, why the people wouldn't look at our authentic portraits of the fiend in human form. . . . Then there was Rush, I was 14s. in debt for rent, and in less than fourteen days I astonished the wise men in the east by paying my landlord all I owed him. Since Daniel Good there had been little or nothing doing in the murder line—no one could cap him—till Rush turned up a regular trump for us. Why I went down to Norwich expressly to work the execution. I worked my way down there with 'a sorrowful lamentation' of his own composing, which I'd got written by the blind man expressly for the occasion. On the morning of the execution we beat all the regular newspapers out of the field; for we had the full, true, and particular account down, you see, by our own express, and that can beat anything that ever they can publish; for we gets it printed several days afore it comes off, and goes and stands with it right under the drop; and many's the penny I've turned away when I've been asked for an account of the whole business *before* it happened."

OF ME

I have a
stone laugh
that smashes the air
rolls across your mind
and crushes your thoughts into
pieces of
me.

CAROLYN M. RODGERS

Violence and Rhetoric

NONVIOLENT DIRECT ACTION: American Cases: Social-Psychological Analyses. *Edited by A. Paul Hare and Herbert H. Blumberg. Corpus Publications. 575 pp. $10.*

CHARLES HORMAN

Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer and film maker.

Hare and Blumberg's new anthology, entitled *Nonviolent Direct Action*, will not be received by the Left in a charitable mood. Before opening the book, I recalled an incident which occurred shortly after the demise of Resurrection City.

People from the different groups in the Poor People's Campaign were meeting in the Friends hall at 15th Street to figure out what had happened and find the common ground for a new human rights movement. There were Panthers from Oakland, Al the Ratman from Jersey City, two hillbillies from a welfare rights group in Chicago—organizers from all over the country. They spent several days talking; and a great deal of the talk dealt with violence and nonviolence. Two Quakers, who had made the conference room available, sat in on the meetings.

One black from Texas suggested that the movement be visible, political and nonviolent "so we can stay alive and out of jail and conduct business," but that a smaller faction "attend to that other business when necessary." One of the Panthers, a young man about 19 with a green beret and a bullet hung around his neck on a leather thong, said that on the West Coast they'd found the best organizing slogan was "get guns."

Finally, on the last day, the older of the two Quakers—a man in his 60s with a shock of white hair and a ramrod spine—spoke out for militant but nonviolent action. He talked about the courage and achievement of the early civil rights workers in the South. Most of the people in the small room shuffled their feet and said nothing. After a moment of silence, the old Quaker asked the Panther what he thought of nonviolent tactics.

"I *am* nonviolent," was the answer, "but if any of those motherfuckers mess with me, I'm gonna shoot them dead."

In rhetoric, at least, this is the year of the heroic guerrilla. In the *East Village Other*, a comic-strip commando named Trashman mows down the minions of the state. In the San Francisco *Express Times*, an adventure serial called "The Guns of Berkeley" recently ended with the summary execution of Roger Heyns, chancellor of the university.

There are many reasons for the new mood: the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., of Robert Kennedy, of Che Guevara. The failure to transplant a church-based, long-suffering civil rights movement to the Northern ghettos. Incessant bludgeonings in Selma, New York, Washington and Chicago. Six years of war in Vietnam.

The Left has become impatient with nonviolence. Panthers are telling black people in Oakland and Jersey City to "get guns"; and students at Phillips Exeter Academy dream, during algebra class, of joining the guerrillas in Venezuela. So far there's been much talk and a few incompetent fire bombs which fizzled out in police cars on the lower East Side of Manhattan; but a lot of people on the Left seem to be sucking in their bellies for the big shoot-out.

Thus it is a strange year to reread, in an anthology about nonviolence, the words that Martin Luther King, Jr., spoke to a crowded church in Montgomery, Ala.: "We must meet the forces of hate with the power of love; we must meet physical force with soul force. Our aim must never be to humiliate the white man but to win his friendship and understanding." Face it. Them's tough apples to sell in 1969.

Nonviolent Direct Action: American Cases: Social-Psychological Analyses was compiled by Prof. A. Paul Hare, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Haverford, and Dr. Herbert Blumberg, assistant professor of Psychology at Wilson College. The book is divided into two main sections.

The first presents "case materials" from the civil rights and peace movements. Among these are accounts by James Peck of the 1947 and 1961 freedom rides; by Al Bigelow of his attempt to sail a ketch into the atomic testing zone; by James Farmer of a terrifying night when the crackers hunted him down in Plaquemines, La. Although these "cases" are reprinted from other books and magazines, they remain fascinating and often deeply moving testaments to human courage, independence and idealism.

The second section contains classic and contemporary analyses of nonviolence. With customary insight and sensitivity, Erik Erikson examines Gandhi's leadership of the 1918 textile workers strike in Ahmedabad. An excerpt from Richard Gregg's 1934 *Power of Nonviolence* describes the tactic as a "moral jujitsu" which catches the assailant off balance. The other essays attack with varying competence a wide range of questions: who participated in the demonstrations? Why? Did the demonstrations work? When did they work best and how?

The mood of the collection is scientific, but hardly nonpartisan. Some of the authors are activists; most are clearly hopeful that their study will make nonviolent tactics more effective. Editors Blumberg and Hare seem to share this hope. The book is dedicated to "Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., and those who may follow to lead the nonviolent movement for human rights."

A. Paul Hare's introduction states that "the first order of business is to create more inclusive identities so that men may act towards each other as members of the same pseudo-species" —which is probably the most stirring proclamation for human rights and social justice I've ever heard from a noted expert on small-group interrelations.

In fact, despite such apparent limitations as the outrageous price ($10), the discouraging length (575 pp.), and distressing lapses into socio-psychological jargon, the book strains toward usefulness, and falls short. It finds intelligent, meticulously researched answers to the wrong questions.

One example of this is Hare's own essay, entitled "Nonviolent Action from a Social-Psychological Perspective." The essay uses an ingenious combination of Homans' "exchange theory" and "two and three dimensional approaches to the study of interaction proposed by Leary [yes, Timothy Leary in his former incarnation as a clinical psychologist] and Bales."

Hare's conclusion reads: "The nonviolent actors usually intend to take downward (submissive), backward (advocating social change), and positive roles in their confrontation with others, especially those in authority. When they can maintain this role they seem to be able to 'pull' a dominant positive response which may lead to social change. However, if they become negative, then they pull a hostile response. The most positive interaction probably takes place between demonstrators and others who are of equal status."

To render this in rough translation —the best nonviolent tactic is probably to get a lot of straight, middle-class people who want social change. Dress them in suits and ties and remind them to be loving even if someone hits them. If they forget and yell "pig" at the police, the police may well respond with hostility.

All right. People know that. The question is how to do it. Most people "of equal status" are too busy becoming people of greater status. Those people who do care enough about social change to turn out at demonstrations are more likely to be poor people, students, freaks and crazies.

To enter usefully the movement's dialogue, this anthology would have had to deal with violence as well as nonviolence—for violence is now very attractive to the Left. Many of the people who took part in the demonstrations described in Hare and Blumberg's "case materials" are already beginning to unsheathe the sword. For them, the new anthology will provide not a program but a post-mortem to the nonviolent movement.

Making a Million Under 30

LEWIS M. ANDREWS

Mr. Andrews is a graduate student at the Stanford Institute for Communication Research. He is preparing a book titled On Being a Behavioral Scientist.

The most successful myth maker in recent years has been bunny baron Hugh Hefner, exploiter of the Kinsey generation of the mid-1950s. Hefner grew up in a time when attitudes toward sexual behavior, if not the behavior itself, were becoming more liberal. It was fashionable to be conspicuously open-minded about sex. The Protestant work ethic was also changing. If a man worked hard to make some extra money, he felt he had the right to spend it playing hard. Hefner took these changing values and molded them into the Playboy myth. The Playboy was the affluent, sophisticated urban male who "got it" regularly from the most beautiful girls in town. Of course, no one, except maybe Hefner himself, could ever realize the myth, but people could pretend to be playboys by reading *Playboy* magazine or by joining a Playboy Club. Everyman dreamed while Hefner cashed in.

The past ten years have produced a new generation with different aspirations, values and anxieties. A growing number of young people—specifically college students—take for granted material rewards. They expect to make a lot of money and to have an opportunity to spend it, but they are also concerned about the quality of the work they will undertake.

Last fall the charter issue of *Careers Today* appeared on the newsstands. College newspapers carried impressive 4-page inserts announcing the magazine, and colorful posters decorated campus bulletin boards across the country. The proclamation, "Careers today are for people who want more than just a job . . . so is *Careers Today*!" appeared in *Ramparts*, *Eye*, *The New York Review of Books* and, appropriately, *Playboy*. The new myth had been created.

The *Careers Today* myth is of the iconoclastic adolescent who finds commitment and self-fulfillment within the corporate structure. The image is of a young man commuting to his job on a motorcycle (an expression of his freedom), working to 2 A.M. every day (because he loves his job), and being made a vice president at the age of 25 (because the boss is overwhelmed by his youthful dynamism). The mannequin from the "What Sort of Man Reads *Playboy*" ads now wears a string of beads, and the admiring girls in the background have been replaced by a cowering clique of awe-struck, middle-aged executives.

The alleged purpose of *Careers Today* is to provide confused and bewildered college students with information about the abundance of career opportunities available to them. "There is a serious information gap," claims editorial chairman Peter Drucker. "Most of our institutions from Wall Street to the public schools and the Omaha City Hall are still behaving in a way that was appropriate when college students were few—and few were needed. There was little need for information on jobs and careers." *Careers Today*, according to Drucker, is designed "as an instrument, a weapon, for people caught in this cultural lag."

The effectiveness of this new weapon is questionable. A Stanford guidance counselor has observed that few of the articles in the three issues published so far provide any real information of value. He termed the magazine "a disappointment." Instructional articles such as "Little Boys Don't Play the Insurance Game," "The Art of Résumé Writing" and "The Official Organization Watchers Guide" are written in such a flippant manner that some students doubt their validity. A recent Lehigh graduate remarked: "Using that magazine to find a job is about as helpful as using a computer to find a wife." A Princeton student was more critical: "The article on résumé writing was the most hypocritical thing I have ever read. The magazine claims to be honest, but it says, in effect, that you should lie in order to get a good job."

If *Careers Today* does not sell information, then what does it sell? Like *Playboy*—indeed, like all packaged myths— the magazine serves a kind of masturbation function (*Playboy* for the body; *Careers Today* for the mind). Each issue is dominated by spectacular stories of young men and women who have made it by breaking all the traditional rules. Making it is defined by the magazine as "doing things your own way," which freely translated means making a million dollars before you are 30 and having fun while you do it.

A typical hero is Peter Sprague, 29-year-old conglomerate chief, whose burgeoning financial empire includes such diverse interests as a multimillion-dollar electronics firm in California and a poultry farm in the Middle East. Sprague is depicted as the adventurer-businessman, a combination of Clark Gable and Tex Thornton, who at 17 covered the Hungarian revolution for UPI, at 21 became the third American to visit the Mongolian People's Republic since 1945, and at 24 began a business career by investing in chickens and mushrooms in Iran. "He's a curious blend of idealism and hard core practicality," writes associate editor Gay Boyer. "There is little doubt he enjoys his money. But," she adds (and this is crucial to the myth), "my guess

'THE PRESS
AND THE
BAY OF PIGS'

A detailed study by

Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

The role played by *The Nation* in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the *Columbia University Forum.*

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is that he'd still find life interesting without it."

Peter Sprague could be any college student—that is, any college student who goes to Yale and whose millionaire father is co-founder of the prosperous Sprague Electric Company. Myth making in *Careers Today* is as much the art of omission as the art of exaggeration. The editors do not emphasize the fact that most of the young tycoons who supposedly made it their own way had a lot going for them, such as family money, family connections, or an exceptionally impressive set of academic credentials. Nor do they mention that the largest group of dropouts today are recent MBA graduates who have discovered that they cannot find themselves in business. This problem is so acute that placement directors at top business schools refuse to discuss it.

Careers Today tries hard to be an expression of its own myth by boasting a youthful, free-wheeling staff. The charter issue introduces associate editors Ned Riley, 26, who "wears his shoes only when the occasion demands, cuts his own hair, and rides his motorcycles any chance he gets"; Gay Boyer, 24, a former UCLA journalism student; Brian Vachon, 26, a former ranch hand, bellhop, canoe instructor, etc.; and Arlene Van Breems, 22, a graduate of Barnard. But the glossy photos of these committed kids give a very misleading impression of the people who run the magazine.

Nicholas H. Charney is the financial wizard behind *Careers Today*. At 27 he is the chairman of CRM, Inc., a communications conglomerate of which *Careers Today* is only a part. Charney is the son of a famous meteorologist who developed computers for use in weather prediction. He took a pre-med degree at M.I.T. and a Ph.D. in biology and psychology at the University of Chicago. While a graduate student, he displayed a remarkable talent for making money. Instead of doing his laboratory assignments, which he contracted out to other students, Charney took some family money and purchased a tenement slum in Chicago's black ghetto. Between classes he rented and renovated his property, eventually selling it for a profit.

During his last year at Chicago Charney discussed with one of his professors, Dr. George Reynolds, the possibility of starting a popular psychology magazine. When Reynolds took a teaching job at the newly established San Diego campus of the University of California, Charney went along on a research grant from the National Science Foundation. He spent close to a year at San Diego, studying journalism more than psychology; then, together with Reynolds and Winston Marston, an old friend from M.I.T., he created CRM, Inc., and began piecing together the first issue of *Psychology Today*. Originally CRM stood for Charney/Reynolds/Marston; it now translates Communications/Research/Machines.

Charney did not have enough money to publish his magazine, so he sent a circular to psychologists across the country offering prepublication subscriptions for $15 apiece. He received 48,000 orders and the magazine was an instant success. In fact, it was so successful that Charney could not handle it alone. He sought help, and through family connections found John J. Veronis, a former publisher of two Curtis women's magazines and a corporate officer of Interpublic, a huge advertising-public relations conglomerate. Veronis joined CRM to eventually become publisher of *Psychology Today* and president of CRM. Working together, Charney and Veronis boosted the circulation of the magazine to upwards of 350,000 in less than a year and a half.

With Veronis came big money, bigger connections, and even bigger ideas, one of which was *Careers Today*. Veronis brought in two people to develop the magazine, Peter F. Drucker and T (no period) George Harris. Drucker, a 58-year-old management consultant and author of eight books including *The Practice of Management*, became editorial chairman of the magazine; Harris, 43, a former business and finance editor of *Look*, became managing editor.

The pilot issue of *Careers Today* first appeared as a special issue of *Psychology Today*. The pre-test was promising, and CRM went ahead with plans for a separate magazine. A staff was hired and the editorial board of this "dynamic new magazine" received two new members: Edgar H. Shein, a professor of management and psychology from M.I.T., and Herbert F. York, former chancellor of the San Diego campus and former Under Secretary of Defense. A 122-page charter issue was published last fall and 500,000 copies were mailed free to a computer-selected sample of college seniors. Issue number one, which was published this January, had a paid circulation of 300,000 college students.

Undoubtedly, there is, as Drucker maintains, a need for more career information. So why should *Careers Today* engage in myth making? The answer can be found by leafing through the magazine and counting the full-page ads by such corporations as IBM, Xerox, AT&T, General Telephone and Electronics, and Ford. These ads do not sell products; they sell the companies themselves. ("We're proving there's a worthwhile place at Chase Manhattan.") *Careers Today* is as much a medium for recruiting students into business as it is for informing students about business. The magazine has undertaken the difficult, but potentially very profitable, job of simultaneously capitalizing on the anxieties of two groups which have become increasingly mistrustful of each other: businessmen and students.

To students who fear being trapped in meaningless jobs for the rest of their lives, *Careers Today* poses as a reliable guide to the system; to corporations which are fighting hard for young talent in a seller's market, *Careers Today* presents itself as a communications link with the new student generation. The dilemma of the editor is to knock the system hard enough to convince students of the magazine's sincerity, but not so hard as to alienate advertisers. The solution: the promise of the myth. Yes, the economic system is corrupt and dehumanizing, but the new youth can bend it to suit individual goals. The established businessman, aware of the need to change, yet bewildered by modern ideas, will tremble before the young executive whose insight he both admires and requires. "Business needs new generation people because they are at home in the present environment, and sense the future."

The *Careers Today* myth has little appeal for the genuine radical; nor do the editors expect that it will. The message of the magazine—that it is both possible and desirable to find true happiness in Wall Street—is diametrically opposed to the radical doctrine that working within the system serves only to strengthen the evil exacted by the system.

But the radical viewpoint cannot be ignored. Just to the right of Students for a Democratic Society is a much larger minority (almost 40 per cent of all college students, according to *Fortune* that is sympathetic to many of the radical's complaints. The campus opinion leaders are concentrated in this group; they are the more intelligent students and the students most active in school organizations. They are the students whom major corporations want to attract and, therefore, the students whom *Careers Today* must win over.

The editors of *Careers Today* know this. They also know that being blatantly pro-business will not be a successful tactic with this critical group. Hence, they adopt a different attitude, concentrating on the sterility of the academic environment, the futility of dropping out, and the supposed new freedom of corporate life. For exam-

BIRD

Brown and delicate, she has come
As though called from a long way off,
And the great, plain-spoken tree
Wraps her in.

TIMOTHY BALAND

ple: "In New York a fellow with a red beard who goes barefoot to work is vice president of a commercial bank today," writes Drucker. "No university would dare hire him. And for a good reason. He talks so much about love that everybody would hate him." Sometimes the magazine goes too far, making statements about nonbusiness environments which are insulting as well as absurd: "I'm not surprised that kids riot," says Drucker. "I am surprised that they are so placid because they are so unspeakably bored. . . . (Freshmen) can drink in high school, and may have slept around, so college freedom is not terribly important to them."

It is doubtful that Drucker, Charney, or anyone else at CRM really believes that freedom is to be found in the corporation (imagine an officer of a major company taking a stand against the Vietnamese War, as many professors and university administrators have already done), or that the myth of *Careers Today* is any more real than the *Playboy* myth. But what they believe does not matter as long as those confused and bewildered students are willing to tranquilize their anxieties with dreams. That's what keeps myth makers in business.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

I doubt that Thomas Hoving would have carried the Metropolitan Museum of Art so far from the acquisition, conservation and display of art if he had not been aware of a general problem facing museums at present. If this is the case, we may expect other shows like "Harlem on My Mind" from Mr. Hoving or other museum directors of ambition. Therefore, we might look at the idea of social service underlying the show.

Art museums have been making continuous efforts for more than twenty years to engage the public more directly. Earlier, it had been sufficient for museums to make, say, Titian and Vermeer available to the public; free of charge in the United States and England, for a small charge in France and Italy. Access was an end. The founding of museums in the 19th century transformed the distribution of art. Royal and private collections opened up; personal possessions became public culture. No museums founded in the 20th century that I know of have ever departed from this fundamental educational commitment, even if it is interpreted in terms of the democratization of aesthetic pleasure (art for all).

After World War II, museums everywhere updated and refurbished their collections, and modern art museums in particular moved to catch up with the neglected recent past and to incorporate the topical present in their exhibition schedules. The model museum for this kind of community involvement was the Stedelijk, Amsterdam, under Sandberg's direction. There was a postwar fervor for art in Holland, part of a celebration of national identity after the withdrawal of the Nazis; and Sandberg was supported by the Dutch resistance, just as in Italy the Veneto resistance appointed the Mayor of Venice who, in turn, appointed a new Secretary General of the reformed, post-Fascist Biennale. In this optimistic internationalist mood, lively exhibition programs, responsive to modern sensibility, were the index of liberty. At the Stedelijk there were literally hundreds of shows—of painting, sculpture, child art, everything.

In the United States as in Europe, there has been a perfect frenzy of exhibitions, big and small, majestic and improvised. This flow of temporary exhibitions seems to have slackened now. If my impression of abatement is correct, I suppose it could be attributed, variously, to shortage of good subjects, fatigued museum staffs, resistant collectors. Whatever the combination of reasons, the euphoric phase of international exhibitions is over; the parade is now only steady. We are in a situation, it seems, in which museum activity has lost something of its postwar combination of vigor and relevance, but certainly museum administrators have not lost interest in maintaining public contact, which can be measured, of course, by attendance. Until recently the museums' concern with the box office was fully compatible with significant shows; in fact, scholarship was sponsored by the museums' desire to fill their galleries with shows on *new* subjects. In Italy, for instance, postwar tourism financed searching exhibitions of the newly studied 17th century.

The Metropolitan, when James Rorimer was director, applied public relations techniques to the collection and exhibitions, long before Mr. Hoving's appointment; but until "Harlem on My Mind," the subject of promotion had been works of art. The "Mona Lisa" and the expensive Rembrandt had prospered as news, like a kidnapped co-ed or a State of the Union message. With "Harlem on My Mind" the object of the museum's promotional energy was not art but a documentary show of blown-up photographs with a rhetorical sociological angle. In justification, Mr. Hoving gave as his loophole a reference in the original constitution to the relation of "art to practical life and of practical life to art." There is no art in the exhibition and it appears that Mr. Hoving has some doubts about the educative value (which can be pleasure) of showing art. It is true that there is less publicity in just showing art, but it is not simply the confusion of education and publicity in Mr. Hoving's mind that is disturbing. What is damaging is his withdrawal of urgency and of authority from works of art and a corresponding overinvestment in "current issues" and "contemporary affairs." "Harlem on My Mind" raises the prospect that the director may be thinking of running the Met for those people least interested in the contents and purposes of the museum.

That Mr. Hoving believes that the display of art needs beefing up is clear from his calling the "Harlem" show "a confrontation," "a dialogue," adding ominously: "and today we better have these things. Today there is a growing gap between people. . . ." Does he think, in retrospect, that his exhibition bridged, narrowed, or even slightly filled in this gap? The show's main effect, outside the art world, has been to provide another site for black pickets. The show is, in a sense, an act of rejection toward the works of art that Mr. Hoving might have shown in the place of "Harlem." His position appears to be that social problems are more important than the display of art. There is nothing objectively wrong with this view, but there is everything wrong when it is held by the director of an art museum. Hoving has sacrificed, by his highly publicized gesture, the *care* for art which, over and above specific educational projects, museums perform, and symbolize, better than anybody else.

With the gradual constriction of exhibition programs, the recent coincidence of scholarly and public interests has weakened. In an effort to revive that postwar feeling of museological usefulness to society, Hoving has appropriated the problems of the ghetto. However, the earlier contact of museums with the community was through the medium of art, which Hoving finds inadequate. Social reform in the ghettos and curriculum change on the campus are the present areas of pressure in the knowledge industry (universities, museums, publishers). Evidence of Hoving's awareness of the problem is very nice, but not the way he risks opening the museum to those people most ignorant of and indifferent to its purposes. The conversion of a museum to a topical forum, as a defense against the possibility of future militancy, as a flashy show of institutional relevance, is damaging to a museum's cultural function. It devalues the main purpose of all art museums, the display of art and its preservation, not for everybody, but for that part of the public that wants it.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

In mid-March the 68th Street Playhouse will show a documentary film, *Salesman*, by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerlin, which has given me greater insight into America than all the Broadway shows I have seen this season. To some it will seem a comedy, to others a tragedy.

Nothing is invented: there is not a word in it which was not actually spoken by the door-to-door Bible salesmen the picture is concerned with and the folk to whom they sell or try to sell their $49.45 Holy Book. Seeing the picture one is ready to agree with Francis Bacon that "The contemplation of things as they are . . . without substitution or imposture is in itself a nobler thing than a whole harvest of invention."

"You can see," says the salesman, as he points to the illustrations in the Book, "how this would be an inspiration in the home," and then explains how to push the three plans of purchase: "Cash, C.O.D. and a Catholic Honor Plan" (so much a month). He continues: "The Bible is still the best seller in the world." The customers are Irish (as are most of the salesmen), Polish, Puerto Rican. They have been recommended by the local Church; the wares to be sold have the imprimatur or blessing of the high clergy. Many of the prospective buyers cannot even afford a dollar a week. The territories covered are New England (seen amid snow) and Florida.

This Bible is a hard sell ("Could you say if this would help the family. . . ? Could you see where this would be of value in the home? A gain to you?"). The sales manager for the company (of porcine countenance) assures his men at a sales convention: "Money is being made in the Bible business. . . . It's a fabulous business. . . . All I can say to people who aren't making the money, it's their fault. . . . The money's out there and go out and get it." One salesman announces he's going to make $35,000 this coming year. To best him another vows to make $50,000. One wants to push his face in. His pals applaud.

At another meeting in Chicago, the designer and theological consultant of the company, Melbourne I. Feltman, Ph.D., tells the assembled flock in an analogy with the Son of God himself that "the good that comes from the selling of the Bible . . . is definitely identified with the Father's business. Some of you, at one time or another, may or may not have had a higher income, but you have never held a higher position of esteem. . . . God grant you an abundant harvest."

In North Miami, Paul Brennan, the salesman on whom the film makers have concentrated, tries to find 118 Street in the town of Opa Locka (how terrifyingly hideous the architecture of the vicinity). The streets through which he drives are Sinbad Ave., Arabia Ave., Ali Baba Ave., Sesame St., Sharazad Blvd. He calls this "Muslim Territory." He makes no sale that day and we notice that he has become grim. A fellow salesman hopes to encourage Paul by reminding him of the firm's adage: "It's not the bum territory. It's the bum in the territory."

So it goes. We see them pushing, pushing, pushing, talking, talking, talking, telling jokes, exchanging confidences, making philosophical remarks, all to wear down the customers and lighten the embarrassed silences of indecision or resistance. A strained heartiness shields the salesman's anguish as it does the customers' mixture of discomfiture at not being able to reciprocate and an unconscious desire to mollify the salesman's hurt. Often the salesmen are not only depressed by their lack of luck but by the realization of the degree of unemployment and poverty they encounter as they make their pitch.

The salesmen play poker among themselves, do a lot of kidding, make long-distance calls to their wives at home, reminisce. Paul remembers his father who counseled him "to join the police farce and get a pinsion." He imitates the brogue of which there is still a remnant in his own speech. One senses a certain contempt for the accent, the admonition and the "Mickie" breed, mixed with a trace of regret at not having done as his father bade him. These fellows like one another, and when Paul finally prepares to quit the business their compassion is not without some foreboding that Paul's fate may some day be their own.

When we last see Paul mute, immobile and grave, his face is a tragic mask. He has experienced defeat. Through the laughter that the film provokes there runs an ever swelling vein of tragedy. How can these petty people be tragic, purists may ask, remembering Aristotle and his *epigones*. At most they are merely pathetic.

A pox on such aesthetes! The salesmen and their customers are tragic because we can recognize them as kin and they are legion. They are all of us. They are our countrymen caught in the vise of the prevailing religion: utility, business, success—a religion which erodes. We are unable to feel superior. In all of them we catch a glimpse of the presence or potential of something dear. I left the picture in a maze of sentiments and impulses: of suicide, murder, prayer, fraternal embrace.

The film suffers from a certain monotony—it is too long—but that is possibly part of its intended effect and meaning. We are worn out along with its "actors." They are all great, especially Paul Brennan. The stiffly drooping line of his mouth is a study in itself. There is something close to grandeur in his acrid humor, his self-mockery, his realistic perceptiveness, his ultimate stoicism.

The photography and editing are first rate. The producers, I am certain, would like the reviewers to emphasize the film's comedy. I have laid stress on its cutting dreariness, but that does not signify a defect. The combination of all its elements—including the view of its various landscapes—creates its own kind of catharsis. It is a picture for the brave.

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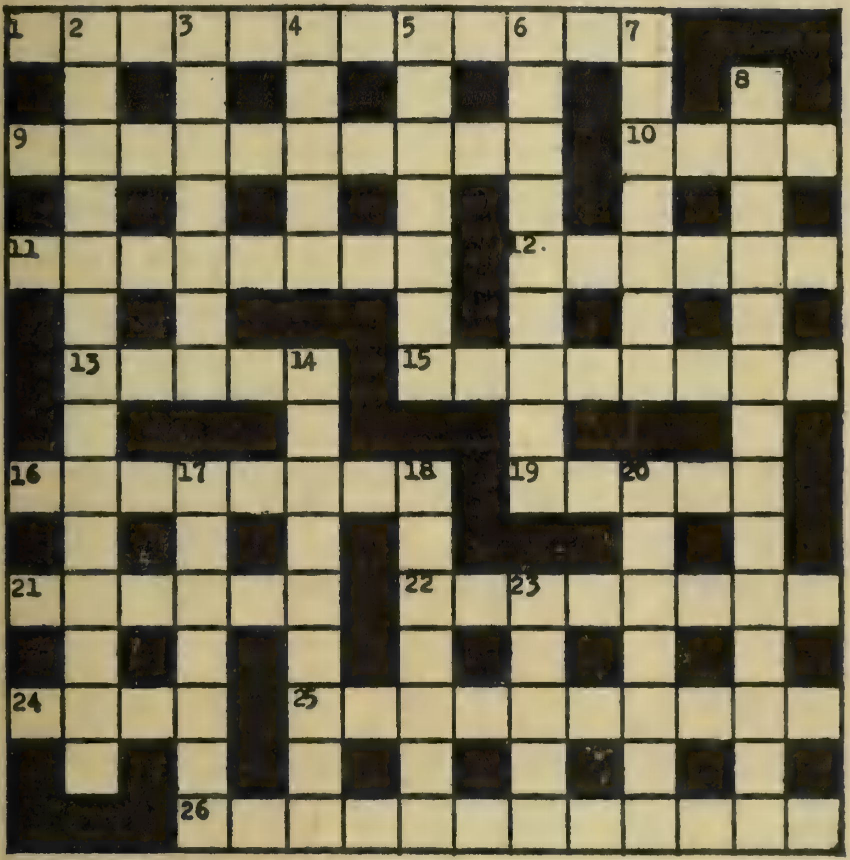
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not exactly figured out to be subverted, and as DeGaulle might say, turned in. (12)
9 Tidy result, but it might have shattering consequences. (10)
10 Hurry with the translation! (It's not legal aid!) (4)
11 Stage requisites about the wrong people to ask for future advice. (8)
12 State briefly, when about to inquire of a much larger one. (6)
13 Possibly loses the deposit, if unstratified. (5)
15 Waves clear across it. (8)
16 Not exactly formal wear, and certainly not for climbers. (4,4)
19 What a door-to-door salesman might do not so as to be legal? (5)
21 A little way to go on wheels or walk? (6)
22 Is in contention. (8)
24 Bear north, in either case. (4)
25 Where such a problem as this might go, in a manner of speaking. (10)
26 They might help, to a degree. (12)

DOWN

2 What removes the effect of accidental past events isn't very systematic. (7,7)
3 Set to follow—obviously no longer sufficient. (7)
4 Proving a bird is better than a birdie. (5)
5 Implying a certain division with the basic body structure. (7)
6 Excellent type candy? (9)
7 Draw away (7)
8 Was Carroll's one of the evening? (4,6,4)
14 Crustacean for 3. (9)
17 One has to pull through the water with them. (7)
18 Possibly a telling experience. (7)
20 Game, but possibly not a fair one in Boston. (7)
23 Clementine's father, possibly. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1287

ACROSS: 1 Pheasant; 5 Flower; 11 and 21 across Putting on the dog; 12 In store; 13 Sworn in; 14 Agents; 15 and 10 Enteric fever; 18 Address; 26 Audient; 27 Abstained; 28 and 7 On the wagon; 29 Oldest; 30 Jettison. DOWN: 1 Puffin; 2 Envisaged; 3 Sirloin; 4 Nippers; 6 Laid out; 8 Ringneck; 9 and 24 A Taste of Honey; 16 Roomettes; 17 Pago Pago; 19 Enneads; 20 Saying; 21 Twaddle; 22 Endmost; 23 Strewn; 25 Hosed.

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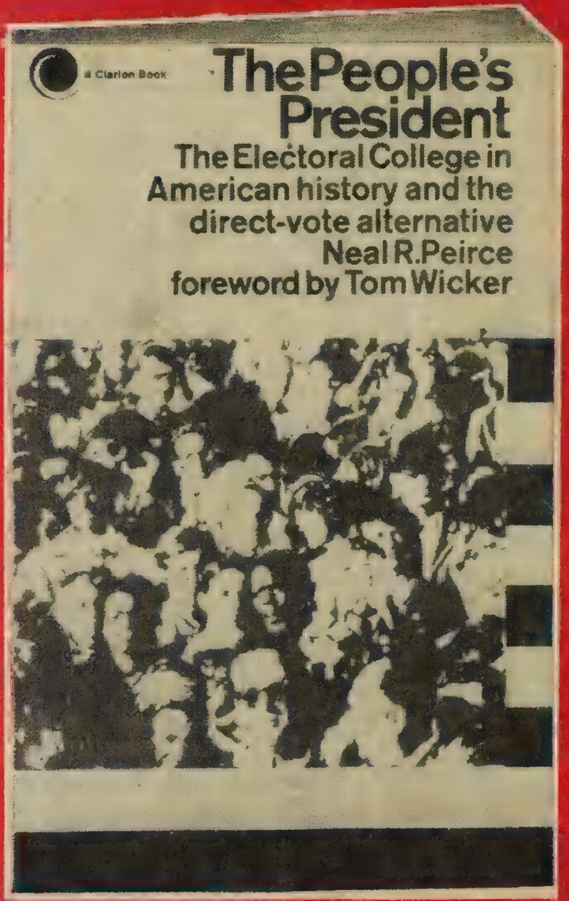
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LETTERS

off course

Rockville Centre, N.Y.
DEAR SIRS: The Navy has not nearly come off as badly as your editorial [Feb. 17] on the *Pueblo* inquiry suggests. They have successfully deflected the inquiry from the vital question, *"Did the* Pueblo *violate Korean waters, and if so, by chance or by design, and if by design, whose?"* Instead, there is a mishmash of sentimental debate about whether Bucher was wrong not to resist. The disaster is that of those who believe in peace, civilian supremacy, and demilitarization. From Fulbright down, we missed the boat. (Pardon that metaphor.)

Howard N. Meyer

selective anger

Madison, Wis.
DEAR SIRS: The following is quoted, with one alteration, from Eqbal Ahmad's article, "How We Look to the Third World" [*The Nation*, Mar. 3]:

> The violence which has been practiced against the [Palestinians] is not genocidal in intent; it is instrumental, political and ethnocentric. It is seen as a natural vehicle for the attainment of societal goals, especially when it involves confrontation with culturally and racially alien groups who are often perceived as inferior and expendable. . . .

Precisely. Only, the original read "the Indians or the blacks" instead of "the Palestinians"; the former are groups whom *The Nation*'s righteously selective indignation is capable of noticing, while the latter are not. You've been far too uncritically pro-Zionist for far too long.

Aaron Leibowitz

Hagerstown, Md.
DEAR SIRS: The last paragraph of Anne Tuckerman's "Defusing the Powder Keg" [*The Nation*, Feb. 17] surprised and dismayed me. She writes that "the answer to that question" of whether the coming Big Four meeting on the Middle East will produce results "lies primarily in Jerusalem."

Not in France or Russia which are arming and supporting the Arabs to the hilt. Not in the Arab capitals which have openly proclaimed their support for the terrorists and their undiminished hostility toward Israel. Not in the United States which is trying desperately to retain its strategic and economic interests in the Middle East. It is in beleaguered Israel, in Jerusalem, Mrs. Tuckerman says, that the question of the peace of the area lies. And what must Israel do to satisfy the wishes of its enemies? The answer is clear: the country must make enough concessions to insure its eventual destruction.

H. T. Keats

Woodhaven, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: Herbert Krosney's "The Crossroads of Jerusalem" [Feb. 3] is the most offensive article I have ever seen in *The Nation*. Such statements as "The whole of Jerusalem fell into Israel's hands through the stupidity of King Hussein. . . ." and "The Arabs can't do anything well. . . . It's lucky we have Arabs here; otherwise we might be in trouble," while not the author's own, are allowed to pass without rebuttal, setting the article's blatantly pro-Israel tone.

Aside from a host of other inaccuracies, the author makes the frequent transposition of "Israelis" for "Jews." Needless to say they are not the same. . . .

Martin Melkonian

EDITORIALS

Mr. Nixon Goes Calling

During the campaign, Candidate Nixon made snide remarks about "showboat tactics"—having in mind of course John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. The references were especially to his predecessors' dramatic appearances on foreign stages. It seems to be a law of current politics that what a candidate denounces in an opponent, past or present, is what he proceeds to do once he finds himself in office. If ever there was an example of showboat navigation, President Nixon's voyage through Europe is it.

This is not to dispute that it accomplished its purpose. During his first six weeks in office, Mr. Nixon's efforts have been largely devoted to making his image glow and glisten, a project which falls into two categories. The first is what an irreverent B.B.C. announcer called the "demonsterization" of Richard Nixon. Once certified human, Nixon has then had to be portrayed to the people of America as the boy from Whittier, Calif., who rode in triumph over all obstacles and now as President lunches with the royal family of Britain and charms the highest foreign dignitaries with American sincerity and poise.

More than that, 200 million Americans, or that portion who are old enough to view TV, must be sold on the proposition that the mistakes of the past will be erased. For instance, that other fearsome ogre, President de Gaulle, who had confounded all our earlier plans for European-American unity, was now brimming over with cooperation and would soon be coming to the United States as a friendly visitor and—such was the Nixon magic—with no serious risk that he would demand the return of Louisiana to France.

To make all this stick, it was necessary to bill the Nixon trip as only a modest beginning in the rehabilitation of European-American relations. By underplaying the Presidential tour, any criticism that it accomplished little was defused in advance.

It was smartly done. The trip dominated headlines and networks for a week, and despite the disclaimers many citizens, especially those somewhat retarded politically, must have been convinced that much had been accomplished to make America and its allies secure. At the same time, the trip diverted attention from the fact that Mr. Nixon hadn't yet come up with anything much by way of a program. During his campaign he said he had a plan for Vietnam. When will it be revealed? Or is the American public supposed to be satisfied by the sight of Dick enjoying a nice chat with the Queen, while another 453 Americans die in battle?

Then came the one-hour (prime time) report to the American people. The networks were glad to make the sacrifice, for when can they resist a "saturation spectacular"? It is only fair to say that the 9 P.M. report was a workmanlike job. True, the scope was limited—only foreign policy, and even so he could not reveal what he said or what all those premiers and presidents (and

His Holiness) had so graciously replied. But there were no slips, and the President was reasonably candid, as far as he went.

Predictably enough, the press headlined the show "Warning to Hanoi," though that was only an incidental part of it. However, President Nixon's remarks on this topic, while not aggressively hawkish, did reveal something of how his mind works. He assumed, and led the tens of milllions of viewers to believe, that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong had violated an "understanding" with President Johnson that in return for an end to the bombing of North Vietnam they would reduce their activity in South Vietnam to a whisper. Actually that was Mr. Johnson's interpretation, not the enemy's. They didn't say no, but neither did they say yes. When Gen. Creighton Abrams was instructed to whang the daylights out of them, they finally whanged back—recalling Voltaire's remark that this is a wicked beast: it defends itself.

In the matter of Vietnam, and in other areas, Mr. Nixon will have to come forward pretty soon with proposals for solutions. It may be that he thinks he can function in the manner of Eisenhower, whom he watched at close range. Unfortunately for Nixon and the rest of us, the problems the President faces now have taken on entirely new dimensions of urgency and importance. TV appearances, whether at home or abroad, will not solve them.

The Burchinal Incident

A perennial—and most elusive—topic of discussion is the extent to which the military determine American foreign policy or decisively influence it. The issue is a sensitive one, "team spirit" prevails, and investigators find themselves up against a blank wall. In a situation of this kind, the public and the press learn what is going on only when some serious indiscretion results in revelations that the insiders cannot suppress.

A current instance involves the role of U.S. Maj. Gen. David A. Burchinal in the negotiations for renewal of the leases on bases in Spain. *Nation* readers are aware that as the bases become less useful, even from a strictly military point of view, the Franco regime wants to exact a higher rental. (See editorial, "A Little Freedom," *The Nation*, March 3.) The matter involves not only military judgment but foreign policy, an aspect that becomes the more important because of the internal crisis in Spain and the fact that renewal of the leases would in effect put us in the position of supporting the dictatorship.

In these circumstances it is dismaying to discover that General Burchinal had shouldered himself into the negotiations and was playing a leading, if not a dominant part, so that little might have been left for the State Department except to approve something close to a *fait accompli*. The matter has turned out otherwise, and may add materially to public information on what goes on behind the scenes, because of an item ("State, Pentagon Split on Commitments to Spain") in Flora Lewis' syn-

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dicated column, which appeared in *The Washington Post* on February 25. It was picked up by Sen. Stuart Symington, who has recently shown himself to be increasingly active in the public interest and correspondingly critical of the military interest.

Miss Lewis writes that Burchinal started his work by signing a joint minute with the Spaniards on the "threat" they allegedly face from North Africa—a "proxy war" in the Spanish colonies, backed by the Russians—and other equally improbable developments. The State Department obtained a copy of this document only after some delay and appeals to civilian officials in the Pentagon, and was alarmed by the prospect of U.S. involvement in a Spanish colonial war. State drew up amendments to reduce this risk, thereupon Burchinal, who seems to have been negotiating on behalf of the Spaniards at least as much as for the United States, returned another version of the jointly signed minute, reiterating the "threat from North Africa," and obligating the United States to defend Western Europe, "of which Spain is an integral part."

The upshot was that Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard summoned Burchinal to the Pentagon and made it clear to him how he was to proceed. Another, unnamed, high official in the Pentagon denied that Burchinal had made any commitments and stated that he would continue to negotiate with the Spaniards.

Senator Symington is chairman of a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee and in this capacity is authorized to deal with our commitments abroad. He said on the floor of the Senate that he did not know whether Miss Lewis' account is accurate (it certainly sounds accurate), but assured his colleagues that "it is this type of activity which will come under surveillance by this subcommittee." Senator Mansfield, while not impugning General Burchinal's conduct, expressed his delight that Senator Symington had brought the issue before the Senate. "It raises a most serious question," said Senator Mansfield, "relative to who shall conduct the foreign policy of this country. Should it be the representatives of the Pentagon . . . or, as has been the practice under the Constitution, shall it continue to be the representatives of the Department of State, under the command, control and responsibility of the President of the United States?"

The Spaniards are reported to be annoyed that the matter has been brought into the open. Despite its own annoyance, the State Department may resort to a maneuver intended to make Franco look better: it may use the negotiations to induce him to lift the "state of exception" and become a "liberal" dictator once more. This would be the height of folly. The conflict between the dictatorship and the Spanish people is irreconcilable, and if Franco lifts what amounts to a state of siege he can always reimpose it. The State Department should reassert its authority and let the leases for the bases lapse. It may be painful for President Nixon to deprive the Pentagon of its possessions, but he has been emphasizing order and discipline in government and now is the time for him to show that he means it.

Verdict in New Orleans

The one puzzle about the "not guilty" verdict in the Clay Shaw trial is why it should have taken the jury fifty minutes to return it. Of evidence there was almost none, and the little there was came from a collection of bizarre witnesses, most of whom were patently in need of psychotherapy. On the basis of the evidence presented, the jury of the American people will accept and applaud the verdict reached in New Orleans.

But it would be a serious mistake to conclude, as many have, that the verdict will affirm the findings of the Warren Commission. In the first place, these findings are not sacrosanct; new evidence may yet be unearthed which would impeach them. But unfortunately "evidence" is not needed to keep alive the massive will-to-believe that supports the market for "conspiracy" theories of one kind or another. So far as the assassination is concerned, gossip, fantasy, coincidence and conjecture suffice to launch new and fancier theories; in fact, the number of theories is limited only by the imaginations of the theorists.

The verdict in the Shaw case will no doubt inspire a new wave of articles and books advancing still additional "conspiracy" theories. For isn't it "conceivable," as one courtroom spectator observed, that Jim Garrison could be acting for the CIA? And isn't it "conceivable," as Garrison told the jury, that "admirals and generals as well as the secret police" brought massive pressure to bear on him—the Jolly Green Giant—to keep "justice from being brought to this courtroom"? The mere fact that it is impossible for most of us to believe that Lyndon Johnson, even though he had "most to gain," had a hand in the assassination has not prevented the supposition from being hawked. It is equally inconceivable that the late Robert F. Kennedy was "silent because the CIA killed his brother," but that didn't prevent the despicable suggestion from being published in one of the "underground" papers. So the theories will go on and on, even though no new hard evidence is unearthed. The theorists are legion, the market is inexhaustible, and the will-to-believe is beyond belief.

The real question is, will Garrison go unpunished? Even when the District Attorney of a large city uses the powers and resources of his office in a legitimate and responsible manner, he enjoys advantages not easily offset by an individual defendant who happens to be innocent. But if he acts irresponsibly—if he abuses the powers of his office—he can place in jeopardy the liberty of any citizen, even one highly placed; he becomes in fact a threat to the liberties of the citizens he is supposed to protect.

In this instance, Shaw was fortunately a man of some means, well known in the community, with numerous friends. He was therefore able to retain expert counsel who could, and did, protect his rights. Even so, his career is ruined; he has lived under the shadow of a terrible indictment for two years, and one can well believe him when he says that he is broke.

Now he must defend himself against a new complaint, issued by Garrison, which charges him with giving false testimony at the trial. This constitutes "abuse of powers" by any reckoning. The American Bar Association has asked the Louisiana Bar Association to investigate Garrison's handling of the case, and the *States-Item* has demanded his resignation. Later in the year, the voters of New Orleans will have a chance to determine whether they need a new district attorney. In the meantime the Department of Justice should open an investigation to find out if the facts warrant an indictment of Garrison and other persons for conspiring, under color of state law, to violate Shaw's constitutional rights.

Lesson in Ethics

Last week we commented on a variety of indications that a new social ethic may be emerging. An incident at the medical school of the University of Virginia may also be prognostic.

It started elsewhere. Some drug manufacturers make a practice of sending instrument bags, stethoscopes and similar gifts to medical students. Some second-year students at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine decided to make an issue of this petty attempt to influence future doctors by returning the gifts with a tart letter. Something like 40 per cent of the class took this action. A similar move was initiated at Harvard.

At Virginia some of the medical students, led by a second-year man named John Wasson, thought the situation required more widespread discussion. A debate was staged between Dr. William O'Brien of the faculty and Dr. Harold L. Upjohn, of the Upjohn Company. The key question was: "Why do drug companies give free bags, trips, drugs? Should doctors and students accept them?"

Dr. Upjohn's reply: "You know why they give them. No question about it. They want doctors to be interested in prescribing their brands." In his view only "excessive" giving was wrong.

Dr. O'Brien took the position that the practice was wrong regardless of the size of the gratuity. "Medicine," he said, "is the highest paying profession and it should never get into a conflict of interest."

A non-medical faculty member, Dr. Lawrence Cranberg of the Physics Department, local chairman of the ethics committee of the American Association of University Professors, called Dr. Upjohn's response "unsatisfactory and rather frivolous." He went on to discuss the evils of "hospitality suites" at conventions, whether of physicians, engineers or lawyers. Dr. Cranberg's contention is that "the rule should be zero"—accept nothing.

While this may sound priggish, it is certainly the safest policy in the training of physicians. Drug houses are among the most lavish advertisers and sales promoters in American industry. It is possible that if their expenditures were limited to clearly legitimate, scientific descriptions of their products, the cost to consumers could be reduced. If this were made uniform practice in the "ethical drug" business, no one firm would be at a disadvantage—and physicians would not be swamped with extravagant claims for drugs which often turn out to be useless. And when medical students became doctors, they might take ethics more seriously than do numbers of their elders in the profession who have been exploiting Medicaid so outrageously that in some localities the whole program is in jeopardy.

Reasonable Doubt

The biggest automobile story thus far in 1969 is General Motors' decision to recall 4.9 million cars and trucks for inspection and repair of possibly hazardous defects. It is big and it is alarming: Since no one wants to charge GM with conspicuous altruism, the clear implication is that the firm knows that almost 5 million of its vehicles are rolling around the country in a condition so patently hazardous that suits for damages could not be warded off by its most able lawyers.

That is bad enough, but here is something worse: 2.4 million of the cars are being brought in to correct a leak in the exhaust system which Edward Gregory, an inspector in GM's St. Louis plant, called to the attention of his superiors three years ago. According to an article in *The Washington Post*, Gregory was called a "jerk" when he first raised the matter, and was transferred to another department when he persisted. But Gregory, it turns out, is another of those small servants of big business who, as we have noted a couple of times recently, are emerging as the conscience of bureaucracy. He followed up by sending a formal "suggestion" to the management, taking the pains to have it notarized.

Now, several million cars later, GM has decided to act. It has even decided to award Gregory $10,000 for his alertness. It won't admit that his leak is the one it is correcting, but has taken this magnanimous step "to avoid any suggestion of unfairness." (In another statement, GM avers that it will cure the exhaust problem by a system "very similar" to that proposed by Gregory. GM's public relations seem to be as leaky as its tail pipes.)

Four people died of asphyxiation in Chevrolets last summer—more than two years after Gregory warned that it might happen. A GM official has said of the recall: "The sheer size of this thing is bound to hurt the entire industry . . . because it makes people have doubts." One can see what he means.

Pentagon Piety

If we are, as Lawrence Speiser of the Washington office of the American Civil Liberties Union says, "being engulfed by religiosity," the likelihood is that the flood will rise throughout the Nixon Administration, for there is an ominously pious air about our new President.

In such an atmosphere, the proper separation of church and state will be difficult to maintain. And for that reason the nation is indebted to the ACLU, and to Mr. Speiser personally, for persuading the Pentagon to remove the sanctimony from its Character Guidance Program, which all enlisted military personnel are required to endure.

The program was put together by the Chief of Chaplains, and chaplains are customarily the instructors. The booklets issued to the chaplains conducting this course state that the program's aim is "to instill into all the members of the Army a sense of individual moral responsibility [and] moral principles that sustain the philosophy of American freedom. . . . That philosophy regards man as a creature of God. As such, every soldier is responsible and accountable to his Creator for the way he performs his civic and military duty. . . ."

The manuals assert further that a member of the Women's Army Corps should be taught that "her assigned job becomes her 'duty of state,' which means to do her job as best she can, not for reward . . . but simply because she knows it is obviously the *will of God* for her." (The emphasis is the Pentagon's.)

This is rather lightweight stuff, so primitive in concept that it would be persuasive only to the most elementary mind. But it is an offense to the Constitution as well as to good taste that captive students in the military have been subjected to such indoctrination for years.

About a year ago, Speiser learned of the program and complained to the Pentagon. He recently received assurance in a letter from the top brass that "we are revising all the materials in question to eliminate passages with religious connotations."

It is a good solid victory. A few years ago the stars were removed from behind the Speaker's rostrum in the U. S. House of Representatives and in their place went the inscription: "In God We Trust." Now there is a plan afoot in Congress to require the same inscription to be placed on the wall behind the dais for the Justices of the Supreme Court—as a way to sort of rub it in. And a number of bills already kicking around Congress would put prayers and Bible reading back in the public schools. The ACLU's battle in this matter is a constant one and will require the assistance of all who agree with the Court that "no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion."

Promises

No one speaks against culture (at least no one, to our knowledge, has done so since Herman Goering reached for his gun). All of us, and particularly all those who represent us in the halls of government, enthusiastically endorse the arts and are willing to support them without stint—when the time comes.

But, says W. McNeil Lowry, writing in the Ford Foundation's Annual Report, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Despite the applause, there is still no effective national policy, and it is an illusion to suppose that "the Congress will vote large new funds for the arts when Vietnam passes." Other problems will not have passed and it is useless, says Mr. Lowry, to argue for the arts on the ground "that all other great national questions are in equilibrium." That day never comes—for this nation or any other—and yet other nations support their creative enterprises without question.

The word "priority" has become very modish in America's public debates; naturally enough, for it postpones to infinity demands that cannot be spurned. Art is either valuable in its own right—like roads or missiles or J. Edgar Hoover—or it is a lost cause.

Mr. Lowry urges a federal Department of Cultural Affairs. We shall be a backward nation until we have one.

REMEMBER THE *PUEBLO*

JACK ROBERTSON

Mr. Robertson is Senior Science Reporter for the Fairchild Publications, specializing in military and space coverage. He covered the hearings in Coronado and is now attending the Congressional inquiry into the Pueblo *case.*

The two-month Navy Court of Inquiry on the seizure of the *Pueblo* has proved one thing—that the military hierarchy changes very little. The volumes of testimony read much like the hearings on Pearl Harbor, the Tonkin Gulf, the 1968 Tet offensive. If anything, they show that the *Pueblo* mistakes could be repeated tomorrow.

Despite the length of the proceedings, the Navy tribunal managed to avoid any serious look into the military operations surrounding the *Pueblo*. Therefore Congress is not satisfied, and the House Armed Services Special Investigating subcommittee has already opened its own investigation. Chairman Otis Pike (D., N.Y.) says his panel will interrogate Pentagon figures whom the Navy avoided.

The House unit should concern itself with divided authority, intelligence breakdowns and command confusion —all matters that the Navy ignored. First of all, it should dig into the divided command problems of the new Navy. The *Pueblo* was a divided ship. Comdr. Lloyd M. Bucher sailed the vessel, but an intelligence officer, Lieut. Stephen Harris, had complete charge of its spy center.

In many ways, the intelligence lieutenant was the most important man on the ship. Bucher got into the spy nerve center of his own ship only when he could prove a definite need to know. When he ordered destruction of security material during the attack, he was amazed to find that cleaning up the classified attic would take half a day. Harris' spy radio was almost the only contact the *Pueblo* had back to its base in Japan. Perhaps it is no accident that she became the first U.S. naval ship to be pirated in 150 years. In the days when a captain was complete master of his ship, the command confusion in the midst of the *Pueblo* attack would have been unthinkable.

In the new Navy, ambiguity of command prevails all the way back to Washington. Commander Bucher's boss, Rear Adm. Frank Johnson, had a similarly divided house at Japan Naval Forces headquarters. Johnson ran the ships, but Naval Intelligence, acting for the National Security Agency (NSA), ran the spy business. Johnson got only a verbal report on the *Pueblo* spy situation before the ship sailed. His sole fleet consisted of the *Pueblo* and a sister spy ship, the *Banner*. He lacked even a PT boat for help in case of trouble.

Back in Washington, NSA ran the spy operations, while the Navy Department tried to be helpful. Task Force 7623 was supposed to coordinate everyone who had a hand in the *Pueblo*, but it didn't. The 58 pages of messages logged in from all the commands during the crisis reveal a disjointed indecision that wasted the hours when the ship might have been saved. Nor is the *Pueblo* unique. An earlier intelligence vessel, the *Liberty*, operated under a similar split authority between NSA and the Navy. During the 1967 Israeli-Arab Six Day War, the *Liberty*, not being part of the Sixth Fleet, was allowed to wander too close to the war front. When the Pentagon belatedly tried to warn the ship to clear out, messages were missent to NSA headquarters and filed away. The *Liberty* never did get the warnings. Part of the failure to detect the 1968 Tet attack was traced to intelligence static between U.S. security agencies and the South Vietnamese.

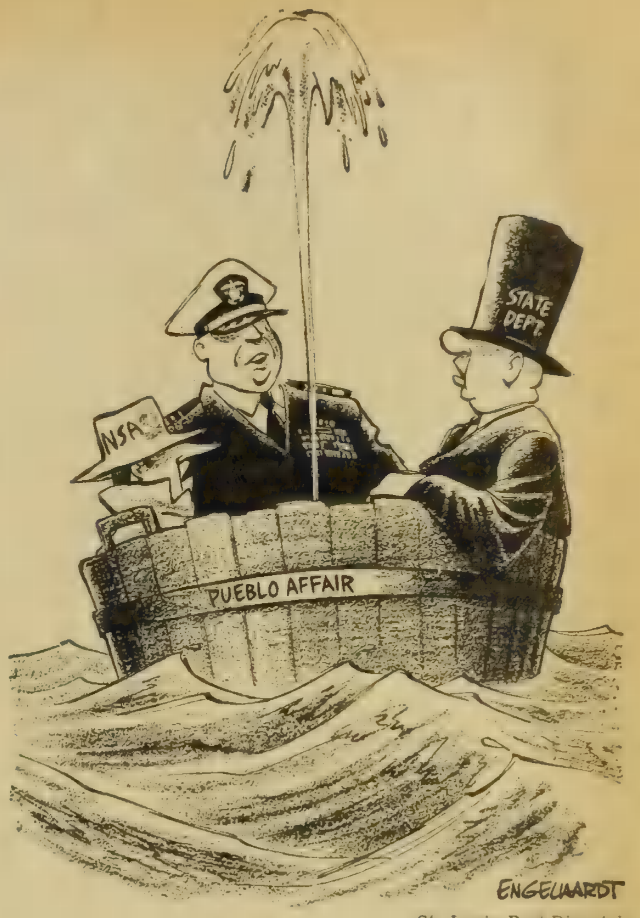
NSA is also the intelligence power behind the throne of the Air Force. The Mission Impossible agency has built five $100 million ground-based spying antenna stations around the world. The Air Force runs them, even relays intelligence data through them from its satellites and spy planes, but NSA pulls the strings.

Congress will also ask why it was hours before the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Secretary of Defense were alerted in the *Pueblo* crisis. The ship sent its first alert at 10:50 A.M. Korean time, January 23. It flashed the North Korean threat to open fire an hour later. That was 10 P.M. Washington time, but the Joint Chiefs were not notified until midnight; Defense Secretary McNamara was not informed until 12:23 A.M. By then, the *Pueblo* had been boarded and was on its way to captivity.

All *Pueblo* wires were addressed to the Joint Chiefs. Its warnings and calls for help should have been relayed to the National Military Command Center at the Pentagon within seconds. Commander Bucher said his "critical" priority wires went directly to the White House also—and this was so, since the Executive mansion is tied to the Pentagon war room. No one has explained why the frantic *Pueblo* SOS took two hours to reach the top commands.

If the Pentagon brass was not around when the *Pueblo* was attacked, neither was Rear Admiral Johnson, the man immediately responsible for rescuing the ship. At that moment, he was delivering a welcoming address to the annual Navy Typhoon conference in Tokyo. He was called to the phone and told in veiled terms, "The *Pueblo* is in trouble. She may be gone." Johnson had trouble rounding up transportation back to his command. He finally commandeered an Army helicopter, got home at 3:10 P.M. local time, when the *Pueblo* was already in Communist hands. His staff had requested help from the Air Force, but not the Seventh Fleet. His juniors told him that the Navy had nothing to send.

But the Seventh Fleet did have help less than an hour's flying time from the *Pueblo*. The carrier *Enterprise* was steaming 600 miles away, bound for Vietnam. Its pilots were primed on Vietnamese targets. The Navy said it would have taken hours to brief them on the uncertain *Pueblo* crisis. Four hours after getting the *Pueblo*'s "Mayday," the Seventh Fleet finally decided to send two destroyers to its aid. By then, the Pueblo was being escorted into Wonsan. The destroyers would have had to blast their way into the port to effect a rescue, and Washington had no heart for risking a second Asian war. It ordered the destroyers back.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Who's in Charge Here?"

The command confusion was so bad that no one bothered to radio any communiqué to the *Pueblo*. Nowhere in the 58 pages of communications is there a single official message to the beleaguered ship. In all likelihood, there was nothing to send. Bucher told how it felt to be left to fend for his ship with only two frozen-shut machine guns: he beat the bulkhead with his fists after leaving the ship's message-less radio room.

The only word the *Pueblo* got from Japan was an erroneous rumor passed on by the base radio operator: "Understand the Air Force has some F-105s already winging on the way to you." Bucher kept listening for these fighters even as his Communist captors were tying up his crew. The *Pueblo* radioed back equally false rumors that were spreading through the ship. Many of them ended up in the official Pentagon briefing to Congress immediately after the capture.

In the heat of battle, speculation and wild reports too easily slip into command communiqués. The *Pueblo* rumor mill recalls the 1964 Tonkin Gulf spy ship ambush, when the Pentagon believed reports of a sea full of enemy torpedoes and shells. All but two of the torpedo soundings turned out later to be sonar detection of the ships' own rudders.

Congressman Pike's committee ought also to determine if the military gadgeteers are not putting too much trust in electronics. The Pentagon has built the most elaborate intelligence and communication network the world has ever seen, but the electronic wizardry faltered in this, as in previous military crises. The *Pueblo*, a converted Army cargo tub straight out of *Mr. Roberts*, was chosen to carry the best spy gear that we owned. In fact, there was so much of it that the ship was top-heavy; a Navy report said she would capsize in a 40-knot beam wind.

This ultra-sensitive gear had an unfortunate tendency to become cranky. Both the *Pueblo* and the *Banner* reported extreme delays—often as long as twenty-four hours—in trying to talk with their base over the complicated spy radio. The *Pueblo* radio, built by the National Security Agency, had to be synchronized within a hairbreadth with its intelligence receiver in Japan. This pleased the security people, since the complex fine tuning made it almost impossible for the enemy to listen in. Unfortunately, it turned out to be nearly as hard for the *Pueblo*'s own base to receive.

Commander Bucher said he tried unsuccessfully for fourteen hours to put his first alert through. The *Banner* often took half a day to get its radio in code tuning with Japan. Once, when an engine failed, the *Banner* tried for twenty-four hours to establish contact and finally gave up. The Navy uses similar code radios on other ships.

The *Pueblo* inquiry asked, but did not reveal, whether, because of friction with the NSA, the ship sailed without normal self-destruction systems for classified equipment. Navy intelligence sources have had a sustained running fight with NSA on the issue that self-destruct devices are often too dangerous for pitching, rolling ships. These sources say that during storms ships often disconnect self-destruct circuits to prevent them from going off accidentally.

The basic question of the *Pueblo* is whether the spy trip was necessary. No one knows how much of the information gathered by the intelligence ships was really vital, reliable or worth the great risk. Commander Bucher himself testified that his haul of spy secrets had been meager. The *Pueblo* snooped on every North Korean shore battery and radar in range for three days, but learned nothing new, according to her skipper. One wonders if the *Pueblo* flouted North Korean threats just for idle snooping.

Certainly the government appears to have changed its mind quickly on the value of the special spy ships. Shortly after the *Pueblo* grab, the National Security Council pulled back the gumshoe fleet. The *Banner* made some token forays, mostly surrounded by the Seventh Fleet. The USS *Palm Beach* sits in Norfolk, Va. The *Liberty* was put in moth balls. However, the Navy has not completely abandoned coastline spying. It now eavesdrops with destroyers under the safety of their 5-inch guns. The two Navy destroyers that sailed along the Russian Black Sea coast last December carried listening gear.

Intelligence is essential to any government, but the risks must be weighed. Everyone in the Pentagon, from the Navy to the Joint Chiefs, called the *Pueblo* mission "lowest possible risk." Yet they sent one of the most sensitive U.S. spy ships into troubled waters, in the face of growing North Korean threats to "severely punish" the next reconnaissance mission near its shores.

Any military high command that makes such judgments must surely be scrutinized. After the *Pueblo* seizure, Rear Admiral Johnson said, "Ship spying is a whole new ball game now." The spy rules may have changed. The *Pueblo* question is: Has the military changed?

PENTAGON PROCUREMENT

BILLION-DOLLAR GRAB BAG

RICHARD F. KAUFMAN

Mr. Kaufman is on the staff of the Subcommittee on Economy in Government, chaired by Sen. William Proxmire, which has been investigating profits and costs in defense procurement.

Washington

Two kinds of activities are paid for by military expenditures: the purchase of weapons, hardware and other goods; and the support of personnel, the operation and maintenance of bases, military construction and civil defense. Of last year's $79 billion Defense Department bill, $44 billion went for the former. (If military expenditures on programs outside the Pentagon were included, such as military assistance, space, atomic energy, Selective Service and veterans' assistance, the sum would be much higher.)

One of the most disturbing facts about the costs of procurement is that so much money is wasted on excessive profits and excessive costs, and is therefore unnecessary. No one knows how much waste there is, but reliable estimates run into billions a year. In 1964, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, looking into "Pyramiding Profits and Costs in the Missile Procurement Program," concluded that the contractors had taken excessive profits, that contract costs were inflated by high initial estimates, that missiles were being procured under an "archaic system," and that "much of the defense dollar is being improvidently spent." More recent investigations by other committees and the Government Accounting Office into the procurement of planes, ships, nuclear propulsion equipment, fuel, rifles, small tools, etc., and into the use of government-owned plants and equipment, demonstrate that the costs of procurement are much higher than they ought to be. The Pentagon could make do with considerably less money than it gets.

This conclusion can be reached without challenging the basic assumptions of military policy, and solely on the basis of proven inefficiency, waste and profiteering by contractors, particularly the major contractors, and mismanagement of the program by high officials in the Defense Department. A recent study by an official in the Bureau of the Budget, whose duties are to analyze costs of weapons, reveals that performance of complex electronic systems tends to be poor, that deliveries are late, costs two to three times higher than the original estimates, and profits inversely correlated with poor performance—that is, the most inefficient contractors earn the highest rewards. Last year the Subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee reported "loose and flagrantly negligent management practices in the Defense procurement program."

The cumulative effect of these and many other reports should be to shift the emphasis of future investigations. Although the difficult job of digging into programs and disclosing abuses in individual cases should continue, the central question today is no longer *whether* there are exorbitant profits, padded costs, poor performance, general mismanagement of procurement, and a swollen military budget. The central question from now on is, what can be done to change the procurement system so that the military-industrial complex will be brought under social control.

The chaos and waste in present procurement policy was at least implicitly recognized last year by the effort of the House Government Operations Committee to create a commission to study government procurement. The proposal will be revived in the new Congress. Assuming the commission is established, an early tip-off as to its intentions will be its make-up. If it is dominated by defense industry spokesmen, it will probably not differ significantly from the many "business advisory groups," such as the Industrial Advisory Council (formerly the Defense Industrial Advisory Council), which now monitor and influence procurement policy.

One way to economize would be to reform present policies by legislation. Profiteering is the most blatant aberration of faulty procurement. How high should defense profits be? Present policy, if you can call it that, is contained in a body of Defense Department regulations called the Weighted Guidelines. They are supposed to help compute the right profit for any negotiated contract by specifying percentage points for factors like contractor inputs, risk and record of performance. The points are totaled during contract negotiations to arrive at the profit rate. However, like many other procurement regulations, the guidelines have been heavily influenced, as to both wording and interpretation, by the defense industry. They give an appearance of systematic method, but are in fact so flexible that Pentagon officials can use them to arrive at a high profit rate even for contracts involving a minimum of capital investment (the buyer gladly supplies interest-free cash, land, buildings and production equipment) and little, if any, risk. Since the adoption of the Weighted Guidelines in 1964, profit rates have gone up by 25 per cent. Yet strong industry pressure is now being exerted to revise the guidelines upward.

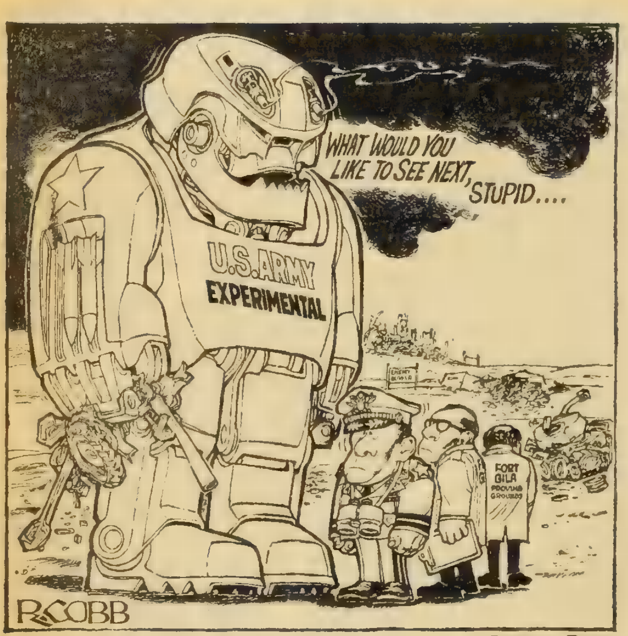
Although most procurement is negotiated, the Pentagon awards some contracts through competitive bids, and a device for insuring high profits has evolved in this area as well. This is the "buy in—get well later" formula. A contractor bids for a weapons research and development contract below his (unrevealed) estimated costs, so as to make sure that he will win. Once he is in operation, his costs skyrocket, but the Pentagon finds that it must pay them, to "get him well." In addition to being reimbursed for the tardily revealed higher costs of R and D, the contractor has also laid a foundation for negotiating the follow-on production contracts on the basis of high costs, openly stated. Once the contractor has completed the preliminary work—which was all that the original contract contemplated—it is usually too late for the government to find another potential producer; it is "locked in" with the original contractor. Incentive contracting was developed under Secretary McNamara to discourage this practice. Studies show, however, that these and various other contractural devices create "reverse incentives," whereby the contractor is motivated artificially to inflate his cost base in order to earn larger profits.

Statutory limits on profit could help. They would differ from the Weighted Guidelines in being less susceptible to favoritism—at present, the larger contractors make the larger profits—and because they could not be changed by administrative decision. Congress would establish reasonable profit ceilings. Banks and railroads are limited in the interest and rates they may charge, and today's high defense profits are inexcusable.

However, profit limitations would be no cure-all. Of last year's $44 billion for military procurement, profits probably amounted to no more than $5 billion. And while profits as customarily reported on corporate books may be reduced, the result will not necessarily be to cut the total costs. Contractors can simply enlarge their cost base to increase contract prices and offset any reduction in profit rates. Padding expenses to hide profits is an old bookkeeping technique.

What really needs to be done is to control the gross cost to the government of military procurement. It is for this reason that Adm. H. G. Rickover so strongly advocates uniform accounting standards. One of the critical stages in the procurement process is the initial negotiation. At this point costs and profit rates are agreed upon, and the government is at a serious disadvantage unless it can obtain accurate estimates from the contractor. During the performance of the contract it also needs reliable cost data in order to act on requests for reimbursement, to know whether the costs are running higher than the original estimates, and to discover whether it is being overcharged. Rickover believes that until contractors are required to adhere to uniform standards for reporting costs and profits, the government will not have such information. He reports cases where contractors charged costs to government contracts which should have been charged to nongovernment, commercial work, and the Government Accounting Office has revealed similar situations. Rickover estimates that the imposition of uniform accounting standards alone would reduce procurement costs by more than $2 billion a year.

The absence of good cost data, aggravated by falsification in many cases, moved Congress in 1962 to enact the Truth in Negotiations Act. Without uniform accounting standards this Act is largely ineffective, but thus far it hasn't mattered much because the Pentagon has failed to enforce its mild provisions. Briefly, the Act requires contractors to submit certified cost data for all negotiated contracts. However, there is a loophole in the Act, called the waiver provision, which is large enough for any weapons system to fall through. It allows the procurement officer to determine that there is adequate competition for a particular item. When this subjective judgment is made, the Act is waived and the contractor is not required to submit any cost data, even though in fact the contract has been negotiated. Needless to say, the waiver provision has been liberally applied. Closing this loophole and requiring strict enforcement of the Act would be a relatively simple gesture toward reform.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R. COBB

Sawyer Press

A second piece of legislation that needs to be rehabilitated is the Defense Production Act. This vestigial remnant of the Korean War controls provides that production for national defense be given preference over other business, but enforcement by the Department of Commerce is accomplished in the most timid fashion. A Commerce official testified before the House Banking and Currency Committee last year that legal action against a contractor to enforce a priority has not been taken since the Korean War, despite the fact that the Pentagon has asked the Commerce Department to issue directives against companies which have rejected assigned priorities. As a first step toward breathing some life into this Act, it ought to be moved out of the Commerce Department.

A third leaky bulwark against the excesses of military contractors is the Renegotiation Act. The speeches of Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez have made the limitations of this Act well known. It is badly riddled with loopholes, sharply limited in scope and jurisdiction, and the Renegotiation Board which enforces it is seriously understaffed. Only the personal intervention of Sen. William Proxmire with the Bureau of the Budget last year prevented further staff cuts. The purpose of the Act is to recapture excessive profits earned on military contracts, but present restrictions on the board keep recoveries well below the real level of profiteering. To bring the board close to its strength in the Korean War period, the "standard commercial article" exemption, by which some of the most profitable types of procurement are exempt from review, would have to be eliminated, and its staff increased from its present level of about 200 to at least the 1953 level of 742.

As for conflict of interest, there are hardly decent standards of regulation to revise. The heavy back-and-forth flow of procurement officials and weapons salesmen between the Pentagon and corporate duty is barely touched upon by laws or regulations. The laws that do exist apply mainly to military personnel, not to civilians, and are so narrowly interpreted that they have almost no effect.

The case of Maj. Gen. Nelson M. Lynde, Jr., retired from the U.S. Army, and employed by Colt Industries, Inc., is instructive. It was investigated in 1967 by the Special Subcommittee on the M-16 Rifle Program, of the House Committee on Armed Services. From 1962 until February, 1964, General Lynde, as senior officer of the Army Weapons Command, was directly involved in the procurement of the M-16 rifle. In 1963 he personally approved the prices negotiated with Colt. Five months after retirement in 1964, he went to work for Colt. Responding to an inquiry from Lynde, the Army Adjutant General had advised that the conflict of interest law did not prohibit this employment, since his job description did not indicate that he would be selling anything to the government. Shortly after arriving at Colt, General Lynde requested of the Army copies of four classified documents, including at least one that concerned the M-16. In addition, according to the subcommittee report, Lynde was on the distribution list for many inter-company memoranda involving the M-16. As the subcommittee stated: "It is actions such as these that cause the American taxpayer to lose faith in the integrity of both military and civilian officials associated with the expenditure of millions of dollars yearly in the procurement of supplies and materiel to meet our military requirements." The subcommittee also noted with displeasure that Colt's profits on the M-16 were as high as 19.6 per cent for 1965, and that an examination of price proposals disclosed a lack of sufficient data to support cost estimates. Conflict of interest laws should be completely rewritten.

A radically different approach to procurement would be to return to the more traditional relationship of government and industry—to disengage the defense industry from government, and encourage greater competition among contractors. Disengagement would mean both less government regulation and less government support. Managerial controls now exercised by government, it is suggested, should be returned to the companies, and much red tape surrounding contracts eliminated. At the same time, subsidies such as interest-free government financing and government-owned plant and equipment should be withdrawn. Since these forms of aid favor the larger contractors, small business would become better able to compete.

Competition could also be encouraged directly by awarding development, production and follow-on contracts separately and competitively. Lock-ins and other monopoly situations could be avoided by parallel awards and second sources. That is, more than one contract could be awarded in the early stages of R and D and of production, before the government had settled on a single contractor for the major production work. And second sources would be kept alive by reserving to the government the right to distribute designs and production techniques developed by one contractor to any of the others during the life of the contract.

The hope is that restoration of competition will force contractors to fall back on their own resources. This, in turn, would reconstitute the self-regulating mechanism of free enterprise which, according to the theory of capitalism, is the best guarantor of innovation, efficiency and lower costs. Government regulation would thus be unnecessary. Unfortunately, while economists like Murray Weidenbaum at Washington University (St. Louis) advocate more capitalism as the solution to the rising costs of procurement, the large military contractors don't want it. Why face the discipline of efficient management and the risks of competition when billions of dollars of business can be generated through the art of government grantmanship?

Political pluralism, rather than economic pluralism, is another cure offered for the abuses of military contracting. H. L. Nieburg views the boundary between the Defense Department and defense contractors as permanently wiped out. Military contracting has created quasi-public utilities within the defense industry. Rather than emphasizing the government's access to information and regulatory controls, Nieburg would enhance what he terms the existing pluralism of institutions and relationships. He would encourage the conflict among government agencies and confrontation between constituencies with opposing stakes in contract programs. New institutional arrangements can act as countervailing forces against the pressures that inflate procurement costs. His suggestions include an Office of Contract Ombudsman, an intergovernmental body to collate national programming and budgeting plans, and creation of a new court modeled after the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals to test contract award decisions.

Basic changes of the procurement system itself can also be considered. In view of mounting costs, which many believe is making it impossible to solve our serious domestic problems, *reversing*, not merely halting, the government's capacity to manufacture for its own needs may become necessary. It would be no radical departure from the American experience. In the past, the government has

Half an Eye on $20 Billion

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Under a concept originated by Robert S. McNamara, federal programs are run through a "planned programming budget" analysis which measures costs against effectiveness. It is supposed to weed out the "unproductive" and less desirable projects, giving us more bonanza for a buck. This "PPB" management concept may have worked in some areas, but it didn't do much for Mr. McNamara's own Pentagon. Thanks to Robert P. Mayo, Director of the Bureau of the Budget under President Nixon, we now have an inkling why.

Mr. Mayo's agency has about 500 employees, but only fifty have up to now been assigned to scrutinize the Defense programs. That is, 10 per cent of Budget's staff has been in charge of items which account for 40 per cent of all federal spending ($81.5 billion in fiscal 1970). At the same time, to keep an eye on $20 billion worth of "controllable" civilian spending—things like education, food stamps, pollution control, water treatment and welfare—Budget has assigned between 100 and 150 persons.

Congress, whose "PPB" machine is better known as "Politics," has to share the blame for this lopsidedness. In recent years, a challenge to a Defense budget has been akin to sullying the flag. But now, even while Mr. Mayo was promising the Joint Economic Committee to take a stiffer look at Defense proposals, some parts of Congress are planning to do the same. Sen. Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, says Congress is going "to put a microscope" on the Defense budget. The Pentagon's Sentinel anti-ballistic missile system, budgeted to cost $1.8 billion in fiscal 1970, is under attack. But the generals in this battle on Capitol Hill are not the Mansfields or the McGoverns but conservatives like Stennis, McCormack, Mahon and Ford, and they are yet to be heard from.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mayo says, to the delight of the conservative Rep. William Widnall of New Jersey, "It is my intention to get tougher on Defense spending." He will also try to get a "separate, highly competent, highly skeptical staff to look at the Defense budget." In another surprise, Mr. Mayo named a special assistant to oversee military spending—a post vacant for four years. The choice is James R. Schlesinger, since 1963 director of strategic studies for the RAND Corporation.

Military spending will occupy a major part of the 1969 legislative-Executive energies. Even more important will be the struggle over long-range military programs and budgets. Study papers on the post-Vietnam economy generally talk of the need to keep defense spending high. Don't count on the "peace dividend" all going to peace, these projections say. In fiscal 1970, for example, Pentagon spending, apart from Southeast Asia, will total $52 billion. One task force, reporting under Democratic auspices, pegged Department of Defense budgets at around $70 billion in fiscal 1973, assuming that the war in Vietnam is well over by then.

Are such projected Defense increases inevitable, Mr. Mayo was asked recently. Without batting an eye he replied, "No." We shall see.

produced everything from small arms to ordnance to ships. The great advances in nuclear energy were made in government laboratories.

When Admiral Rickover testified before the House Banking and Currency Committee last year, he suggested that those companies or their divisions whose business is almost exclusively with the government might be treated as public utilities. Such a step would be formal recognition of the fact that some contractors have a monopoly or near monopoly on certain kinds of military equipment. Instead of negotiating profit rates on the basis of total sales or costs, they would be granted a reasonable rate of return on their investment. In exchange, their books would be audited and their performance measured by a public body. This system is used in England, and a recent RAND Corporation study shows that average defense profit rates are generally much larger in the United States than in England. This is especially true of aircraft, aircraft engines and missiles, items on which we have suffered runaway price inflation over the past several years. When RAND compared rates of return on net assets for selected aerospace firms in the two countries, for the years 1956 through 1963, it found average profits for the U.S. firms to be 25.6 per cent, more than twice the level of the English firms.

Perhaps the greatest problem in the field of public affairs today is the reluctance of the average citizen to be critical of military assertions and military policy decisions. The reasons for this have little to do with the complexity of the subject, for military affairs are no more difficult to understand than any other subject. The concept of national security, which somehow is supposed to protect us from and at the same time see us through war, is veiled in secrecy, except on the most ceremonial occasions. Like some sacred cow, it has free run over our land and through our streets. The people are supposed to feed it and worship it, but not to study it.

Meantime, the vast majority of those who are expert in military affairs are either employed by or obligated to the military establishment. Despite a few notable exceptions, there is no tradition of independent military analysis in the academic or professional worlds. For the most part, those who do the analyses are those who benefit from the growth of military spending.

Military spending has proved to be a one-sided controversy, with the experts, professionals and counselors all arguing for expansion. An encouragement of military policy studies, apart from military circles of power and influence, can begin to correct this imbalance. Courses on military affairs, defense production, defense management, procurement, profiteering, the impact of military spending, to name a few, ought to be offered by every university, and not as part of ROTC or in conjunction with Defense Department grants. Departments and graduate schools for military policy studies ought to be established on many campuses, not to produce future military leaders but to train civilian military planners capable of criticizing budgets and policies, and of offering alternatives. Military research and analysis needs to be supported through nonprofit groups funded from nongovernment sources. But wresting the military budget from those who spend it will take an enormous amount of research and analysis, consideration of alternatives and argument, followed by political action. Military experts and industrial lobbyists will continue to work hard to insure that they hog more than their reasonable share—now, after Vietnam and into the forseeable future.

NEW YORK SWEEPSTAKES

LINDSAY vs. THE FIELD

JEROME WILSON

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Former Mayor Robert Wagner is fond of saying that, before he had served a day in office, John Lindsay was the best Mayor the city ever had. By this criterion things have been going badly for Mr. Lindsay ever since.

Now, after four years in office, the city's "best Mayor" must go back to the people, and according to Lindsay intimates, that is precisely what the Mayor intends to do. Not that Mr. Lindsay is yet willing to make public his decision. The Mayor's style is first to let the news leak out to the opinion molders in the city, then to give his political supporters the "go" sign, and finally to inform the public of the obvious. This formal announcement of re-election intent can be expected in early April, after the legislature has adjourned at Albany, and Governor Rockefeller has left for South America on his fact-finding tour for President Nixon.

Mr. Lindsay, because of a sincere moral commitment to justice, undoubtedly will not campaign for re-election by attacking the poor—"the loafers on welfare, the chiselers in anti-poverty"—as some of his adversaries certainly will. However, Lindsay will rediscover the middle class: rent control for the high-risers in Manhattan, crime control for the fearful in Brooklyn, and as much construction as he can put on the ground for those who equate bricks and mortar with progress, will be campaign hallmarks. The purpose will be not only to hold his center constituency but to protect himself from the right flank in the Republican primary.

City-wide Republican primaries are rare in New York City, Republicans in the past having thought it hardly profitable to quarrel over who is to be beaten by the Democrats. But now a GOP primary is certain. The conservative Republicans in New York State, such as Lieut. Gov. Malcolm Wilson, feel Mr. Lindsay should be challenged for two reasons. First, they feel he is really a liberal and should run under that banner, and second, they think the time is right to elect a "real" Republican. This latter conclusion is arrived at by examining the phenomenal growth of the state's Conservative Party in recent years, and calculating the aftereffects of the school strike, the police review board vote, and the backlash against urban liberalism generally.

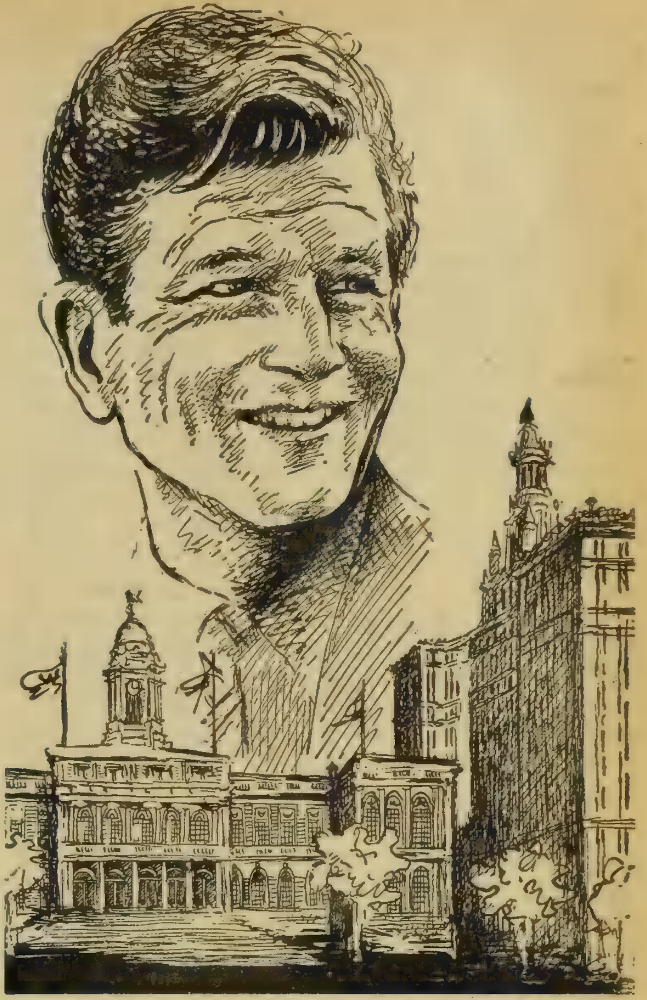
So the Mayor faces a Republican primary and a tough one. To date, his strongest challenger is Staten Island state Sen. John Marchi, who has had both Republican and Conservative Party support in his last four elections, and who is the man most responsible for the legislative slowdown on city school decentralization at the last session. [See "City Schools & Albany Politics" by Jerome Wilson, *The Nation*, December 16, 1968.] Marchi is expected to run with state Assemblyman Al Lerner from Queens as candidate for President of the City Council. Since Lerner is Jewish and Marchi is Italian American, the ethnic-geographical trilogy of a city ticket will need a Catholic Irish American from the Bronx to run for comptroller.

It would be difficult to overemphasize the force of the Marchi challenge to Lindsay. In New York City there are almost twice as many enrolled Republicans (the only ones eligible to vote in the primary) in Queens as in Manhattan. Even the Brooklyn Republicans outnumber those in Manhattan. And if Manhattan Republicans are of the moderate Lindsay stripe—and that is by no means certain—Queens, Brooklyn and certainly Bronx Republicans are decidedly conservative. When one adds solidly conservative Republican Staten Island to this line-up, it is no surprise that certain of the city's Republican pros are willing to concede Lindsay an overwhelming Manhattan victory and still bet *even money* that he will be defeated in the primary.

Mr. Lindsay has one further handicap in such a primary, which comes this June. He ran last time (1965) as the candidate of a fusion ticket, and he wants to do the same again. But his fusion candidates for council president and comptroller would probably be rejected overwhelmingly, even if the Mayor himself did prevail.

With the enemy so torn and tattered, the Democrats are literally forming in line to run for mayor. For a time certain ranking Democrats dreamed that the young but mature, liberal though sensible, Theodore Kheel would be the party's candidate for mayor. Kheel, who has a reputation for being able to solve municipal labor crises rather than aggravate them (which some have charged is Lindsay's greatest failing) was to be the unity candidate of the party for mayor, but that carefully nurtured effort has now collapsed.

In part, the fault was Mr. Kheel's. He made it a condition for running that a broad spectrum of party leaders come out publicly and urge him to do so. Then, he would "consider." This was too much for such as Tammany Hall leader Frank Rossetti, who used to manage fighters and who likes a "hungry" candidate. A second factor in the collapse of the Kheel dream was that Arthur Goldberg



Klein

and Stephen Smith, who have the power to veto the likes and dislikes of county leaders, decided to be mediators rather than advocates. The result of all this is that a leaderless Democratic Party is mediating itself into a divisive primary, after the medieval pattern of warring fiefdoms quarreling for the crown.

For example, the Democratic leader of the Bronx has come out for the Bronx's own, City Comptroller Mario Procaccino. Procaccino, who formally declared his candidacy for mayor late last month (crying tears of gratitude that an immigrant boy could aspire so high), is the leading Democratic contender. Procaccino has declined as yet to specify whether he would also accept Conservative Party endorsement in a race against Mr. Lindsay.

A few days later, both Vincent L. Broderick, former police commissioner, and Norman Frank, public relations counsel of the Patrolman's Benevolent Association, announced their intention of entering the primaries. They will be competing for the "Support Your Local Police" vote, a remark not meant facetiously in the present metropolitan atmosphere, and they might flip a coin to decide who shall have it.

The favorite of a second county leader is Howard Samuels, former head of the Small Business Administration. He is being floated by the county leader of Brooklyn. Samuels is an exotic candidate for New York City. For one thing, he is a native of Canandaigua, a Rochester suburb; for another he ran for lieutenant governor in 1966 as an upstate industrialist, and had difficulty enlisting labor support because his plastic clothesline manufacturing plant was non-union. Yet he runs for mayor of New York City. Late word has it that Mr. Samuels is having second thoughts. Should his candidacy completely fade, regular Democratic leaders may cluster behind the recently announced candidacy of Congressman John Murphy, although his conservative, hawkish leanings may be too much for even them to swallow.

Then, there is a pack of Democratic Reform candidates. James Scheuer, the first to declare formally, has aroused little enthusiasm to date; Robert Low, a Wagner protégé, is not quite Reform and not quite regular and may drop down to run for comptroller on the Procaccino ticket. Finally, there is William Fitts Ryan, one of the few remaining liberal public figures in the city who isn't afraid to do more than whisper his real convictions. In the Democratic Senatorial primary of 1968, New York City supported a similar progressive Democrat, Paul O'Dwyer, against a middle of the roader and a conservative. Ryan could get the same backing, if Scheuer and Low don't sap away too much of his strength.

But New York City might well be found with conservative John Marchi as the Republican candidate and conservative Mario Procaccino as the Democratic candidate. Such a contest would clearly favor the Democrats, what with their superior party registration. That is, it would favor them unless John Lindsay, teaming up perhaps with one of the Democratic reformers who had been defeated in *his* primary, launched a real fusion movement to challenge and destroy both major-party power structures in New York City.

DEMOCRACY and the CURRICULUM

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Universities around the country are now engaged in heated controversy over two kinds of issue, often confused. The first is *substantive*—what requirements, if any, should be imposed for a B.A.; should a program of black studies be initiated, and how; in what form are examinations and grades to be used, if at all; and who among the faculty are to be fired, promoted, given tenure and so on. The second deals with *procedural* matters—how decisions on curricular and related matters are to be reached. Both kinds of issue are important, but the latter is fundamental. Leaving the many substantive questions (which vary from institution to institution) for the present, I shall here propose some principles for the resolution of procedural conflicts. Within a university, what are the appropriate decision-making processes for curricular affairs?

I begin with two assumptions that I think will be universally—or almost universally—accepted. The first is that, where the conditions of its successful operation are met, democracy is the best form of community government. I believe that very strongly, and I am prepared to defend democracy with rational arguments against its critics, both historical and contemporary. But, though we may differ on what conditions its success does require, it is likely that most members of most American universities will agree upon the ideal.

The second assumption is that all parties to the current controversy over curricular matters are acting honestly and in good faith. I believe that to be true. Some students appear to think that faculty judgments are masks for private interest; some faculty do think that student arguments opposing them are duplicitous in the same way. Perhaps there is some justice in both complaints; but by far the greater number, among students, faculty and administrators, are genuinely seeking the best interests of their university. I shall assume that, and with such persons shall direct my attention to procedural questions of great consequence to the long-term well-being of our universities.

Democracy is a way of making decisions in a community. It gives to each member of the community the right to an equal voice in affairs that concern the whole. We are disposed by habit to think of democracy as a way of governing political communities, because that is where its results are most impressive, its absence most painful. But it can also apply to nonpolitical communities: a church congregation, the faculty of a college, a community chess club, a cooperative residence hall, many other kinds of community.

Among the host of issues which the practice of democracy presents in every context (most of which I cannot touch upon here) two points need to be emphasized:

(*1*) Democracy can operate only where there is a specifiable and self-conscious community of some kind. It must be clear who has the right to participate in deciding what affairs. That is one reason why citizenship is so important for a democratic polity or initiation for a fraternity, or membership for whatever community is in question.

(*2*) Democracy supposes that all members of the community in which it is operative are members *equally*. The equal voice of each member stems not merely from his serious concern in the outcome of a decision but from the equality of status within it. All citizens of a democratic nation are citizens equally, though some may be wiser than others; all members of a chess club are members equally, though some may play far more expertly than others. Wisdom in the polity and skill in the chess club may be grounds for respect; they do not justify greater decision-making powers for their possessors.

This far I think all can agree, but how does all this apply to the university? The university is not one community but many. There are the communities constituted by all undergraduate students, by all graduate students, and by all students. There are the communities constituted by the faculties of the several schools and colleges, by the several departments and institutes, and by the faculty as a whole. There are the communities constituted by groups—of both faculty and students—having special intellectual or aesthetic interests in common; dramatic societies for example, or philosophical discussion groups. There are the many residential communities of students, in the dormitories, cooperatives, etc., and some communities of combined residential-intellectual concern. There is also the greater community of the university at large. It would be hard to exhaust the list.

Probably everyone will agree that each of these communities ought to have the authority and power to decide the questions which are chiefly its business; and that within each community of equals those decisions ought to be arrived at democratically. The basic controversy in which our universities are now engaged (and are likely to be engaged for some time) arises in deciding which issues are the chief business of which communities.

This is not a simple matter, and anyone who supposes that simple answers can be given is being, literally, simple-minded. It is clear at the outset that the several communities in the university overlap, and that what is chiefly the business of one of them is also a matter of real concern to other, larger communities. Practically everyone in a university, and many outside it, are affected, more or less seriously, by the decisions of all or almost all of these internal communities. Whether, as an illustration, a colleague whom I respect and like is or is not given tenure in a department other than mine is a matter of deep concern to me. But my concern does not give me a right to participate in the decision. Tenure, in our healthy tradition, is bestowed by academic peers, persons qualified by long study and experience in that professional sphere. It is naive, in some circumstances dangerous to the well-being of the larger community, to insist that every person has a right to a decision-making voice in every affair that affects his life. That is a shallow view of democracy, and it is false.

More specifically, we are now deeply involved in questions regarding the curriculum of our colleges and universities. Whose chief business is it to make decisions in this sphere? I argue that it is the chief business of the community constituted by the faculty of the college in question. I believe that curricular decisions—say about requirements for degrees, standards and examinations—should be made democratically within the community responsible for the outcome of those decisions. I could defend this claim at great length. Briefly, I suggest two kinds of reasons why the responsibility lies there and not elsewhere.

First, the nature of the university as an institution places certain obligations upon the faculty which they can fulfill only if they control the curriculum. Faculty members are appointed to teach, to guide student study and research, and to do so in ways for which they are specially qualified. Further, the faculty has a certifying duty. Through boards of governors and deans the faculty ultimately must decide whether certain students are to receive the degree Bachelor of Arts, or other such certificates. If they are to make this decision, and if they are to mean what they intend to mean by doing so, *they* must decide what will qualify persons for the receipt of such degrees. They cannot delegate that power, or share it, any more than an attorney or a physician can delegate or share the power to make his professional decisions (except on occasion with other attorneys or physicians). Will we not agree that the decisions faced by the professor in the arts and sciences, the challenges faced by a professional educator, are as demanding, as intellectual, as professionally serious as those encountered in medicine or the law? Designing the curriculum, implementing it, evaluating the work of those students who pursue it, are all very important parts of the job of the faculty. It is quite understandable that students who are affected by such decisions would like to share in making them, but that desire does not give them a right to do so. Certainly they should not hope to get that right as a consequence of any reputable democratic theory. This factor of institutional responsibility I find compelling by itself.

Second, beyond the matter of responsibility, is the factor of competence. This is a delicate point, one upon which I know many good students are sensitive, and I want very much not to be misunderstood here. I believe it is possible to characterize groups—statistically, as it were—as having (or tending to have) certain talents or training, without making the ensuing distinctions invidiously. No doubt there are some matters on which students, as a body, are more competent than faculty; on other matters the faculty, as a body, is markedly more able and better prepared to act than are students. Among the latter are curricular affairs. I respect the integrity and intellect of my students. I am often proud of them; I know that a number of them will one day join the faculty of my own or like institutions. But false flattery is good for no one, and it is false flattery to refuse to make some discriminations that need to be made in this connection. To say that the faculty is the group most likely to reach wise curricular decisions is not meant offensively, or pejoratively, or condescendingly. It is plain honesty, the honesty we owe one another.

Curricular decisions are difficult. They have wide ramifications, for students (past, present and future), for the faculty itself (what they will teach, and how), for the secondary schools, for the graduate schools, for other universities, and for the society as a whole. It is hard to weigh all these factors fairly, and no person or body can be expected to do so perfectly. Corrections and adjustments will always be in order. But in a university there is no body more to be relied upon for the making of such decisions than the faculty itself. I emphasize again that this is not to express distrust or contempt for students, who are, in my view, for the most part serious, highly intelligent, and devoted to their university. The greater competence of the faculty in this sphere is largely a matter of education and experience. That does not mean the faculty is exempt from error. On the topics now hotly contested in some universities, they may well be in error. But our larger concern is how, over the long run, these decisions

are likely to be best made. Careful reflection obliges me to conclude that entrusting those decisions to a body partly consisting of persons with a far smaller degree of experience and knowledge on the matters to be decided is simply foolish. It is not democracy but an unthinking Populism that supposes all persons, or all students, to be as competent to decide professional questions as persons who have devoted much of their lives to those very questions.

To this it is sometimes replied that students are lower in competence in this sphere simply because they are effectively kept from engaging in the very activities which develop this competence—so that the argument against student voting power is here viciously circular. I would respond first that a denial of the right to vote on these matters is not a denial of the right to participate vigorously in the deliberations upon them. But second, and more important, the criticism misses the force of my argument. The competence of which I have spoken is not simply a skill, to be developed with a few weeks or months of practice or experience. It is a competence flowing from long study, long association with liberally educated men, and long reflection upon the goals, methods and substance of university education. That competence is an essential element of the excellence of a faculty, in which the entire community takes pride. Is this character of the faculty something that serious students would really want to deny?

I find also the factor of competence by itself entirely persuasive in this argument. Unlike institutional responsibility, it does not speak to the question of the rights of respective bodies but to the wisdom of entrusting certain tasks to certain bodies. Taken together, the two factors of competence and institutional responsibility are overwhelming in their force.

Still, the demand of some students for a role in curricular decision making does have some plausibility. Can we do justice to that demand, while adhering to the conclusions reached above? I think we can.

First, a clarification. Part of the plausibility of some student demands rests upon a confusion over the nature of the larger community in which the decisions are being made. There *is* a community consisting of both faculty and students, having the pursuit of learning as its central purpose; my students and I are bound together in an enterprise that marks us off from much of the rest of the world, and often brings us very close together. The university as a community of scholars *is* an honorable and appropriate ideal. But it is slipshod thinking to infer from the existence of this community that every decision having wide effect within it must be shared equally and universally by its members. Both students and faculty are members of the university community, to be sure, but they are not members of the same kind or status. In the nature of the case they cannot be members equal in every way. This is not paternalism; it is a fact, and one in which the serious student will take pride. His faculty has been carefully selected, screened, tested, in a host of ways, over a period of many years. The qualifications required of the faculty member for membership in the university, his authorization to participate, come from a wholly different source in a wholly different way from those of the student. To suppose that enrollment as a student, after completing high school, entitles one to a role on professional issues similar to that of the faculty is downright foolish.

On the other side, there are two respects in which the student quest for a voice in university affairs is entirely just. First, where the questions to be decided are not professional but concern every member of the community in the same way; or where they concern the rights of individuals to pursue their private business—questions, say, regarding the driving of automobiles on campus, or regarding the private lives of students or faculty—student voices are every bit the equal of faculty voices. In my view, our universities have been much too slow to recognize this, but in this area we are changing rapidly for the better. It is not the university's business how a student dresses, or whom he entertains in his room, or how; any more than it is the business of the high school how a student wears his hair. Students and faculty both are right in demanding control over what are chiefly their own affairs.

The second point is that students do have a major role in making curricular decisions. Their role is a key one because the curriculum is designed, not by them but for their use and benefit. Their voices must be heard, and their views should have a real effect upon the decisions made. The information students can provide, their judgments on how curricular matters have been and are being handled, can come from no other source. Their participation is vitally important.

But there is an important difference between having a role in the ongoing debate, and having part of the decision-making power. The students are the ones to whom the requirements and examinations and other such matters must apply. It is inevitable that in some cases these applications will result in disappointment or unhappiness. It is therefore inappropriate and unwise to make any student representative responsible for helping to determine these standards. He cannot avoid being utterly compromised when put in such a position.

When student decision-making power begins to operate in this sphere, the academic rigor of the institution is seriously threatened. A great deal of experience in this and other countries, attests to the accuracy of this warning. I have taught in several Latin American universities; I do not wish to denigrate them or their students, who evince more social responsibility than most other elements in their communities. But student power over purely curricular affairs has resulted there, as it may here, in a corruption of the appropriate intellectual relations of students and faculty. The focus of university affairs shifts from learning to intramural politics. Students play an increasingly larger role in the hiring and promotion of staff. Standards drop. I dread all that. I used to think that the analogy between these universities and ours was unrealistic; after reflecting upon recent events on my own and other American campuses, I am convinced that we are subject to what is essentially the same deterioration. The only way to avoid it is to develop rational principles for decision making in curricular (and similar) affairs, and stick to them. [See "The Yanqui University: Ships That Pass in the Night" by Ronald Hilton, *The Nation*, August 28, 1967.]

What then is the proper course? Specifically, I urge that students be given a full and genuine opportunity to present their views on curricular matters as forcefully and as rationally as possible. Along with this is the need for a rapid increase in the sensitivity and responsiveness of the entire university community to the needs and interests of students. How develop that responsiveness? We must work on two fronts. On the formal side, we must open up new channels for representative student participation in policy-making committees, both on college and departmental levels. Here it is important not only that faculty have an opportunity to hear student opinions and judgments but that such student spokesmen be genuinely representative of, and responsive to, their student constituencies. In this area it seems clear that good progress is being made. Perhaps even more important than these formal channels, however, are the informal patterns of student influence on academic matters. Here the problem is more severe, because the great size of our universities makes very difficult a comfortable, easy and effective communication between students and faculty. We must think hard about the redesign of our institutional structure into units with which students can identify themselves more closely—the Residential College at the University of Michigan is one good example—and in which their direct, informal participation can have appropriate influence.

But I also urge that the hard decisions on curricular design and requirements remain entirely in the hands of the faculty. This means, bluntly, that in resolving such matters student representatives ought not to have a vote, either in the faculty as a body, or in the curriculum committees which investigate for the faculty, deliberate as an arm of the faculty, and make recommendations to it.

One proposal that is frequently made must be rejected. It is that, to reduce the present tension, students be given two or three votes on certain key committees of the faculty or administration. This is only to throw the students a bone; it will irritate, frustrate, and do no good. In the first place, it is a mistake to vest such power in student members of committees with the thought that the faculty retains the right of review, because the faculty as a whole is not in a position to redo the work of its committees, and is obliged to rely upon them heavily. A committee of the faculty is its instrument and should represent it. Other interested parties must be heard, but neither justice nor wisdom requires their enfranchisement. In the second place, those who seek student control in this sphere will not be appeased. If they are right in principle, two or three votes are not enough; they ought then to have at least half the votes, probably two-thirds or three-fourths of them. After all, there are more of them and they are likely to be more directly affected by particular decisions than the faculty members who make them. We must reject on rational grounds the principle that simply being affected by a decision necessarily entitles one to a voice in making it. We must look to the proper business of our several overlapping communities.

If I am accused of undue conservatism, I would note that the long years of academic tradition in our universities, their respect for books and ideas, their intellectual standards, deserve very much to be conserved. Many things need to be changed in our universities and many more in our society. But it doesn't follow that everything needs to be thrown out.

A further dimension of the entire issue of decision making in the university has been too little appreciated on our campuses recently. A historical reminder is in order. American universities have long fought the battle against special-interest groups—the American Legion and others similarly well intentioned—that have sought to impose curricular requirements from without. Courses in American history, anti-communism and others, have been strongly urged as statutory requirements for university degrees. With some difficulty such pressures have, for the most part, been successfully resisted on the solid ground that degree requirements and like matters are professional

affairs, the proper province of the faculty, not the general public, even though the public is affected by the decisions made.

If this principle be given up in the present disputes, universities—especially public universities—will be subject once again to a barrage of demands for curricular changes by nonprofessional groups which have strong convictions, some articulate support, and are genuinely affected by the outcome. The intellectual strength and independence of our universities will be threatened from without.

It is true, of course, that student demands for voting power are within the university, not outside it. But students are surely no more qualified than alumni in these affairs, or than graduates of other institutions who happen to hold political power. If the principle be now accepted that simply being affected by a decision gives one a right to help make it, the American university will suffer a series of major defeats. The result will not only be the wrongful subjection of the university to political pressure, and the weakening of its intellectual stance; it will tend, as well, to work directly against such wholesome progress as our student critics now seek.

In the interests of the universities as independent institutions, as well as the interests of its several members, it is important that faculty responsibilities be clearly recognized and firmly fulfilled.

Three final comments. First: Note that I have said nothing about the wisdom of specific curricular arrangements now in force, or of the changes in them that have been proposed. I am chiefly concerned here with how we ought to make the decisions on these matters. I hope that those who disagree with me will share my concern that we distinguish these questions, for the sake of intellectual clarity.

Second: My own view is that important decisions in a university, including those regarding curriculum, should be made, to the greatest extent feasible, democratically. Perhaps I am wrong in my understanding of democracy; but I earnestly hope that all those, students and faculty who share the democratic ideal, will do it the honor of reflecting carefully upon its proper application. Let us not be guilty of cheapening our own ideals with careless rhetoric, as so many of our political leaders have so frequently done to our distress and shame.

Third: Even if agreement on these matters is not reached, now or soon, I repeat my conviction that the vast majority of the participants in the ongoing debate are serious and honest. That seriousness and honesty can best be recognized and made effective in a context in which all of the arguments on all sides are carefully heard and weighed, composure and rationality maintained, threats avoided. That, as J. S. Mill remarked, is the real morality of public discussion. I urge that it be respected.

FROM RAGS TO NIXON

CLEMENT STONE FEELS GREAT

LOIS WILLE

Mrs. Wille is a Pulitzer Prize-winning Chicago Daily News *reporter who specializes in welfare issues, mental health, civil liberties.*

Chicago

W. Clement Stone, 67, is an immensely wealthy Chicago insurance man obsessed with the idea of planting a "positive mental attitude" in every lazy mind throughout the world. "In all the civilized peoples," he says, "and all the barbarians as well." Until January 20 he was pretty much a one-man show, exhorting listeners to think positively whenever and wherever someone asked him to speak, and sending his preachy self-help books around the country. "Success is achieved by those who *try*," he would bellow to his audiences of school children, home economics clubs and sales conventions. "Act like a winner and you *are* a winner." "What the mind can conceive and believe, the mind can *achieve*."

For years Chicago has thought of him fondly as its own charming, eccentric, paunchy little multimillionaire ($400 million, at last count). His pencil-thin black mustache, his $4 black cigars (he bought three warehouses of Havanas just before Castro overthrew Batista), his glossy black suits, his gleaming black-and-white shoes and his one-note laugh (AAAAAAAAA-haaaaaaa) were tolerated, particularly since he has given away more than $25 million to favorite causes. Some of them are the Boys Clubs of America, mental health, prisoner rehabilitation, the United Presbyterian Church, and the training of clergymen for family counseling.

But with the inauguration of President Nixon, Stone no longer belongs just to Chicago. So it is timely for the rest of the world to meet him, and to Prepare to Achieve, as Stone would say. He was one of the biggest donors in the Nixon campaign, giving close to $500,000, and that is a large political IOU. Stone had his eye on a Cabinet appointment, possibly to Health, Education and Welfare. That didn't come, but he now says he hopes to be a "citizen-adviser" to the new Administration, with a mission to overhaul HEW.

So far there has been no official word from Nixon, but in Chicago in January, at a lavish dinner Stone threw for 550 top Illinois Republicans, a few Democrats and a few blacks, Nixon kept thanking "Clem here" and throwing an arm around Stone's shoulders. "I'm so happy Clem here brought us all together," Nixon said. "Democrats, and all the great races."

If Stone does get a crack at redesigning HEW, a few of his recent actions suggest the direction it would take. Last December he sent a bushel of flowers to his embattled pal S. I. Hayakawa, acting president of San Francisco State College. He also assigned his West Coast public relations man, Mike Teilmann, to advise Hayakawa. Stone said he himself told Hayakawa to agree to nothing under threat or duress; Hayakawa will succeed, according to Stone, "if those students who are using this brute force are really fearful they are going to be incarcerated and stay there."

A few weeks earlier, at a Washington conference of the National School Boards Association, Stone scolded professional educators and school board members for not teaching "PMA"—a positive mental attitude. "You don't motivate children," he told them in a booming voice. "You don't teach character and guts." He said they could all take a lesson from him, because "in these days anyone can acquire wealth."

At this point his educator-audience began to hoot and jeer in an unscholarly manner. "How, tell me how to get rich?" one man shouted. Stone answered that a $10,000 investment made in his Combined Insurance Company of America in 1951 would be worth today $8 million.

More hoots from the educators, and before long Stone was heckled off the stage. One young woman who heard him speak at a dinner meeting of home economists—an eighty-minute speech, she points out—came away bemused. "He told us to say, 'Day by day I'm getting better and better,' fifty times in the morning and fifty times at night. He said the one magazine that has the courage to uplift and motivate people is the *Reader's Digest*. And then we all had to stand and shout in unison: 'I feel happy, I feel healthy, I feel terrific.'"

Stone himself recalls one four-hour talk he recently gave to a group of neighborhood people on Chicago's black, poor near Southwest Side. "There were some who thought it was all for the birds," he says. "That's an expression the kids use. But when I finished, I think I had given them hope. That's the key. In dealing with these wonderful Negro people, you have to get them to laugh, relax, enjoy it—and then give them hope. Their parents didn't give it to them, and neither did our schools.

"We're not going to win a war on poverty until we change the attitudes of people by teaching the art of motivation. And by teaching honesty, integrity, respect for law and order, the courage to say no."

Stone works tirelessly toward this goal. His assorted philanthropic foundations film movies, record speeches, run workshops for teachers and clergymen. Interviewed in his modest office building in a rundown North Side Chicago neighborhood (he doesn't believe in wasting money on property), he talked in slogans, as he always does.

"If you say you can't, you can't. If you say you can, you can. Riiiiight? It's a simple psychological device. The Communists use it all the time, that's why they've got the break on us. They say something ridiculous and they repeat it and repeat it until they believe it, and pretty soon we believe it, too.

"Remember, every human has a computer inside that can be trained in a certain way."

Stone believes the mind can force the emotions and body to do exactly what it wants them to do. He, for example, says he can think himself out of a headache, immediately. Or think himself to sleep, instantly. Or think himself into $400 million—although that took a few decades.

Stone may sound rather foolish when he recites, "If you want to be enthusiastic, *act* enthusiastically." "With every adversity, there is the seed of an equivalent or greater benefit." It is easy to laugh at him as just another of Nixon's Billy Graham-Norman Vincent Peale prayer-breakfast-set. But underneath the 23-skidoo style of expression, there are the basic elements of behavioral psychology. A psychiatrist who has worked with him on a number of worthy causes makes the point: "His theory about the mind controlling the emotions—that's really the goal of psychotherapy, isn't it?"

At any rate, PMA has worked for him. It all began, he says, when he was a poor little waif peering into a candy-shop window on Chicago's South Side. He was 6 years old, the only child of a widowed seamstress, and he had no money to buy candy.

"An old man used to come in for peppermint every day," he says. "I thought how wonderful to be rich and buy peppermint candy every day. And a big dill pickle from the vat at the grocery store."

To get money for candy, 6-year-old Billy Stone arranged with a newsstand vendor to sell papers at 31st Street and Cottage Grove. He lugged them into a nearby restaurant. The owner threw him out; he sneaked back in, the owner threw him out again; he sneaked back in again—and pretty soon the customers were so charmed they bought all his papers. (Lesson: "When you set out to do something, don't come back until you have done it.") By the time he was 13, Billy had his own newspaper stand at 61st Street and South Park.

When he was a teen-ager his mother became an insurance agent and he helped her sell after school. At 16 he was earning more money than Mom; so he quit high school and sold full-time.

Even as a little boy, Stone had an extraordinarily powerful will. He remembers being terribly afraid of thunderstorms, and hiding under his bed. But he decided he should not be afraid, because fear is a useless emotion. So one night when he was home alone during an awful storm he forced himself to crawl to a window and stare at the lightning. He quivered and whimpered, but he stayed at the window. He did that whenever it stormed, and now he says he loves to gaze at lightning. (Lesson: "Thinking will not overcome fear, but action will.")

That strong mind never wavered, apparently even during adolescence. At 16 he decided that when he was 21 he would marry a high school classmate, Jessie Tarson. He heard her speak during a campaign for class office, and was impressed by her mind. Besides, she was a very pretty blonde. (Lesson: "A wife is the greatest environmental influence a man can have. Choose carefully.")

He wanted to have his own business before he was married. So, at 20, with $100 capital, he rented desk space at $25 a month in a Loop building and set up his own insurance agency. He decided to use "W. Clement" instead of "William C." because he wanted a name people would remember.

In the mornings he went to YMCA Central High School to get his diploma, and late in the day and at night he sold insurance. And how he sold. "On my first day, I worked on North Clark Street within a few blocks of the place where I was staying, and I made fifty-four sales." He earned enough to marry Jessie at 21, just as he said he would. (Lesson: "The inner urge of your feelings, emotions and instincts gives you GO POWER. But want only what is good for you, never what is bad for you.")

Stone was a spectacular insurance salesman. In one nine-day period, he averaged seventy-two policies a day. By persuading office managers to let him give his sales talk to groups of their employees, he sometimes hit 100 policies a day. His biggest day was 122 policies. After that splendid performance, he decided to make even more money by multiplying himself—hiring and training salesmen. The next step was designing his own accident policy, and then forming his own company. About this time, in the late 1920s, he came across psychotherapist Emile Coué's concept of autosuggestion ("Every day in every way I am getting better and better"), and he's been a disciple ever since.

The depression years were rough and he sank into debt, but he rode out during the postwar boom and became a millionaire. There have been a few wrinkles. In the early 1950s, the Federal Trade Commission charged him with false and misleading advertising, but after lengthy hearings the charges were dropped. In 1963, the regional Internal Revenue Service said his company owed $6.4 million in back taxes because it had wrongly classified itself on returns. But Stone's good friend and attorney, W. Russell Arrington, the Republican leader of the Illinois Senate, argued the case in Washington and the local decision was reversed.

For a man of his wealth, Stone has modest tastes. He owns no yacht, no private plane, and in 1967 he bought a new Cadillac El Dorado because his Cadillac Fleetwood had turned seven years old. His stone house on the lake in suburban Evanston is handsome and full of good, heavy furniture, candelabra, thick rugs and brocade drapes. But it is not overwhelmingly lavish, and the rose sofa in his crowded second-floor study is threadbare.

When he and Jessie travel, it is almost always a business trip. "I believe in mixing business with pleasure," he says. "We operate in New Zealand, Australia, the Caribbean, England (it's only a matter of time until we're in all the countries where making money is safe). So if we go to Switzerland, for example, we're there because we're looking at the possibilities of opening branches."

Everything he does, it seems, is geared to accomplishing something positive. His breakfast is only the most energizing foods: poached eggs, whole wheat toast, milk, an envelope of gelatine dissolved in fruit juice, bacon "with all the fat fried completely out." Lunch is milk, coffee and soup in his office. He sleeps for about an hour after lunch in a little adjoining room, and again for an hour after dinner. Then he works and writes speeches until midnight in his Evanston study.

Stone's idea of a big evening on the town is a restaurant in Chicago's Chinatown, or a little Mexican place. "I like the way they fix Mexican food up here," he says. "But not down there—too spicy." His favorite dessert, which he describes with joy, is vanilla ice cream with chocolate milk. "Ever try that? Or if you want a variation, try chocolate ice cream with chocolate milk."

The Stones have three children. W. Clement, Jr., is head of the company's London office, Norman recently gave up an investment business to study art in California, and Dorothy is engaged to a Chicago attorney, David Bradshaw. He's proud of them, he says, but on reflection he thinks he made a mistake raising them. "Like everyone else," he says, "we perhaps thought too much of making them happy. People today make it too easy for their children. Struggle is good for you. You weaken a person by doing too much for him. So that's why the welfare state concept is horrible, that government will take care of you, whether you work or not. That's one reason why I say, let's have a change in the Welfare Department, in OEO. Let's teach character—let's *motivate*." The ex-newsboy with a taste for peppermint candy would now like to show HEW how it should be done.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Balance of Horror and Heroism

THE 900 DAYS: The Siege of Leningrad. *By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. 635 pp. $10.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

Mr. Werth, The Nation's *European correspondent, spent the war years of 1941-46 as Russian correspondent for the* Sunday Times, *London, and the B.B.C.*

This is a superb book, worthy of its subject. Leningrad was a city of more than 3 million in 1941. At least a million Leningraders died of hunger during the 900 days of the blockade—most of them in the terrible winter of 1941-42, or as a result of this unequaled ordeal. Like Harrison Salisbury, I have always felt that the tragedy of the city had been deliberately played down by Moscow, which had encouraged the publication of hundreds of books on the Battle of Moscow or the Battle of Stalingrad, or great victories like the capture of Berlin in May, 1945, but was not keen on too much being said about the siege of Leningrad. Yet, as Salisbury says, ten times more people died in Leningrad than in Hiroshima. This fact in itself must well have raised the awkward question in every mind: whose fault was it? But the playing down of the Leningrad saga had deeper causes—Stalin's and the Moscow bureaucracy's extreme and chronic distrust of the most Western, most anti-Muscovite city in Russia.

Salisbury starts his story with a kind of prelude to the Leningrad tragedy. He deals first with Russia's lamentable unpreparedness for the German invasion on June 22, 1941, and with Stalin's incredible miscalculation that, although he thought a German attack inevitable, he might postpone it by a few months or even a few weeks. If, indeed, the Germans had attacked just a month later, the Russians, in the interval, could have taken some additional precautions. The Germans then would have been unlikely to achieve the gains made from June to October. In that period, Leningrad was encircled, Moscow was in the gravest danger of being captured, and practically the whole of the Ukraine and the Crimea had been overrun, along with the Baltic Republics and Belorussia, which had been captured within a few days of the invasion.

The initial aim of Hitler's Plan Barbarossa, finally approved on December 18, 1940 (shortly after Molotov's famous visit to Berlin), was to make a three-pronged attack, aiming at Leningrad in the north, Moscow in the center and Rostov in the south, with the whole of European Russia being then occupied along a line running from Archangel to the Caspian. The blitzkrieg seemed indeed, for several weeks, to be going according to schedule. But two rather unexpected things happened. In the Battle of Kiev, the Russians suffered one of the greatest debacles (losing, according to the Germans, 600,000 men in the encirclement, after which there was a huge gap through which they could crash ahead to Rostov and the Crimea), but the German attack in the center was slowed down at Smolensk, while the advance on Leningrad was not as rapid as they had hoped.

Salisbury rightly attaches the greatest importance to the Luga Line (about 100 miles southwest of Leningrad) which had been fortified in a rudimentary manner by many thousands of civilians armed mainly with picks and shovels, and defended by more or less improvised troops, untrained and badly armed. Despite appalling losses, and the vast German superiority in armor and aircraft, these defenders still made the Luga battle what one Nazi officer called "the road to death." Von Leeb, commander of the Army Group Nord, called desperately for reinforcements—if Leningrad was to be captured on time. But the German High Command was otherwise engaged. Though the Luga Line finally crumbled, it had held up the Germans for a precious month, thanks above all, according to the Leningrad Party Secretary, Kuznetsov, to the People's Volunteers, who attacked the German tanks with no more than Molotov cocktails.

What happened between the final collapse of the Luga Line and the appearance of the German tanks on the outskirts of Leningrad is a story of extreme complexity, and no one has disentangled it as well as Salisbury. He has studied innumerable official documents, memoirs by officers and generals, Russian historical studies and personal statements made to him by people who witnessed the tragic, often disorderly, retreat from the Luga Line to the outskirts of Leningrad. He is also much concerned with the relations between army chief Voroshilov, party boss Zhdanov and Leningrad Mayor Popkov, on the one hand, and Stalin on the other.

Stalin appears to have been infuriated by the Leningrad Defense Council these three had set up independently of Moscow, and Salisbury attributes the recall of Voroshilov and his replacement about September 11 by Georgi Zhukov to the excessive independence Voroshilov and the Leningraders had shown. This is a controversial point. The opinion I often heard in Leningrad, both in 1943 and later, was that Voroshilov was incompetent, and had lost his head. He apparently assumed that Leningrad could not be saved, and personally led Russian troops into murderous attacks, in the hope of dying a heroic death from a German bullet. There is also the not entirely resolved question whether Stalin himself was prepared at some stage to surrender Leningrad. But it seems certain that during the most critical moments he was not at all sure that Leningrad could be held. Hence the plan—mentioned by Stalin to Churchill—to scuttle the Soviet Baltic Navy—if it came to the worst.

In this first part of Salisbury's story there are many other little-known stories. For example, he reports on the sabotage and armed attacks which the hard-pressed Russian troops met from highly organized nationalist and pro-Nazi elements in all three of the Baltic Republics; or on the fearful Russian disaster of Tallinn, that tragic and grossly mismanaged "Dunkirk" from which most of the Russian warships finally escaped to Kronstadt and Leningrad, while the unarmed troop transports carrying thousands of soldiers were left to be sunk by German dive bombers.

Did Zhukov actually "save" Leningrad? Everything shows that both the military leadership and the organizing ability shown by Zhukov compared most favorably with Voroshilov's, and his presence may well have had a good effect on the shattered and demoralized Russian troops who were now converging on Leningrad. But there is another factor which may have been of decisive importance in stiffening the morale of the troops once they were only a few miles from the city. In 1967, I had a number of long talks with Alexander Rosen, the Leningrad novelist, who was a war correspondent during those grim days. He described what he called "a unique psychological phenomenon in the whole history of the war": Leningrad's civilian population rejected the very thought that Leningrad could be abandoned and communicated this to the army. "If," Rosen said, "it was the soldiers who saved Moscow while the civilians panicked and fled, in Leningrad it was the other way round; the soldiers would not have fought as fanatically and often suicidally as they did at the gates of Leningrad if they had not been persuaded to do so by the spirit shown by the civilian population and such supremely brave volunteers as the workers of Kolpino's armaments plant south of Leningrad; the example of holding the plant against fearful odds was so inspiring that to do anything less was shameful."

At the beginning of September the Germans captured Mga, thus cutting Leningrad's last railway link with Moscow and, a few days later, they pushed on to Lake Ladoga, thus completing the encirclement of the city.

One of the most crucial questions discussed in Salisbury's book is the role of Zhdanov who presided over the city's destinies throughout the siege as the Leningrad party boss. Salisbury leaves no doubt that Zhdanov was one of the most odious figures produced by the Stalin regime. The purges of the 1930s were even fiercer in Leningrad than elsewhere, and it was Zhdanov (succeeding Kirov after the latter's assassination in 1934) who had urged Stalin to appoint Yezhov head of the NKVD. From the records of the 22nd Party Congress of 1961, it is clear that Zhdanov was the number-one Guilty Man of the great purges in Leningrad; what these purges were like we know from books like Akhmatova's *Requiem* and Lydia Chukovskaya's *Deserted House*. After the war, Zhdanov distinguished himself as Stalin's abominable arts dictator. But according to Salisbury, there was the sharpest rivalry between Zhdanov, as the head man in Leningrad on the one hand, and Beria and Malenkov on the other (the latter perhaps hoping that Zhdanov would break his neck in Leningrad). Though Zhdanov is treated in the book almost sympathetically, Salisbury does not deny some of Zhdanov's awesome responsibilities. The idea that Leningrad would be encircled never seems to have entered his head, and therefore no provision was made for either laying in adequate food stores in case of a blockade, or for evacuating the bulk of the civilian population. Instead, he used hundreds of thousands of civilians to build fortifications in the fruitless hope that the city would not be encircled. Not that the evacuation of the city would have been popular; the Leningrad people, unlike those of Moscow, had faith in their city's holding out, whatever happened.

CRICKET POEM

Crickets feast on moth hearts.
The arms fork up the golden nuggets!
And then the eyes shine fearlessly.

TIMOTHY BALAND

Having collected masses of verbal and written evidence on conditions during the famine, Salisbury gives one of the most tragic and gruesome pictures of the fearful winter of the blockade. Without light, heating, transport or food, many thousands died, at home or in the street—sometimes as many as 10,000 a day in the first months of 1942. Driven half insane, people ate pieces of human flesh cut off the corpses lying in the streets, and there were certainly cases of cannibalism when children, in particular, were kidnapped, murdered, and then eaten. But Salisbury hesitates to say how common these practices were, though he has little doubt that the "meat patties" sold in the Haymarket (the main scene of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*) consisted wholly or partly of human flesh. The hungry customers did not inquire too closely into what they were buying. That cats and dogs were eaten is equally certain; a friend of mine saved his life by cutting the throat of a neighbor's dog (itself half dead with hunger) and sucked its blood.

Much more common, however, than the resort to cannibalism was the feeling of resignation with which about a million died, with a last comforting thought perhaps that he (or she) was merely a war casualty, in unconquered Leningrad.

The worst was over by February, 1942, when the Ice Road across Lake Ladoga was organized to evacuate a large part of the survivors and to bring in supplies for those still in the city. It was an important feat of organization for which Zhdanov is given some share of the credit, as are also Kalinin, Mikoyan and Kosygin.

The story of those months in Leningrad is fairly well known; but Salisbury breaks new ground when he deals with military operations which led to saving the city. The abortive attempts to break the blockade in the winter of 1942, and later with undernourished and under-equipped troops, make some of the saddest pages in the book.

In the final section, Salisbury deals with the "Leningrad Affair" of 1949 when, after Zhdanov's death, the party leadership of Leningrad was liquidated, and many hundreds (or thousands, possibly) were shot or deported. I do not here agree entirely with Salisbury. These people were, in his view, Zhdanov's friends, and now that Zhdanov had suddenly died in August, 1948, the time of reckoning had come. I doubt whether their association with Zhdanov was considered their greatest crime. What Stalin held against them was their Leningrad particularism, their desire, by every means, to glorify the heroic defense of the city by its soldiers, and also by its population, and their aim to show that what had been done by the people of Leningrad was nobler and different from what had happened elsewhere.

When I was in Leningrad in 1943, while the blockade and the shelling of the city were still on, I spoke to P. N. Popkov, the Mayor of Leningrad. He said then that he hoped Leningrad would receive special recognition and would become the capital of Russia proper (the RSFSR), as distinct from Moscow, which would remain the capital of the USSR. Such thoughts were wholly unacceptable to Stalin, and Salisbury gives many examples of how Stalin, and his Muscovite centralizers, wanted the very memory of Leningrad's defense to be erased as far as possible. Books, films, exhibitions showing the mass heroism of the Leningrad people—a heroism with which Stalin had little or nothing to do—were prohibited one after another. Although Zhdanov happened to be party boss of Leningrad during the war, there seems no evidence that he himself developed any kind of Leningrad particularism or local patriotism; indeed, in 1946 he started his literary purge *in Leningrad*, singling out for special abuse the purest Leningrad poet, Anna Akhmatova, sneering at her, and at her love of the Bronze Horseman and the Summer Garden. Zhdanov was the typical *tolstomordyi* (as Pasternak used to say)—the real "fat-snout" Kremlin bureaucrat; that Beria, an equally odious character, was his enemy in the Kremlin rat race for power during the years before Stalin's death, did not make Zhdanov any more estimable.

And maybe Salisbury is right, after all, in being fairly charitable to Zhdanov. On balance, not only Zhdanov but also Stalin himself, and Malenkov, Mikoyan, Kosygin, Voznesensky, and perhaps even Beria, played a "positive" role in the conduct of the most fearful war in Russian history (in which the country lost 20 million people), if one is to go by the final result. But it is clear also that Stalin's bungling in June, 1941, was responsible for the loss of perhaps 10 million lives, just as Zhdanov's lack of foresight helped to condemn more than a million Leningraders to starvation. When the chips were down, both attempted to avert defeat—and succeeded. This juxtaposition of fearful mistakes and final success is at the center of the quarrel inside Russia today between the Stalinites and anti-Stalinites. Zhdanov, one of the central figures in the Leningrad story, was a Stalin in miniature, and Salisbury carefully weighs his pros and cons, but refrains from giving a clear guilty or not-guilty verdict. This, I am sure, is the correct historical method.

What emerges most clearly from the admirably documented human drama Salisbury tells here is the striking contrast between the highly unsympathetic Stalin bureaucracy and those admirable people of Leningrad, so many of whose diaries and evidence he quotes. These include Olga Bergholz, whose poetry, radio addresses and postwar novel, *The Daylight Stars*, are among the fairest tributes to the ordinary, long-suffering people of the city, and Vera Ketlinskaya whose novel, *The Siege*, was never allowed to appear in its original form because it had in it too much suffering and too much pity. People like these, and millions of others—and not in Leningrad alone—had, during the war, a human warmth and sensibility which belonged to an entirely different world from that of the "fat snouts." Salisbury has done a great job.

The First To Mine Delirium

CASTLE TO CASTLE. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Delacorte Press. 359 pp. $7.50.*

FREDERIC MORTON

Mr. Morton is the author of The Rothschilds, The Schatten Affair *(both Atheneum) and* Snow Gods *(World-NAL).*

Céline's *Castle to Castle* is published here at last and the wildest, most lupine of novel destroyers lives among us again. Once more he is a reminder that the other patriarch rebels of modern fiction are, by contrast, cultured rationalists. When Joyce and Kafka dismantled the texture, theme, architecture of the story, they built a new thing underground; something strange and booby trapped with symbols perhaps, but at the same time a cunning and intricately structured replacement for the yarn-spinning conventions they'd ripped apart.

But there's another breed of destroyers, who don't bother to turn gothic cathedrals into gothic tunnels. They work with, feed on, the very ruins they've created. Their stomp kicks the rubble into original shapes; they tune crunch and thud into unheard-of rhythms. I'm talking, of course, about Genet, Henry Miller and William Burroughs. Probably it's no accident that hellers like these are either French or sometime residents in France. After all, the revolution needs the *ancien régime*; the barricades need the palace; the Jacobins need the Bourbons. The virtuosos of insurgency must hone their art against the champions of order. In that sense Céline needed Descartes and Anatole France.

Céline was probably the earliest and certainly the most infectious of the holy vandals. He was the first to smash to bits the by now baroque dictum that "art is emotion recollected in tranquility." Céline's art—I wonder, would he ever have bothered with such a finicky self-conscious word?—is past emotion refracted and incandesced through present tension. Balance? Symmetry? Contemplation? Hypocrisy! *Pfui*! Céline was the first to shuck off not only the worthy themes but also all manners and mannerisms of the civilized man of letters.

This foul-mouthed, dysentery-ridden, anti-Semitic doctor, scrounging for patients in a Paris side street, had no use for those decent beginnings, middles and ends with which the nice storytellers entertained men—and covered up man. When he sat down to write he poked his head into his own bowels; he kept his eyes harrowingly open; he saw fantastic inner nakedness nobody had quite seen before; and he reported the vision with an honesty that had to come in bellows, yawps and roars. In *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan* he howled himself into fame, long before Allen Ginsberg. And the prime phantasmagorians of today—Genet, Burroughs, Günter Grass—how could they help but learn their raving from him? He was the first to mine delirium, to sculpt it as if it were precious alabaster.

Castle to Castle reminds us of all that. But it shows as well that Céline is not just a historical milestone. I wish he were. *Castle to Castle* proves how appallingly up to date its dead appalling author is; that—God help us!—he becomes more contemporary with every riot and each newly installed missile site. Like his other major novels *Castle to Castle* is autobiographical. The book records Céline's later years as a Nazi collaborator in Germany and his final, miserable medical practice in the Paris of the 1950s. Of course "records" is the wrong word. Céline's style consists of outcries and exclamations, groans and curses, all in white heat, separated by dots which like machine-gun bullets mow down even the mitigating orderliness of grammar.

Somehow—and this is the blackest of Céline's infernal skills—you never become numb. He knows how to remain colloquial, almost folksy, in his vilest imprecations; he changes the pace just enough to let you shift in your seat, take another deep breath; and every arrant curse fascinates—and hurts—with some diabolic perception. He'll conjure up the sound, smell, terror of an air raid and, almost in the same breath, add: "To tell the truth, a continent without war is bored . . . as soon as the bugles start up, it's a holiday . . . total vacation. And the bloodlust!"

The effectiveness here lies not so much in the psychological insight as in the brute, heedless sweep of which it is part. It really brings home sitting before the television set, watching a merry beer commercial jangle to its end, followed instantly by a dapper American major in the Mekong Delta, saying, "In order to save this village we had to destroy it," followed by sports and another word from our sponsor. Death and greed are separated by a few seconds of station identification, the equivalent of Céline's three dots . . .

For the more *outré* Céline's scene, the more familiar its implications. Much of the book is dominated by the miasmic castle of Siegmaringen, the Hohenzollern seat where Pétain, Laval, Céline and dozens of other French collaborators are ensconced with their wives, whores and *chefs de protocol*. The war is lost. De Gaulle is on the march, the Allied air force rumbles overhead. But inside the castle crystal glasses are still raised under Meissen chandeliers, servants rustle across deep rugs. There is the feeling that the gods are at their most godlike in the *Götterdämmerung*. The stroboscopic blasts of Céline's style reveal a doomed glamorous enclave, a high-decibel alternation of luxury and despair; it suggests the frantic, embattled discothèque in which we are all collaborators, active or passive, dancing into a deserved apocalypse.

It is almost a relief when Céline fails. The earlier parts of the book are set in Paris; and there a boat on the Seine becomes transmuted in Céline's fancy into Charon's mythical ferry, shipping the dead across the river Styx. At first the idea works up a fine hallucinatory and sulfurous momentum. Then it becomes merely a trick needlessly prolonged. For once Céline degenerates from the visionary to the literary, from the black prophet to the candidate for the Académie Française, trying to produce a respectable piece of rhetoric.

But the man is too unrelenting a genius to give his readers many such respites. Céline has been buried for eight years now, but his shriek still hangs in the air, calling us, fiendishly, each by our own name.

A Note on 'Cancer Ward'

CANCER WARD. *By Alexandr Solzhenitsyn. Translated by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 560 pp. $10.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls. Alexandr Solzhenitsyn's novel, Cancer Ward, *has been the object of a copyright dispute, involving the author, the British publisher, and the two U.S. publishers who have issued it in different translations, Dial Press and Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Mr. Capouya's full review of the novel in the Dial Press edition appeared in the January 6, 1969 issue of* The Nation. *Below is a note on the Farrar, Straus & Giroux edition.*

It ought to be cause for rejoicing that this splendid novel is appearing in two separate editions in this country. Another novel of Mr. Solzhenitsyn's, *The First Circle*, is on the best-seller lists, but in my opinion *Cancer Ward* is the better book, and it is possible that this new version may help to put it before a larger number of readers. The translation seems very good to me, and interesting documents are included in the volume by way of introduction and appendix. Among these are two letters addressed by the author to official literary bodies in the Soviet Union, protesting the confiscation, censorship and suppression of his works. There are also long excerpts from the proceedings of a session of the Soviet Writers' Secretariat, at which Mr. Solzhenitsyn attempted to defend himself. Finally, there is a letter to *Literaturnaya Gazeta*:

> *April 21, 1968*
>
> I have learned from a news story published in *Le Monde* on April 13 that extracts and parts of my novel, *Cancer Ward*, are being printed in various Western countries, and that the publishers—Mondadori (Italy) and The Bodley Head (England)—are already fighting over the copyright to this novel—since the USSR does not participate in the Universal Copyright Convention—despite the fact that the author is still living!
>
> I would like to state that no foreign publisher has received from me either the manuscript of this novel or permission to publish it. Thus I do not recognize as legal any publication of this novel without my authorization, in the present or the future, and I do not grant the copyright to anyone. I will prosecute the distortion of the text (which is inevitable in view of the uncontrolled duplication and circulation of the manuscript), as well as any unauthorized adaptation of the work for the cinema or theatre.
>
> I already know from my own experience that all the translations of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* suffered because of the haste with which they were made. Evidently the same fate awaits *Cancer Ward* as well. Besides the question of money, literature itself is involved here.
>
> *A. Solzhenitsyn*

It is commendable that Farrar, Straus & Giroux have been so candid as to put before the public Mr. Solzhenitsyn's views with regard to unauthorized foreign editions. I should like to think that they did not know of the existence of that letter when they first undertook to publish an English edition of *Cancer Ward*. Once they had committed themselves to the project and invested money in it, it was to be expected that they would carry it through, for at this stage of our civilization the commercial considerations are the governing ones. But in the face of so express a prohibition from the author, publishing his novel is a kind of forcible expropriation. The technical name for the practice is literary piracy, and publishers are quick to use the term when they are themselves victimized in that way. Vladimir Petrov contributes a note to the appendix that glances at this question, and he implies that Solzhenitsyn may not really mean what he writes in his letter to *Literaturnaya Gazeta*.

But who is to say, if not the author himself? What we know of his life and what we read in his books tell us that he is one of those rare beings who always mean every word they write. Certainly Petrov's suggestion cannot dispel the odor of self-interest that clings to these enterprises, and that ultimately involves Solzhenitsyn's American readers in an act of bad faith.

The problem is brought home to us precisely because we feel nourished and restored by this book—a genuine work of literature—whether we read it in the Dial Press edition or in the version published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. We must have a bad conscience about enjoying the novel while abusing the generous spirit who created it, and who should in decency be privileged to say how it shall be presented to his audience in foreign countries. The principle here is not merely that of private property—to which both the publishers concerned doubtless subscribe—but of the author's moral rights in his own creation.

State of Mind of the Thirties

A LONG JOURNEY. *By George Charney. Introduction by Michael Harrington. Quadrangle Books. 340 pp. $7.50.*

T. B. BOTTOMORE

Mr. Bottomore, formerly head of Simon Fraser University, is now at the University of Sussex. He is the author of Critics of Society *and* Classes in Modern Society *(both Pantheon).*

Mr. Charney, unlike many of those who have felt impelled to confess publicly the political sins of their youth or middle age, has been neither soured nor permanently disillusioned by his experiences. Charney began as a minor functionary in the American Communist Party in the 1930s. He ultimately became chairman of the New York party and a member of the national committee, and in 1951 was one of those leaders who were indicted and convicted under the Smith Act. He writes sensitively and without rancor, reaffirming the validity of the idealism and the revulsion against capitalism which attracted him and others to communism during the depression, yet seeing with an acutely critical eye the intellectual shoddiness, the dishonesty, the inhumanity, and ultimately the irrelevance of Soviet communism and its representatives in the United States.

Much of Mr. Charney's account from the inside confirms what is now generally accepted about the place of the Communist Party in American radicalism. The party had a largely middle-class membership, and it never established any strong roots in the working class; only for a time in the late thirties and the forties did it acquire an influence in some of the progressive labor unions, and this was destroyed again in the 1950s. The other possible mass base for the party was among the Negroes, and it succeeded to some extent in establishing its leadership in Harlem as a result of the Scottsboro movement, although in the view of some Negro critics (most recently, Harold Cruse) this was at the cost of inhibiting any genuine Negro radicalism. At all events, such influence as the party gained has vanished with the rise of an independent militant Negro movement.

In the 1930s Marxism and communism appealed more to the intellectuals than to the American working class, yet even in this sphere the influence of the Com-

SEA HORSES

The mottled swimming hordes,
Profiles and lidless eyes,
Circle aquarium walls,
As though mere fin and tail
Defined all motion.

Only the sea horse, perpendicular,
Erects his Gothic stance,
Turns in a slow periphery
His claim for starkness,
The acid edge of cliff and crag.

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

munist Party has sometimes been exaggerated. Charney is right to point out that there was never a philosopher (or, one might add, a social theorist) of any note in the movement, and that the few scholars who ventured to utter independent ideas were soon excommunicated. The American Communist Party, like others in the West, was subordinated to its Stalinist mentors and had to share the same debased intellectual life. Much of its energy went into sectarian strife and witch hunting, and this could have little appeal for serious thinkers. Furthermore, it was involved in doctrinal debates which were often quite remote from American experience and problems. Charney's comments on his rediscovery of his place as an American during the war make an important point about the need for any serious radical movement to be concerned first of all with the history, problems and aspirations of its own people.

In the 1960s American radicalism has begun to take on a form of its own (as it did once before, in the early years of this century) and to become more independent of foreign models and ideas. Indeed, the student movement, the Negro movement, and the American social critics have all had a considerable influence upon radical movements in other countries. Charney, contemplating this revival, ends his book on a note of optimism, but at the same time he expresses, directly or indirectly, some warnings which it would be well to heed. "We were still obsessed," he writes, in explaining the failure of the Communist Party to gain any wide support, "with the theory of catastrophe." Today, in the radical movement, there are some (fortunately, still a small minority) who are similarly obsessed, who reject any and every reform in favor of dramatic confrontations. There has grown up in some quarters a dogmatic intolerance, a sectarian fury (without even the justification of a theory of society to support it), a thoughtless contempt for everything that can be branded "liberalism," which is reminiscent of the Communist state of mind in the thirties. In the same circles there is often a willing acceptance of their separation from the working class and the labor unions, and a new theory of the "vanguard" has been invented in order to make a virtue out of this misfortune. I fear that some of the present forms of radicalism, if they were to spread more widely, would lead only to fresh defeats and renewed disillusionment. It may be that men never do learn from their history, but the history of radicalism in the 1930s, which Charney helps us so well to understand, is one from which we desperately need to learn.

Priceless Catch

DRAGGING THE MAIN: And Other Poems. *By David Ray. Cornell University Press. 59 pp. $3.95.*

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

Mr. Coleman's latest book of poems is Rose Demonics 1936-1966 *(Linden Press).*

David Ray is a free poet, free of the district supervisors who assign the same style sheet for young pupils in poetry. But the freedom of David Ray is a very exacting freedom. Because he is an explorer, he must make more careful preparation for his trip than those who travel mapped-out seas and lands, providing his own disciplines of sight, sound, judgment and endurance. So genuine a poet must be free to make mistakes: to take a wrong direction only to discover something outrageously new; or to stumble or drift into danger in the night and then, taking a sight on the next sun, painstakingly to set out on his true course endlessly outside, endlessly inside, himself.

An earlier collection titled *X-Rays* is a whole book of taking sights, of setting course:

. . . moon-sails and sky-scrapers and
cloud-rakers
Touch the high winds too. There is
no end
To proliferation of fable—canvas
and star
A man climbs as he can. And
walking
Without you—it never seemed
possible—
I know there is no end to woe—by
the barn
An old cow is chewing. She can go
on chewing
Forever as I can grieve forever
And always a greater grief and a
new land.

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legacy for Americans

Norman
Thomas

focuses on today's
great problems

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An IVES WASHBURN Book

DAVID McKAY
COMPANY, INC.
New York 10017

The heavens are still dizzy with
promises.

In *Dragging the Main*, the promise in the earlier book is realized. In the title poem, the poet is walking in an American town by the sea:

Past the closed beauty shops where
the
Hair-driers inside gleamed like
bombs . . .

While hot rodders are cruising Main Street, he sees a girl go by alone in a car. Instantly there is something between them. She circles around the block and drives back several times. He races after her. She disappears. He had

. . . thought the love that had
Once thrown me away was sneaking
up . . .

He stood

. . . where the Shell sign
squeaked . . .
and was glad she helped to destroy
me . . .

To his imagination the passing brunette by the roaring sea finally says it wasn't love stinging his face,

But only the pure cars of America
that
Were dragging the main, looking
for fools
Who want to hold even the lights
of Main
Street, and the sweetness of a face.

In *The Paseo in Irun*, the author writes of the main drag in a Basque town in Spain:

It is like Dragging the Main
in our hotrods back home
only it is walking
under umbrellas
taking the Sunday Paseo
about 7 p.m. in early darkness. . .

they stroll in pairs the novia
and the novio . . .

nothing

gets accomplished except
what is seen on a face

Bitter over the war in Vietnam, he speaks of another street:

What have they brought to the
streets
of Saigon except smog
and for the kids lessons on how to
suck?

Among other inner features, *X-Rays* revealed in David Ray a wit both mordant and vivacious. There are persistent evidences of that wit in *Dragging the Main*; they make the book lively; but the extraordinary life of the work goes deeper. Pictures cannot quite be taken of it. And it is ultra-sonic; one cannot quite hear it, but only feel its effects.

Toward the end there come almost as relief two poems in a closer-to-surface category: "Doing Without" and "Having Too Much." In the first, the man "who looks amused to have discovered . . . another piece of firewood" is contrasted with those in despair

from never absorbing quite
enough electricity.

But surface to deeps, this is a dragnet of a book, catching what is priceless.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

One can ascribe much of the physical excitement and emotion in *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* (Belasco Theatre) to its acting and direction. But since the opportunity for these assets is offered by Don Petersen's text, one may reasonably set down the event as an interesting "thing."

I note my reaction in this matter to stress anew that theatre art is not a matter of drama alone, to which stage elements are added, but a totality which creates or may create a single unified impression. How the various ingredients serve the complete effect it is the function of theatre criticism to elucidate. For the spectator what counts is the impact of the whole.

Petersen's script deals with various types of boys and girls—both black and white—in a rehabilitation center for narcotics. It is clear that his dramatized report is based on his experience as a teacher in such an institution. The pivot of his play is an English instructor, though he is a less colorful character than several of his wards.

The play is written with facility and, except for somewhat dated slang, a certain authenticity. Among the characters are a Puerto Rican youth with a religious streak in him that has turned into a lyrically laughing satanism. He has accepted his condition in triumphant despair, as if inevitable and thus desirable. Present too is Bickham, a frighteningly forceful Irish boy (the actor who plays him is a conspicuously "Latin" type), given to insolent brutality. He rejects all softening sentiment, though he harbors a sneaking admiration for the cool honesty of Mr. Winters, the aforementioned instructor. Buried in Bickham, also, is a quotient of volcanic poetry; but he is beyond redemption.

Then there is the "love interest." One of the black youths, who desires to kick the habit, is strongly attracted to Linda, a prostitute, also black, whose only relief from the harshness of her environment is the drug to which she is addicted as to a salvation. Her mother, of the same profession, died, the girl tells us, not of the diagnosed syphilis but of the terrible existence in which she was trapped since childhood. Linda is defiantly and violently cynical but at the end of the play when the boy, aspiring to health and about to leave the center, offers to marry her, she confesses her love for him. There is some faint hope that when she too is released the couple might make a go of it.

One is willing to accept the play's situations, though they may readily be termed bathos. Everyone is good and an air of "forgiveness" sweetens the presumably infected atmosphere. But what is harder to accept and finally defeats the evening is that we come to know little about its people except for their case histories. Bickham, we learn, in a melodramatically false scene with the establishment's head shrinker, suffers from want of a father and even more from the shock he sustains on learning that this long-absent parent is a disgusting being.

Portraiture through cut-rate psychoanalysis is a bane of much contemporary writing. Characters explain themselves or are explained to us by a doctor. We acquiesce to such "popular science" because we are conditioned to it by innumerable trite plays, novels and magazine articles. "Psychology" in drama is valid only when it is revealed through action and when such action points to something beyond medical or sociological data. What makes Petersen's play momentarily arresting is pigment, stage pigment composed of the paste of journalistic Freudianism.

Yet I have said that the whole is interesting. It is the acting which makes it so. As director, Michael Schultz, hitherto chiefly associated with the Negro Ensemble Company, has given the production movement and thrust which compel attention, and has helped shape performances that are frequently stirring. What they convey is the pathos of people fighting, to little avail, to make themselves or others sound. Thus a modicum of genuineness (not mere factuality) enters the proceedings.

Hal Holbrook plays Mr. Winters (his is an almost thankless task) most sympathetically, with unforced compassion and relaxed virility. Al Pacino, as the irremediable bombshell Bickham, displays (as he did in *The Indian Wants the Bronx*) a quietly fierce power, as well as warmth within savagery. He brings control and clear intention unusual in the projection of such roles. He is occasionally inaudible (from too much "naturalism"; or as a witty actor of old once said of another player, "he is overacting his underacting"). Now that Pacino has established his ability in this phase of characterization it would be pleasant to imagine that he might undertake to train himself for such roles as Edmund in *Lear*, Shylock, Richard III, Peer Gynt! So many actors who quickly are assigned their "niche" find themselves stuck in it and thus become commodities.

Lauren Jones, besides being an attractive woman, plays Linda with a sweeping passion before which one cannot remain indifferent. Roger Robinson is engagingly "idealistic" as the fellow who loves her. David Opatoshu in the rather sorry role of the analyst keeps the scene with Bickham going by sheer effort of faith in its reality. A special word of praise is due Jon Richardson in the small but perhaps best conceived part in the play, that of the center's supervisor, Dr. O'Malley, who is at once all square trust and benevolence and devastatingly disabused as to the efficacy of the offered treatment. Other actors, Lazaro Perez and Jose Perez, enrich the general picture.

Edward Burbridge's setting is an efficient and expressive structure, in some measure marred by the painted backdrop of the city which, while well enough executed, weakens the austere statement of the practical foreground.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

"I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love, If you want me again, look for me under your bootsoles." So saying, Walt Whitman left a hint now curiously, and for the most part, unconsciously, taken up by numerous contemporary sculptors whose work withdraws into the earth whence the raw materials of sculpture had once been lifted and configured in upright presences. Gallons of ink have already been spilled in behalf of the aesthetics of these young men, only to dry out innocuously among the grit, rocks, pebbles and dust which constitute the normal range of their material enterprise. Under the rubric of earth sculpture, or "earth works," we've seen sprouting, for almost a year, innumerable wayward and obscure projects, memorialized vicariously in the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Time*. Trenches in the Nevada desert, rock piles in Aspen, Colo., and metal filings concentrically spread at New Haven: these are not merely the evidence of an extraordinary decentralization of New York art but also of a will to re-establish the geological bases of art, and to emphasize them in such a manner that artifact and impulse precipitate osmotically into their primal states of matter. And although much of this development is to be seen in Western European countries, the phenomenon strikes one as inherently American in its absurd grandeur, and its cranky diffidence whispering of cosmological overtones. It can be remarked, not in the realm of historical causality but in the terrain of suggestive coincidence, that the presence of this art at this moment is ramified by our political situation.

In the early sixties, for example, the Kennedy years, one witnessed the outburst of Pop art, which purveyed, however ambiguously, a burlesque celebration of the mass media whose brightness and stylishness may now seem a little tarnished in its upbeat tone. The era of the Alliance for Progress and the Peace Corps was not without a certain alarmed gaiety. As the strobe lights blinked, the Beatles called the tune to which Pop artists assimilated the disciplines of abstract painting. But by the mid-sixties, in the miasma of Johnson, American art oriented itself to far more arcane, puritanical and resistant emblems embodied in blocky, smooth-bore sculptural volumes. It is not too far-fetched to say that the featureless, low-income city planning, and the dismal stretches of exurbia had much to do with the point of reference for this sculpture. As has been suggested by some recent criticism, the "black box" of the *S.S. Turner Joy*, that malevolent radar encased in its neutral cube, symptomized the new image of the machine, articulated by minimal sculptors whose mammoth fiberglass or plastic boxes backed their spectators up against the gallery wall. Duplicitous blankness, meaningless consumption of space: these were the artistic co-efficients, or rather metaphors, of an American atmosphere charged with corporate paranoia. The criminal monotonies of the war in Vietnam could not be papered over with billboard grimaces by an art concerned with purist form, and yet simultaneously obsessed with the anodyne menace of American space. We seemed to be shrinking in size, hopelessly, impotently, before the sheer hollow bulk of these geometrical forms. Again, though, there was an ambiguity, in that the modernist abstract assumptions of this sculpture could not but take the latent measure of its surroundings, moduling it in mortuary paradigms of the assembly line. And now, by the end of the decade, time running out, political conflict nationally polarized, government institutions paralyzed, municipal services falling apart, congested urban life blackmailed, choked and pressured by self-serving unions, sculpture, once again taking a cultural lead, offers a comment, and an escape.

It does not seem a political accident that sculptors today provide a species of material chaff, seemingly fallen, scattered, or dug out of the ground, muzzy strewings or fragmented chips left to bemuse a society entangled in the debris of its own incoherence. But, melded with this psychological warning, is a nostalgia to get free, to break loose to the open plains, that is unprecedented in American art exactly because artistic dimension had never, until now, taken for its arena a whole continent. This sculpture can be thought to exist everywhere and nowhere. It does not nudge or shape space by any concerted structural attack. Often, it cannot even be thought present, except to a mind aware of certain topographical conditions referred to in aerial photographs and documents. The spectacle of this new work betokens, on the one hand, a vast exhaustion, a breakdown of energies and an unraveling of form while, on the other, it insinuates a tentative regeneration, some imminent rising of human alternatives other than culture and artifact. Yet frequently the impression it gives is of nothing more than a Sisyphean shift of material from one locale to another—nothing significantly given or taken away from the available densities of the landscape. So

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THE Americans:
A CONFLICT OF CREED AND REALITY
by Ronald Segal
Author of The Race War

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there is a pronounced and quixotic futility in these endeavors which dramatize, when all is said and done, the sluggishness of the *status quo*. It takes no effort of the imagination to see in this work correlations of the misgivings of the young and the dispossessed, thwarted everywhere by a system lumbering on to ecological suffocation.

Modern art, especially as "nonrepresentational" as this, rarely gets talked about in such coarse-grained political perspective. Nothing said so far can pretend to any literal translation of the sculptors' views themselves. And I should be the last to deny the inner formal necessities which have brought earth works into existence. Rather, I am talking about the effect of large imaginative patterns in contemporary art as it impinges upon the consciousness of America in trauma.

On a more immediate professional level, however, there is a distinct note of rebelliousness, and hence, moral activism, in the new sculptors. Theoretically, they would seem to be disengaging themselves from the market structure and the gallery system of the art world. The transactional nature of our commerce with art, both economic, and experiential, is subverted by masses of inchoate substances meaningful only in that they are "coming from," rather than "going to," a particular destination. It is not merely that they require a low level of scrutiny more appropriate for a sandbox than an intact, composed work of art; it is rather that they refuse to be a commodity in any economic sense of the word. You cannot expect this art to be shoveled into your living room and still preserve the way it looked in the gallery, or keep distinct the boundary lines between aesthetic charade and domestic living. You cannot expect, in fact you are defied, to want to buy it. And it is easy to imagine the discomfort of those whose role obliges them to sell it. Values of scarcity, concentration and prestige no longer obtain—partly, one guesses, because they are the accouterments of a culture discredited overall by its manifest oppressions.

Of course, we've seen, in happenings, no less transient passings and interactions of "form." But these were theatrical performances in a temporal art. It is because sculpture does not operate within the acknowledged medium of time that the above remarks are still too theoretical. The point about the temporal versus the visual arts is that in the latter, one *looks at* an immobile object, or set of objects, as opposed to *watching* a sequence of ever-vanishing events. Earth sculpture in galleries would be a contradiction in terms even if it did not look incongruously "installed," or rather, caged, for it is neither precisely landscape any more, nor a man-made thing, but instead an underfoot, though cordoned off, soil sampling that does not attract looking. Occasionally, the dirt floor of a Walter de Maria comes to seem unintentionally Surrealist in a gallery context. Outdoors, the sculptors may have the greater advantage of consistency with the surround, but they coyly sacrifice any focus that would single out or differentiate their work. Often, at considerable expenditure of effort, and only after being elaborately cued or guided, can one happen upon one of their tenuous excavations, and this proves, finally, too trivial to sustain the weight of previous anticipation. The knowledge that an artist rather than a farmer, or the weather, has created those sodden hedges or molelike humps in the turf, is the receding root of the experience.

Of course, these various pressures have already registered their urgency in certain recent maneuvers of earth works. They were best, perhaps, to be seen in a show, organized by Thomas Leavitt, at the Cornell University Museum, a Victorian mansion serving half as hothouse for this literally organic and mineral art, and half as coordinating center for a dozen or so snowbound sculptural sprouts or incisions, scattered over the precipitous environs of Ithaca, N.Y. A project by Dennis Oppenheim consisted of a room devoted to a series of maps of the locale pinpointing the variously disparate sites for earth works (shown in photographs) that repeated, one at a time, in precise dimension, the floor plan of each of the rooms of the museum. It was a pretty conceit on the play of exterior and interior spaces, time, distance and change, couched in the language of a slightly mad surveyor. This notion of constructed and natural alter egos, reflecting each other as if on some mirror of the mind, is also purveyed, now literally by mirrors, by Robert Smithson. In his beautiful section, a set of rectangular mirrors, lying on invisible bases a few inches off the floor, become positioners for piles of translucent rock salt (taken from a nearby mine), generously overflowing between them. Very smartly, Smithson has grasped and pioneered, in polemical essays even more than sculpture, the fundamental doubling potentialities of the mode. That is, he is involved with an illusory process of duplication whereby, for instance, bins of ore samples and contour maps of the New Jersey land from which they have been quarried, are cross-referenced in a stop-frame demonstration that gives a kind of stutter to the usual categories of the finite (Dwan Gallery). This sometimes magical pedantry imposes an implausible order on the primordial and the amorphous. And in his current exhibition at the Castelli Gallery, Robert Morris, the brilliant minimalist who goes occasionally "soft," layers a room wall to wall with woolly, multi-colored waste from a knitting mill, interspersed with stand-up mirrors that mark off space even as they deny measure.

I cite these works as intellectual exceptions to the products of sculptors, many of whom are not quite sure what they are doing, in a mode that is already fairly compromised. For in their effort to contain their unruly materials, several of the earth sculptors back into the formal prejudice of gussying earth in nice little mounds or concentric rakings that smack only too much of house and garden decoration. And, needless to say, this indicts whatever political radicalism they might aspire to reflect. If the Cornell show is any example, furthermore, the spectacle of a university importing, and paying the way, even from Europe, of a group of dissident anti-technological sculptors, raises issues of patronage and consumption that are all too familiar in the drawbacks of a system whose reform still awaits meaningful instrumentation. That monolith, like so much else in our society, has a sly way of resisting—and accommodating—the most virulent demands for freedom. Meanwhile, a few spirits have bequeathed themselves "to the dirt to grow from the grass I love," in a new gesture of the poetic imagination.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

A theatrical device of ancient respectability is the literal implementation of a hyperbole. It is frequently used for humor—*First Comedian*: "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse"; *Second Comedian* enters left, leading one—but it can be adapted to sterner effects. Thus it must be assumed that somewhere in the proceedings of *If. . . .*, a British film directed by Lindsay Anderson, who is remembered here for *This Sporting Life* (1963), a member of the leading triumvirate says: "I'd like to kill the whole blazing lot of them." That is what happens.

If. . . ., then, is not a film to be read on the surface as realism; it moves into and out of fantasy. Nor can one always determine when the shift has occurred. This uncertainty is augmented by the fact that the picture also jumps back and forth between color and black and white in no evident correlation with the nature of the episodes on view. Since seeing it, I have read that the producing company found itself running short of funds, and

THE CITY

If flowers want to grow
right out of the concrete sidewalk cracks
I'm going to bend down to smell them.

DAVID IGNATOW

therefore abandoned color in the latter days of the shooting schedule (since movies are not shot chronologically, the two kinds of film stock are scrambled through the whole continuity).

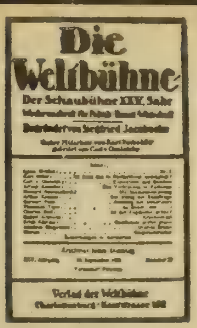
Beyond that is the problem of the Anglo-American gap—we may be brothers, but we were not raised in the same house, and differences of expectation can be sudden and baffling. *If. . . .* is set in a British public school, which Americans associate with Tom Brown and the memoirs, usually embittered, of men of letters. What these institutions are really like today—what they foster and what they countenance—we really do not know, and therefore how much of the film was understood by its home audience as document, how much as exaggeration for social emphasis, it is hard for me, at least, to decide.

Some of the hyperbole is evident enough. When two of the three bad boys (Malcolm McDowell, David Wood and Richard Warwick) leap onto a motorcycle displayed in a salesroom of the nearby town, and gun the machine out into the countryside, fancy begins as the motor detonates. At a roadside café, they meet up with an entranced and mesmerizing waitress (Christine Noonan) who manifests herself from time to time in later scenes; all of those can be judged hallucinatory.

But how about the hanging of a boy upside down in a toilet, or the relaxed acceptance of homosexuality (two boys together in a dormitory bed; the trading of a young student-servant between prefects), or the fatuous megalomania of the headmaster? How about the elegantly sadistic caning of the three "bad influences" by the head prefect? It is not always possible to divide facts from enacted implications.

One aspect that we may take as real —indeed, as international fact—is the revolutionary romanticism of the trio: guerrilla posters on the wall, blood oaths of solidarity, references to "pure acts." And as the film works on, it is obvious that the fantasy will prevail. A cadet corps field exercise is interrupted by real bullets and the bayoneting of the chaplain, who doubles in brass for the occasion. The three boys are caught, told by the headmaster that this sort of mischief cannot go on, and set as a penance the cleaning out of decades-old rubbish from a school cellar. There, amidst deteriorating stuffed trophies and bottled fetuses, they find a supply of guns and ammunition left over from the civil defense days of World War II. They take to the rooftops and await the students, parents, faculty and distinguished guests to emerge from Speech Day ceremonies. Mutual annihilation.

And that, in its spirit, is real enough. These three are the brightest boys, the most promising and inventive boys (and the girl is their genius of the gratuitous act). They want to put their world up against a wall and gun it down. Well, boys do feel that way; have felt that way. The question is, how far must they go today to keep faith with their convictions? According to Godard in *La Chinoise*, and now according to Anderson in *If. . . .*, they have become capable of their gestures. The films are alike in making ambiguous the transition from gesture to capability, and that is the firm base of their truth. We others—older, more historically minded, less capable of demonstrating a sense of outrage—do not know where the line runs and are really afraid to find out. Machine guns chatter from behind the gargoyles of College House, and that must be hyperbole. But youths of similar age have formed a society for self-immolation in Prague and that is fact. Somewhere between the two the line is drawn, and the future falls on one side or the other.



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MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Although the subject of shrinking concert audiences has occupied the eye of the press during the current New York music season, this concern apparently stems from the showing of the conventional recital and orchestral programs—and it will be surprising if the surfeit of standard repertory on records, on "good-music" radio stations, and in concert halls does not begin to have some cumulative effect on attendance patterns. But it should also be noted that audiences at the various New York series devoted to contemporary music have not, in general, fallen off—rather, they seem to be more populous than ever. And equally striking is the way that each series is developing its own following, above and beyond the increasing hard-core "modern music" crowd.

Among the different series, two have been notable for their consistency of programming interest and performance quality. The older is that of the League of Composers-ISCM, which was successfully revived last year under the initiative of Henry Weinberg. This season, an even more ambitious program has been organized by Jacques Monod. In addition to presenting new works, the League-ISCM has been offering a series of "one-man" retrospective concerts to celebrate important anniversaries of leading American composers; and this year the program in honor of Elliott Carter's 60th birthday (co-sponsored by the Fromm Music Foundation), was a model of how such things should be done.

The works played—the Piano Sonata (1946), Sonata for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe and Cello (1952), and Second String Quartet (1959)—hardly require praise at this date, but their juxtaposition focused attention on Carter's very special way of deriving every composition from the nature of his medium, on the exact, individual and inseparable relationship that prevails in each work between sound resources and language. Contributing significantly to the impact of the concert were the performances—Charles Rosen's staggering account of the Piano Sonata, the Juilliard Quartet's authoritative reading of the Second Quartet (a much needed new recording of which was scheduled to be made shortly after the concert), and a capable, well-balanced account of the Sonata by Paul Jacobs, Karl Kraber, Charles Kuskin and Fred Sherry.

The high level of performances at the League-ISCM concerts can be attributed in large part to Monod's extensive experience with, and realistic appraisal of, the requirements for adequate rehearsal. A comparable professionalism is evident in the work of The Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University, directed by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger, now in its seventh season of concerts at McMillin Theatre. Although passed by when the Rockefeller Foundation dispensed endowments to university-based chamber groups several years ago (see *The Nation*, July 19, 1965), the Group has managed to continue its activities. Now that the Rockefeller-supported ensemble at Rutgers has foundered after exhausting the original grant, the Columbia ensemble's survival becomes even more important in providing the New York region with performing resources for serious new music.

In addition to a high level of performance, the Group has done valuable service in keeping classics of the 20th century before the public and in providing second and third hearings for difficult works (since their McMillin concerts are rarely covered by the regular press, they are free from any pressure to schedule premieres for publicity reasons). Among this season's presentations, I single out a few that seemed particularly noteworthy. James Randall's *Lyric Variations* for Violin and Computer is an all-tape piece (Paul Zukofsky's violin was pre-recorded and synchronized with the computer-synthesized sounds), perhaps laid out on an overextended time scale but nevertheless clear and logical; the sound quality is the most impressive I have yet heard achieved by computer synthesis. On the same program (January 13) were two works by Chou Wen-chung, including a particularly fascinating adaptation (for low winds and brass, violin, piano and percussion) of a 13th-century Chinese piece.

Earlier in the season (November 24), at a Town Hall concert given in conjunction with New York University, the Group offered a second hearing of Benjamin Boretz's *Group Variations I*, whose multi-dimensional complexity of detail on this occasion yielded elements of coherence absent in its previous performance: the cumulative energy generated by the interlocking gestures of the individual instruments is obviously only one aspect of continuity that Boretz is developing here, but sufficiently absorbing to make further hearings mandatory.

Fortunately for non-New Yorkers, this season has seen the release of several valuable recordings by The Group for Contemporary Music on the CRI label: Stefan Wolpe's Trio on CRI-233, Wuorinen's Chamber Concerto on CRI-230 and his *Janissary Music* (a percussion solo for Raymond DesRoches, whose spectacular performance was also a feature of the Town Hall concert) on CRI-231. Aside from the significance of the repertory contained therein, these records demonstrate the expertise of ensemble and execution that the Group has accumulated over the years. The continuity of this tradition has become an important force in the stimulation of compositional development and the growth of an audience for serious contemporary music.

Some special measurement for devotion must be applied, I suspect, to the capacity audiences that have filled a gallery at the Whitney Museum for the concerts of Composers' Showcase, since no chairs are provided (cushions are scattered on the floor). Despite the large gallery's dubious acoustics, there was something of value at both programs I was able to attend: on January 21, electronic music-*cum*-visuals, and on February 4 an evening of songs and chamber music. With the exception of a film by Lloyd M. Williams, which did relate coherently to Vladimir Ussachevsky's music, the first evening's sound and sight (light shows for Gaburo and Powell, dance for Babbitt's *Ensembles*) manifested few relationships that were not purely coincidental, and the noisy ventilating fans for the lighting equipment seriously interfered with listening. I doubt that this kind of "production" enhances music, but at least the works chosen were worth hearing (some of them can be heard at home, without distractions, on commercial recordings: Gaburo's *Lemon Drops* and *For Harry* on Heliodor HS-25047, the Babbitt piece on Columbia MS-7051, and Powell's *Events* on CRI-227).

The second program had a "gimmick" too, but a more valid one: the participation of the composers. Ned Rorem and Virgil Thomson accompanied the sumptuous voice of Betty Allen in songs, and Walter Piston and Aaron Copland conducted chamber works for strings. To be sure, Piston's Sextet and Copland's Nonet should not require conductors, but there are worse ways to save on rehearsal time and money. In particular, the Nonet made a good effect; I had not previously encountered this impressive example of Copland's recent style, with its personal and fluent adaptation of serial techniques and its convincing exploitation of a difficult texture (three each of violins, violas and cellos).

(Because conflicts have restricted my attendance at some other series, a further report on activities at Hunter College and elsewhere will appear later in the season.)

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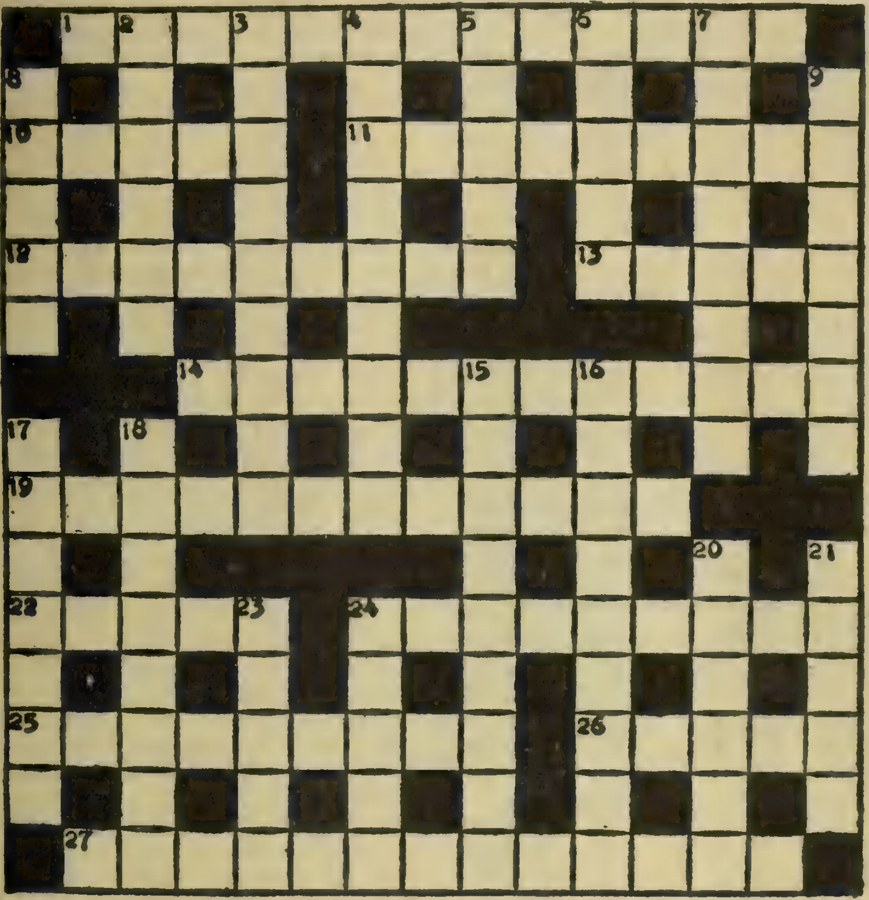

ACROSS

1 What's the point of the church having one drink after another? The horsey set might talk about it! (13)
10 Is this small company in the red? Quite the contrary, I believe! (5)
11 Begin the Beguine? Certainly not, and always inside for the queen. (9)
12 Not typified by "My Fair Lady," certainly. (9)
13 Puts a muffler on, perhaps for what one might get with evening dews. (5)
14 If they be sharps, they have to be changed to go lower, so you can see. (12)
19 Swaps potential customers, like shopkeepers? (12)
22 You might not breathe easy if it is bothering you. (5)
24 Homme? (9)
25 One of those great Italian lovers. (9)
26 Megasporangium. (5)
27 Quixotic stagefare, necessarily. (3,2,2,6)

DOWN

2 See 17 down
3 Formerly single-tax? (Free translation of it!) (9)
4 Certainly not a heavy cruiser, as one can tell from the beam. (9)
5 Cuts out illegal football tactics? (5)
6 People take notice around it? Correct!
7 Has somewhat less than ravenous connotation—it's always Sir Thomas! (8)
8 They might show signs of fighting, but not for the Union. (5)
9 One should be dogged if he does. (7)
15 Not necessarily where 19 hang out, of the Romeo sort. (9)
16 One of those things associated with kind hearts—not worth an awful lot! (4,5)
17 and 2 down Is one likely to admire himself, in a sense, as being a very conservative type? (5-2-3-3)
18 Likely to be seen in some of our own beauty spots, or in someplace in Central America. (8)
20 Morning growth? You might be surprised by it! (6)
21 One of them used to be bent in a bow. (5)
23 Very warm in the river, but it might otherwise be a snap. (5)
24 An old-timer working with the grain might swing it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1288

ACROSS: 1 Undetermined; 9 Straighten; 10 Trot; 11 Prophets; 12 Alaska; 13 Loess; 15 Spectrum; 16 High gear; 19 Licit; 21 Stroll; 22 Competes; 24 Ursa; 25 Intonation; 26 Scholarships. DOWN: 2 Natural history; 3 Example; 4 Eagle; 5 Mitosis; 6 Nonpareil; 7 Detract; 8 Mock turtle soup; 14 Shellfish; 17 Hookahs; 18 Recital; 20 Cheetah; 23 Miner.

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limits of feminism

Huntington Woods, Mich.

Dear Sirs: In "The New Feminists" [*The Nation*, Feb. 24] Miss Freeman's analogy between women and blacks seems to me to break down in a crucial area. Women are integrated with men not only on a far greater scale than blacks with whites but in much more intimate ways. . . . Self-determination for a group is viable only to the extent that that group is willing and able to endure or enjoy an accompanying amount of segregation. Unless women are willing to forsake the bearing of children and become Lesbians, they are necessarily involved with men deeply and daily. Black people can, if they wish, fulfill these basic needs without whites, dealing with their oppressors in a hard-line, businesslike fashion. Even acknowledging the extreme language of my examples, women cannot approach such a relation to men, nor would most wish to do so. . . .

Sexual discrimination does resemble racial bias in meaningful ways, but the differences, I believe, affect tactics and expectations. Most minority groups have nothing to lose but their chains, but women have been granted some small favors, like immunity from the draft, which make some men downright jealous. Many women have something to learn about the burdens of equality that come with the benefits. Negroes have been burdened and unequal almost without exception. . . .

I mean none of the above as criticism of the new feminist groups. They are beginning a difficult task with my support. . . .

Donna Brook

Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Jo Freeman concludes her article, "The New Feminists," with: "the women's liberation movement has begun to question whether what we define as feminine and masculine has anything to do with being female or male."

One might go a step further and question whether what is defined as feminine has anything to do with being a functioning person. . . .

In addition to the very real problems of earning only 60c on the dollar that men earn for the same work (U.S. Department of Labor statistics); being counseled out of graduate school and squeezed out of the high status professions; being unable to get abortions on demand; having to suffer the indignity of being omitted from significant sections of federal and state civil rights laws, women must face the most insidious problem of all—their image—perpetuated by the Establishment, the old Left, *and* the New.

The January 29, 1945 issue of *Life* contained the following statement: "Of all the social revolutions now abroad in the world, that of the [American] woman is the least dynamic, the least predictable, the most aimless and divided—in short the most feminine."

Happily, as Miss Freeman points out, the feminists are now neither aimless nor divided, and we certainly are dynamic. . . .

Karen DeCrow, National Membership Chairman
National Organization for Women (NOW)

Okinawa dry run

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I've just finished Albert Axelbank's "Short Fuse in Japan" [*The Nation*, Feb. 3]. During a visit to Japan in January of this year, it became evident in interviews with university presidents that the *Kidotai* (Riot Police) are indeed using present-day student troubles for dry-run training

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EDITORIALS

The Key Issue

The title of a report of the Committee for an Effective Congress foreshadows a main preoccupation of this session: "Collision in Congress: Military Demands vs. Civilian Needs." The guns-vs.-butter issue has been brushed under the rug so often that many observers have assumed it would never be found anywhere else. But now it is likely to come out in the open and be the big issue in the 1970 Congressional elections.

Of course guns vs. butter is a misleading simplification under the present circumstances; it might better be termed a where-is-the-country-headed issue. Do the military exist for the people, or do the people exist for the military? In the Senate a growing preference for the former order of priority is taking shape as anti-Pentagon sentiment. It is not restricted to the ABM argument and will not be quieted, however that issue is resolved. And it has begun to spread to the House, where appropriations must originate.

Many Representatives and Senators are contributing to the tardy uprising, but the country should be especially grateful to Senator Proxmire for speaking as he did recently. He told the Senate that the time has come for imposing curbs on the "military-industrial complex," which has "written its own budgetary ticket" for far too long. Since World War II, he pointed out, "with respect to contracts for weapon systems, nothing was too good for the military." The Congress has reacted almost by reflex to military demands for funds. Now thought is beginning to assume control over automatism.

The factors underlying the disillusionment with the Pentagon are as cogent as they are numerous. Vietnam leads off, and with it a growing doubt about the wisdom of Pentagon decision making, even at the purely military level. The *Pueblo* fiasco and what it reveals of military incompetence and confused, self-stultifying procedures comes next. Incidents such as the dominant role of Maj. Gen. David A. Burchinal in the negotiations for renewal of the leases on bases in Spain have inspired alarm and resentment, both within the government and among the citizens who remain ignorant of what is going on until a story like this breaks. Again, there is the cavalier attitude of the military toward the desertion rate, and toward the growing resistance to the draft. The crackdown on the so-called mutineers in San Francisco is seen as a maladroit attempt to stifle rank-and-file GI thinking, and as a symptom of gross insensitivity to what is happening in the minds of draftees.

What makes the conflict irrepressible is the urgency of many social problems. The needs are felt high up, and even more intensely at the grass roots. *Time*, reporting on an anti-ABM meeting in Lexington, Mass., quotes City Councilman Tom Atkins:

"You talk of megatons. We are interested in snow removal. You talk of penetration aids. What we want is housing. You talk of nuclear sufficiency. I say there is massive insufficiency as far as our domestic sanity is concerned."

One of the new Senators, Thomas Eagleton (D., Mo.) adds this observation: "It will take nothing short of a national act of will to shift a meaningful share of our resources from warmaking to peace building . . . at home and in the world."

Senator Proxmire has fired the opening gun in what will be a long and bitter battle.

How Decisions Are Made

The March 4 demonstration of research scientists against governmental misuse of science was reasonably successful. Some fifty meetings involving as many as 50,000 people were held, and deep dissatisfaction was voiced with current decision-making processes and neglect of fitting priorities. But the mood in the enlightened section of the scientific community remains gloomy. In the crucial matter of the Sentinel anti-ballistic missile, the scientists see that the decision is not being made by scientists, and that the country may account itself fortunate if the most authoritative of them manage to get a meaningful hearing. At a Senate subcommittee session skillfully conducted by Senator Fulbright, three former mainstays of the Defense Department—Drs. James R. Killian, Jr., George B. Kistiakowsky and Herbert F. York—testified convincingly that deployment of the Sentinel system would serve only to endanger the nation's security. Arrangements were made for direct transmittal of their views to the White House, and they were received by Dr. Kissinger. This was better than nothing, but the President should realize that these three eminent scientist-engineers could give him more valid information than Secretary of Defense Laird, even with the aid of his capable deputy, David Packard, could possibly furnish.

The question is, however: does the President want a scientific prognosis? Or is that the last thing that is desired in such situations? A study of the decision-making process at high levels of government, insofar as such a study is possible, leaves the answer in doubt.

Normally, even in a democracy, important decisions are arrived at behind a curtain almost as impenetrable as that which shields the governing bodies of a totalitarian state. The press is free to conjecture, sometimes shrewdly, and to exploit such leakage of news as may come its way, but it is not privy to the inner mechanics of government at the top. On occasion, however, the press and the interested public are fortunate enough to get windfalls of information which reveal how decisions are made. Some recent examples:

(*1*) Two pieces by a group of writers in *The New York Times* (March 6 and 7) on the March 1968 "turnaround" in the Vietnamese War, and similar stories elsewhere, including one by Charles Roberts in *Newsweek*. These fall into the general category of "now it can be told," and the writers are usually assisted by ex-officials desirous of justifying their actions in office. From the *Times* pieces we learn that foreign policy is hammered out, dint by dint, by negotiation rather than agreement on what is best for

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the country, through a tortuous process of internal confrontations, conspiratorial maneuverings, bureaucratic infighting, compromises between individual and group interests, and similar factors. We also learn—it runs as a theme through these two long pieces—that, say what you will, political prospects play a significant part. McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire, Robert Kennedy's entry into the Presidential race, the pendency of the Wisconsin primary on April 2, all had a very definite bearing on the decision finally disclosed in Lyndon B. Johnson's television address of March 31.

(*2*) From Joseph C. Harsch's "Lesson from Vietnam" (*Christian Science Monitor*, February 25) we learn that (in Harsch's well-supported opinion) if Dean Rusk had taken the advice of his professional foreign-policy experts, he would never have embarked on the war policy which he defended with such tortuous logic for so long a time. Harsch asked several of these experts why Mr. Rusk seemed so sure that his department was behind him. One said, "He never asked us." Another: "He carried the war around in his pocket. He didn't talk about it with the rest of us." Wasn't he interested in anyone else's views? Was he so conceited that he thought he knew it all? Or did he think that decisions are best arrived at with no exposure of conclusions to outside facts or arguments?

(*3*) From Robert Kennedy's *Thirteen Days* we learn the following: (*a*) The President of the United States had instructed the Secretary of State to remove obsolete missiles from sites in Turkey and was grievously embarrassed in the negotiations over the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba when Khrushchev demanded the removal of the weapons in Turkey, long after Mr. Rusk should have disposed of them. As Robert Kennedy puts it: "The President believed he was President and that, his wishes being made clear, they would be followed out and the missiles removed." The outsider must wonder how often such incidents of willful disobedience or procrastination occur, and what disastrous consequences might result.

(*b*) We learn that at critical policy sessions during the missile crisis, Dean Rusk was too busy to attend, or didn't want to get involved. It is hard to say which reason should be considered more culpable.

(*c*) The crisis came to a head in October. The Congressional elections were in November. The politics of the situation was not mentioned in the discussions, because everyone quite clearly understood that this proximity was a factor in the situation.

The implication of these and other revelations of the same general type is that policy decisions are not based upon suggestions and analyses by those closest to the facts, whose advice if carried to the top will there help to formulate policy. On the contrary, conclusions are reached at the top, sometimes intelligently, sometimes in wild disregard of the facts. Further, internal pressures and politics, often both internal and external, have more to do with decision making than the merits of the issues.

None of this is new; all of it could have been assumed. But it should add to the concern and uneasiness of the people, the press and the Congress. When great power becomes detached from effective popular controls, authoritarian decision making becomes the rule.

Case Not Closed

Last week we expressed doubt that the verdict in the Shaw trial in New Orleans would appreciably dampen enthusiasm for "conspiracy" theories about the assassination of President Kennedy. Now the decision to accept a plea of guilty in the James Earl Ray trial, and his swift dispatch to the Tennessee State Prison, will no doubt have the effect of stimulating "conspiracy" theories about Dr. King (or President Kennedy,, for that matter); the *York Times*—"a shocking breach of faith with the American people"—is merely one sign pointing in this direction. It may well be that a conspiracy existed to assassinate Dr. King (or President Kennedy, for that matter); the William Bradford Huie articles strongly suggest the possibility, although Mr. Huie says that he could not come up with a shred of actual evidence that a conspiracy existed. But whether or not such a plot is one day uncovered, it does not follow that there was a conspiracy in the Memphis courtroom to foreclose presentation of evidence that might have pointed in that direction.

Why, then, did the prosecutor and Judge Battle decide to accept Ray's plea? For one thing, prosecutors are always eager to secure convictions, and in this case, while the evidence against Ray was strong (as his plea confirms), still there was no eye witness to the murder. In the case of the Sirhan trial, the defendant was wrestled to the floor with the murder weapon in his hand, and the crime itself was witnessed by a number of persons, including some well-known public figures. In Memphis, the prosecutor might have had some anxiety—not so much about being able to secure a conviction, as the risk that some untoward happening in the courtroom might have provided ground for a new trial or an appeal. Acceptance of the guilty plea precludes the possibility of an appeal.

The prime reason for accepting Ray's plea, however, must have been local pressure from the "establishment" to close the case out with as little publicity as possible. Memphis did not want to be tagged as another Dallas. Battle indicated vivid awareness of the city's image problem as "a decaying river town." As it turned out, a public trial might have left a smaller cloud of doubt than now exists; in part but only in part, because of Ray's statement in open court that he did not agree with what some law-enforcement officials had said about the case.

But what would have happened if Ray's guilty plea had been rejected? The prosecution would not have attempted to prove a conspiracy. Ray would not have taken the stand. One may assume that he would have been convicted, but it is doubtful that the inquiry would have ranged much beyond his own guilt. So the notion that there was some conscious "cover up" of evidence of a conspiracy is not justified by the facts of which the public has knowledge. But Ray's plea does not preclude a conspiracy indictment if evidence to sustain it is unearthed. The Department of Justice is continuing its investigation. The staff of Senator Eastland's committee has been directed to inquire into the facts (here the auspices do not inspire confidence). Of more significance is the NAACP's announcement that it has legal evidence of a conspiracy "high above the speculation level" and may conduct its own investigation. So it is still possible that the existence of a conspiracy will be established.

As a side comment, it is worth noting that many Americans, perhaps a majority, apparently feel a need to believe that the three assassinations which have so shocked the nation—President Kennedy, Dr. King and Senator Kennedy—were plotted by extremists of the Right and the Left (the Right suspects the Left, the Left suspects the Right)—for political ends. The thought that any of these killings might have been the work of "loners" creates intolerable tensions, for it is a disturbing indication of the level of irrationality and violence in this increasingly irrational and violence-prone society. It implies that out across the country there are still men (and women) so oppressed by fear and hatred and resentment—so desperate for any kind of public recognition—that without much else in the way of a motive they are quite capable of murdering prominent Americans for the satisfaction it gives them and the notoriety it brings.

Cash and Cocoa

All wars are depressing, once the initial euphoria wears off and the casualty lists begin to mount. But the most depressing, and often the most savage, are those between one-time neighbors and fellow countrymen, caught up in a cycle of fear and hatred. The resulting barbarities fall most heavily on civilians and, among civilians, most cruelly on children.

But if this sort of conflict is especially revolting, what is to be said of the conduct of "great powers," uninvolved in the tribal hatreds and nationalistic passion of an inchoate African country, who fish in such bloody waters for gain and advantage? Specifically, what is to be said of the Soviet Union, engaged in selling the Nigerian Government modern weapons for use against the secessionist Biafrans? In return, the Soviets say they are getting "cash and cocoa" under a $140 million economic agreement covering Moskvitch automobiles, patrol boats, large quantities of bombs and ammunition, MIG-17s and Ilyushin-28 bombers. The British have been supplying the Nigerians from the start and also have something to answer for, but they had an inherited responsibility of sorts and a huge investment, and neither they nor the United States were willing to supply Nigeria with military aircraft for use against the rebels.

That these Russian-made aircraft are being used for almost daily bombings of Biafran villages is no longer in doubt. Maj. Gen. Yakubu Gowon, who heads the Nigerian military regime, is probably telling the truth when he says that he has issued strict orders to his air force not to strike civilian targets. But General Gowon's disclaimer really means very little. The Ilyushin-28s are on loan from the United Arab Republic and, although it is denied in Lagos, evidence collected by foreign observers indicates that they are flown by Egyptian pilots. According to R. W. Apple in a March 6 *New York Times* report from Lagos, these fliers are "extraordinarily inept." Apple suspects that they are disregarding Gowon's orders and dropping bombs more or less at random, so that they can come back with empty racks and say they have completed their missions. Even when they try to bomb a military target, from want of experience, air-ground liaison, reconnaissance, debriefing, etc., they are as likely to drop their loads on hospitals, market places and residential areas. Front-line troops are safe by comparison.

The effect of civilian casualties is to strengthen the Biafran cause rather than to weaken it. According to informed British opinion, there is no chance of ending the war on Nigerian terms. The Nigerians insist on "one Nigeria" and refuse to negotiate on any other basis. But whatever blame attaches to them—and it is not slight—the most depressing commentary on the situation is the collapse of anything remotely resembling international morality. No one expects great powers to behave like plaster saints; it is well understood that they are "great" only in throwing their weight around. But there are levels of evildoing, and one would think that with almost instantaneous world communications and the gradual formation of international opinion, they would at least shun the lowest depths.

The High-Rent Bohemians

From San Francisco, the mother of movements, comes startling intelligence in the form of two *Chronicle* articles by Michael Grieg. Haight-Ashbury has devoured its flower children, and the tourists eager to see a beat poet must go to North Beach. For the more or less permanent residents, there is the disadvantage of high rents—$150 for three dinky rooms. "It's one way the uptight Chinese and Italian landlords have found to keep out the Haight riffraff," a coffeehouse sociologist explains. "They saw what happened there and they don't want any of it here."

What is interesting is that the new beats don't want it either. They have wearied of the "speed" world and crave a bit of tranquillity. As one of them puts it, "We want to keep it [North Beach] free and easy and not messed up. We want it free from police heat, too." Haight had become a resort of pot mobsters and motorcycle gangsters. The sensible kids and elders (the ban on over-30 is gone or going) have abandoned it for a bit of security and maybe a more integrated individuality. This does not mean that they are turning back to conventionality; they are as nonconformist as ever, and possibly in a more effective way. There are writers in the North Beach colony who actually write.

Beware the television tube, is the lesson. The cameras are trained on the colorful people, the mass magazines and the newsweeklies pick it up, and a new style is born. Suddenly X is a national character, known and imitated from coast to coast. But the glamour doesn't last. Publicity attracts types with whom a decent dissident wouldn't be found dead—and there's a fair chance of that too. So there is an exodus to a new locale, and with it a new mutation which, if it borrows a bit from the bourgeoisie, is none the worse for it.

Alexander Werth

CLAUDE BOURDET

Mr. Bourdet was the founder and until 1962 the publisher of France Observateur. *He has been a member of the Paris City Council, is foreign editor of* Témoignage Chrétien, *and a contributor to* Le Monde *and other publications.*

So Alec Werth is dead. It is such a short time since I saw him last, his tall, amiable figure lunging toward me, slightly bent, weighing on the cane he used nowadays, a diminutive French beret crowning his head (a kind of affectionate gesture, so few Frenchmen wear them now) and looking unmistakably British. That was a month ago, or less, maybe at some North Vietnamese reception in Paris, I don't remember. And now there is no Alexander Werth; only a lot of books, happily, which speak out for him and will continue to do so for many years to come. A whole shelf in my own library in Paris is full of them—about Russia, about France, about the prewar days and the rise of fascism, about the war, about what happened since. They are matter of fact, scholarly books, with hundreds of quotations and long indexes, but with a kind of humor and often with the vigor that marked him as a true journalist and a militant one.

I think Werth had in him a rare combination of qualities for a political writer. He was well informed, generally balanced in his judgments; at the same time he was utterly devoid of the kind of indifferent cynicism which so many people mistake for objectivity. As a man, he was passionate and kind. As a writer, he was passionate and cautious. He wanted the Left, and progress in general, to win; he hated conformism and conservatism. But he seldom mistook his hopes for realities.

Werth was half Russian, his mother was English; he was born in Russia and lived there till he was 16. He left for England with his father during the Revolution, in 1917. He began his journalistic career in Glasgow and later was mostly stationed in France, traveling, however, all over Europe. He was a frightened spectator of the growth of the Third Reich and was still in Paris when the German troops arrived in June, 1940. In 1941, he returned to Russia as a war correspondent with what was, I believe, the first allied convoy over the northern route, chased by German submarines to Murmansk. He lived through the war with the Russians, reporting for the London *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the B.B.C. and *The New York Times*, and stayed through Stalin's first postwar purges. Then Werth came back to Paris as a correspondent for the *New Statesman* and for *The Nation*.

Werth understood Russia better than any living Western journalist. He spoke the language perfectly, he loved the country, but he was not easily deceived. That is probably why the Stalinist bureaucrats disliked him intensely, at the very time when they fawned on more gullible Western bourgeois writers. He had many difficulties in getting a visa to the USSR in the early fifties. However, he consistently refused to take the moralistic anti-Soviet postures so favored at the time by many experts of the Western Left. He even refused to paint Stalin one-sidedly as a grotesque, barbarous tyrant, although he described with much inside knowledge the insane machinery of Stalinism. In short, he refused to oversimplify and tried rather to explain this land of extremes and contradictions, Russia, his first homeland.

Werth was bitterly and sometimes offensively angry about all kinds of anti-Soviet humbug. He tended, of course, with his intimate knowledge and love of Russia to expect positive changes, even when Stalinism was at its worst. History has proved him right, up to a point, although there have been setbacks such as Hungary 1956, and Czechoslovakia 1968. Today, anyhow, nobody except the John Birchers and their kind peddles the black-and-white, saint-and-devil, image of the world that was current in the fifties. But the pious liberals of that time often considered Werth "partial," and the London *New Statesman*, in the course of its evolution from militant socialism to respectability inside the British Labour establishment, dropped him as their Paris correspondent. It will remain the honor of *The Nation* that he continued to be correspondent of this weekly in Paris all through that difficult period.

Alexander Werth's books about the USSR, *Moscow War Diary* (1942), *Leningrad* (1944), *The Year of Stalingrad* (1947), *Russia at War* (1964) were and will remain, especially the last, fundamental. But his books on France, prewar and postwar, are also extremely well documented and useful, although the matter, French politics, is of course not so thrilling. In one of them he used a large number of quotations from my articles in the daily *Combat* and I was much amused at the time by his skill at finding and preserving the essential sentence or sentences in a long article. This gift is not the most evidently brilliant part of a journalist's and political writer's talent. It is seldom noticed by people who are not "in the trade," but it denotes an acuteness of mind and at the same time a kind of simple modesty, an awareness and understanding of the other fellow's way of putting things, which were indeed manifest in all Werth's behavior.

This very British Russian had made his home in France. He lived in a high-ceilinged, old-fashioned flat near Les Halles, full of books and objects and shadows, exactly as one would picture the house of an English don in some British university. He was in fact a Fellow of Manchester University for some time. He liked the people there, but was not so fond of the city, and spent most of his time in France preparing his lectures and writing his books. He also had a house at Le Bugue in the Dordogne, near Bordeaux, where the villagers and peasants knew him well and loved him. What one could say most accurately about Werth is that he bred understanding and friendship all his life. Between people. And between nations.

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'WHO IS THE ENEMY?'

Jail Notes of a Young Vietnamese

NGUYEN VAN MINH

David Marr, who translated this article and who contributes the introductory paragraphs immediately below, is a lecturer in history at the University of California and a specialist on the modern history of Vietnam. He is at present completing Vietnam's Anti-Colonial Movement *for the University of California Press.*

Considering how long and how bitterly America has been involved in Vietnam, we Americans know abysmally little about the attitudes of the Vietnamese people as regards the war, the presence of U.S. troops, communism, political freedoms, and the like. In part this is because, amidst all the front-line journalism, all the official communiqués, "fact-finding" tours and political speech making, not much has really reached us from the mouths and pens of the Vietnamese themselves.

Nguyen Van Minh is the pen name of a relatively well-known Vietnamese student leader, most active in urban politics from the 1963 overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem to the crushing by Nguyen Cao Ky of the Buddhist struggle in 1966. As such, he represents only one Vietnamese viewpoint among many. More important for us, he recognizes this limitation and, in contrast to many or most of his upper- and middle-class urban associates, does not pretend to speak for all the (allegedly) silent peasants, pedicab drivers and street beggars of his tormented country.

Nguyen Van Minh's time of decision occurred while sitting in a whole series of jails, set up by the Saigon administration and their American "adviser mandarins" (as Minh wryly labels them). Along with him, hundreds of university and high school students, perhaps as many as a thousand, found themselves imprisoned in the months of May and June, 1966. Quite aside from our interest in contemporary Vietnamese political attitudes, there may be a hidden lesson in Nguyen Van Minh's story. Here in America, as more and more young, politically active men and women for one reason or another find themselves in jail, may there be for them also a joining together under stress, a sharing of tribulations, a psychological confrontation with themselves? Will the process of "identifying the enemy" be similar to that of Minh, not to mention the results?

I am one of a group of young people from the cities of South Vietnam recently released from jail, in preparation for military induction. Like others in my group I am now in the process of taking a definite position in this bloody conflict. Here I simply wish to give you—as perhaps people of about my age, or sharing similar sentiments and problems—a feeling of the critical position I see myself to be in. Many of you may also have to choose between the army or jail.

In the past few years, the experiences I have undergone have worked themselves out as a series of confrontations, of face-to-face encounters with reality. First there was my confrontation with certain "American friends"; then with the "Communist enemy" and finally—most important—with myself. Each has helped me to define my attitude, my position as a young urbanite, amidst the flames that engulf my country.

The day I felt really separated from the Americans occurred in the middle of 1966, during our struggle for free elections to select representatives for those segments of the population, particularly in the cities, not yet under NLF control. Our hope was that such representatives could then sit down with those other Vietnamese lined up on both ends of the spectrum to decide the fate of our country. It was a time when both North and South Vietnam were enduring their worst punishment since the massive entry of American combat forces.

To be honest, at the time in question few of us really believed in our hearts that our hopes would be fulfilled. The American military—with its half million soldiers, its Navy and Air Force everywhere in North and South Vietnam—did not want things to go that way. Private war profiteers—both American and Vietnamese—did not want it that way. And the NLF would hardly put much credence in an election which excluded them and was conducted while Americans were fighting them.

In addition, after the Honolulu conference of early 1966 we could see that the Americans (along with their allied Vietnamese generals) were planning to respond to the urgent demands of the Vietnamese people in their own way, that is by "legalizing" the puppets, who would then be put on parade for international effect. Nevertheless, in succeeding months and by some miraculous transformation, South Vietnam was graced with a Constitutional Assembly, a Senate and House of Representatives, a President and a Vice President—all very neat and legal. Each step was highly publicized by the U.S. Government and Americans proclaimed that they were so proud to be "helping the Vietnamese to create democratic institutions."

If you had been standing here with us, you would have laughed until the tears ran to see this massive and expensive bluff—organized to the smallest detail by Ambassador Bunker, the man whom we jokingly called the "international specialist in fake elections" (from Santo Domingo to Saigon). He had succeeded Ambassador Lodge, the man we called the "international specialist in *coups d'état*." Mr. Bunker was assisted by a hardened, very "professional" team of South Vietnamese civil servants, left over from the French and Diem eras, men who, if you had sent us voting machines, could have persuaded even those machines to come up with a nicely rigged election!

In mid-1966, as you will remember, thousands of young urban people went to jail; they included young army officers, soldiers, civil servants, police, students, laborers, persons of practically every social category. In that year we still had lots of illusions, plenty of myths to distort our judgment. In this context I am reminded of a conversation in later 1967, when once again many Vietnamese students were thrown in jail, this time for protesting the rigged elections. A sympathetic American functionary at the Embassy asked an American student friend of mine what he thought of quiet, official efforts to gain release of the students. The latter replied: "Let them stay in jail for their own benefit, long enough to understand *who* is the enemy." He was right, in the most profound sense. For us, young men and women from the towns and cities who had drifted so far away from the problems of the people, it was a very useful time. As in the past, prisons became an important school, graduating many if not most of the brave, intelligent leaders of the Vietnamese struggle.

And so I too went off to jail, bitter and angry at myself for having entertained the illusion that we could ask Americans to let us, the Vietnamese, establish an assembly elected by the people to seek solutions to the war. I still entertained naive, erroneous beliefs in my individual freedoms, those rights expressed hundreds of times to us in Saigon government propaganda.

Almost all of my fellow inmates were categorized politically as admittted VC, suspected VC, or "nationalists" in opposition to the regime in power. Inmates were often moved from one prison to another, some having been in as many as sixteen in the space of two years. All were the victims of strictly administrative acts, whereby regional security councils could at any moment arrest and detain any person without orders from a tribunal.

Some of my jail compatriots had been held this way, "for investigation," for two, five, even ten years. Mr. Z. was an Under Secretary in the Interior Ministry, and still carried on the Ministry rolls. Mr. X., an army officer studying mathematics in the U.S. (I believe in Illinois), was ordered home and has been in jail "administratively" for five years. Mr. A. was an attaché at the Vietnamese Embassy in France. Mrs. L., with three Ph.D.s from three different countries, had been teaching at the Faculty of Law and was secretary general of the National Committee on Comparative International Law Studies. S. was a university student, Miss B. a high school student, and so on. Nevertheless, the majority among us were farmers and laborers. S. was a cyclo-driver, X. a metalsmith, N. a 75-year-old farmer, Miss T. a servant, C. a carpenter, Y. an army deserter, P. a conscientious objector. More than 70 per cent were young people, and the men outnumbered the women.

There were even some infants of 3 or 4 months, still being breast-fed, often having been born in jail. When I left prison many of those infants were almost 2 years old. Time passes so quickly! Here in Vietnam some four generations, old and young, high and low, share the jails together. They number several hundred thousand people when one counts those detained in the tactical regions, the forty-five provinces, the hundreds of districts, even the villages. And this doesn't count "temporary" detainment camps set up by troop units on operations.

Political tendencies varied greatly, from those who had been jailed for crying out for peace to those who refused the draft, refused to carry weapons or wear a military uniform. Some had been grabbed while demanding that Vietnam recover its national sovereignty, others while demonstrating in favor of free elections. Beyond these were cadres from the traditional nationalist political parties, people caught paying taxes to the NLF, a girl suspected of being an enemy liaison agent, a man believed to be a high-ranking spy for Hanoi.

A few "important" prisoners were interrogated directly by CIA officials, often in English and without interpreters. Such prisoners were rarely tortured. By contrast, "ordinary" or "low-class" prisoners were questioned with the aid of electric coils, kicks to the head, chest and stomach, the head forced under water. Girls had bottles forced up their vaginas, men were struck with gun butts, squeezed with pliers, beaten with hammers, nailed through the legs and arms. In addition, there was petty harassment, mental oppression—in short every conceivable tool and technique, modern and primitive.

In the end the authorities looked on *all* opposition types as VC, suspected VC, or at very least as having pro-Communist, neutralist or "peacenik" inclinations. Get them! Grab them! Toss them all in jail! Actually, I think if all the people of South Vietnam were allowed somehow to express their inner opinions, some 95 per cent would fit into at least one of these categories. But, of course, it was those of us who dared to say something, do something, to advance our beliefs, who were threatened with jail—one year, ten, twenty years at hard labor; shipment to Poulo Condore Island; life imprisonment; execution.

As we were shifted from one camp or prison to another we met people, made new friends, said our inevitable good-bys. With persons of all social classes, North and South, we practiced the "four togethers" motto taken from the NLF—together in eating, living, working and playing. Despite differences of social and political background we found a similarity of hopes and aspirations: for peace, independence, reunification of our country, the formation of a new society, wherein social justice would take the place of inequality and corruption. Among us were Cham, Khmer, Rhade, Nung, Tho and Chinese, as well as ethnic Vietnamese. We shared, however, our citizenship in Vietnam. Not a white man to be seen, except that once in a while a petty European businessman, or a French or American journalist, would be detained for a few hours.

In those jails most cells were about 5 feet by 9 feet, built in French colonial times to house two or three natives each. The modern Vietnamese mandarins, after receiving their "mandate of heaven" from the imperialists, somehow managed to cram ten or twelve "independent" Vietnamese into each cell. They picked up money from the Americans on a per capita basis to feed us, and occasionally American "adviser mandarins" would show up with their Vietnamese "counterparts," to discuss, measure, calculate new rooms. They looked proud and solemn. Yet conditions became steadily more crowd-

Drawings by Vo-Dinh in The Cry of Vietnam *by Thich Nhat Hanh (see review, p. 377 this issue)*

ed, even with the building of new, modern-style cell blocks with interior partitions and carefully painted walls (always in red and black—perhaps a form of psychological torture?). How scientific these Americans! Given long-standing trends in Vietnam, we speculated that the South might eventually be converted into one giant prison camp, especially when we heard that prisons and camps had come to outnumber the schools.

From conversations among the guards we heard that the American aid budget provided $1 per day per prisoner. Each of us was given the equivalent of 15c, and when that had gone through the hands of corrupt intermediaries, we ended up with about 7c worth of food each day. Even so, we fared better than the war refugees outside, who got the equivalent of 5c a day. In compensation for our loss of freedom, they paid us an extra 2c!

Before our jailing we could never have imagined that human beings could endure such misery and ill treatment, both of body and spirit. Yet we are still alive, and we now believe that certain basic spiritual characteristics were more responsible than any material factors for our survival. We helped one another, we literally clung to one another, speaking of common hopes for the future, maintaining our common pride. Without this solidarity, we would have soon died, either from torture and savage interrogation, or from simple desperation and the internalization of all insults. And most surprising of all (to us students at least) was the fact that those of us who were self-confident, self-appointed "nationalists" were the *first* to lose hope. The uncomplicated farmers, the unprepossessing workers came to our aid, provided examples of courage and patience, and really gave us the best advice for sustaining morale. And another thing that I do not yet fully understand was the way in which the women and girls proved generally to be more courageous, better able than the men to endure torture and repression.

We were separated from these "uneducated" people mainly by the abundance of our illusions, our blind and deaf faith in the meaningless slogans of "freedom" and "democracy," or the "struggle against Communist invasion," the "American way of life," "free enterprise," etc., etc. It was a struggle simply to make ourselves point at some local phenomenon and label it properly, as traditional colonialism, neo-colonialism, or imperialism.

After several years in prison, without trial, without judgment, some of us were let out, naturally with all the necessary propaganda rituals, photographs, articles in the papers. Very democratic. Unfortunately, immediately after the formalities we were all taken under armed guard to a recruit training camp.

The story is not quite over. Here, however, I want to emphasize the one thing above all that I learned in jail. The political prisoners in there with me were not struggling for some foreign ideological presumption, some Soviet or Chinese "imperialism." Their methods of realizing ends might differ from mine, but one thing was certain: *none* of them was going to accept a bunch of foreigners—be they yellow, black, red or, above all, white—doing the job for them, bringing in troops, bombs, aircraft, forcing us to call them "allies," and making us kill Vietnamese of our own flesh and blood.

I have had plenty of time to think; I have been immersed in the propaganda of both sides. Saigon's version came out of the mouths of the "re-education cadre," sent to harangue us in jail. Unfortunately for them their line was always immediately eroded by events that all could see for themselves. They asserted, for example, that Vietnam was independent. Why, then, were American troops conducting themselves exactly as the French had done before them? They talked of the "free world," and we saw a free world—of white men, of Americans, Australians and New Zealanders, backed up by an obviously servile group of Thais, Koreans and Filipinos. On the basis of salaries and standards of living, we labeled the white men "first-class allies"; the Thais, etc., "second-class allies," and the Saigon army, the mercenaries and draftees on starvation wages, "lowest-class allies."

What did the Saigon cadre say of peace? What could it say? All the Vietnamese who had talked seriously of

peace were sitting in jail with us! Real professions of peace were worth twenty years of hard labor, even though Mr. Johnson or Pope Paul might be praised internationally for issuing statements on the subject that were twice as strong. However, the cadre did speak of reunification, though the Americans' reason for being here was the alleged existence of separate "South" and "North" Vietnams, the former invaded by the latter, etc. Even if one accepted this invasion story, it would still be a matter of *Vietnamese* struggling among themselves. For that matter, any intelligent person could run down the list of ruling generals in Saigon and recognize most of them as *North* Vietnamese, so that the U.S. was already supporting a bunch of "invaders" from the North!

Finally the cadre spoke of building a just society in Vietnam. We would have had to keep our eyes permanently shut to avoid perceiving that American "social justice" in Vietnam was in fact making the rich richer, the poor even poorer.

After being transported forcibly from "re-education centers" to a military training camp, I met some new friends—draftees of all types and description. Together we talked about the armed guards along the fences. I discovered that some 90 per cent of the trainees were either long-time draft dodgers, grabbed up mostly in the cities and towns, or recalcitrant deserters from military units (some for the third or fourth time), or transferrals, like myself, from re-education centers. Only about 10 per cent were volunteers, and their main reasons for signing up were hardly the most patriotic; they were tired of their outside occupation, of looking for work; they had squandered their parents' money on cards and left home under reprimand; they were simply bored with life. I heard none of them voice high principles for entering the service, or talk of "free-world" ideals. Oh yes—once I did come upon some of them talking that way in front of TV cameras that were filming a recruiting advertisement for Saigon's government stations!

Draftees being brought in from distant towns and provinces, or being moved from one camp to another, were generally piled into ten-wheeled heavy trucks, the sides laced with barbed wire. Preceded and followed by MP jeeps and police armed to the teeth, they roared at high speeds down the roads and highways. Armed guards forced us, sometimes violently, to sit rigidly on the truck floors, just as we had done earlier when moving from jail to jail. Here, however, perhaps because we were properly fulfilling our "draft responsibilities," hands were not tied up and we were not blindfolded. The authorities had good reason to fear that draftees would try to flee—we saw it happen more than once in Saigon, especially when the trucks were forced to slow down in traffic or stop at intersections. Anyone jumping had to risk the wild shooting of police and quickly lose himself in the back alleys and slums of the city.

When assigned to front-line units, a good proportion of draftees found ways to escape; it was not uncommon to hear that only three out of ten remained at their posts for any time at all. Many within our camp had gone through the routine of escape, capture and "training" three or four times. Some had been arrested only after eight or nine years of dodging and hiding. With real pride they told us the tricks of the game. In time it became boring, but it did force us to ask ourselves how any government could hope to win with the likes of this crew. We could hardly avoid making comparisons between Saigon's soldiers, so tired, so lackadaisical, so devoid of purpose, and the NLF guerrillas or regulars, generally highly motivated and eager for victory.

In short, it was not hard to guess where success was likely to lie in the end. The American "experts," those realists with their statistical charts, ticked off the 700,000 or more South Vietnamese soldiers who supported them. In fact, a given division or battalion may have had only one-half the proclaimed numbers on the roster. Did the Americans hope to strike some sort of numerical fear in the hearts of the hundreds of thousands of regular troops in North Vietnam, or the millions in China?

And how about me? After all this, when I looked squarely at myself, was it conceivable that I might still believe in the Saigon government? Quite aside from my hatred of the people who beat me, who spit on me in jail, was it possible that I could be fashioned into a mercenary to serve the selfish ends of a few puppets of the Americans, men whose ideals and purposes center on stealing, corruption and bowing to the foreigner? Could I ever become a servant of these servants, perhaps even die for them?

I know that it was I and my associates, not the streetwalkers of Saigon, who were the real prostitutes of South Vietnam, begging a living from the foreigner, profiting from war conditions, monopolizing status to benefit ourselves—while the nation lost its sovereignty. And most painful of all, we essentially have been living off the agony and deaths of our fellow men in the rural areas. We were, and to some extent still are, the strangers, the pariahs in this country; betrayers of our people. No one can doubt that from 1954 to 1965 we lived in cozy coexistence with neo-colonialism, only to find American troops in the end pouring into the country to kill Vietnamese and "pacify" everyone physically, exactly like the French of almost a century ago.

For a long time we have not dared to make the decisions that would send us out on the road of struggle for an honorable life. Even now we might conceivably prefer to sit back in jail rather than accept the probabilities of death. After all, when we first went into jail it was a form of escape, as well as a way to ease our consciences, pretending to ourselves and others that we were following the tradition of earlier, equally self-conscious Vietnamese nationalists.

We must *choose*, if for no other reason than because the old way of least resistance, what we called (incorrectly) the "middle path," has narrowed with every passing day, to the point that it can no longer be seen. In the end we must choose—this side or the other side.

It has worked out that way. And surely you have guessed which side I have come to stand with, if only because returning to jail would be just another chance to escape, to avoid responsibility, to squat quietly while my brothers and sisters died for me.

PREVENTIVE DETENTION

Bail for the Rich, Jail for the Poor

HARRY SUBIN

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On August 18, 1967, William A. Johnson stopped his car at the drive-in window of the Bank of Smithtown (Long Island), pulled out a gun and ordered the teller to hand over the money. The teller refused and Johnson fired. Only the window's bulletproof glass prevented the teller's injury or death. Shortly afterward, Johnson was arrested by the FBI, brought to court, and charged with attempted bank robbery. Bail was set at $10,000. Johnson hired a bondsman, who posted the bail, and was freed. He was told to report on February 23, 1968, for trial. When the day came, Johnson did not appear. He did appear the next day, however, and a new date was set for trial. Ultimately, he was convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.

According to an account of this case in *The New York Times*, Johnson missed his first trial date because he was engaged at the time in robbing another Long Island bank. It was after he had relieved that bank of some $52,000 that he returned to court to honor his obligation.

The case just described is an extreme example of a problem which is receiving increasing attention in the press and among public officials: the extent of criminal conduct on the part of persons released on bail, pending trial.

While the rate at which such crime is being committed is not known—there are sharp disputes over statistical data in the few places where such data are compiled—and while it is not known whether the rate is increasing, the issue has become of great concern to many people.

Much of the discussion of the crime-on-bail problem has centered in the District of Columbia, and a number of national leaders have advanced proposals to deal with it. The basic suggestion is that "dangerous" defendants be denied bail altogether, under a system known as preventive detention. Bills to that end have been introduced into both houses of Congress, and endorsed by leading Congressional figures from both parties. The Administration, too, has indicated that a preventive detention proposal will be part of its crime program for the District. Most recently, hearings have been opened by Senator Ervin's Constitutional Rights subcommittee (Judiciary) to investigate the issue.

Preventive detention would, if adopted into law, be a significant departure from the traditional concept that the sole purpose of bail is to insure the defendant's reappearance at trial, and that every defendant in a noncapital case has a right to be admitted to bail. It also raises a more fundamental question: can a man be denied his freedom, without trial, on the basis of a prediction of what he will do?

Two opposing schools of thought have emerged from the Ervin Committee hearings: on one side are those who point to the alarming increase in violent crime, and argue that common sense dictates that arrested persons, whose past conduct shows a propensity toward such crime, should be detained until they can be tried. They argue that the Constitution does not restrict all restraints on liberty based on prediction of future misconduct, since in capital cases bail can be denied outright. On the other side are those who feel that constitutional guarantees of due process of law prohibit solution of the crime-on-bail problem by preventive means; they argue further that as a practical matter the concept of preventive detention is unworkable because it is beyond our power to predict, with any measure of accuracy, who will commit crimes and who will not. They conclude that less drastic measures, such as providing more judges to expedite trials of the allegedly dangerous, and providing more resources to supervise released defendants, should be relied on to solve, or at least sharply reduce the problem.

Preventive detention is the latest issue in the continuing legal debate over the relative rights of the individual and the community. It is important, therefore, that the public understand what is involved.

The first point to be made is that, while preventive detention has never been authorized by law in this country, it has been extensively practiced throughout our history. The means has been the imposition of money bail in amounts greater than defendants considered "dangerous" could post. This is a subversion of the original purpose of bail, which developed in medieval England as a technique for freeing defendants prior to trial, while at the same time providing some assurance that they would return to court. Bail was never considered as a device for detention in England of that time, for the reason that the right to bail was limited to relatively innocuous crimes. There was no such right in capital cases and all felonies were capital crimes.

The founding fathers probably had the English system in mind when they adopted the Eighth Amendment ("excessive bail shall not be required"—taken directly from Magna Charta) and when, even earlier, they passed the Judiciary Act of 1789 (giving the right to bail in all noncapital cases). The problem for the bail system arose when they also drastically reduced the number of capital crimes, which had the effect, desired or not, of guaranteeing the right to bail to most defendants charged with felonies. One might expect that this right to have bail set, plus the prohibition against excessive bail in the Eighth Amendment, would guarantee release pending trial to all defendants charged with noncapital crimes. The law, however, has its special logic and, early on, the courts decided that bail was not "excessive" merely because the defendant did not have enough money or other resources to post it. It is not certain why the courts reached this strange conclusion, but there is reason to suspect that the judges felt a need to prevent the release of those who seemed likely to flee or, even more important, those likely to endanger the community.

And so the bail system grew: Designed to bring about release before trial, it has become in fact the defendant's chief obstacle to release. Created solely to guard against flight, it has been used to great extent in an effort to prevent crime. It has resulted in the intentional detention each year of tens of thousands of persons whom judges, for reasons known only to themselves, consider "dangerous." And it has resulted in the accidental detention of hundreds of thousands who simply do not have enough money to post the "not excessive" bail imposed upon them.

It has, moreover, created that peculiar American institution, the professional bondsman, who, as one judge has noted, "holds the key to the jail in his pocket." It is the bondsman who makes the ultimate decision to release in almost every case where the judge imposes money bail. Being a private entrepreneur, the bondsman acts solely on the basis of the defendant's wealth; that is, his ability to pay the bond premium or, more usually, his ability to post collateral.

The bondsman does not need to be concerned with the defendant's danger; indeed a good reliable professional criminal is a preferred risk, and may even be released on credit, because the bondsman knows he will obtain the money for the premium, and will honor his obligation to return. When full collateral is posted, the bondsman is not even concerned with the risk of flight, since he will not suffer from forfeiture of the bond. The result is a system in which those with money are released, whether they are dangerous or unreliable, and those without money are detained, even if they are harmless.

During the past decade, the patent unfairness of the money bail system has become a national issue. In the 1950s Prof. Caleb Foote produced shocking proof of the extent of detention based on poverty, and of the legal and personal hardship it produced. The Vera Foundation, between 1961 and 1964, demonstrated in New York that for certain defendants money bail was not only inequitable but unnecessary. Vera's Manhattan Bail Project showed that 98 per cent of a group of 3,500 defendants, selected for their good ties to the community—jobs, homes, families, etc.—would return to court even if no money bond were required.

Federal authorities, principally Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy, were impressed with the findings of the bail reformers. The wheels were set in motion to reform bail procedures in the federal courts. The result was the Bail Reform Act, finally passed in 1966. In effect, the Act endorsed the findings of the Vera project. Its purpose, as expressed in the preamble, was to

> assure that all persons, regardless of their financial status, shall not needlessly be detained pending their [court] appearance . . . when detention serves neither the ends of justice nor the public interest.

The Act then created a presumption in favor of release on personal (unsecured) bond or on "recognizance," and set up a series of nonfinancial conditions (such as supervision by a third party) which could be imposed if the court found it necessary to add assurances of reappearance. The Act did not, however, abolish money bail; rather, it gave it low priority among the conditions which could be imposed.

The Bail Reform Act was hailed as a major victory in the battle for an equitable system of pretrial release. To many—including both its most ardent supporters and the professional bail bondsmen—it was considered a major blow to the money bail system. In retrospect, however, the jubilation of the former and the consternation of the latter seem naive. For the Act really addressed only one of the two major issues in bail: it made important inroads into the problem of the unnecessary detention of the defendant who posed little risk of flight, but was too poor to post money bail; it did little, however, to change the way in which the allegedly dangerous defendant was to be treated. The Act's stated purpose was to eliminate "needless" detention, when "detention serves neither the ends of justice nor the public interest." What were judges to do when they considered that the "ends of justice" or the "public interest" would *not* be served by a defendant's release? On this question the 89th Congress was as silent as the First Congress had been. And prosecutors and judges could assume only that they were left with their traditional device, the imposition of impossibly high money bail. For the defendant judged too dangerous to release, the Bail Reform Act seemed, therefore, to offer little hope.

The test of whether the Act would in fact make a difference had to come in the District of Columbia. Only there did federal power extend to the common varieties of serious street crime which traditionally were considered the most appropriate for preventive detention through high bail. The Act appears to have raised the overall rate of release, the result, most likely, of bringing the problem of the inadvertent detention of good risks to the attention of the judges. It does not appear, however, to have much affected the use of money bail in serious felony cases. As always, a substantial number of the releases in such cases, and all but a handful of those in detention, were faced with the requirement of posting a money bond.

The traditional bail system, therefore, continued to thrive under the Bail Reform Act. In view of this, it was somewhat surprising that a number of the District's judges and prosecutors began to protest openly that the Act was forcing them to release dangerous criminals. They cited particularly dramatic instances of crimes committed by defendants released pending trial. They did not point out, however, that while only one-fifth of all defendants who were released gained their freedom by posting money bail, nearly half of all the crimes charged against released defendants were committed by those let out on money conditions. The Bail Reform Act could hardly be held responsible for the crimes committed by these defendants who would, presumably, have been released even were there no such Act.

Nevertheless, many proponents of the Bail Reform Act, while arguing that criticism was unfair because the Act had not had an opportunity to prove itself, seemed to accept the complaint that the Act was responsible for the wide-scale release of dangerous defendants. Fred Graham, reporting on the Ervin Committee hearings for *The New York Times*, observed that as a result of the Bail Reform Act it "suddenly became unlawful to impose bail," and that therefore, "chronic criminals had to be released." This is a fair reading of the testimony; it is not, however, a fair reading of the facts of bail practice in the District. Despite the Bail Reform Act, money bail is set in close to 50 per cent of all cases and results in pretrial detention in about half of these.

And much of this detention is intentional. This fact was brought home forcefully by one judge of the District's Court of General Sessions where virtually all bail decisions are made. It was his practice, he said, to impose a bail of $10,000 on any defendant charged with a felony who had a prior felony record. This judge may be more candid than most, but his bail decisions in major felony cases are probably not far out of line with those of his colleagues. For most of them, the Bail Reform Act is a useful guide in dealing with good risks, but is largely irrelevant in dealing with bad ones. It is significant that none of those who have objected to the Act have put forward convincing evidence that the rate at which "dangerous" defendants are being released is greater today than it was before the Act was passed. Then, as now, some defendants who subsequently proved dangerous were released. Then, as now, the reason behind most of these releases was that the judge guessed wrong, and permitted the defendant to go free. It is understandable that judges would attempt to shift the blame for such errors to the Bail Reform Act. But when one considers that Congress expressly intended the Act to eliminate detention only when detention serves neither justice nor the public interest, and when Congress perpetuated the judges' power to impose money bail, and thus to enforce this intention, the argument loses credibility.

If the Bail Reform Act is to be criticized at all, it is not because it stripped the courts of the power to detain, which it did not, but because it perpetuated the old, inefficient and dishonest system of detention through the use of high bail. Congress ducked the issue of preventive detention, and thus perpetuated the dual (not to say two-faced) bail system, with its separate practices for "good" and "bad" defendants.

Thus an air of unreality surrounds the current preventive detention controversy. To argue that judges should have the power to detain outright, in addition to their power to detain by setting high money bail, is to propose a redundancy of power. The debate would have meaning only if preventive detention were to be proposed as an alternative to the money bail system.

Admittedly, these are unhappy alternatives. Both do violence to basic constitutional rights: under preventive detention a man is declared a danger and jailed without a trial; under the money bail system a man is deprived of his liberty because he cannot afford to buy it. Both alternatives, moreover, permit the judge to make a prediction —that the defendant is dangerous—which is clearly beyond his or anyone's power to make in most cases. But the only system which would be completely fair to the defendant—an absolute guarantee of release in all cases —would be intolerable to the general public and its representatives. Hence the real issue to be decided is not *whether* to have preventive detention but what form it should take.

In my view it would be better if the law were made to conform to the practice of preventive detention, and to face openly the issue of public danger. Under present law the judge, observing a defendant he believes dangerous, merely assigns some dollar value to his risk. What is more, if forced to express the reasons for his action, the judge will invariably say that the amount of bail was necessary to insure the defendant's appearance at trial, since that is the only legally accepted reason for setting bail. The judge is thus not only relieved of ultimate responsibility for the defendant's release or detention but is forced into a lie; and the defendant, unless he can obtain his release from a bondsman, is faced with the task of proving, on appeal, that the amount of bail set was "unreasonable," a task made nearly impossible by the fact that bail may be reasonable and yet beyond his means.

It would be more honest and fair if judges were not permitted to set money bail in amounts greater than a defendant could post, and were instead required to declare their conviction that a defendant was or was not too dangerous to release. Following from that declaration, appellate courts, in reviewing bail decisions, would be forced to develop uniform standards as to what constitutes a danger so great that detention is required.

To argue that an outright preventive detention system would be an improvement over the money bail system is not, however, to argue that such a major change should be undertaken immediately. The adoption of a more open pretrial detention procedure will not of itself assure more rational decisions. Judges will still have to predict danger; and unless adequate guidelines are provided, wide-scale, unnecessary detention could continue. In developing these standards, two areas must be pursued. First, legislators must identify the kinds of risk they are most concerned about—the usual formulation includes persons charged with crimes of violence who have prior records of such crimes, or who have made specific threats of violence. The legislators must also prescribe tight procedural rules to govern the exercise of the detention power, including full adversarial hearings on danger, strict and short limits on the length of detention, and easy and prompt appellate review.

Second, a period should be set aside for intensive research and experimentation designed to test the proposed legislative formulations on danger. Thus, means short of preventive detention, such as expedited trials of high risks, and intensive supervision of released "dangerous" defendants, should be tried. Most important, experiments should be conducted to test whether our ability to predict danger can be improved. One such experiment was proposed by Prof. Alan Dershowitz of the Harvard Law School at the Ervin Committee hearings. He suggested that tentative criteria for detention be devised and that "defendants who are predicted to engage in violence be released in the face of these predictions," in order to test the accuracy of criteria.

Until these steps are taken, it would seem better to retain the system we have endured for so long. There is reason to fear, however, that the growing pressure in Washington to adopt preventive detention will force a law through before experimentation and research can refine the categories of cases to which it should apply, and without re-evaluation of the need for money bail. The result of such a measure will be to give judges a little more power, and the proponents of the get-tough policy a line of credit with the law-and-order forces. It could even cramp the style of a William A. Johnson, who might lose his access to a cooperative bondsman. But the probability that it would substantially reduce the number of crimes committed by defendants awaiting trial is not great, for the vast majority of them are already sitting in their cells.

THE EXPENDABLE CITY

STRATEGIES for the GHETTO WARS

MARTIN OPPENHEIMER

Mr. Oppenheimer, chairman of the Department of Sociology at Lincoln University, (Lincoln University, Pa.), is the author of The Urban Guerrilla, *to be published shortly by Quadrangle Books. The following article is adapted from a section of the book.*

Today's city is the most vulnerable social structure ever conceived by man. At one time designed to serve an agrarian society as a center for its products and as a focal point for commerce, it is now declining in importance to the nation's commerce and industry; at the same time it becomes more and more dependent for survival on resources beyond its effective control. In the United States, moreover, this decline in importance to the society as a whole is coupled with population trends that make the city increasingly the home of the black and the poor. Thus while the city is vulnerable to insurgency warfare that would jeopardize such social decision-making centers as may remain in it (for example Wall Street), anyone so dislocating it also jeopardizes the very population he is trying to help by revolutionary methods. Put plainly, the urban guerrilla who disrupts society by disrupting the city will also inflict heavy suffering on his own people. And if he seizes the city, he seizes that which is at present most expendable, most bankrupt, most backward (economically and governmentally speaking) in our society—with the possible exception of Appalachia.

The vulnerability of the ghetto population is becoming evident to militant black leaders. But the city's vulnerability to paramilitary attack is also obvious. In Chicago, on the South Side, says William Barrow (*The New Republic*, April 20, 1968), "every fourth street is commercial; arsonists could set off fires in the principal white-owned businesses of each street, thereby occupying the fire and police departments while saboteurs spread out over the city to derail trains (most of which run through the ghettos), blow up power plants, and despoil water systems." In Detroit, the East Side has several "vital" installations, including electricity, water, Chrysler and Parke Davis pharmaceutical plants. In Philadelphia, ghetto areas command the communication route from Washington to New York (except by air), border the industrial northeast and southwest of the city, and virtually surround the University of Pennsylvania-Drexel Tech complex (including a major railway and post office center).

Increasingly, police are equipping themselves to handle urban disturbances. Elaborate contingency plans, including computerized data-control systems; carefully trained tactical units, from federal down to local police levels, and the latest in counterinsurgency weaponry (helicopters, gases, Stoner assault rifle systems, counter-sniper teams, armored vehicles, electronic snooper devices) are now a normal part of a city's budget. The tactical "improvements" developed in the last several years make earlier army and police manuals on riot and mob control look as relevant as Orville Wright's first airplane. And the economic weight of such repressive measures to urban governments and to society more generally is fantastic and obviously out of proportion to its alleged benefits.

It is difficult to get an accurate figure as to the cost of this repression to society (and we are considering only preparations, not actual enforcement in a real situation). But the remarkable rise in the prices of "security industry" stocks may be an index. One expert has estimated the size of the "law-enforcement market" at about $2.5 billion per year, which is more than the 1968 federal appropriation to the Office of Economic Opportunity. (This does include about $1.2 billion for "protective service companies" such as Pinkerton's, which are only partially devoted to anti-riot or related activities.)

Blacks are arming, the police are arming, and the ultra Right is arming. "All over the United States the John Birchers, the Minutemen, the States' righters, the Nazis and Ku Klux Klan are arming and training for total warfare against our people. . . . The Afro-American hasn't got a chance in the United States unless he organizes to defend himself," says Robert F. Williams. "We have taken off the kid gloves with these elements who cause riots," says the police chief of Tampa, Fla. "Are you ready now to prepare yourself for the next one? Or will you be forced to stand helplessly by because you were unprepared to defend your home or neighborhood against bands of armed terrorists who will murder the men and rape the women?" asks a Detroit white group.

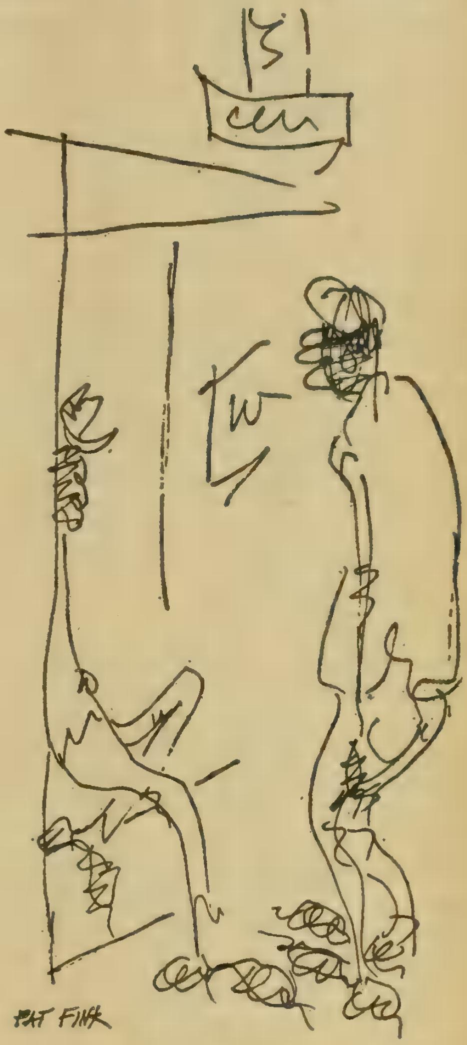
"Preparations" are accompanied by dire prophecies about a second Civil War, decades of urban turmoil, and a hopeless division of the races for generations to come. At the same time, government and business agencies alike continue to explore and expand the field of "human relations." There are endless meetings, conferences, and training exercises in "defusing" the urban problem. While actual legislation to deal with problems amounts to little, there is no dearth of good will, and brotherhood messages continue to pour forth across Kiwanis tables, and down from pulpits.

Police repression tactics can be viewed as part of a "two-war" strategy being waged by urban establishments and by the national political and social power structure to "save the cities." The other side of that war is the so-called "war on poverty." But just as a two-war strategy is fundamentally unworkable in an underdeveloped colonial setting, so it is unworkable in the colonial setting of the American ghetto. The military side of the strategy undermines the social side, even assuming that the social side is sound—which it is not. The war on poverty, with all its auxiliaries, functions basically to maintain the ghetto in its colonial position vis-à-vis the American power structure. It co-opts ghetto leaders and amalgamates them into the lower echelons of the Establishment. At least so far, the exploited condition of the mass of ghetto dwellers has remained little changed.

Furthermore, when the costs of riot control are added to other measures needed to keep the American city afloat (welfare, renewal, highways, and so on), it is evident that cities are expensive to the power structure. A clever Establishment might well choose to flee the cities, as do businesses and many middle-class individuals. The Stock Exchange has even spoken of moving from Wall Street. The movement of our nation "toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal," mentioned by the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, would thus be accelerated, and a kind of "Black Power" would be created.

It is clear that the Establishment is tempted by this strategy. Business elements who talk of building up black businesses in the ghetto seem to be leaning more and more toward leaving the city themselves, and exerting indirect control through investment in the "internal colony." Sometimes this can even be done with anti-poverty funding assistance, and in the guise of militant Black Power. In Philadelphia, Rev. Leon Sullivan's Opportunities Industrialization Center, a job-training facility supported partially by parishioners and partially by the federal government, expanded in early 1968 to found a plant, Progress Aerospace Enterprises, Inc., which is "all-black-initiated, owned, and administered." It is a subcontractor of General Electric for $2.6 million, and of the Department of Labor (for job training) for another $522,000. Banking support was provided by Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Company. In this way, some capital generated by the community and some invested indirectly from the outside by private and government sources combine to increase the pool of "native" entrepreneurs, and at the same time create a stable auxiliary to white business in the black ghetto, free from the threat of black riot.

This development is welcomed by some Black Power advocates and explains their flirtations with political figures who seem to be recommending a "neo-colonialist" strategy. Interestingly enough, political leaders who advocate a Vietnam "reappraisal" seem to be moving in a similar direction—and it is suggestive that some of these same leaders are beginning to favor strengthening some aspects of Black Power.



"Whitey All for Black 'Community Control'—He say, 'Control Yourself!'"

However, the more conventional "two-war" strategy continues to receive support, and a battle rages between those who prefer repression and those who emphasize the "other war"; this conflict also parallels some official views concerning Vietnam. Both domestically and internationally, then, we have "hard-liners," "soft-liners" and "reappraisers," that is colonialists, liberals and neo-colonialists. But this division of views is not always clear cut. For one thing, reforms of the "other war" kind often overlap with reforms of the neo-colonialist kind; Progress Aerospace

Enterprises is that kind of mixture, as are many ghetto endeavors in which "self-help" and "maximum feasible participation" are combined with attempts to seek equal job opportunities within white-run institutions.

Relatively moderate Black Power demands can thus be absorbed without basically changing the ghetto. It may be possible for the system to amalgamate even more radical "cooperative self-help" schemes; for, as Harold Cruse suggests, "American capitalism's dynamic . . . can take every one of what [Robert F. Williams] calls the essential demands of 'our people' and use them to buy off and absorb every militant wave of the entire Negro movement, as fast as they emerge."

The function of neo-colonialism as an Establishment strategy is obvious: it is cheaper than force and produces more stability. What, then, is the function of repression?

Partly, repression is related to the antiquated nature of urban government. That is, because the police department exists, it is required to maintain order even if that maintenance is economically unsound. A white police department which acts as an occupying force in the ghetto makes little rational sense. Black communities can police themselves and in fact govern themselves efficiently. But the police, like welfare institutions, see Black Power (even under neo-colonial auspices) as a real threat to their own power and jobs. Repression therefore functions to preserve jobs and power.

A second function of repression is psychological: urban police act on behalf of many in society who are racist and fear blacks. A violent movement, or one which for any reason can be perceived as violent (even though falsely), permits society to rationalize the evasion of ghetto problems. A nonviolent movement at one time blocked off this kind of response by refusing to let society off the hook of responsibility. "The nonviolent movement force[d] right-minded people to confront the real issues of social justice. Were the movement violent, many people would evade the real issue of justice by getting 'hung up' on the violent *means*. Riots give people an excuse they've been looking for."*

More concretely, violence is directly functional to certain police forces that seek to destroy black militancy altogether (which is why, in recent months, black militants have sought to evade direct confrontations in which they would lose—a lesson learned at great expense by every guerrilla movement in the world). But the image of violence must be preserved in order to rationalize these tactics. The best way to do that is to act as if the present movement were violent, react to it violently, and thereby create a self-fulfilling prophecy as the movement attempts to defend itself. The fear of blacks causes arming, by both police and private citizens; arming causes blacks to arm; this creates more fear, and so on—an arms race, in short.

In general, police represent the "military wing" of a "two-war" strategy. In many localities and at the national level, those in power prefer "law and order" under their own auspices to the erratic social controls imposed by ultra-rightist groups. Symptomatic of this preference was the police defense of a pacifist camp in Connecticut against an armed Minuteman attack in August, 1968; similar police actions against plans of Minutemen and, in the South, the Klan, had taken place before. Political figures today continue largely to espouse a viewpoint opposed to extra-legal methods because such methods undermine the stability of the system.

However, the police themselves do not always share this perspective. More and more, it would seem, police see the moderate wing of the Establishment as being partly or largely responsible for the instability of the system by refusing to let the police "do their job," that is, apply police powers rigorously to minority ethnic and leftist political groups. Attacks on the Supreme Court are part of this approach. Hence, police sometimes become part of an ultra-rightist strategy. The repression of the California Black Panthers suggests such a variation, although this normally takes the form of citizen vigilante action. It is not difficult to see how this can lead to a perception of the police as an occupying force. Thus Gene Marine reasons (*Ramparts*, June 29, 1968): "If white America is the mother country and black America is the colony, then the white police of Oakland are not police at all but occupation troops . . . then the question of [Huey] Newton's guilt or innocence according to white law is really irrelevant: he is

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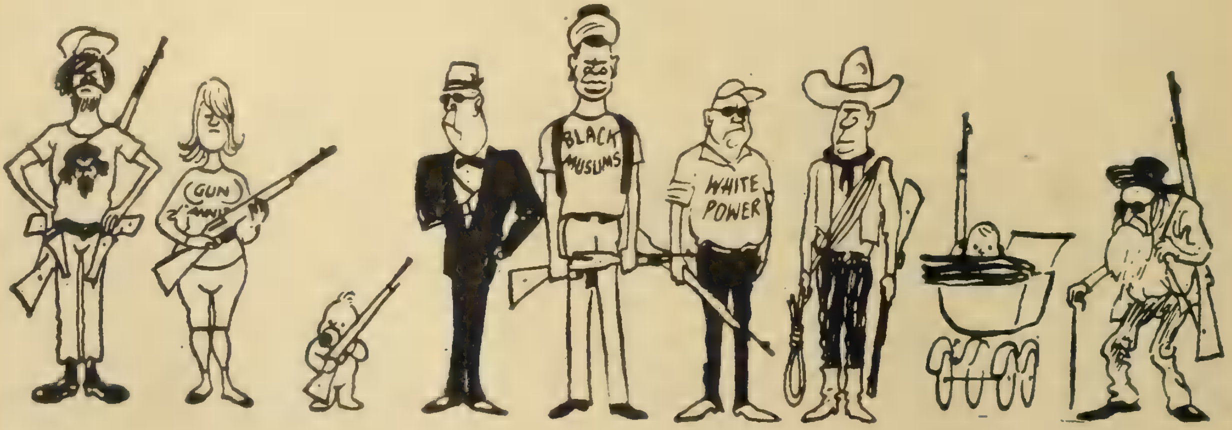
*Oppenheimer and Lakey, *Manual for Direct Action* (Quadrangle).



From Florida to Oregon . . .

a political prisoner charged with defending the integrity of his people."

Many law-enforcement agencies are infiltrated by the Right and work hand-in-glove with it, by no means exclusively in the South, as the Panther case suggests. Law agencies throughout the country, up to the federal level, have for years been harassing not only militant black groups but more conventional direct-action civil rights groups, as well as left-wing groups.

In such an atmosphere rightist terror groups become bolder and begin to operate more freely to subvert the rights of others. Germany in the 1920s offers a classic case of such subversion; observers have pointed to a disquieting parallel in this country, in this era of political assassinations.

Reform includes both the "other side" of the "two-war" strategy, and the neo-colonialist strategy, for both intend to make concessions in order to preserve the essence of the system. The "other war" is oriented to the creation of a black elite which will take its place in the lower echelons of the white power structure; neo-colonialism aims at creating black enclaves which will be politically and economically stable sub-segments of the dominant white system.

The ability of the system, so far, to adapt to various pressures from the black community has led Harold Cruse to the verdict that ". . . the American social dynamic has the built-in persuasion to bend all so-called revolutionary inclinations into the reformist groove . . . [and] . . . buy off all the ghetto rebels with consummate ease."

A social system has what might be called a reform potential, which is an index of its viability. Reforms are, in other words, a constant test of a system's parameters. Its ability to produce a particular reform in the face of pressure creates for it an outpost, as it were, against revolution.

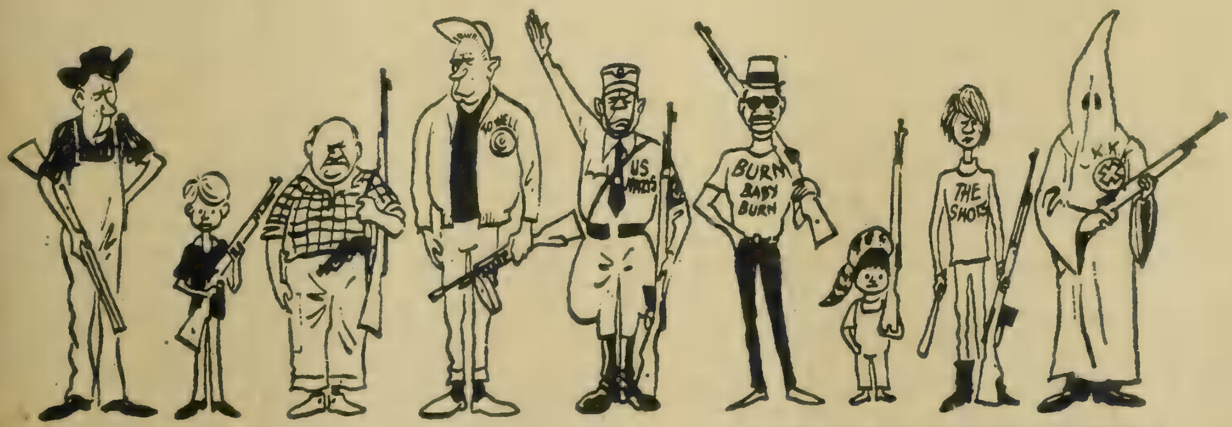
As long as a reform is demanded and the system *can* give it, it will be given, provided enough pressure is applied. But if the system *cannot* give a particular reform (because it strikes too closely at some *fundamental* aspect of the system, as its leadership sees it at the time), then we know its point of weakness. The revolutionist looks for those limits of a system to press an attack. To paraphrase Guevara, so long as government can maintain the appearance of viability (through establishing boundary points by specific reforms), revolutionary struggle cannot be successfully promoted, "since the possibilities of peaceful [conventional] struggle have not yet been exhausted."

Furthermore, despite strong arguments that paramilitary and nonviolent struggle can undermine a system and create a revolutionary climate (that is, so that the outposts of reform fall), this has really never happened. Nowhere has significant revolutionary warfare begun except where the regime had already refused (hence, for whatever reason, was unable) to make reforms. Every guerrilla outbreak has begun only after some colossal break in the system—for example, refusal to hold elections, large-scale purges, arrests and shootings, the alienation of some significant group by refusing to permit it any access to some (even limited) power, massive repression of some potentially revolutionary minority group, and so forth.

That is why repression helps a revolution. It forces people to the conclusion that reforms are no longer obtainable, hence to a break with the system. Any Establishment worthy of the name will try to avoid such a situation at any cost short of surrender. Any revolutionist worthy of the name will constantly test a system to force it to give every reform it can, and then, when it cannot or will not give any more, to the surrender point—"up against the wall."

Once revolutionary warfare has broken out, attempts to reverse the trend (for example, through the "two-war" strategy) are very difficult if not impossible. In exceptional cases, usually involving an insurrection prematurely manufactured by adventurers, or even outsiders, the Establishment can still hope to deal with the situation by setting up outposts of reform so as to promote a perception by citizens that the system is indeed viable.

In the contemporary American situation, many see the system as ripe for revolution since one set of outposts has been seemingly overrun. It would appear that at the local level, at the state level, and even to some degree at the national (at least Congressional) level, the limits of reform in the political arena have been reached for the next few years. These reforms have proved inadequate when they have not actually worsened the situation (through false assumptions and promises, bad planning or



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

Every Man His Own Gun!

corruption). Adequate reforms are blocked by a nationwide political system which increasingly proves unresponsive to society's problems.

Moreover, the political system appears less and less suited to be a lever for change. At the state and local levels, certainly, political parties seem to be the property of those in power and their cronies; they are organized to exclude participation by concerned citizens seeking reform. Patronage continues to be the primary function of politics, and patronage in turn sabotages those reforms that are instituted. As a result, reform elements in society (from business to the poor) seek ways to by-pass or side-step the political system. Neo-colonialism is an Establishment response designed to create reforms when they cannot be pushed through "normal" political channels.

The relatively new phenomenon of "responsible militancy" is a part of these neo-colonialist tactics. Whether it takes the form of using militant blacks as deputy sheriffs, as in Chicago, or of Black Power-oriented rock singer James Brown cooling off a Boston riot after the King assassination (he was later invited to the White House), or of "responsible" Tim Still or "supermilitant" LeRoi Jones using Chamber of Commerce money to form "trouble squads" to keep Newark from exploding, is irrelevant. Only the Black Panthers have at this point not been made, in some way, an adjunct of the system. That is probably because of the incredible stupidity of the repression-oriented power structure in Oakland. On the surface, many of the Panther demands are no more revolutionary than are those of other militant groups which have by now become partners of more enlightened local white establishments.

LUCKY FOR WHOM?

GROCERIES, GAS AND GAMES

JENNIFER CROSS

Miss Cross has written a consumer book on the food industry which will be published later this year by Indiana University Press. It developed from earlier articles published in The Nation.

Anyone who has ever accumulated a pile of useless "Bonus Bingo" slips or "Wiki Wiki Dollars," and wondered who was playing games with his food and gas money, can find most of the answers in the Federal Trade Commission's recent "Economic Report on the Use of Games of Chance in Food and Gasoline Retailing." Started during the housewives' boycotts at the end of 1966, this long-incubated study summarizes both the commission's findings and the hearings on gas station games, held last summer by Rep. John D. Dingell, chairman of a subcommittee of the House Select Committee on Small Business.

Evidence from both sources strongly suggests that the games constitute a triple-layered hoodwink. The public is fooled about its chances of winning, the oil companies and food chains are misled about the sales increases the games will provide, and the gasoline dealers are completely sold up the river as to their costs and returns. These consumer games are also peculiarly vulnerable to rigging. In the end, the ones who make out best are the successful game promoters.

Obviously some members of the public benefit, theoretically, at least. Someone has to win all those Mustangs and $1,000 jackpots. But many people do not realize how thin the goodies are spread. According to the FTC, the chances of winning *any* cash prize on one random visit to your friendly game-playing supermarket are 0.34 per cent, while the chances of taking home $1,000 are 1.2 in a million. According to the Glendinning Co., one of the four largest games promoters who submitted its own report to the FTC, odds on the $1,000 jackpot are even more microscopic—a mere one in 287 million, or one in 11,512 for a regular shopper over the whole game period.

Motorists' hopes for a lucky strike are no better. A Georgia survey submitted to the Dingell hearings showed that it would take two years of weekly visits to the gas station to get a $1 prize, and 96 years of similar fidelity to win $10. Snorted Frank Weikel, a reporter from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* who had amused himself by going through boxes of game pieces in search of the miserably few winners, the odds are worse "than a guy swimming the English Channel in a storm with an anchor round his neck."

Nevertheless, food chain and oil company advertising carries the strong implication that *you* personally will win, dangling the carrot of luscious jackpot prizes, even though these may have been won early in the game, and even though the whole lottery may have been fixed, to award prizes for strategic reasons.

The FTC found enough evidence of rigging to conclude that certain chains and oil companies occasionally distribute big prizes to favored outlets, generally where sales are large and/or competition unusually tough. In fact, a sales letter from General Marketing Corporation, creator of "Pick-A-President," which happened to stray onto Congressman Dingell's desk, stated: "We will program a pre-pack of cards to give you automatic distribution of the winners you specify to the exact locations of your choice."

Another trick is to hand out a jackpot early in the game to insure peak interest. One Los Angeles supermarket was even advised by a game promoter to take the first $1,000 prize and plant it on the most talkative woman in the neighborhood. Some advertised prizes are never awarded at all, either because the winning tickets were not redeemed, or because the sponsoring company became disappointed in the response and decided not to throw good prizes after bad money. Such was the case with American Oil's "Super Pro," where only 398 Mustangs were won out of a publicized 1,000.

A few jackpots have gone straight into the pockets of enterprising dealers or their friends. Dealers in Oregon, Maryland and Virginia bragged to Congressman Dingell about their ingenuity in spotting the winning tickets. Also, a law student, Barry Tumpson, turned Humble's face red by presenting $20,000 in winning tickets for "Heads and Tails," which he gleaned from the "commons" by shining a slide projector light on the whole batch (he is said to have settled out of court for a respectable $5,000).

Part of the bill for the whole shenanigans gets passed directly onto the public, depending on how successful the particular game turns out to be. After studying the experience of nine games-playing food chains, the FTC found that all of them suffered a slight increase in the cost of doing business. Between 1964-66, when games were at their peak, they spent $40 million more on advertising, three-quarters of which was directly attributable to games. A few shoppers complained to the FTC that food prices were increased by as much as 10c on selected items. More commonly, the chains cut back on their "specials"—a tactic which was not reflected in the Consumer Price Index, but which certainly penalized many shoppers. Gas prices have also gone up by 1c or more since the oil company gambling mania started early in 1966. It is hard to say exactly how far games are responsible, but the FTC evidence shows that many motorists and some dealers believe them to be the villain.

Many sponsoring companies have been oversold on games as sales promotion. For example, a Walter Schwimmer brochure, advertising "Let's Go to the Races," states that grocery shoppers may come back "as often as twenty-five times a week. They hope that one of their cards will prove to be a winner. All of which adds up to a whale of a lot of extra traffic." What Schwimmer did not mention was that consumers gradually get smart, and either split their usual purchases, or stop by merely to collect their game card—leaving the chains with less sales increase than they expected, and the bill for 30 per cent more game pieces to cope with the rush.

Gas dealers have found the same thing. One of them grumbled: "Customers that I had for years, who normally filled up, would now come in several times a week and spend $1, $1.50, $2, and it takes just as much time to service that car, to gas it, to check his hood and service the windshield, as it does to fill his tank."

In theory, said the games companies, chains should enjoy an 8 to 35 per cent sales jump, averaging 20 per cent for the course of the game; gas dealers should increase their gallonage by 40 to 50 per cent.

In practice, such a bonanza is forthcoming only when the company is first, maybe second, in the market with a popular game. Hence Safeway was able to make a killing out of the first round of "Bonus Bingo," and Tidewater with "Win-A-Check." "Bonus Bingo" and "Let's Go to the Races" have also built up what promoters call a good "track record," meaning that people like to play them, and the sponsoring company can normally count on a solid sales increase.

Many firms, alas, get stuck with real bombs, and either lose money, barely recover their costs, or only manage to hold their existing sales position. Such a situation arises when competitors retaliate with stamps, giveaways and discount prices, or start games of their own. This happened to supermarkets during 1966, when game saturation was at its peak, with fifty-two varieties in play; and to many gas dealers during 1967-68. Even successful games rarely do anything more than produce a temporary windfall for their croupiers. Over the year, there is little difference in the profit picture of sponsors and nonsponsors.

Another depressant is healthy disillusion on the part of the public. Last year, the Burgoyne Index, one of the food industry's main customer thermometers, recorded that 57 per cent of its sample would like games eliminated, up from 35 per cent in 1966; 36 per cent tolerated them (down from 46 per cent) and only 7 per cent still liked them.

Even in 1966 the FTC and leading food chains received 354 consumer complaints on the subject—a relative barrage, given the public's customary apathy. "Anyone desiring to gamble can go to the race track; this is not honest advertising," said one typical letter. "Stamps, card and bingo games are the forced gimmicks responsible in great part for the extra cost of food," said a second. "We will welcome the day when stores can go back to selling quality merchandise on its own merit and provide courteous, efficient services, instead of stamps, etc., in bidding for the customer's trade."

This resentment has lately been affecting the industries concerned, producing, as the February issue of *Fortune* points out, "a curious degree of schizophrenia in corporate policy," whereby "top executives of many of the same corporations have felt perfectly free to criticize the games that their subordinates were busily buying." Said Michael Haider, chairman and chief executive of Standard Oil of New Jersey, about his firm's use of games: "I think it is a damned poor way to market gas," a sentiment endorsed on other occasions by such companies as Citgo and American.

If the brass is cynical, many gas dealers have become downright rebellious. Dealer associations in Florida, Georgia and Oregon moaned to Congressman Dingell that they were forced to participate, either by massive advertising to create consumer demand, or by occasional threats to cancel their leases. They paid through the nose for their game pieces: a typical cost was $15 for a box of 1,000 tickets containing $11 worth of winners. Often their sales increases were disappointing, particularly as the market became saturated. Their service started to go to pieces. And to cap it all, customers became hostile when they failed to win. Dealer pressure was in fact responsible for the Dingell hearings. It has also persuaded state legislatures in Massachusetts, Ohio and Wisconsin to ban games on the ground that they violate the lottery laws.

It is clear that the only winners are the games companies. In just seven years since 1961 the market has grown from nothing to an estimated $200 million, and games promoters have proliferated from one, the redoubtable Harry Reichman, to somewhere between seventy-five and 120. Today, 70 per cent of the business is held by four companies, Glendinning, Kayden Industries, Strategic Merchandising and Walter Schwimmer. Few of their financial results are published; however, it may be significant that Glendinning has enjoyed annual sales increases ranging from 221 to 37 per cent since 1962, two years after the company was founded. It is little wonder that several of the golden geese have been gobbled up by professional marketing and sales promotion companies.

Since the whole scene is so depressing, why are the games still played? Why not cut out all the hoopla and lower prices or improve service? The reason given by the sad sponsors is "competition": other firms have games, so they must play or go under.

Getting down to the unpleasant truth—which business dislikes doing outside its own trade and financial press—both the food and oil industries are overbuilt: there are more gas stations and supermarkets than the market can sustain with reasonable profits. Gas stations squat on the corner of almost every busy intersection (how do they all make a living?), while some supermarkets which had clienteles of 11,000 to 12,000 in 1954 can now count on only some 3,400.

Since both food and gas are basic, undifferentiated products, the market is relatively inelastic. People will stuff neither themselves nor their cars simply because the prices of the nourishments fall. In any case, cost pressures are such that no firm can offer more than mouse-size price cuts and hope to stay in business. Hence the value of games: they may not permanently enlarge anyone's market, but they can do wonders as temporary traffic stealers.

To the despair of the intelligent consumer, many people really enjoy games, preferring them to genuine, if limited, price competition. Howard Brown, a vice president of the Plaza Group (a successful games company), offers the following theory in a book he has written on games psychology: "When we were children we always got something for nothing. But now that we're older, it's different —you get nothing for nothing. In games, there's an opportunity to re-experience that early developmental level of getting something free. You match something, and you get a reward."

All a game has to do is attract a small number of these submerged children. A 5 per cent sales increase is enough to meet the break-even cost; above 10 per cent, the company is laughing, and at 15 per cent, it is practically drowning in gravy. Meanwhile, *everyone* gets a game card poked at him, whether he wants it or no. Many, out of sheer inertia, will play.

It is difficult to see what can be done about these deep-rooted competitive and psychological pressures. The FTC has been holding hearings with a view to passing a kind of "truth in games," which would cut down the blah about winning, and require the public to be told how many prizes will be awarded in a specified area during the game period. The commission also proposes to stop rigging, and to protect gasoline dealers from being coerced to participate. The games companies, at least, will go along with these regulations; in fact they have already been bending over backward to clean house and see that games are rig- and tamper-proof.

The food industry is currently pursuing a slightly different tack, both in defense of games as a promotion and, more important, of its right to sponsor them without too much whistle blowing by the government referee. The National Association of Food Chains hired two prestigious Harvard professors, Jesse W. Markham and Robert D. Buzzell, to review the same evidence collected by the FTC. Not surprisingly, they concluded that games "had no measurable effect upon costs, margins, prices or market shares in any of the markets analyzed." However, no mention was made about rigging, or the FTC finding that consumers were offered fewer food "specials" while the games were in progress.

We shall probably continue to be stuck with "Wiki Wiki Dollars," or similar offerings, though not in such profusion, until industry is able to produce another seductive type of promotion. Neither the FTC regulations nor the theoretical possibility of outlawing games altogether by including them in states' lottery laws quite gets to the root of the problem. Mr. R. A. Hunter, a Gulf vice president, put his finger on it when he said that games "are really more or less persuasive forms of price competition. . . . The variety of competitive practices must be, in large part, considered inherent in our free competitive economic system. However it does seem that we sometimes carry this freedom to extremes."

LETTERS *(Continued from page 354)*

in connection with disturbances expected next year over Okinawa and other matters.

I would expect that some of your readers will take exception to Axelbank's suggestion that the water around Okinawa is becoming radioactively contaminated. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the important thing for Japanese-American relations is not whether it is true that these waters have become radioactive but whether Japanese mothers and fathers *believe* they are contaminated. We saw this clearly last year at the time the report was circulated concerning a rise in radioactivity in Sasebo harbor. As a matter of fact, the rise in radioactivity at Sasebo was almost negligible. The knowledge did nothing, however, to dispel the poisoning that occurred in Japanese thinking about the utilization of their country as a base for American military and naval forces.

Just one small point of objection: Your author cites a survey conducted by *Komeito* (Clean Government Party), the political organ of Sokagakkai. I can state that the reputation among journalists of *Komeito* and its publications as a source of "hard" information is very poor.

James A. Gittings, Far East Correspondent
Presbyterian Life

Pol axed

New Milford, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: In her review of *Portnoy's Complaint* [*The Nation*, Mar. 10], Therese Pol waxed Roth—but good. Bully for her.

Victor H. Bernstein

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Intellectual Power Elite

AMERICAN POWER AND THE NEW MANDARINS: Historical and Political Essays. *By Noam Chomsky. Pantheon Books. 404 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön *(Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

Noam Chomsky's historical and political essays in collected form make a different impact from when they were read singly in the columns of magazines. They appeared then during moments of struggle and choice over tactics and goals in opposition to the Vietnamese War. What made them special was Chomsky's remarkable scholarly tenacity and depth, his capacity for going beneath specific political issues to unveil their underlying cultural and ideological foundations, his mastery of the social science logic and methods that government experts were trying to claim as a privileged preserve. Now, brought together, they are perhaps inevitably both more ambitious and more limited—more depressing, in their concentrated evidence of governmental and intellectual perfidy, and more exhilarating, in the clarity and unity of their focus on the task ahead. *American Power and the New Mandarins* is the first significant work of social and political thought to come out of the Vietnamese catastrophe; yet it is not so important at this moment for what it says as for the direction it points. It is the first draft of a declaration of intellectual independence, and though it deals with the past, its true significance must rest with the future.

From the time when Chomsky's first major essay, "The Responsibility of Intellectuals," made him internationally famous as a leading intellectual of the anti-war movement, the thrust of Chomsky's attacks on American power and policy was directed toward the technocrats, bureaucrats and academic manipulators of power whom he groups together under the name New Mandarins. These are the university-trained or university-based experts and scholars for whom power and ideology and methodology are inextricably bound up, so that each reinforces the others in a never-ending circle of political force, self-glorification and public deception. In this relationship, a social science methodology seeking to control and predict human behavior lends itself to a government policy of dominating small countries and suppressing popular political movements. The prestige and power of each enhances the prestige and power of the other, and a mutually satisfactory ideology of benevolence and superiority proclaims the decency and generosity of our motives.

Chomsky almost uniquely possesses the training and qualities of mind to destroy this self-serving double myth of political benevolence and scientific omniscience. As a student in linguistics he had been trained in the social and behavioral sciences, and had spent several years trying to improve the techniques of a behaviorist linguistics before discarding them. Over the past ten years he has revolutionized the study of language by replacing a methodology stressing control and prediction of human behavior with one emphasizing human competence and creativity. [See "Chomsky's Revolution in Linguistics," *The Nation*, September 9, 1968.] His long struggle with the inadequate scientific methodologies of linguistics prepared him for his rigorous and comprehensive attack on the faulty reasoning, the faked statistics, the inaccurate predictions of our government "experts" on Vietnam—indeed, their utter failure to control and predict the behavior of the Vietnamese people.

Of course, once Chomsky has pointed it out, any of us can see how ugly and bankrupt it is for a Harvard political scientist to describe our B-52 raids, our bulldozing of villages, our creation of millions of homeless refugees in South Vietnam, as a laudable and generous policy of "urbanization." But Chomsky rightly warns us that the myth of social science expertise has hardly suffered, despite its debacle in Vietnam; at best the troubled experts have protested that the methodology is fine, but was misapplied under improper conditions in Vietnam. Even as vast a catastrophe as Vietnam will not likely shake the power and prestige of the behavioral mystique in government, the universities, or in popular beliefs.

Knowing this, Chomsky links himself at several points in these essays to the brilliant critic of American intellectuals' involvement in the First World War, Randolph Bourne. Bourne described the instrumentalist intellectuals of his own day as similarly bemused by the benevolent uses of force, by the techniques of trying to make others behave as intellectuals think they should, or want them to. The task of reshaping American policy and attitudes clearly does not begin or end with the war in Vietnam, but requires understanding the cultural and intellectual history of American social science, American universities, and American public policies going back nearly a century.

In two essays in *American Power and the New Mandarins* Chomsky seeks to begin just such a critical search into the past. In "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship" he analyzes Gabriel Jackson's *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War: 1931-1939* as a case study of the elitist biases of liberal scholarship (even, here, at its best) in ignoring, playing down, or unjustly deprecating the anarchist revolution of 1936-37 in Spain. Another essay called "The Revolutionary Pacifism of A. J. Muste: On the Backgrounds of the Pacific War" reinterprets Japanese imperialism of the 1930s in the light of Muste's unwillingness to grant the American assumption of righteousness and moral superiority over the Japanese. These are important efforts—the past belongs to the expert no more than the present or the future—but they are not as successful as Chomsky's essays on contemporary issues.

The problem with Chomsky's essay on Japanese imperialism of the thirties is his overt effort to describe Japan's foreign policy goals from the same premises and with the same terminology used by the United States in the 1960s in reference to China and Vietnam. This analogical approach may be intended to demonstrate the universal evil of imperialism, whether it is practiced by Japanese in the thirties or Americans in the sixties. But Chomsky's prose style is rarely felicitous—a defect one does not mind in a trenchant, rational, direct political essay—and his material is chaotically organized, so that one comes away with the impression that Chomsky is defending Japanese imperialism of the 1930s, a position that even the most severe critic of American Far Eastern policy before World War II might be reluctant to take.

The essay on Spain is both more ambitious and more significant. Chomsky has done an extremely thorough job of research in the primary and secondary literature on the Spanish Civil War, and he demonstrates most convincingly that the anarchist revolution has been slighted and misrepresented in recent scholarly work on the Spanish struggle. Here again, however, the form Chomsky has chosen diffuses the force of his interpretation. The effort to show that Gabriel Jackson is biased toward an elitist perspective seems a minor goal beside the greater implications toward which Chomsky's evidence leads—that the Spanish anarchists had begun a successful and viable social revolution both in Barcelona and the countryside, and that crushing the anarchists was far more important, alike to the Republic, the Communists and the Western powers, than defeating Franco's rebels. Chomsky's essay is fascinating, but in arguing on Jackson's ground he makes only a negative case; the anarchists do not receive the full, detailed, interpretative treatment—even in outline—we need to grasp the meaning of their revolution.

One can perhaps see more clearly the nature of Chomsky's ambitions and his limits. He is not merely analyzing and criticizing the New Mandarin intellectuals who create American policies and misuse American power. Both explicitly and by implication he has sketched what is needed. First, to understand the failures and false claims of American social science methodology in all its institutional and political contexts, stretching back to the 19th century, and in so understanding, to overcome its power. Second, to revise our historical belief in American benevolence and righteousness toward the world, and to replace it with a more realistic assessment of America's powerful and coercive ambitions. Third, to end the elitist historians' blackout on the power and success of popular political movements in the world and especially to re-explore the anarchist challenge to the technocratic-bureaucratic mentality both of the Bolsheviks and Western capitalist countries. And finally, to build in America a philosophy of social and political power based upon human competence and self-determination.

This is an enormous agenda for thought and action. It will take more than one book and more than one mind to carry it through. The importance of *American Power and the New Mandarins* lies in its power to free our minds from old perspectives, to stimulate new efforts at historical, political and social thought. It is a long road from one book of essays to new ideas, new institutions, a new attitude toward human life; but few other books on American politics and society have given such promise of starting us on the way.

Book Marks: Trips to Hanoi

LEE LOCKWOOD

Mr. Lockwood is a photographer and writer who has visited and reported from Hanoi, and from Cuba. He is the author of Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel *(Macmillan). Of the group of books reviewed below, Father Berrigan's trip to Hanoi was reported in* The Nation *by his companion, Howard Zinn ("The Petty Route Home," April 1, 1968) and in a brief review of* Night Flight to Hanoi *(Book Marks, November 18, 1968).*

Now that we've finally stopped bombing the North, and "our side" and "the other side" are sitting around a sideless table in Paris, presumably discussing peace, this batch of books by Americans who have visited North Vietnam may not find the audience they might have had, say, nine months ago. That would be a shame. At least three are eminently worth reading; all have something to offer. Moreover, we had better get used to the idea that Vietnam is going to be with us for a long time to come.

All of the authors were invited by the Vietnamese and were limited by their hosts as to where they went and what they saw; this is natural—there is a war on. Reading their books, one finds in each the same hotels, the same ruins, the same bomb victims, government spokesmen, etc. (four of the authors spoke with, and were embraced by, Premier Pham Van Dong; only two were lucky enough to see Ho). What results is an eerie *Rashomon* quality: five books telling the same story, each through a separate distortion. Question: is there a literate human being left in this world capable of visiting North Vietnam and remaining "objective"? Answer: you can't *not* have a bias about Vietnam. No one is above this particular battle.

For most of the few dozen Americans who have been privileged to tour the bomb depository of the Seventh Fleet, the experience has been one of trauma, shame, cultural dislocation and, in some cases, personal discovery. It may be that we Americans have reached a point where all the necessary facts about North Vietnam are already known, that what we need now are feelings and ideas.

This could easily explain why to me the most satisfying of these five books are precisely those that are the least journalistic and the most *subjective*, whose authors succeed in making Vietnam personally relevant, those who communicate most vividly not what we have done to Vietnam but what Vietnam has done to them.

NORTH VIETNAM: A DOCUMENTARY. *By John Gerassi. With an introduction by Conor Cruise O'Brien. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 200 pp. $5. Paper $2.25.*

John Gerassi, former establishment journalist (*New York Times, Time, Newsweek*) turned professional revolutionary, arrived in Hanoi a week after Harrison Salisbury (January, 1967) and stayed only two weeks. He calls his book "*A Documentary*," and it is: more than half the text consists of "documents" issued by various branches of the Hanoi government on the effects of the U.S. bombardment. Instead of being appended to the back of the book, they are larded into every chapter, with unfortunate results. Even the most sympathetic reader who is willing to grant their factuality must wince at being forced to read for the fourth or fifth time phrases like: "The aggressive and bellicose features of the U.S. Government are further laid bare by the following arrogant action": the words may be useful as propaganda but they are unreadable as literature. Conor Cruise O'Brien, in his thoughtful introduction, makes the point that since we Americans have heard nothing but Pentagon and State Department propaganda, we ought also to study that of the DRV and the NLF. Assuming our willingness to be propagandized, may we not still demand that the author make the propaganda readable?

The remainder consists of descriptions of what Gerassi saw himself, and interviews which he held with bomb victims. Some of the latter are immensely moving, for here the agonized human voice speaks out of its suffering, directly, unencumbered by political rhetoric. The descriptions of and statements by some CBU (pellet-bomb) victims are especially memorable, indeed impossible to forget; they remind us all too clearly that those are real people down there that we've been wounding and killing. Gerassi's book appears to be a little changed edition of his report to the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, on whose behalf he went to Vietnam. As a report it seems adequate; however, he could have served his own cause better by writing a better book.

MISSION TO HANOI. *By Harry S. Ashmore and William C. Baggs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 369 pp. $6.95.*

This book is about diplomacy, or "demi-diplomacy" as the authors call it, and unlike the others tells us more about Washington than Hanoi. William Baggs (who has since died) and Harry Ashmore, two distinguished newspaper men then connected with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, responded to an invitation from Ho Chi Minh. The Center sent them to Hanoi in early January, 1967, a moment when the North Vietnamese were especially ready to discuss peace talks. Their mission: to break through the diplomacy barrier and, through informal conversations, to clarify Hanoi's conditions for such talks, then to serve as a "demi-diplomatic" channel of communications between LBJ and HCM. Is it surprising to find out from Baggs-Ashmore that the real communications bottleneck was in Washington, not Hanoi?

After being briefed by the State Department, the authors flew to Hanoi, where they spent nine days and had a rare two-hour private talk with Uncle Ho. He offered the following observations: (*1*) cessation of the U.S. bombing of the North was the only precondition to peace talks; (*2*) the Four Points were negotiable items, not demands; (*3*) North Vietnamese legations around the world were prepared to arrange official contacts between Hanoi and Washington immediately.

Feeling that they had achieved an important breakthrough, Baggs-Ashmore sped back to Washington. From there on, as they say, it was all downhill. What follows is the gloomy chronicle of their frustrations at being used and abused by the State Department and the White House in the months that followed. The State Department de-briefed them, but Dean Rusk wouldn't see them (he passed them in the corridor one day without a word). As for President Johnson: "I'd like to see them, Bill," he told Senator Fulbright, "but you know I can't talk with everybody who's been over there talking with Ho Chi Minh." (Up to that moment, of course, Baggs and Ashmore were "everybody.")

Suddenly, State decided to use them. Together with William Bundy, they drafted a conciliatory letter to Ho expressing interest and requesting further conversations. Now the double-cross: the letter was sent, but before it arrived Ho received a second, much tougher, letter from Johnson himself demanding new preconditions for talks, in language that guaranteed refusal. Ho's reaction was predictably irate, and thus came to an abrupt end the best chance for peace to date.

Shortly after this, Baggs-Ashmore were stunned to learn that Bundy had probably worked on *both* letters at the same time. As the book, *The Secret Search for Peace in Vietnam*, and others have revealed, this was but one in a long series of fraudulent moments in our government's sordid diplomacy with North Vietnam. The sad fact is that when the United States stopped the bombing, and talks finally began (fifteen months and thousands of lives later), Hanoi's position was exactly the same as what Ho had told Baggs and Ashmore. The only new element was the Tet offensive.

A MESSAGE FROM RABBI NACHMAN

The extra-human
Swarms with disciples.
Like worms
Tumbling out of the Book of Creation,
The Book of Splendor.
Each with a light
In his head.
But smeared with
The contemplation of ecstasy.

Kabbala—
A transmission
From mouth to ear.
The words of my friend
Steady my world
Even as I say them.

There are stones—
How else will the house
Be built—
Like souls
That are flung down
In the streets.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

Incredibly, a year later Baggs and Ashmore were back in Hanoi, again on behalf of the State Department, with almost equally disastrous results. Apart from its saga of demi- (or dummy-) diplomacy, the book contains good journalistic descriptions of what little the authors saw of North Vietnam on their two visits and some vivid portraits: Ho Chi Minh, lively and alert at 78, chain-smoking American cigarettes (brought in by the Vietcong from U.S. bases in the South?), complaining that he can't break the habit, and tersely telling his visitors: "You are Americans, and so I assume you are businessmen. Well, I am a businessman too, and I want to see the goods before the price is established. When the bombing stops, we can talk."

And of Senator Fulbright, rankled and melancholy, delivering a coruscating indictment of Foggy Bottom: "I've been up against these fellows, one way or another, for the past twenty-six years, and the one lesson I have learned is that you can't trust them. . . . We talk about the Russians acting on the principle that the end justifies the means, but let me tell you that you have just been in the ultimate citadel of that policy. These State Department people figure they're entitled to use you, in any way they see fit, to further what they call the national interest, but the national interest is whatever they decide it is and can sell the President."

NIGHT FLIGHT TO HANOI. *By Daniel Berrigan. The Macmillan Co. 140 pp. $4.95.*

There seems little doubt that the Vietnamese War will eventually be counted as a transcendent event in American history, not for its military importance but for the galvanizing moral effect it has had on the American conscience. All five books give clear evidence of this. In Father Daniel Berrigan's case, it is the radicalization of the American priesthood that is mirrored. Berrigan, a Jesuit poet-priest now in jail for destroying draft-card records in Baltimore, also went on a mission (together with Howard Zinn), to arrange for the release of three American fliers by the Vietnamese and bring them home via nonmilitary transportation (at Hanoi's request). Like Baggs and Ashmore, Berrigan and Zinn were abused and ultimately double-crossed by Washington. But that is not the main burden of this book.

All true poets are revolutionaries at heart, which may explain both why Ho Chi Minh wrote poems in prison and why Berrigan's book, more than any other, succeeds in conveying a sense of genuine and intensely felt experience. In addition to the eleven poems it contains, the narrative itself is an extended metaphor of prison and flight. It begins, appropriately, at the Pentagon, where Berrigan protests the bombing and is thrown into jail. Berrigan is essentially a metaphysical poet. Noting that the act of protest "helped us see how the battle line extends bodily across our own lives," he views his sojourn in prison as being essential to his own personal spiritual liberation. Later, released and en route by air to Hanoi, he expands the paradox in a questioning meditation: Are they really going to liberate American prisoners? What if the fliers have also become "free men" in prison? Will they not then be returning to a society whose very citizens are all " 'prisoners of war,' locked in dungeons of illusion"? *Night Flight to Hanoi* is also a flight *from* America.

Hanoi proves a mystery difficult to unlock: "How is one to convey the atmosphere of a city rendered alien as another star by the mythology of our words, by distance, by bombs?" Berrigan is also troubled by the "strange mixture of naïveté and human confidence" he finds in his hosts and by their oriental formality, difficult to pierce. Above all, he is overwhelmed with the enormity of maiming and death that have been caused by the bombing. But it is a lesson that must be learned. Lagging behind his group at a medical museum, being shown pickled organs and viscera dissected to reveal the paths of pellet bombs, Berrigan is summoned by the lecturing doctor and meekly goes forward, stomach churning, "to have my face and my eyes rubbed in the fact and the smell of death, like the others."

Later, riding out of Hanoi with the three released fliers, he searches their faces for evidence that their incarceration has forced a similar confrontation with the death which they had professionally been dealing, but finds none. They have been brainwashed, says Berrigan, not by the Vietnamese but by the Americans. And he concludes: "What sort of proximity to actual war is required, if men are to become thoughtful and critical about their actions? We have had years of this war, clogging our television tubes and our heads with horror. In a true sense we are closer to the war than the airmen who are pursuing it with such savage vigor at the scene of conflict itself. And yet one could hardly claim that the eyes of men have wept for the victims because of what those eyes have seen. Indeed an opposite claim might be made; that one televised war has prepared our souls for all kinds of future horrors." A mordant perception, but one that should give us all pause.

HANOI. *By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. 134 pp. $2.45 paper.*

If Berrigan's journey evokes the myth of Orpheus descending, Mary McCarthy's is Pilgrim's Progress, Part 2. (Part 1 was her uncompromisingly moral book on South Vietnam published a year ago demanding complete and immediate U.S. withdrawal.) Miss McCarthy is, of course, a personage, and the thought of her striding purposefully through the North with all her thoughts (and marbles) in place, rather taller than her Vietnamese guides, determinedly gathering facts and impressions as a squirrel acorns, is sympathetically amusing. Her book is the most descriptively informative of the five. It is also the most elegantly written.

Although Miss McCarthy alone has also seen the South and can make comparisons, these comments are disappointingly perfunctory (Saigon is dirty and raucous with car horns, Hanoi silent with bicycles and clean; her Hanoi hotel had hot water and bed netting, in Saigon she suffered mosquito bites and cold water). Moreover, she exhibits an unfortunate tendency to relate each new sensation experienced in North Vietnam to some childhood memory (a bomb alert in her hotel reminds her of fire drills in school; a car ride along a bomb-rutted highway recalls bumpy rides with Grandma in northern Minnesota, etc.) which, after a while, leads one to the uncomfortable suspicion that subconsciously she regards the smaller Vietnamese as charming and naive children (as when her lady interpreter, at a rest stop, inquires politely, "Would you like to make water or shit?").

Such condescension, though mistaken in its object, is well intentioned and does not detract from her marvelous vignettes of people and descriptions of Hanoi and the countryside, among the best to be found anywhere. She is most interesting when dealing analytically with her own problems of understanding and relating to North Vietnam. Being a word worker, she is painfully aware of the East-West semantics gap ("Though we talked of the same things, we did not always use the same language") and, in a passage recommended to all State Department officials on the Vietnamese task force, she produces some worth-while insights on how the Vietnamese use language and what reiterated phrases like "American war-mongers" and "hateful air pirates," with which Gerassi's book is loaded, really mean. (They are "oriental ideograms," verbal rituals bearing no more literal force than a Homeric epithet.)

The book's most authentic passage, indeed, is its most personal one. Though she had tried to hide behind a novelist's detachment, Miss McCarthy confesses, Vietnam has finally gotten inside her and produced an "identity crisis." It begins when she is presented (as are all American guests) with an aluminum ring, fashioned from the shot-down wreckage of a U.S. warplane, and cannot bring herself to put it on. She is, after all, only an observer. Later, however, this is no longer adequate: ". . . my detachment and novelistic powers were not only inappropriate but a sort of alibi" for not actively taking sides. This leads to the realization that she had come to Vietnam for basically selfish reasons: to help get the war over with so that she can return to her life of creature comforts "with an undisturbed conscience." Now, concludes Miss McCarthy, implying (though not affirming) a more radical commitment, it is no longer enough simply to work for one's own salvation: "Nothing will ever be the same again, if only because of the awful self-recognitions, including this one, the war has enforced."

TRIP TO HANOI. *By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 91 pp. Paper $1.45.*

Like Berrigan and Mary McCarthy, Susan Sontag, novelist and essayist, belongs to the non-Communist, literary Left. She was sent to Hanoi along with two other intellectuals by Dave Dellinger, who has become a kind of booking agent for Hanoi's Peace Committee. Out of a three-week visit in April, 1968, has come what is probably the best and undoubtedly the most honest book of her career.

Trip to Hanoi is essentially an inner voyage of discovery. Miss Sontag is an intellectual; when she doesn't understand something, she suffers. "How odd to feel estranged from Vietnam here, when Vietnam has been present in my thoughts every day in America." Every American, arriving in Hanoi, experiences a sense of hallucination and cultural dislocation and deals with it in his own way: Baggs and Ashmore remember the Battle of the Bulge and other war stories; Mary McCarthy conjures up her Midwestern childhood; and Berrigan imagines himself on a distant star. Miss Sontag, to her credit, resists temptation to lean on insulating equivalents; the most significant experience for an American in Vietnam is, after all, its utter and unique strangeness. Instead of memory or imagination, Miss Sontag relies on her intellect, produces therefrom an analysis of the Vietnamese that is both enlightened and enlightening. Her struggle for understanding is interesting because one feels it is sincerely motivated; its goal is growth: "Unless I could effect in myself some change of awareness, of consciousness, it would scarcely matter that I'd actually been to Vietnam."

Like Mary McCarthy, her initial confrontation with the apparent simplicity and the calm self-assurance of the Vietnamese character beneath the bombs makes her feel corrupt, frivolous and a bit fraudulent. Vietnam is "an ethical fairy-tale," in which it is possible to believe but with which one cannot easily make contact without first unpacking one's own intellectual and cultural baggage. Comparison with Western culture, with its materialism, its tradition of individualism, and its Freudian ethos not only provides no approach to understanding the Vietnamese; it is inhibitory. Like Miss McCarthy, Miss Sontag begins with words, finds that the Vietnamese have "a different relation to language" which renders communication critically difficult (her ideas on Vietnamese semantics are also recommended reading for the diplomatic code experts at State). But her analysis of the language and culture of Vietnam goes much deeper than Miss McCarthy's and shows more acquaintance with the ethical value scale of Confucianism which, more than Marxism, is the structural bone of North Vietnamese society.

As an American radical, Miss Sontag's search is for a way not only to create a Vietnam in her own head (as Godard suggested in *Far From Vietnam*) but to emulate Che Guevara by finding a practical application of its lessons in order to change her own society. But though the Vietnamese War has been crucial for America, like Cuba, it offers no blueprints for would-be American revolutionaries: "Radical Americans have profited from the war in Vietnam, profited from having a clear-cut moral issue on which to mobilize discontent and expose the camouflaged contradictions in the system. Beyond private disenchantment or despair over America's betrayal of its ideals, Vietnam offered the key to a systematic criticism of America."

But all this has been accomplished by Americans on this side of the Pacific. The real value of a trip to the scene of the action, Miss Sontag concludes, is not the answers it provides but the questions it raises: "When American radicals visit North Vietnam, all things are thrown into question—their necessarily American attitudes to communism, to revolution, to patriotism, to violence, to language, to courtesy, to eros, not to mention the more general Western features of their identity." In the answers to these questions, available only at home, may lie the potential seeds of revolutionary change in our own society.

Blood in the Morning Coffee

THE CRY OF VIETNAM. *By Thich Nhat Hanh. Drawings by Vo-Dinh. Unicorn Press. 57 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

JOAN SIMON

Mrs. Simon has written for Ramparts, Life *and* Commonweal. *She is the author of* Portrait of a Father *(Atheneum).*

Perhaps this is a time when only the poet speaks with authority. Hans Magnus Enzensberger makes this observation in his introduction to the Nobel Prize-winning book of poetry, *O The Chimneys* by Nelly Sachs: "In her Stockholm refuge she experienced the genocide of the Final Solution more closely than we who lived near the death camps and her book remains the only poetic testimony that can hold its own beside the dumbfounding horror of the documentary report."

Thich Nhat Hanh (the Thich stands for his religious title and is relatively equivalent to the Dom of Benedictine monks) has already been published and widely read in this country. His *Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire* published here by Hill & Wang in 1967 has been translated into eight languages and has sold over 100,000 in a pirated edition in Vietnam. It is a tough, concise, informative prose book dealing with the history of the Vietnamese people and their political groups, and includes a kaleidoscopic view of the current war. [Reviewed in *The Nation*, July 31, 1967, by Jonathan Mirsky.]

Thich Nhat Hanh has met with intellectual, governmental and religious leaders around the world, has had an audience with the Pope, and has been placed in nomination for the Nobel Peace prize by the late Martin Luther King, Jr. He has taught Buddhism at Columbia University and studied at Princeton. In his own country, he is the founder and director of The School of Youth for Social Service and of Van Hanh Buddhist University, both in Saigon. He has worked with the student social workers and with the peasants in the fields. He has headed up a publishing house and a leading Buddhist newspaper, and has published fifteen books of his own writings.

In the time of the First World War, Rainer Maria Rilke, a very great poet of

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acute sensibility wrote in despair, "Who'll show a child just as it is?" One measure of Thich Nhat Hanh's poetry is that he does this, not from the angel's vision, which became Rilke's poetic stance, but through the love of an earthly brother. Nhat Hanh's own brothers were killed in this war. His imagery takes one by the heart; he makes real the unbearable by naming it, by feeling it, by including all as brothers in his understanding. He makes one burn with the flames our brothers have thrown, and he includes himself among us, the bewildered living for whom the devastation will never make sense.

For those who are ignorant of the ways of Buddhism, his poetry suggests the feel of the philosophy better than Western tracts on Zen. From "Here Are My Hands":

I have returned
docile, surrendered
without rancor at this great suffering
for
under the stars
you were born,
for
thanks to you
I was born
to live ten thousand lives
with the heart of a child.

But Thich Nhat Hanh's poetry is not in the mystic tradition of Kahlil Gibran. Though the poems are filled with small drops of rain, the smell of opening flowers, the long black hair down a mother's back, the sound of an evening bell, or a flute, the stare of undisturbed stars, the delight of a child in a flare bomb, at the same time they are alive with the agonies of man-made sufferings. As an example, the first verse of "Mudra," a poem not included in this book:

Don't listen to the poet
in his morning coffee, there is a drop of tear
Don't listen to me
please don't
in my morning coffee, there is a drop of blood
Do not scold me, mother,
I cannot swallow the liquids
The air in my lungs is frozen

He said let him weep through your eyes because he has now no eyes
He said let him walk on your feet because he has now no feet
And with my hands
I am touching your nightmare
he said he has been saved
he needs no more salvation
salvation is for us.

And in a poem called "Our Green Garden" he even offers up himself:

Here is my breast. Aim your gun at it, brother, shoot!
Destroy me if you will
And build from my carrion whatever it is you are dreaming of.

Who will be left to celebrate a victory made of blood and fire?"

The Hazards of Art

THE COLLECTED LONGER POEMS OF KENNETH REXROTH. *New Directions. 307 pp. $7.50.*

THE LAST DAY AND THE FIRST. *By Theodore Weiss. The Macmillan Co. 110 pp. $4.95.*

ROBERT STOCK

Mr. Stock is the author of a book of poems, Covenants *(Trident).*

These two volumes drive home the idea of risk involved in poetry and all art. In Rexroth the risk the reader takes is that he will be argued into a transvaluation of his personal values to revolutionary ends; in Weiss the risk is that he will be persuaded to the same ends. One road is philosophical, the other aesthetic; together they testify to the anarchic nature of poetry. Yet, these poets can reverse their typical roles, too—and then watch out! When, after a knotty meditation on symbiotic cosmology, Rexroth's wife rides up on a red stallion, her breasts aquiver, you are in danger of falling into a more elemental world than that of the printed page; and when Weiss's Caliban hurls Prospero's magic book back into the sea, you are in sudden danger of knowing what you want. Words such as *peripeteia* cannot disguise the transformations lurking in such moments.

What is most viable in the so-called New Left is in large part the creation of Rexroth and Paul Goodman, whether the movement knows it or not. Young radicals might well go to this new collection of Rexroth's poems for the rediscovery and definition of their motives.

Five long philosophical poems and two short meditations comprise the book. Solidly in the tradition of the long philosophical poem, "The Phoenix and the Tortoise" is closer to Wordsworth's "Prelude" than to Lucretius or Bridge's "Testament of Beauty," especially in its confrontation of personal and imagist lyric with unabashedly didactic philosophical statement. The setting is between mountains and sea where the poet is camping with his wife; the time span is from late afternoon, through a sleepless night of meditation, and well into sunrise. These meditations are on history and process, war and the state, engagement, individuation, person, value, responsibility and community. Myth, vision, citations ranging from Aristotle through George Mallory, a picture of a Syrian dancing girl, anecdotes—these and much more pass in a phantasmagoria and finally fall into place as the plastic stuff of awareness. Notions are not developed deductively in the orderly chains so dear to professional philosophy but are comprehended by and unified through an intuitive reach of the mind. Rexroth's triumph is that from the century's conflict of beliefs he has been able to create and celebrate his own syncretist universe of value. Syncretism is his remedy to make a fragmented society whole. However, syncretism must not be confused with eclecticism: the first desires to build a large unity from a unified position, the later tries to unify with shards.

The structure of "The Dragon and the Unicorn" is the same: confrontation by alternating lyric and meditation. But the physical setting of this later poem, a travel tour of Europe, is less static and, probably, less enduring. Although the themes are the same, the details of handling are quite different. Generally, too, the tone is lighter, wittier, even permitting jokes:

Switzerland is the world's worst
Country—Kansas stood on end.

and even provides an itinerary of good eating places in Europe.

In turning from Rexroth to Theodore Weiss we move from a body of work that is significant primarily for extra-poetic reasons to a book whose scope is essentially of the muses. Weiss's work first became impressive with the yeoman work of *Gunsight* in 1962, but *The Last Day and the First* puts him in the forefront of contemporary American poetry.

I wish to say something, against accepted opinion, about Mr. Weiss, but feel I must prepare the ground with a few words about the self-styled *avant-garde*. To begin with, I disbelieve in it. Besides its repugnant military metaphor, the term embodies a belief in progress in the arts that simply goes against all the evidence. Obviously, its thesis of a forward-looking band of foragers who protect the relatively traditional main column presupposes a main column. Can Richard Wilbur and half a dozen others be said to compose a main column? The fact is that the main column and even the academy is *avant-garde*. It marches nowhere; it looks backward to the twenties and even earlier for its attitudes and techniques. I understand that they have quite recently discovered Rimbaud. In another fifteen years, if they persist, they will have come abreast of e.e. cummings.

For the sake of an argument, I would like to use the word after redefining it: The *avant-garde* is made up of artists, usually one or two in a generation, who by experiment produce new techniques which may or may not be of use to future artists. Examples: Robert Bridges no less than Hopkins, Pound, Auden, Roethke.

My contention is that at the moment we have two *avant-garde* poets, John Berryman and Theodore Weiss. Weiss's radical experimentalism is not seen in all the poems of this volume; but it is all-pervasive in the longest and most imposing of them, "Caliban Remembers," and sporadic in the others. Young experiments are difficult to pin down, but this one involves meter, diction, syntax and patterns of repetition. Here are the first lines of "Caliban Remembers:"

> *Might*
> *have gone with them. Might. To be—*
> *I heard their scheming—a strange fish,*
> *stranded on land, lurching in shadows,*
> *a monster they, tormenting, make.*
> *No one for me. Not my master's kind*
> *with perfumes stinking, auks at courting.*
> *Nor to me true friends those two*
> *I fell in with.*
> *Oh fell in with,*
> *a horse-pond for our pains, and over*
> *ears, scum sticking to, thick scum.*

These rhythms, loosely based on iambic tetrameter, are strongly marked with stresses reminiscent of sprung verse, but they are not the same. For one thing, they have a broad rather than a local syntactic function, so that they spread out over large areas of the poem.

"Caliban Remembers" is surely among the finest poems of the decade. Between it and Shakespeare, Browning's "Caliban Upon Setebos" intervenes. In Browning, Caliban creates his god, Setebos, in his own gross image, half out of mud and slime and efts; whereas Weiss humanizes him and sharpens the problem of identity by presenting him as re-creating himself in Prospero's image. The paradox is that Prospero had attempted to turn the monster into his own image and almost succeeds precisely because he is absent. But, in the sentiment of his fancy, Caliban does bring Prospero back, and sees himself in fantasy as master. Weiss's psychological probing is poignant and penetrating: like Warren, he reclaims for the poem certain domains that have for long been considered the property of the novel. Caliban's spiritual growth, implied by his rejection of Prospero's book, is wholly credible: the monster has become a man capable of loving while maintaining his identity. The poem concludes on a dilemma, however, for even man relapses:

> *How I long*
> *to hear once more those me-completing*
> *voices. Come back, would cast me*
> *at their feet. And yet . . . alone, alone*
> *as he must be, loathing, pitying, loving.*

This finely achieved balance, so vulnerable, will teeter forever. In this sense, the poem never ends.

The same vulnerable balance controls the other work, too. In the title poem, the apocalyptic possibility (the bomb) is balanced against creation (early spring). Not that he mythologizes experience. In *The Last Day and the First*, his eschatology is firmly grounded in a Jehovah Witnesses mother and daughter. Caliban is also a study in demythologizing, at one level, which is the purpose of the elaborate series of references to Browning's Caliban.

The salient themes rebound from poem to poem. In "The Eighth Day" he again picks up the creation theme, this time demythologizing Genesis. And again Browning's poem is alluded to in the structural use of *His* and *his*. "The Eighth Day," from the long, beautifully modulated question of the beginning to the obliquely abrupt conclusion, is a high achievement of experimental verse.

If compassionate aliveness to the life of men and words can move readers to delight and depth of feeling, his translations of Pasternak (certainly the best we have) should be read and reread, as should the poems "A Letter from the Pygmies," "Robes of the Gods," "Far Out, Far In," "A Midsummer Nightmare," and the dramatic monologue "Wunsch-Zettel." This book is an event. The poems are not fashionable—the *avant-garde* never is—but fashions are likely to coalesce around them.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

At no time since the Vivian Beaumont Theater opened have I been so absorbed by a play presented there as I was by Heinar Kipphardt's *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*. There is a lesson in this, for it need hardly be said that the new play does not in any respect rank with *Danton's Death, Blood Wedding, Cyrano de Bergerac, Galileo, Tiger at the Gates* or *King Lear*!

To begin with the least salient aspect of the event: the use of the stage. None of the previous plays was so designed as to "sit" comfortably in the house. The productions were generally pushed down to the forestage, almost literally squeezed, which was no fit treatment for them. Essential decor was frequently removed to the background where it was invisible to a good part of the audience. Peter Wexler's handsomely simple setting for *Oppenheimer* is in full view of everyone at all times.

The acting—the particulars of which I shall go into later—is the best that we have thus far been offered at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. Gordon Davidson's handling of the script and of his actors—fashioning telling individual characterizations within the framework of a factual style—is another exceptional achievement at this establishment.

Most important of all is the relevance of the play's content to the audience. I do not mean to suggest that Kipphardt's writing, which is mainly an arrangement of material provided by existing documents, is necessarily more meaningful to us then that of *King Lear* or the others; but even a masterpiece, when it fails to be directed and acted with adequate craft and artistic insight, loses most of its force in the theatre.

As its title indicates, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* is a presentation of the main line of argument at the 1954 hearings before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington, D.C. The purpose of those hearings—convened at the time of the McCarthy terror and fed on its fire—was to determine whether Oppenheimer, "father of the atom bomb," was a possible "security risk."

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Most of the play's dialogue is a direct transcription—greatly reduced, of course—from those hearings.

Heinar Kipphardt's basic theme is the relation of the scientist to the political, ideological, social context in which he functions and the corollary concern with the degree of freedom the scientist as a person may be allowed in regard to the ultimate use of his discoveries. The play's dramatic method is related to, though not identical with, both Peter Weiss's *The Investigation* and Rolf Hochhuth's "theatre of fact," though each of these is different from the other. Such plays are intended to make the audience think seriously about pressing contemporary issues.

Most great dramatists have had similar objectives, but most of them made "poems" of their plays—works of art, sublimations of fact which might transcend their specific instances. Kipphardt, as most of the others who tend in a similar direction, is not especially interested in that process of assimilation. They seek immediate results, they desire responses which will so stir conscience as to lead to prompt and practical action. In my view, the "poets" produce more enduring effects, induce profounder changes of heart. Still my intention is not to rule against theatrical journalism but to define the exact nature of what is being attempted and what to expect from a play like *Oppenheimer*. The theatre is as much forum as festivity.

Kipphardt's play is not heavy-handed in its bias: it cannot be dismissed as "propaganda." One may come away from it—though this is unlikely—siding with those who refused to countenance Oppenheimer's scruples, and voted to exclude him from further participation in the government's activities in nuclear experiment as they pertained to warfare.

The play achieves its aims. It is thoroughly arresting as theatre: one's rapt attention never flags. Though it may fail to be deeply moving, the play excites thought. And that is more pleasurable to attend than great plays in productions whose only effect is to flatter with the notion that viewing them as a cultural "rite" (rather than as a living experience) is somehow ennobling.

Joseph Wiseman's Oppenheimer begins in the planned vein of Davidson's production scheme—factual but vivid characterization subdued to the tone of courtroom report. Oppenheimer is less "colorful" than some of the witnesses: he is reticent, customarily soft spoken, a trifle abstracted. The drawing of his portrait is linear: his movement is angular, his gestures stiff. He stoops slightly, in a manner to suggest reflectiveness and, at the same time, a readiness to pounce on any breach of logic or decency. In the presence of vulgarity, cruelty or lack of dignity he either flares with indignation or contracts with hurt, subsiding into pained silence. He is ordinarily companionably straightforward, with occasional glints of humor. There is some tension within him but he is never flamboyant.

Then, as the play moves to its close, the inner man discloses himself. Wiseman begins to show the man's soul troubled with self-doubt, the perturbation caused by a problem which even his keen mind finds almost insoluble—and, if solved as his spirit dictates, may well alienate him from the majority of his fellow men with whom he nevertheless desires the closest ties. It is here that Wiseman has his finest moments and reveals what is in him; that which is called the actor's "personality" in the truest sense.

In the opening scenes, Wiseman pointed his characterization a bit too much (this may have been due to first-night nerves), making him seem a trifle mannered. But as he progressed one forgot his "acting" and perceived in him a sort of mystic trance as if he were lost in the contemplation of something beyond the difficulty of his momentary situation. This quality is at the core of Wiseman's being and of the Oppenheimer he creates. It is not an ordinary being; it is not even an easy or a "natural" one. It made me think of a saying ascribed to Francis Bacon: "There is no excellent beauty which hath not some strangeness in the proportion."

Herbert Berghof as Edward Teller is also very fine: he is compact with conviction, tense but controlled, measuring his words through a sense that he may give offense to a man he admires and to a body of opinion which, though he holds it in some awe, he must still reject without equivocation.

Stefan Schnabel as the physicist Hans Bethe is genial in the mid-European fashion of kindly jocularity which in no way conceals intellectual decisiveness. Eduard Franz as the member of the Security Board who votes in Oppenheimer's favor is the bland, old-fashioned American liberal in whom a persistently moral nature and humorous intelligence dwell without strain. Stephen Elliot plays a lawyer and former security officer with friendly but sharp verve. Tony van Bridge as still another physicist is bluff, hearty and most engagingly pugnacious.

All these (they have the most grateful roles) and such others as Charles Cioffi as an obtuse security officer, and Ronald Weyand as a technical adviser to the Air Force, honed by its prejudices, fill Davidson's well-calculated outlines with nice pigments of their own.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

It is a curious fact of the New York art world that artists in their 30s don't mind having retrospectives (Rauschenberg and Johns, for instance, at the Jewish Museum), but older artists are very sensitive about it. Exhibitions of artists in the 1903-13 age group, that is to say the men usually called "Abstract Expressionists," are subject to endless qualification. Museum shows of these artists, no matter how extensive, have to be presented as tentative and partial samples of the iceberg, to protect the artist from feelings of completion and exhaustion. The de Kooning exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art lists 147 items in the catalogue and covers thirty years, but there is the standard warning not to take all this as a retrospective. It is, to quote the catalogue, just "a look at the artist in mid-career." Is "mid-career" honestly the right term for an artist who will be 65 next month?

De Kooning's presence at the Modern, whether one regards the show as a retrospective (which is my inclination) or a glimpse, is the welcome realization of a lengthy project. New York museums have been overusing guest directors for their exhibitions, inviting outside people to arrange shows well within the capacity of their curatorial staffs. However, inviting Thomas B. Hess, editor of *Art News*, to do the de Kooning show was absolutely correct; he not only knows more about the artist than anybody else; he is the only person likely to have persuaded the artist to go through with a big museum show (the Modern had been trying for years). Mr. Hess's modesty in the acknowledgements and introduction to his catalogue should not deceive anybody as to the centrality of his role.

The catalogue is rich in information about the artist, his work, his life style, his milieu. In a text that has space for the artist's relation with his dealers, however, I miss any discussion of de Kooning's immense influence on young artists in the 1950s. This was either a power play on his part, or a toleration of the role of king when it was pressed on him; whichever it was it calls for discussion. The other lacuna is that Mr. Hess is less precise about the flattening of de Kooning's forms in the late fifties and early sixties than on any other matters pertaining to the man he regards as "the most important painter at work in the middle of our century."

My experience of the show was very different from my expectation. De Kooning's paintings and drawings, seen in different places, a few at a time, over years, had left me with an image of a painter who possessed a wide range for handling several subjects. Seeing all the work together has the effect of reducing somewhat the gritty particularity of individual paintings and periods. When the paintings are gathered only footsteps apart, not even the confused hanging that is normal at the Modern can blot out an emergent unity. The correspondences that become visible seem more binding than the differences between various periods, though Mr. Hess lists fifteen from 1934 to 1965: equivalences grow between black-and-white paintings and the ones in color, between the images of women and the abstractions. Early and late works become symbiotic instead of antagonistic siblings.

Consider the famous paintings of "Women," 1950-54. I remembered them as plastically solid figures heroically dominating the maelstrom of paint through which they loomed. By comparison, the women painted after 1964 seemed like Fragonard, say, compared to Rubens. In the context of thirty years of work, however, the "Women" that struck one as so violent appear now pretty much in accord with the rest of the painter's work; they are part of a rococo empire. The allover curve of the line, the scatter of color, are now seen to pulverize the central image, so that the plasticity of the Grand Manner, which once seemed brilliantly preserved, is virtually effaced. Thus the early "Women" are not so different from the soft, shallow paint ripples of the later paintings. In both periods the image is diffused into the picture surface, flattened and gesturized simultaneously. Top patterns of line and floating patches of color are constant.

Criticism of de Kooning has generally dwelt on his art as an open-ended process. To quote Hess: "Joining impossibles is a de Kooning method" and "to finish meant to settle for the possible." The artist is seen to be involved in an existentialist dilemma in which he successfully resists all those forces that reduce the complexity of life to the simplicity of a convention: that is, to art. Still, all de Kooning's revisions and abandonments do issue, ultimately, in paintings. That these bear the signs of sweat and contradiction is evident, but what does this mean in terms of the paintings? His anxiety, struggle, irresolution and abrupt conclusions converge in a style of improvised painterliness. There is no need, when speaking formally about de Kooning, to get involved in the simplistic dialogue between critics who think that painting must be flat and those who think it need not be. We do not have to think in terms of either de Kooning or Morris Louis. It is not that de Kooning fails to paint flat enough; on the contrary, his forms are always sucked flat against the canvas, as by a powerful vacuum cleaner. His forms are monotonously stuck, squashed, multiplied, and disintegrated across the flat plane of the canvas. To change the metaphor, his flatness has an aggressive and defamatory character, as of insects glued to the windshield of a car.

BUY YOUR BOOKS
THROUGH THE NATION

De Kooning's art is glutted with potential meanings, what Hess describes as his receptivity to "all possibilities." In practice this shows in brush work that is sometimes the record of visual perception, sometimes haptic or mnemonic (as when he draws with his eyes closed), sometimes iconographic (alluding to Rubens' flesh painting or to a pin-up girl's breasts). The surface that results from these multileveled signs tends to be diffuse and disjunctive. The same level of probability is in all the paint marks and this becomes oppressive. Of course, de Kooning is not open to everything. The possibilities that get into his pictures are only the ones that he is aware of and thinking about. He is associational and permissive, which is an attitude, a structure. His art demonstrates a principle that can be compared to disjunctive syntax (poor *but* honest, this *or* that). Of a painting his critics can say: turn the landscape sideways and it's a woman; it's a woman, it's East Hampton, it's paint. De Kooning's color, except when monochromatic, has a similar interchangeability.

He is certainly right to act as if there were no universal system by which his art, or anybody else's, can be regulated. On the other hand, his refusal to accept an arbitrary form or system, however improbable, as a means by which to create art seems to have left him in the air. To be Robinson Crusoe on an island of his own creation from scratch repels him. He seems obsessed by the quest for an authentic self, but is far too sophisticated to embrace a belief that would confer a sense of authenticity on him. He is like a Nietzsche who has read Wittgenstein and had the bad fortune to believe him. Each of his paintings becomes, then, an example of complexity, a cluster of ways to go and of things that might have been, and why not? For all his vigor and wit, de Kooning's position has the effect of making his pictures, early and late, run together in a melee of suspended possibilities which, instead of celebrating freedom, perpetuates indecision.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Now that films have become so explicit, this column will have to turn a little clinical. One reason for not showing sexual intercourse on the screen—a reason not mentioned in the hypocrisy vs. propriety argument—is that a man cannot attain a state of readiness for the exploit when surrounded by directors, script girls, grips, lights and cameras. This physiological limitation used to trouble me when I saw "smoker" movies during my college days, and it amuses me that several decades of the "new honesty" have made no advance against it. The spectacle of a fellow pretending to copulate under such conditions is plain depressing and should be avoided out of consideration for young men in the audience who may have anxieties in that direction.

These remarks are occasioned by the release here, after a most profitable censorship battle, of *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, and it will be resented, I foresee, by Grove Press, the American distributors. They are passing out an "appreciation" of the picture that claims it is not about sex. Well, it is not *just* about sex, as were those old "smoker" duets and ensembles; it also discusses the lack of social awareness in the public, passive resistance, the dreams of children and the failures of their fathers and the techniques of film making itself. I am aware that the scenes of overt sexual activity

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occupy only a fraction of the running time. However, a film that shows cunnilingus, fellatio, intercourse (with the aforementioned deficiency) in various positions and in settings oddly public or unusually inconvenient—above all, a picture in which the heroine is shown to be a nymphomaniac—is certain to be typed as a sex film. (Perhaps I should define nymphomania in the context of this picture: it is the plight of a girl who, however hostile her mood and however inappropriate the occasion, has only to be touched in a sensitive spot and immediately she begins to wave her legs in the air like an octopus seeking its prey.)

At 2:30 on the afternoon of the opening day (before the reviews were out) the line for *I Am Curious (Yellow)* extended out of sight down 57th Street; it was 90 per cent male and in large part single males—the sort of crowd to be found in a 42nd Street grind house, though more affluent. There is nothing except sex to draw such a crowd to this picture, and as long as such an outcry is being made about honesty, I think we should be honest on this point as well.

Aside from the eroticism, what do we have? The message of *I Am Curious (Yellow)*—there is alleged to be also a *(Blue)* version, not yet available—seems to me to be that a girl who thinks that love consists of pulling down her pants is too little developed emotionally to be a reliable political activist. I have no statistics on the subject, but it sounds plausible.

PERSONALS

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Lena (Lena Nyman; most of the actors use their own names) is seen first with a portable recorder (auspices unstated), questioning passersby about Sweden's class system. As one might predict, she gets stupid answers. Soon, she is more aggressively questioning people in authority, and as one might predict is politely brushed off. About this time, she sees some news clips of Martin Luther King and begins to picket embassies and travel bureaus. And about this time also she meets up with a salesman (Börje Ahlstedt) and sets off with him on her peripatetic copulations. But like the salesman in the story, Börje is a coarse, unfaithful fellow and Lena finds that nonaggression is a stance she cannot maintain in matters genital. She tries to blow her lover's head off with a shotgun (and in a dream she castrates him), but of course succumbs when he presses her button. In the end, she apologizes to Dr. King, goes home and wrecks her roomful of files and displays on the higher ethic.

In the end, that is, of the fiction; for the picture is framed in another picture about the making of the picture. In this, the director (Vilgot Sjöman) is sleeping with the actress, whom he wants to star in a new film. At the beginning, we see them nuzzling; from time to time, we observe his increasing jealousy of Börje, and at the end Lena has transferred her affections from her director (who anyhow is working on a new chick) to her leading man.

As always, this now familiar device is said to illuminate the ambiguity between fiction and reality, and as always that is piffle. Everything is staged, everyone is acting, and the only result is to give the audience a spurious view of life on location and to add a specious mystery to a setup that is not otherwise very mysterious. And if the purpose were to impress the viewer with the fact that what happens does not "really" happen, what would be the virtue or need of that? All fiction has its own reality, and no one supposes that Hamlet dies every night of a poisoned rapier. The compulsion to erase the lines between invention and life is one of the blind alleys of contemporary art.

So in the end, *I Am Curious* is a small tale about an unhappy, disorganized, overweight and undereducated girl who doesn't know what she thinks or how to cope, but who is clear enough that she is miserable. Her name is legion and her situation is not to be scoffed at. But it is not a very memorable story; Lena is more legion than person. What is memorable is the raw sex. Another reviewer has said that a "full-length portrait of Lena . . . simply could not exist without these scenes," and I find the statement incomprehensible. Is Anna Karenina not a full-length portrait; is Lady Macbeth a fragment? Are one's friends enigmas because one has never watched them in bed? What is so revealing about the act itself? I oppose showing it because in fact you can't show it—before and after, yes; but not during. More than that, I oppose showing it because it is not shown in real life, and when it is displayed in a theatre it does not bring the performers nearer or make them more understandable but removes them to the isolation of bizarre accident.

DECEMBER

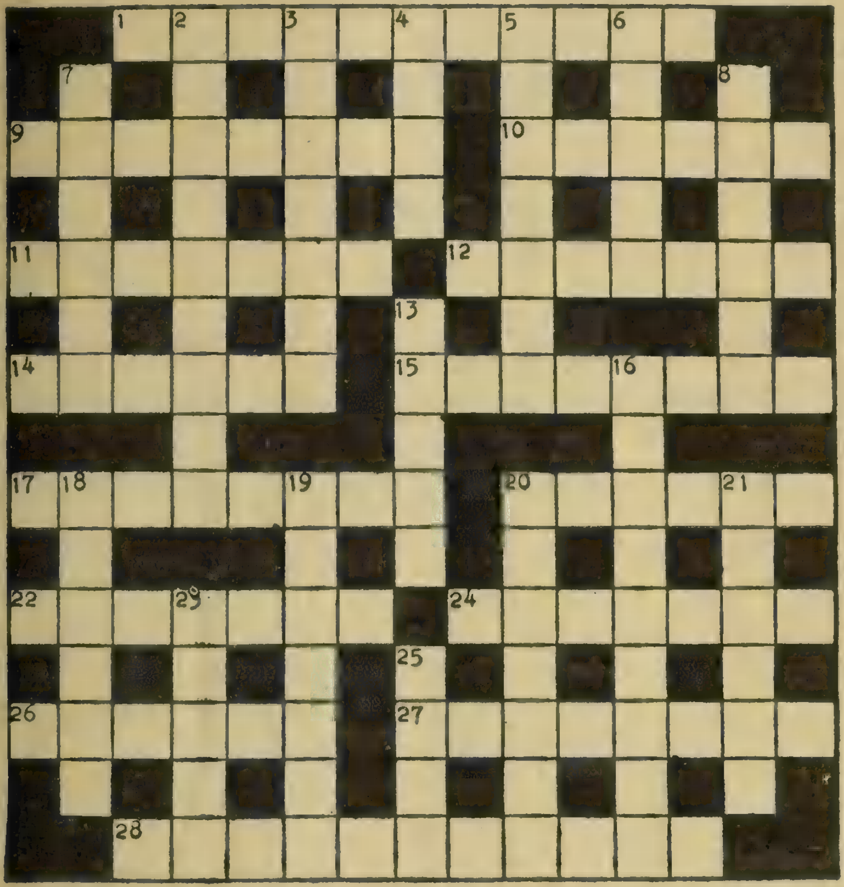
The murk and drip
of your coal mine
are what I sink into,
Grandfather,
the sun jolted away,
clouds a roof
dark as a cave,
so many sooty wings.
The clack-clack of the wind
takes me under your hill
on its shivery rail.
Even the Swedish hymn you sang
while lurching down
in the old wooden car
drowns in the rain.
The shortest day
is but the quick glisten
of a wet pine branch
faintly traced
as prehistoric fronds
etched in the ore.
Where is the oil lamp
you wore on your forehead,
digging for life
in the dark?
Tonight
tonight
will a star blaze
from the anthracite?

JOAN SWIFT

No one watches such scenes from motives of enlightenment; the effect is mere prurience. And it will remain so, however common the practice becomes on the screen, as long as men and women seek privacy for their delights. You can photograph only degraded sex, because the photography degrades it. The couple in *I Am Curious* are alleged to be emancipated and adept, but anyone who thinks their shallow eroticism is good lovemaking is uninformed.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1290

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How a character of "Oxbow Incident" was upset making a projection. (11)

9 and 10 Old song as a companion piece to "Dry Bones"? (1,4,3,6)

11 and 12 What the leper properly has. (7,7)

14 They lower the life-boats from them. (6)

15 Rose with 21 down. (8)

17 Leather has bad color, it seems. (8)

20 Sort of basic, when about one of a school's three indians. (6)

22 Comes out fighting on account of the wisecracks? (7)

24 Part of the liturgy is slowly changing, obviously. (7)

26 One might be found in a ring when 23, but one hears it is to continue stationary. (6)

27 1 across shouldn't get over describing such things. (8)

28 Perhaps prudish, but at least it sounds as though the tie isn't crooked. (6-5)

DOWN

2 Descriptive of Grey's 15. (9)

3 Outbursts that leave the spirit in tatters. (7)

4 How kitty might be made sweet and neat, possibly. (4)

5 Originally a non-believer should be moderate about one. (7)

6 This old coin should be easily distinguished. (5)

7 Teddy found it right under him, in "Arsenic and Old Lace". (6)

8 Confuses, as does port. (6)

13 Shrewd, and able to briefly state the combination. (5)

16 How to shed some light on what they might do to the milk supply? (9)

18 See 23 down

19 She egged her brother on to vengeance. (7)

20 Not a drum was heard at Sir John Moore's burial here. (7)

21 Supposedly not deep in the skin, especially with 25. (6)

23 and 18 Is it dangerous for a moth to be so like a dizzy blonde? (5-6)

25 Appearing with 23 on the stage notice. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1289

ACROSS: 1 Steeplechaser; 10 Credo; 11 Guinevere; 12 Brunettes; 13 Damps; 14 Bathyspheres; 19 Tradespeople; 22 Croup; 24 Frenchman; 25 Inamorato; 26 Ovule; 27 Man of La Mancha. DOWN: 3 Exonerate; 4 Lightship; 5 Clips; 6 Amend; 7 Evermore; 8 Scabs; 9 Persist; 15 Storeroom; 16 Half-crown; 17 and 2 Stick-in-the-mud; 18 Panorama; 20 Ambush; 21 Knees; 23 Photo; 24 Flail.

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LETTERS

what Chicanos think

New York City

Dear Sirs: According to the article "The Chicano Rebellion" by Roy Bongartz [*The Nation*, Mar. 3], Octavio I. Romano, an anthropologist teaching a course in Mexican-American studies at Berkeley, reserves his "most energetic attacks" against "sociologists who are preserving stale anti-Mexican prejudices in the academic jargon of scholarly works."

No responsible scholar could advance such charges against the social scientists he mentioned (some are not sociologists but distinguished anthropologists). I am honored to be placed by Romano in the company of Ruth Tuck, Lyle Saunders, Julian Samora, et al., even if he reserved the most specific attacks for me. Romano not only quotes me out of context but provides curious interpretations for these quotes in order to justify his libeling me as prejudiced.

In my book, *Mexican American Youth—Forgotten Youth at the Crossroads* (Random House, 1966), I state explicitly: "In physical appearance Mexican American youth are *far from homogeneous*." (My italics.) But Romano claims that I am (in academic jargon) "saying that you can't tell them apart." Let me then give the entire sentence from which he snatched a phrase to substantiate this foul accusation. I wrote: "As compared with most of them [minority groups in the United States], they [Mexican Americans] display a marked lack of internal differentiation, whether *in terms of schooling, occupation, or income*.". . . (My italics.) And note what Romano, as reported in *The Nation* article, has done with my statement: "Instead of saying that you can't tell them apart she [Heller] writes: 'They exhibit a marked lack of internal differentiation.'" Surely, Dr. Romano, as an anthropologist, must know what social scientists mean by social differentiation and that it does not refer to "looking alike"! (Students learn this concept in introductory courses.)

In this, as in the other example he gives to substantiate my "prejudice," Dr. Romano displays what Sartre calls bad faith. . . .

Celia S. Heller

Foster, R. I.

Dear Sirs: Since *The Nation* piece was merely reporting the interpretations of Dr. Romano and the other editors of *El Grito*, Celia Heller might have been better advised to send her protest to them directly. I would like to say, however, that those editors are all graduates or teachers in social sciences themselves, as well as being Mexican Americans. If they don't know how Chicanos feel about standard academic attitudes toward them, who does?

Roy Bongartz

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bongartz's article was a more insightful piece of reporting on Mexican Americans than others published in recent times.

However, Bongartz did make a serious error when he stated that "Quinto Sol members invaded and occupied the office of the university president at Berkeley to protest the purchase of California grapes by the university cafeteria. . . ."

The group that invaded the president's office was indeed Chicano, but they were not members of Quinto Sol which is now Quinto Sol Publications. Rather, they were members of the Berkeley branch of MASC (Mexican-American Student Confederation) who, as members of the TWLF (Third World Liberation Front), have since that time been engaged in a continuous battle with the University of California administration at Berkeley over obtaining an au-

(Continued on page 405)

EDITORIALS

White House Cop-Out

President Nixon's first big decision—on the ABM—was inherently a low-grade political compromise. For that characterization one need not go to Mr. Nixon's critics. Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News*, who was much impressed both by the Presidential reasoning and the press conference at which the decision was launched, concedes that "there was something there for everybody."

That characterization defines political weaseling, but in fact it is a bit too sweeping. There was nothing for those who believe (as Mr. Nixon says he believes) that the only reliable protection the United States can have against nuclear destruction is peace, based on a *modus vivendi* worked out with the Soviet Union. And that is the constituency Mr. Nixon needs most—the disaffected intellectuals, the scientists beginning to tire of their role as technological office boys to the political and military elites, the young. Instead, Mr. Nixon chose what he thought was the minimal-risk course, and defended it with transparently disingenuous arguments—more befitting a small-time lawyer in police court than the occupant of the nation's highest office.

One can conjecture plausibly on the workings of the Presidential mind at this critical juncture. He appeared to yield a bit to dove pressure while taking care that the hawks should not sweep down on him. He did not want to repudiate the Johnson decision on the ABM, since that would have left him open to the accusation, however false, that he was less security-minded than his predecessor. At the same time he wanted to propose something different from what Mr. Johnson had offered: therefore he had to phony up still further something that was already spurious. He brought the Joint Chiefs over to his side, for reasons of their own and at least for the time being, and so managed to keep them and the defense contractors quiet. It adds up to something that, given Mr. Nixon's premises, might yield a transient political payoff, like a few vacillating Senators coming over to his side, relieved that now they need not offend those voters who still believe in a kind of technological homeopathy: missiles will save us from missiles.

And it lifted from Mr. Nixon's back the suburban population which had risen up against nuclear bombs planted in their backyards (and in the event of use exploding over their heads—or the heads of other city-based Americans). Out in the great open spaces, where our thousand nuclear bombs are already in their silos, there are fewer citizens to complain, and an influx of construction money to gain.

The most striking feature of the hybrid Johnson-Nixon ABM system is the military-political rubbish that was mobilized to put it over, first in one form and then in an entirely different form. It began as a "thin" defense against the Chinese madmen and the primitive nuclear bombs they are expected to have in the seventies. The plea was that it wouldn't cost much, and since the military recommended it, the taxpayers should be lenient this once. On this basis McNamara took his arm-twisting manfully and departed for the World Bank. At that stage the system was to protect the breadwinner at his daily task and the wife and kiddies back in the split level; but in a welcome moment of candor, Mr. Nixon acknowledged that such protection was illusory, and ordered the system redeployed to guard the Minutemen sites—and as of now only two of those. Moreover, such protection as the ABM system was to confer was suddenly against Russians, who Mr. Nixon devoutly hoped would take no offense from the implication of suicidal mania. The tortuous devices by which the ABM was promoted in its original form, and again after the Nixonian transformation, should in themselves put every American of normal mentality on guard.

"What is clear," the Federation of American Scientists points out, "is that at the present time the Soviet missile force does not pose a danger to our ability to retaliate against them in the event of attack." Further, if there was any incentive to give better protection to the retaliatory force, a sound engineering technique would involve concrete, not anti-missile missiles. "The introduction of . . . super-hard silos would provide a far cheaper means of protecting our ICBMs than an ABM system, would be far more reliable (involving only concrete and shock protection devices, as contrasted with the highly complex ABM network which could fail for a wide variety of reasons) and would not launch a new round in the arms race."

But as former Pentagon research chief Herbert York says, "as soon as one ABM plan is shot down, the military empire builders come up with another." With that familiar low cunning, his major occupational weakness from the beginning, Mr. Nixon has given the military-industrial complex a chance to expand the contemplated ABM system into something really worth while—say into the $50 billion range. But they haven't got the money yet. Now is the time for the anti-ABM forces to rally, and deny the President and the Pentagon the funds without which none of this mishmash can be made into a reality.

Alexander Werth . . .

He was pre-eminently the journalist's journalist. He did not dig for facts and figures, although he knew where to find them, nor did he take voluminous notes. He absorbed his times. Werth went about listening, observing, inquiring, digesting. What he saw and felt and experienced became his stock in trade.

At first glance his copy seemed a hopeless tangle of interlineations and marginal comments; the paper was too thin and the typewriter was often in need of repair or a new ribbon. But once familiar with his disheveled copy, one had no problem about it; there was no confusion of thought, the sentences came out clear and straight. While now and then he got a detail wrong—a date or a fact—he was so knowledgeable, and he tapped such rich stores of observation and experience, that he was

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THE NATION

Volume 208
No. 13

rarely wrong in substance. He had a marvelous sense of the meaning—of the drift and significance—of new and complex developments. And he wrote about events as they were happening, not in calm retrospect.

The editors of *The Nation* owe him a great debt. During more than three decades of violent change and dramatic news developments—of purges and coups, of wars and revolutions—he reported for us from Russia, Eastern Europe, Spain, Italy, Germany and France. The longer we knew him, the more we liked and admired him as a person and the more confidence we had in what he wrote for us. Nothing of his that we published proved later to be an embarrassment; his record for accurate perception and evaluation was unmatched, in our view, by any journalist of his time. He belonged to that diminishing breed of "foreign correspondents"—men and women who, often without permanent affiliations, managed somehow to eke out a living and report as free agents about the things that concerned them most. Alexander Werth was one of the best. His long identification with *The Nation* will remain for us a source of enduring pride.

. . . Claude Bourdet

It would please Werth to know that we have asked Claude Bourdet to serve as our Paris correspondent, with the Continent as his beat. The men were close friends. *The Nation* has known and published Bourdet over almost as long a period as we knew and published Werth. Son of the playwright Edouard Bourdet and Catherine Pozzi, a poet, he was educated in Switzerland and served as an artillery officer with the French Army in 1939-40. At the end of 1940, he joined the Resistance, becoming a member of the Executive of the "Combat" movement and managing its underground paper of that name. He was arrested in March 1944 by the Gestapo, deported to Sachsenhausen and Buchenwald, and finally liberated by General Patton's army. Back in France in April 1945 he became Vice President of the French Consultative Assembly, then director general of French broadcasting and publisher of the weekly *Octobre*.

In 1945, Bourdet succeeded Albert Camus as publisher of the daily *Combat*, leaving it in 1950 to found *l'Observateur*, later called *France Observateur* (now *Le Nouvel Observateur*). In 1959 he was elected a member of the Paris City Council, and re-elected in 1965. He serves as foreign editor of the progressive Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien* and contributes to *Le Monde* and other publications. Bourdet was one of the founders of the PSU, the Left Socialist party, and served on its Executive until 1964. He was founder and chairman of the Movement Against Atomic Armament, today the Movement for Disarmament, Peace and Freedom (MDPL), and is one of the Presidents of the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace, a world confederation of nonaligned organizations.

It is a pleasure to add Claude Bourdet's name to our masthead. He will report for our readers at an early date on the internal economic, social and political situation in France.

Revolving Credit

When Congress passed the Truth in Lending Act last year, it quieted the States' rights advocates by including a provision that would exempt from federal jurisdiction any state that passed its own law offering the consumer as much protection as the federal statute. Now in a majority of states a bill called the Uniform Consumer Credit Code is being pushed. Some of its consumer protection features are just as good as the federal law.

But buried among these positive features one finds that the proposed Code would permit 36 per cent interest on revolving bank credit-card sales and 24 per cent interest on regular department store revolving credit sales. While that is high, it does not violate the exemption requirements, because the Truth in Lending Act leaves interest rates to the states. The federal law requires only that the charges be spelled out so that people can more clearly see when and how they are being gypped.

The goal of the lobbyists for this Code sounds very plausible—equal charges throughout the land. But in fact it would be regressive to make all states adjust to this Code. Its provisions might actually improve debtors' lives in some of the more backward states, where 36 per cent and 24 per cent would sound like progress, but the Code would raise interest rates on loans in California, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and a good many other states. In fact, in the states where revolving credit is regulated—which is about half the states—not one permits an interest rate as high as the Uniform Code's proposed 24 per cent.

In the first round of legislative votes, the Code has been defeated four times, but three of these losses were in thinly populated states—Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico—and the other state legislature, Indiana's, did not permanently turn it down but only put off the decision for two years. So the bulk of the arguing is still to be done, and it will come in the heavily populated states where lies the big pay-off in the $100 billion consumer credit business.

The best chance the consumer has for seeing the Code turned down is the infighting now going on between the bankers and the loan companies.

Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee, has traced $297,000 of the money (there may be more he hasn't found) that went into the drafting-lobbying campaign behind the Code. At least $75,000 of that, he says, came from the bankers. (That's why the Code gives them 36 per cent interest on purchases made with bank credit cards, while department stores get 12 per cent less for their own credit-card sales.) But when a "free entry provision" was written into the Code to allow loan companies to muscle into some of the dealings previously reserved solely for the banks, the bankers reversed themselves and opposed the Code. At least on that point. In two states where the "free entry" provision was knocked out by the legislatures, the bankers reversed themselves again and supported the Code.

Since it is a little difficult to take sides with either the banks or the loan companies, and since, as Judge George Brunn of Berkeley has said, "this is one of the most technical and difficult to understand pieces of legislation I have ever seen, difficult even for lawyers, let alone laymen," it would be much wiser for all states now covered by their own consumer credit laws to reject this package that has only one easily detectable virtue—uniformity, if indeed that is a virtue.

Westmoreland, Seminarist

The armed forces of the United States do not confine themselves to fighting; they also see to it that occasions for fighting will not be lacking. With steely eyes, they discern the foreign foe and warn the citizens that his knavish tricks will bring our virtuous land to ruin. To them, peace is a Gorgon's head that threatens to petrify the members of their noble profession.

A favorite technique of military persuasion is the seminar, borrowed from the academy and in some cases emanating from "colleges" and "universities" within the services, e.g., the Industrial College of the Armed Forces. In conjunction with chambers of commerce and other centers of higher learning, the Industrial College will be staging seminars this fall and winter in Tucson, Ariz.; Pensacola, Fla.; Monterey, Calif.; Anchorage, Alaska; Seattle, Wash.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; and Midland, Tex. Teams of lecturers fanning out from the home base at Fort Lesley J. McNair, Washington, D.C., will "foster, among reserve officers and interested citizens, a better understanding of the many interrelated and complex national and international problems associated with national security."

Seminars are presented as lecture programs illustrated by films and other visual aids, on topics listed by an Air Force colonel in the *Arizona Daily Star* as civil defense, international and national economics, natural resources, world agriculture, foreign aid, space exploration, weapons system management, the nature of modern war, etc. Among regions that will receive the attention of the seminarists will be the Middle East, the Soviet Union, China, Africa and Southeast Asia. The seminar on the last-named will probably not develop the thesis that it is in the national interest to intervene in a far-off civil war and get so thoroughly mired that it is impossible to see how we can get out—honorably, of course.

Seminars are also sponsored by right-wing outfits, such as the American Security Council and the Institute for American Strategy. According to Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the American Security Council was organized in 1955 "to operate a loyalty-security blacklist where employers could check employees and applicants for reports of leftist connections"—a sort of industrial Red Channels.

From this McCarthyite nucleus, the council branched out into regional seminars, a newsletter and a weekly radio program. Dudman says that although the content of the seminar lectures is not available to the public, it could resemble a comic book widely circulated by the council and based on Gen. Thomas S. Power's *Design for Survival.* General Power, formerly commander of the Strategic Air Command, laments our pussyfooting in Vietnam and depicts us as "too trusting, altruistic, generous, too forgiving—to the point that international gangsters are encouraged to pillage, burn, kill and dictate." Maybe we should drop nuclear bombs on these criminals, Power suggests.

A recent addition to the lecture staff of the council is Gen. William C. Westmoreland, former commander in Vietnam, who was kicked upstairs to be Army Chief of Staff when he asked for another 206,000 troops after the Tet offensive of 1968. He joins Dr. Walter Judd, Frank J. Johnson, Stefan T. Possony and other Soviet baiters. Just how sending the Army Chief of Staff on the right-wing give-'em-hell circuit comports with the President's much publicized desire for disarmament negotiations with the USSR is something that only Mr. Nixon can explain.

Daley Stumbles

Chicago

A pair of dissident Democrats in Chicago have taught Mayor Richard J. Daley a lesson from his own political textbook by upending two of his candidates in the March 11 special aldermanic elections. The races—six in all—were to fill seats in the City Council left vacant by deaths or resignations.

Fred Hubbard, a Negro social worker, and William S. Singer, a Jewish lawyer, threw together cadres of doorbell ringers and leaflet passers who brought out the vote against lackluster machine candidates in two wards. In the 2nd Ward on the near South Side, Hubbard, 40, defeated Lawrence J. Woods, the Chicago aide of Rep. William Dawson. In the 44th Ward, along Lake Michigan on the North Side, Singer, 28, forced James P. Gaughan, a county payroller, into a run-off April 8. Gaughan is the protégé of Cook County Clerk Edward J. Barrett, a Daley lieutenant.

Both elections should send the Mayor and his ministers into some serious "in service" training on the nature and meaning of New Politics. The lessons are obvious, if painful, especially in this first set of local elections after the violently repressive Democratic Convention, now called by some "Daley's Debacle."

Much of Hubbard's support in the 95 per cent Negro ward came from poor blacks living in public housing projects. Not since 1955 has any significant portion of the black poor (representing 37 per cent of the 2nd Ward vote) gone against the machine. The implications for Dawson and Daley are serious. To maintain its hold on Chicago, the Democratic machine must continue to have a dependable black vote. If Dawson can't produce it, the organization must try to find someone who can. Singer's showing should prove that when you loose a boomerang—in the form of club-wielding police—it really can sail right back at you. The 44th Ward, which ranges from lakefront penthouses to back-alley walkups, lies just north of Lincoln Park, where police beat and gassed demonstrators. Hundreds who still nurse psychic wounds from those encounters live in the ward and—often barely old enough to vote—they formed a core of willing and articulate supporters for Singer, a former campaign worker for Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

His backers included supporters of Sen. Eugene Mc-

Carthy and Senators McGovern and Kennedy, as well as a galaxy of Democratic stars outside the Daley orbit. Among them: State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson, former Att. Gen. William S. Clark and Rep. Abner Mikva. Gaughan and Barrett countered with a "citizens committee" headed by former Democratic kingmaker Jacob Arvey—the very personification of old Chicago bathhouse politics.

But if Singer has won the first round, the final bout is still ahead, and Daley's lieutenants can be expected to put in some hard work, now that they know his form. If Singer and his supporters want something to celebrate on April 8, they can't afford to ease up. As one veteran precinct worker with a payroll job at stake said, "We've always beaten these people before because they think slogans can substitute for sweat. We know better."

Ben Shahn, Painter

Ben Shahn played a unique role in the world of art and the world outside of art. He was a blend of poet and political thinker, and the two were inseparable in him.

Poets have been brought to political impasses where a firm stand had to be taken, but Shahn thought lucidly and positively, I would say authoritatively, along these lines. Then there are those political minds with an art that pours iron thoughts into iron frames. But Shahn was a poet as are other poets, and no muse was ever violated by his social intent.

This is his poetic legacy:

The epic expression of his hatred of injustice embodied in his Sacco-Vanzetti and Tom Mooney series.

The love of peace he expressed in his joyful painting "Liberation" with its whirling children.

His concern about atomic holocaust expressed in the series on the Japanese fishermen, victims of atomic radiation.

His epic "Mine Disaster."

Then the lonely lyrics:

Stick-ball in an empty lot—the lonely harmonica player on a hillside—the blind accordionist—lovers on the grass.

The whimsicalities:

Seating arrangements of the network studio orchestra —the proliferating television antennae.

So much content impeccably shaped!

Jack Levine

SMALL-TOWN CONGRESS

OBSOLESCENCE ON THE HILL

CHARLES RABB

Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Washington, D.C.

There are two basic truths about the latest attempt to get Congress—and particularly the House—to reform its internal procedures: The proposals hardly constitute radical change; and, modest though they are, there is little hope for their enactment in their present form.

The battle for reform in this Congress was cranked up in February when twenty-six younger Republicans, under the leadership of Rep. Donald Rumsfeld (Ill.), introduced legislation which was essentially a duplicate of the measure that waltzed through the Senate by a 75-to-9 vote in March, 1967, and then went to the House Rules Committee, never to emerge in the remaining year and a half of the 90th Congress. Republicans, as the outs on Capitol Hill, have been noticeably the more enthusiastic advocates of retooling the machinery of Congress.

A similar group of Democrats lined up behind corresponding legislation offered by Rep. Thomas M. Rees (Calif.). A reform bill was also introduced in the Senate, but the real battleground is the House.

The basic aim of the reform proposals is to breathe a little democracy into the workings of the committee system. They would open more committee meetings to the public (in part, by using TV and radio), crack down on proxy voting, make all committee votes a matter of public record, assure adequate committee staff for the minority (instead of leaving it to the disposition of the chairman) and permit a majority of the committee to override the chairman if he refuses to call a meeting or report out a bill.

Committees would be permitted to hold hearings in the fall, when Congress is not in session, in order to prepare legislation for the first few months of Congress, traditionally a time of inaction. Congressional control of post office and service academy appointments would be ended and laws regulating lobbyists would be tightened. Another section would provide electronic data-processing equipment to enable Congress to come to grips with a budget of nearly $200 billion. Congress has been reluctant to move into the computer age, although it appropriates millions for a computerized federal bureaucracy.

Probably the greatest challenge to the arbitrary power of some chairmen is the proposed reform on proxy votes. Rumsfeld would slap a flat ban on proxy voting in House committees, but allow some leeway in the Senate, where committee responsibilities are heavier. As Rep. Barber B. Conable, Jr. (R., N.Y.), a co-sponsor, said:

"You cannot argue with a proxy; a proxy cannot consider an offered amendment; a proxy cannot compromise. No one suggests that proxy voting should be permitted on floor votes—yet a member's vote in a closely divided committee may be far more significant than the vote of a member on the floor on the same bill."

Rees would end the practice of giving chairmen open proxies to vote as they see fit, but would permit proxies when put in writing and limited to a specified issue or amendment.

The proposals are less than revolutionary. They do not raise such fundamental issues as the lack of strong central leadership, the seniority system, or the Senate rules that make it difficult to contain a filibuster. Yet the fate of these modest proposals in the last Congress emphasizes the difficulty of getting Congress to reform itself.

The current move for reform began with the bipartisan Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress, created in March, 1965, in response to criticism that the legislative machinery was creaking. The committee heard more than 200 witnesses, conducted interviews with Congressmen, Congressional staff personnel and political scientists, evaluated published and unpublished Congressional reorganization studies, and amassed a printed record of more than 2,300 pages. Out of this came more than 100 recommendations for improving the legislative process. Bills incorporating the recommendations were introduced in the Senate by A. S. Monroney (D., Okla.) and in the House by Reps. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo.) and Ray J. Madden (D., Ind.).

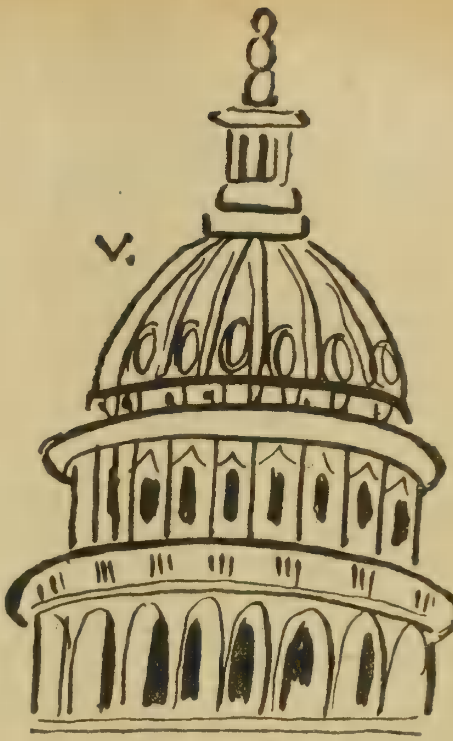
The Monroney bill passed the Senate almost intact. In the House, Speaker John W. McCormack (D., Mass.), instead of following the precedent of the 1946 Reorganization bill and bringing the measure directly to the floor, sent it to die in the Rules Committee. The Republicans—in resolutions, speeches and in their party platform at the national convention—labored unsuccessfully to build a fire under the Democratic leadership. They even forced the House into a marathon session last September, with endless quorum calls, in an effort to draw attention to inaction on Congressional reform.

During all this period, behind-the-scenes negotiators attempted to soften many of the key sections so they would be acceptable to Congressional elders. Representative Madden balked at the revisions as "skim milk changes; worse than nothing," and said if enacted they would muffle reform for nearly a generation. But in the end the proposals that survived were the sweeteners designed to make the whole package more palatable. Such goodies as extra trips back home at taxpayers' expense, August vacations and additional Capitol police were extracted from the bill and adopted piecemeal.

"The difficulty with legislation like the Reorganization Act for the legislative branch is that it really has no constituency," Rumsfeld told his colleagues. "It has no built-in lobby. It is a subject matter that is essentially our responsibility as legislators."

Representative Curtis, who served on the Joint Committee which drafted the reform recommendations, was more blunt in naming the culprits: "I would include," he said in an interview, "Speaker McCormack, Democratic Leader Carl Albert (Okla.), Democratic Whip Hale Boggs (La.) and the Democratic chairmen of most of the House committees as preventing action on these bills."

Rees professes a hopeful view of the chances for reform, although he concedes it won't happen soon, certainly not this year. He feels that Rep. Morris K. Udall's open challenge to the Speaker has shaken the Democratic leadership and that some limited concessions are being offered.



The 77-year-old McCormack, whose base of power is built on the solid support of Southern Democrats who dominate the committees, has no inclination to shake up a system that has worked to his advantage. McCormack professes fealty to the cause of reform while refusing to endorse either bill as now written. The suspicion grows that if the pressures for reform build up, the Democratic leadership will put together something it can live with and call that reform. Meanwhile, the Speaker refuses to turn loose the necessary Democratic votes to liberate a meaningful bill from the Rules Committee.

In this respect he probably is no more committed to change than, say, Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.), the Rules Committee chairman from Pascagoula, who limited hearings on the reform bill in the last Congress to part of a day in April, 1967. Or Rep. L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), the Armed Services Committee chairman from military payroll-heavy Charleston, who two years ago beat down an attempt by the White House and Senate conferees to overhaul the Selective Service system.

Most chairmen are obviously cold to attempts to legislate away any of their power; they are prepared to offer concessions informally, but decline to have them institutionalized. Many of these men come from rural or small-town America and have never reconciled themselves to the fact that this nation has changed radically, becoming predominantly urban, since they first entered Congress. The South has more one-party districts, and thus more chairmen, than any other section of the country. Texas alone supplies four House chairmen. In essence, those who hold the power in Congress are for the most part not in the mainstream. They are insulated from its major problems and thus immune to the pressures for change.

Robert Heilbroner, the economist, holds that the failure of Congress to deal with basic problems may be traced to the disproportionate influence exercised by small businessmen.

"The question that continually impresses and depresses me," he said, "is why is it that the most elementary adaptations are so slow; why aren't the cities cleaned up; why isn't this or that done? I think the reason it isn't done, by and large, is that it interferes with both the privileges and ideologies, not of big business but of small business, whose representative, in a large way, Congress really is."

Big business, he said, has learned to live and prosper with big government. "But little business—I don't mean just the man who runs the cleaning and dyeing establishment but also the small manufacturer—doesn't see this rosy vista. It sees itself beset by taxes and the pressures of government, and misses its great opportunities for profit.

"And when you ask why does Congress drag its heels, the answer is because it represents this point of view. The 10 million or 12 million small businessmen, whose economic weight is just a feather on the scale, have an enormous political power."

Rumsfeld feels that much imprecise legislation slips through the Congress because of the built-in inadequacies of the system: rules, procedures and operations are not sufficiently modern and efficient to deal intelligently and thoughtfully with today's problems.

It would be an obvious exaggeration to say that if Congress would put its own house in order the conflicts that bedevil many of our institutions would dissipate. But at a time when our democratic institutions are being challenged, procedure becomes a fundamental question. The decision-making institutions must be capable of responding to legitimate grievances. If they are not, they play into the hands of radicals committed to tearing down the system, and leave our institutions defenseless in a cross fire between the violent Left and the police state Right.

Mayor Lindsay of New York, in a speech delivered about the time when Eugene McCarthy began urging students to take their Vietnam protests off the streets and into the political system, issued a similar appeal.

"To those of you who would change the world, government is the most powerful—often the only—force capable of bringing change about," Lindsay told University of Southern California students in November, 1967. "If you want to ban the bomb, only government can do it. If you want to legalize pot, only government can do it. If you want to end the draft, only government can do it."

But if the system is institutionally incapable of responding, can such appeals have much effect?

HAITI: RIPE FOR THE MARINES?

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH

Mr. Joseph, a Haitian, holds an M.A. in social anthropology from the University of Chicago. He is secretary-general of the Haitian Coalition.

President François Duvalier of Haiti, who entered the twelfth year of his "revolution" last October 22, is only 62 years old. However, he is diabetic, suffered a heart attack in 1959, and is now thought to have cancer. Thus those troubled by what has come to be known as the "Haitian problem" are necessarily worried about the succession, for the 1964 constitution does not provide for a successor to the "President for Life," even in the case of incapacitation or death. How peaceful can a change be? Will another Cuba emerge? Will there be a repetition of the Dominican Republic nightmare of 1965? Can the Organization of American States (OAS) move swiftly to fill the vacuum? Or will the UN be called upon to undertake its first "peace-keeping" mission in the hemisphere?

The first black republic in the world, the first independent country in Latin America (1804), the one land in which black slaves defeated their masters (French) in battle, Haiti today is among the leading nations in illiteracy, poverty, oppression. Its 10,000 square miles (about the size of Maryland) are packed with some 4.5 million inhabitants, 95 per cent black and 80 per cent illiterate. Its next-door neighbor, the more prosperous Dominican Republic, occupies two-thirds of the island of Hispaniola with a population of only 3.5 million. Fifty miles northwest lies Communist Cuba and the mammoth American Guantánamo Navy base. These few facts, along with the U.S. policy of peace at any price, make the "Haitian problem" so volatile that it may explode at any moment.

President Duvalier, however, is confident that the Haitians face more of the same. Addressing some visiting B.B.C. journalists and members of the Haitian press on December 12, the Chief said: "This was misnamed a press conference. I am not having one. It is not a dialogue, neither a regular meeting. I am here to give you the Economic and Social Plan for 1968-69. . . . You will be the messengers of the New Gospel, the agents of good propaganda, and daily, on all occasions, you will put the emphasis on My thought and My conception. . . . You will dare, with me, to propagandize the second decade, years of economy and technology, years of the power of the Duvalierist Revolution, the Haitian Human Revolution." Before concluding his instructions to the press, the President reminded his audience that it had taken him eleven years to achieve "political consolidation"; now he was moving to implement programs for "social and economic consolidation."

These boasts may sound like a new beginning, but in fact they are hollow echoes of grand pronouncements that have characterized the "revolution" from its inception. The 1964 constitution bestowed "life Presidency" on Dr. Duvalier because he had already reached the pinnacle of political, social, cultural and economic achievements. But what has the President really accomplished?

He has destroyed the 6,000-man Haitian army, which was organized and trained by the American Marines during nineteen years of occupation (1915-34). Supplanting that army today is the "Volunteers of National Security," commonly known as Tonton Macoute (bogymen) and reported to number anywhere from 30,000 to 50,000. This unstructured organization is composed of local groups under the rule of local gang lords. Dr. Duvalier, self-styled "Effective Chief of the Armed Forces," makes these leaders accountable only to him. But they are never certain that some lesser one in the ranks will not report on them to the Chief. He encourages that sort of thing; it is the system whereby Duvalier has managed to remain so long on top of the bone pile of his real and imagined enemies.

To maintain the "Volunteers," taxes have risen as much as 100 and 150 per cent, while the International Monetary Fund (IMF) now puts the per capita income at $65, a drop of $10 in as many years. Yet the President restated his favorite promise last October: "I will not tire of telling you that, whatever our social needs . . . priority shall again and always be given to security."

Haitian social needs are legion. For example, in December, 1967, the Minister of Agriculture, Natural Resources and Rural Development wrote a memo (unpublished) about Haitian rural education. It says in part: "The number of rural schools is actually 495. . . . This insufficient number constitutes one of the crucial problems of our rural teaching system. This problem is a corollary to the great demographic expansion which affects the economic and social life of the country. In 1967 the schooled rural population was about 133,968 for public and private rural schools, from a school-age population numbering 1,151,763." These figures were for children between 5 and 19. The report pointed out that in 1962-63, 19.29 per cent of the school-age population attended any school; in 1966-67 it had dropped to 16.65 per cent. The Minister, Louis Blanchet, was dismissed.

Since Duvalier is himself a doctor, one might expect that health, education and medical care would receive proper attention. But there is only one doctor for 10,000 Haitians, and even that figure is misleading because doctors do not work in the rural areas, where 85 per cent of the population live. The political and the resulting economic policies of Dr. Duvalier have driven 1,000 Haitian physicians to the United States, Canada, Africa and Latin America. Haitian nurses are to be found in almost every New York, Chicago and Montreal hospital. It is well known that more developed countries draw technicians from underdeveloped areas, but in the case of Haiti one can hardly separate this emigration from the political oppression which is at the root of "the Haitian Problem."

The President allegedly put the country on a "stable economic and financial footing" five years ago, but September, 1968, disappeared from the calendar when time came to pay public employees. A *New York Times* story termed the Duvalier action "another dazzling example of magic." More magic has since taken place, for now three months have gone by with no pay for the schoolteachers and other civil servants. By late February and early March one month was being paid, but no one dared ask which one. Good-natured even in adversity, Haitians have nicknamed it "the unknown month."

Despite this payroll embarrassment, the President (his yearly salary is $20,000) was able to buy two mansions in January, 1968, for $575,000. One of the châteaux, which cost Duvalier only about $200,000, he sold to the state in February for $600,000. A decree has just designated it a "Welcoming Villa" for visiting dignitaries, a sort of Haitian Blair House. On November 22, a flood killed about 100 people in Cap-Haitien, Haiti's second largest city, and made countless others homeless. The wealthy Chief of State did not send one penny of relief, yet on December 14 he published in the local press his gift of $20,000 for the renewal of the Port-au-Prince cathedral.

Drawings by Adolf Dehn

The road system is collapsing. Six years ago one could drive from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haitien, 175 miles, in five hours. Today the trip takes eight to ten hours—if you have a four-wheel drive jeep. As the highways deteriorate, the 19-year-old son of the Chief grumbles that Haiti is "too backward," that there are no roads for his five late-model cars. Perhaps this complaint explains in part the President's new project of building a main route to the south, which inches along at eight miles a year. One also wonders how much use Duvalier gets from his $25,000 Mercedes-Benz, a birthday present last April 14 from an employee of the state.

Coffee, the backbone of the Haitian economy, has suffered both in production and in world market prices. From its peak of 50,000 tons six years ago, last year's crop was down to 27,500 tons. A crisis of currency exchange necessarily resulted and American companies in Haiti have considered closing down. In fact the Caribbean Flour Mills, owned by the Murchisons of Texas, ceased operations last May. The Murchisons had trouble exchanging *gourdes* (local currency) into American dollars.

Another American concern, the Haitian American Meat Packing Company (HAMPCO) considered pulling out for a different reason. Also controlled by Texas financiers (even Bobby Baker got a share from every pound of meat), HAMPCO ran into difficulties when President Duvalier forbade private airplanes to fly into Port-au-Prince. (On May 20, 1968, Haitian exiles had nearly succeeded in bombing the Presidential palace from private planes.) Since HAMPCO makes most of its profits by flying processed Haitian beef to Puerto Rico, the ban worked a considerable hardship. The President rescinded his order.

The policies of Duvalier have lost the country its share of the tourist boom in the Caribbean. Twelve years ago about 100,000 tourists yearly visited Haiti and spent some $12 million. Last year less than 20,000 stopped there, spending about $1.5 million.

The Committee of the Alliance for Progress undertook a study of the Haitian situation and published a report in 1966 which said that Haiti must establish a "political and administrative climate . . . in a framework of law and order," if international organizations, both official and private, were to operate successfully. The report particularly mentioned the Régie du Tabac as an organization which levies innumerable taxes without any controls. Founded early in the "Duvalier era," the Régie was intended to operate the tobacco monopoly. It has since served the President as an all-purpose agency which may tax everything, from Cadillacs to candy. An unofficial estimate puts its intake at $10 million to $15 million a year. Only the President and the director, Henry Siclait, know what becomes of these funds. A late report has it that the President intends to turn the Régie over to his prodigal daughter and her husband, who have just returned to the fold from exile in Europe. The International Monetary Fund (IMF) also became aware of Dr. Duvalier's financial shenanigans and in September, 1967, recalled its official representative from Port-au-Prince, leaving the regime to its own financial devices.

With ever dwindling revenues and a skyrocketing public debt. Dr. Duvalier has for some time engaged in a program of issuing bonds, redeemable years hence. The crooked part of the operation is that close associates of the President, and even the Chief himself, have kept some of the bonds which have been placed in safe deposit vaults abroad, especially in those of New York banks. The citizens eventually caught on and the sale of bonds fell to a trickle. Whereupon the money-wise Chief instituted special government lotteries, which are obligatory for all salaried employees of the state and even those of certain private businesses. Again, theft accompanies greed, for the President has often arranged for himself, his close collaborators and even his son-in-law to win the top prizes. The newest money venture is the sale of the *Thoughts* of Duvalier, a vest-sized booklet which answers questions in the manner of Mao. At 60c a copy, the President counts on making a fortune from his *Thoughts*, which is required reading in every Haitian home. The more voluminous *Essential Works of Duvalier*, a conglomeration of speeches and even a Hebrew translation of a Duvalier booklet, have been sold to government employees at $15 the set. The President ordered all departments to deduct that amount from employees' pay. And the employees had already paid for the books in taxes, for they are produced at the Government Printing Office, at government expense.

At one time, the President began talking about "The Snake and the bottle of milk." No one quite understood. Then the fable was printed in a government newspaper: The snake got inside the bottle and drank all the milk. Thus it became too fat and could escape only by vomiting the milk back into the bottle. The President has applied the moral to some of his close associates by confiscating their lucrative businesses. The most famous case is that of Clémart Joseph Charles, Duvalier's personal banker. Mr. Charles was arrested in July, 1967, and his Commercial Bank was turned over to an organization euphemistically called "Mixed Enterprises of the State." Thirty-three other businesses of Mr. Charles, including car and life insurance for state employees, were seized. After eight months in jail, Mr. Charles was released, his wealth all back in the bottle.

Duvalier has shown sound judgment in not attacking American interests in Haiti. For a while, last summer, everyone thought a showdown might have come, because one of Duvalier's Tonton Macoute leaders was threatening to confiscate some plots of land belonging to the Haitian American Sugar Company (HASCO), owned by the Clark Brothers of New York. A quick visit to Port-au-Prince by an employee of the company cooled the situation. Reynolds Aluminum, which is exploiting bauxite in southwest Haiti, may soon feel the pinch, for Duvalier would like a gift from them in exchange for discouraging wage demands by the workers. It is known that Duvalier has often extracted money from foreign companies and businesses to keep things on an even keel.

Dr. Duvalier obviously cares very little about economic and social development for Haiti; his forte is political power "for life." Inasmuch as he has supposedly enjoyed "consolidated political power" since 1964, Duvalier shows a strange obsession with security. He is, of course, aware that the political factions he "reconciled" by fiat await an occasion to dislodge him. That explains the execution on June 8, 1967 of nineteen officers of the Palace Guard. The President claimed that they were plotting his overthrow in cahoots with his son-in-law, Lieut. Col. Max Dominique. Twenty-four hours after a kangaroo military court had passed sentence, the Presi-

Adolf Dehn
Haitian mountain Village

dent hastened to carry it out; he allowed the prisoners no time for appeal, although in the case of capital punishment that is provided for in his own constitution. Months later, the "Spiritual Chief of the Nation" explained to an Agence France-Presse reporter that he felt it was his "personal duty to carry out the verdict of the court." That is why "I personally commanded the platoon of execution." And the world says nothing.

In the aftermath of this affair, the security-conscious President exiled his son-in-law to Spain, together with the latter's wife and Duvalier's youngest daughter, who was in love with one of the executed officers. The son-in-law was then condemned to death *in absentia*, while his brothers and friends took refuge in Latin American embassies. His bodyguards were shot and his father was incarcerated for more than ten months. Colonel Dominique has since been pardoned and given the ceremonial title of General Inspector of Embassies and Consulates, with headquarters in Paris. His wife has been named personal secretary to Duvalier, with headquarters at the Presidential palace in Port-au-Prince. As this article goes to press Dominique is reported to be back in Haiti. Is he to be the successor? The only other son-in-law of the Chief, Minister of Tourism Luc Albert Foucard, was for some time considered the undeclared heir, but he fell from grace last October.

Names of those—old and young, men, women and children—executed by Duvalier during the past twelve years for the "security of the state" have been published by the internal resistance. The list would mean little to people not intimately concerned, but two executions in the last fifteen months show how the President proceeds. On December 26, 1967, a public employee (Clovis Lestrade) who had complained about not being paid by the government, was taken to an empty lot in Cap-Haitien and shot for having "attacked the economic structure" of the state. On April 2, 1968, another man, Rodrigue Robinson, was shot before a market crowd—and before his pregnant wife—at the Port-au-Prince suburb of Croix-des-Bouquets. He had allegedly refused to give money to a Tonton Macoute leader. His body was thrown into an open jeep and taken to the Chief at the palace. Perhaps the most pitiful incident is that of a 2-year-old boy, ordered kidnapped by the President in vengeance against his father who was suspected of being an active oppositionist. The parents, who now live in New York, wait in vain for word.

The economic, social and political policies of Dr. Duvalier have forced not only the educated few but Haitians en masse to flee the country. In December, 1966, President Joaquin Balaguer of the Dominican Republic, declared that 300,000 Haitians were illegally in his country, most of them cane cutters. Balaguer complained that the Haitians were causing problems, mentioning prostitution and gambling. Nevertheless, his government signed a contract with Duvalier to import 20,000 Haitian laborers a year. The loading of Haitians aboard Dominican Navy ships recalled the African slave trade of the 17th and 18th centuries. President Duvalier cleared an initial fee of $59 per laborer, delivered. Beyond that, an undisclosed amount was deducted from every laborer's pay, to be deposited in Haitian "trust funds" which the workers never regained.

Under pressure from Haitian exile leaders in New York, from Andrew McClellan of the AFL-CIO, from humane Dominican journalists and Dominican members of Congress, the Balaguer government canceled the contract within a year. Furthermore, the Dominican Republic closed its border with Haiti. Thereupon, in June of 1968, Duvalier notified Balaguer that the Dominicans had stolen some 94,000 acres of Haitian land. The Dominican President ordered hunting rifles to be distributed to peasants in border areas. All this sounds like a return to 1937, when thousands of Haitians were massacred in the Dominican Republic on orders of Trujillo, whom Duvalier now calls "a great patriot."

The other country with a large recent contingent of Haitians is the United States; some 75,000 have arrived, 35,000 to 50,000 settling in the New York area alone. Haitians here grumble about the cold and the hard life, but the overwhelming majority would not go home to stay, even with a new government. If the regime changed, however, most Haitians would not fear to visit their country.

The economic and political refugees who feel most uncertain about their future are the 15,000 who have emigrated to the Bahamas during the rule of the "Apostle of the Humble Ones." The Bahamas, whose nearest island is 70 miles from Haiti, provided the only escape for Haitians who could no longer cross over into the Dominican Republic, go to Cuba, or be granted a precious immigrant visa to the United States. By 1967, Haitians were entering the Bahamas by the thousands, and the Bahamian Government was deporting them back to Haiti at the same rate. Duvalier's men made a fortune in this illegal migration, for they extracted anywhere from $100 to $160 per head to help the Haitians get to the Bahamas, where work was supposed to be plentiful.

Young Haitians who flee to the Bahamas today find that they are hunted there like big game. So they live in the wilds, training themselves to go home as "freedom fighters." On March 26, 1968, seventy-eight of these men were arrested on a deserted Bahamian isle. Sentenced to jail until December 18, sixty are still illegally held at Her Majesty the Queen of England's Fox Hill jail in Nassau, waiting until a "friendly country" will receive them. The United States has already accepted seventeen as regular immigrants; one died of a heart attack. But "friendly countries" are not plentiful in the Western Hemisphere and these unfortunate men and some others, including a woman with an 18-month-old baby, face the prospect of remaining in jail for the balance of President Duvalier's life.

On May 20, 1968, a small band of Haitians from the Bahamas landed in Cap-Haitien. The challenge to Duvalier failed but not before the patriots had seized the airport and the military commander of the region, who was later killed. They were brave men, but their leaders deserted them in the thick of the battle. With more resolute command, the outcome might well have been different. The invasion set off a wave of arrests of Haitians throughout the Bahamas. Now, while Haitians lie in jail, the Bahamian Government is about to sign a contract, like the Duvalier-Balaguer agreement of 1966, to bring in workers. Last February 2, only two weeks after four Haitians were condemned to death in Nassau on trumped-up charges of having "conspired" to assassinate Duvalier's consul in Freeport, the Prime Minister of the Bahamas stopped in Port-au-Prince on his way to a conference in Trinidad. He reviewed a battalion of Duvalier's Palace Guard, "lifted a glass to toast the health" of the President for Life, received Duvalier's books as gifts. Haitian exiles in New York protested the visit and even picketed a Bahamas Tourist Night at the Overseas Press Club in New York. This marks a new boldness in the exiles, who have always feared that Duvalier would retaliate against their relatives at home for their actions abroad.

As some Haitians try to succor those in distress in the Bahamas, others train for another try at Duvalier. On March 12, American authorities raided a camp in the Florida Everglades. Thirteen men were captured—one American, one Canadian and eleven Haitians. The Haitian consul in Miami declared that his information put the authorities on the right track and one cannot but wonder whether the famous "International Police of Duvalier," which is publicly hailed as "working well in the Bahamas," may also be at work in the United States. No one paid much attention to Trujillo's "International Police" until Prof. Jesús de Galindez was kidnapped from Columbia University and an attempt was made on the life of former President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela.

The Communists in Haiti have announced that the Parti d'Entente Populaire (PEP) and the Parti Unifié Démokrat Aisyin (PUDA) have united to form the Parti Unifié Communistes Haitiens (PUCH), which will now publish an organ, *Torch*, in Haiti. Radio Havana continues to beam two hours daily in Creole and one in French to the Haitians, extolling the ways of communism as a defiance against the "American imperialists."

A pro-democratic opposition, the Haitian Coalition, has been working for the last four years on an internal network and a grouping of the professionals and intellectuals abroad, with the purpose of presenting an alternative to the extremes. It has presented the most coherent plan to date for a post-Duvalier government, emphasizing the problems of illiteracy, poverty, superstition and oppression. It has requested help of Haitians and foreigners alike. With a membership of 3,000 abroad and countless sympathizers at home, the Haitian Coalition represents the biggest threat to the regime, and Duvalier has vowed to destroy it.

Everyone came to believe that Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, "Benefactor of the Dominican Nation," was irreplaceable, a demigod who would live forever. He was cut down on an April night, eight years ago. Attempts at patching up the old Trujillo system failed. After four years of intermittent crises, Santo Domingo was in chaos. Then, 30,000 American Marines landed at Santo Domingo in 1965 to "save human lives." Later we learned that they really went in to stop "Communists" from setting up another base in the Caribbean.

Dr. Duvalier expects to be helped by President Nixon. He has been publishing in his servile press recollections of the good relations with the Eisenhower administration, saying that he knows Mr. Nixon will be sympathetic to the Haitian people who gave him such a wonderful welcome to their country in 1955. A Duvalier lobbyist, the Rev. Jack L. Walker, has given interviews to the Haitian press in which he speaks of a "crusade" intended to reinstate American aid, cut in 1963 by President Kennedy. Mr. Walker sounds optimistic about enlisting the help of Evangelists Oral Roberts and Billy Graham in his campaign to reach the ears of President Nixon. A spokesman for Roberts' organization has, however, denied any political ties with the Haitian regime.

Other stories in the Haitian press speak of a visit from Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, as personal envoy of President Nixon. The friendlier attitude of U.S. Ambassador Claude Ross toward Duvalier has also been pointed to as the dawn of a new policy tending to accept Duvalier as he is.

If Duvalier can, with impunity, flout the Charter of the OAS which requires periodic elections of its members, if he can violate Human Rights and block the Human Rights Commission of the OAS from investigating gross crimes of his government, if he can denounce OAS conventions on the rights of asylum, if he can continue to rob his nation in the face of an apathetic hemisphere, and at the same time claim his rights to receive aid from the lending institutions of that hemisphere—if, in short, he can continue his cruel effrontery, the United States and the countries of the OAS will in effect tell Haitians that the only solution is force. Thus Haitians will continue to organize the so-called "invasions" and plots, and the United States and the other countries will continue to arrest the freedom lovers. And Duvalier will continue to boast about the many "friends" who have helped to maintain him in power.

As long as the policies of the State Department dictate that it must maintain a friendly attitude toward the Duvalier regime, it will be hard to convince Haitians that the Americans have no responsibility for what goes on in a little country so close to them and which could be properly influenced if the right pressures were systematically applied.

When the end finally comes, there is no doubt that Haitian opinion will be quite anti-American. To prevent the "Communists" from establishing another beachhead, much will be said of the hemisphere's duty to save human lives endangered by the predictable chaos. And saviors, speaking foreign tongues, will belatedly rush to the rescue of a prostrate nation.

JOURNAL OF ABUSE

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S UNION LEADER

W. DAVID GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a former newspaper man who is now free-lancing.

As Election Day approached in New Hampshire last fall, Gov. John King's displeasure with the *Manchester Union Leader* became increasingly apparent to the public. The Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate, King had been under unrelenting attack from the *Union Leader*, which is the only state-wide paper in New Hampshire. For weeks, the paper had been calling the Governor a liar. Some headlines on its front-page editorials were: "Come Up Out Of The Mud, Governor!" . . . "Thou Shalt Not Lie!" . . . "Gov. King Should Tell the Truth!"

The one that stung the most appeared a few days before the election when the *Union Leader*'s publisher, William Loeb, compared Governor King to both "Adolf Hitler and the Communists" in a page-one editorial. The angry Governor scheduled a press conference in Boston, hoping to draw the Massachusetts press into the campaign. The Boston newspapers and television stations have large audiences in New Hampshire and Governor King felt they could offset the *Union Leader* attacks if they would cover the New Hampshire campaign. It was a good idea, but it didn't work. For his efforts, King got a few short news stories on the inside pages of the Boston papers and a handful of brief television interviews.

All this was offset back in New Hampshire by the *Union Leader*, which observed that the Governor had commandeered a state trooper and a state car to drive him to Boston for the press conference. "We wonder how this will sit with voters and taxpayers." The paper said King was desperate because a *Union Leader* poll predicted that he would lose the Senate race by a wide margin. The next week Governor King did indeed lose by a wide margin—to incumbent Sen. Norris Cotton, whose campaign, as it appeared in the pages of the *Union Leader*, consisted primarily of posing for photographs that appeared in that paper.

All candidates supported by Loeb's paper do not win in New Hampshire, of course, but its state-wide monopoly and its aggressive involvement in state politics often give it the balance of power in political contests. Many newspapers involve themselves more or less subtly in politics; the *Union Leader* approaches the New Hampshire political scene as though it were racing to a three-alarm fire.

The *Union Leader* operates from a position of strength that is based on a four-way monopoly: Besides being the only state-wide paper in New Hampshire, it is the only morning paper; its Sunday edition, the *Sunday News*, is the only Sunday paper; and it is the only paper in Manchester, the state's largest city. Day in and day out, New Hampshire residents and politicians must rely on the *Union Leader* for the only comprehensive state-wide news coverage.

The paper's monopoly is solid; no one could dent it without spending a few million dollars. And unfortunately, as is usually the case with newspapers, the key to the *Union Leader*'s monopoly strength is not its news coverage but its advertising. There are enough Manchester merchants with enough advertising money to underwrite the expensive state-wide distribution costs of the paper. The paper's only logical state-wide competitor is the *Concord Monitor* which, besides being located in the capital, is more centrally situated in the state than is the *Union Leader*. The city of Concord, however, is too small to produce the advertising needed for the expensive all-state distribution.

The *Union Leader* becomes a factor in national politics every four years because many national candidates must risk the paper's teeth in the New Hampshire Presidential primary. In some of these races the *Union Leader* has been completely ineffective; for instance, it failed to turn back the 1960 Democratic primary victory of John Kennedy and the 1964 Republican triumph of Henry Cabot Lodge. In both cases, the candidates from Massachusetts had too much over-the-border strength for the *Union Leader* to overcome.

But in 1968, it was a different story. When Richard Nixon met with Loeb in Boston to discuss the upcoming New Hampshire primary, he was still fighting his loser image. Indeed, few then thought he would ever rid himself of it. Loeb pledged the *Union Leader*'s support, but while it certainly helped Nixon directly, its important chore was to undercut his primary opponent. George Romney. Romney's New Hampshire advisers had warned him to stay out of the Granite State primary. They believed that it would in any case be extremely difficult to defeat Nixon in New Hampshire, and they were particularly worried about the impossibility of countering *Union Leader* hostility. Romney ignored the advice; his candidacy got nowhere in New Hampshire, and he dropped from the Presidential race. As it turned out, Nixon never faced another challenge in the primaries and sailed smoothly to the White House. If Romney had made a decent showing in New Hampshire—which would have required at least *Union Leader* neutrality—he would have gone on to primaries in states where his candidacy was stronger.

In the Democratic primary last year, the *Union Leader*'s attacks on Eugene McCarthy—Loeb called McCarthy a "skunk" and his followers "murderers"—certainly cost the candidate votes across the state. But McCarthy's showing was helped (he won 42 per cent of the Democratic vote) when the *Union Leader*'s domination of state news was upset temporarily by the Boston newspapers and television stations and the national television networks. All gave extensive coverage to the McCarthy campaign (while George Romney was virtually ignored).

Presidential primaries, however, are the only continuing event in New Hampshire that attracts more than passing attention from out-of-state media. It follows, then, that the *Union Leader*'s influence is strongest in state politics, where it encounters no effective competition. Any candidate for major office in New Hampshire, regardless of race, religion, creed or party, will receive *Union Leader* support if he reflects the political philosophy of the paper. This means that the candidate must favor escalation of the war in Vietnam, be anti-civil rights, anti-tax and, above all, militantly anti-Communist. These tenets—summed up by the editors as "progressive conservatism"—are not always held by the available politicians, even in conservative New Hampshire, so from time to time the *Union Leader* creates its own. The paper and its publisher will recruit an ultraconservative candidate, raise funds for him, give him a forum and undercut his opponent.

In the view of the *Union Leader*, the most important public figure in the state of New Hampshire this winter is one of publisher Loeb's mountain-climbing friends, Meldrim Thomson. Last fall, the paper plucked Thomson, a law-book publisher, from obscurity and ran him for governor. During the Republican primary the *Union Leader* promoted Thomson heavily and he came within 4,000 votes of defeating Walter Peterson who went on to win the office.

When the *Union Leader* decided to back Thomson, the two most interesting items in his political background were that he had lost his most recent attempt at political office, a local school committee race, and that he lost his only prior attempt at state office, a state legislature contest. The paper is now keeping Thomson before the public eye, apparently for use in future political battles. *Union Leader* reporters and photographers follow him around the state and record his comings and goings as though he were a prominent public figure. Thomson is now a regular columnist for the paper.

Another recent *Union Leader* "instant candidate" was retired Air Force Brig. Gen. Harrison Thyng. General Thyng hadn't lived in New Hampshire for more than twenty-five years, but a *Union Leader* editor talked the hawk into retiring from the Air Force and moving to New Hampshire to run in the 1966 U.S. Senate race. Loeb, with his multitudinous contacts among the country's ultraconservatives, was an able fund raiser for Thyng. Right-wing money flowed in from California, Texas and New York, quickly filling the General's campaign chest. One contributor was the normally parsimonious H. L. Hunt of Dallas, who chipped in $3,500. More than 90 per cent of Thyng's contributions came from out-of-state sources.

The *Union Leader* flailed away at the other candidates and boomed General Thyng. ("The only people opposing Harry Thyng in New Hampshire are the left-wing, anti-God, anti-patriotism newspaper publishers and the usual Ivy League eggheads, who are also against God and country and are in favor of world government and appeasement.") Thyng won the primary, defeating such established New Hampshire politicians as former Govs. Wesley Powell and Lane Dwinnel; Mrs. Doloris Bridges, the widow of former U.S. Sen. Styles Bridges, and William Johnson, the able state Republican chairman who had been coming on fast in New Hampshire politics.

As the general election approached, however, Thyng began to have problems. The General was the gruff martial type, and when he campaigned he gave the unhappy impression that he was inspecting troops rather than soliciting votes. He was also inarticulate. Loeb jumped into the campaign himself, challenging Sen. Thomas McIntyre, the Democratic candidate, to a television debate. Senator McIntyre used the incident to underscore Democratic charges that General Thyng was Loeb's puppet, and Loeb played into the Senator's hands by going on the screen alone, blasting Senator McIntyre for "vile attacks" against his newspaper. New Hampshire voters, who were already suspicious about the Southern drawl General Thyng had picked up in the Air Force and of all that Texas oil money, began now to wonder exactly who the real Republican candidate was—Loeb or Thyng? On Election Day, McIntyre emerged the victor, by a vote of 123,000 to 105,000.

Although the *Union Leader* had not been able to elect its candidate, the paper had achieved one of its important secondary goals; it stopped William Johnson, the GOP state chairman. The defeat was an exasperating experience for Johnson, who was similarly frustrated by the *Union Leader* when he managed the unsuccessful New Hampshire Presidential campaigns of Nelson Rockefeller in 1964 and George Romney in 1968. "Because of the *Union Leader*," says Johnson, "there is a real media problem in New Hampshire. When the *Union Leader* attacks you, you've got to fight back. The problem is you can't fight back effectively."

Johnson sees the political power of the paper rippling out in concentric circles, with its influence strongest among the 5,000 persons actively involved in state politics and weakening gradually as it moves to the general elections at the periphery. Nearly all of the state's active politicians read the *Union Leader*, and as evidence of its influence among them, Johnson remembers that nearly all of seven prominent Republicans who declined to enter the 1966 Senate race cited the paper as a key factor for declining. "It seemed to be a common denominator of concern," Johnson recalls. "They didn't want to subject their families to the *Union Leader*'s abuse."

According to Johnson, the *Union Leader*'s second circle of political influence is the primaries. The New Hampshire Republican Committee has sponsored two professional polls of Republican voters in recent years and they revealed that between 40 and 45 per cent of New Hampshire Republicans likely to vote in primaries are *Union Leader* readers. Johnson says: "We found that the kind of guy who votes in primaries is interested in his state and as a consequence he reads the only state-wide paper."

Precise evaluations of press influence in politics are impossible to make. Still, Eric Veblen, a former Dartmouth student writing his Yale doctoral dissertation on the impact of the *Union Leader*, went through six years of the paper recently and found that the more news coverage and editorial support Senatorial and gubernatorial candidates received from the *Union Leader*, the better they did in the highly concentrated *Union Leader* circulation area in Manchester, as compared with their showings in the rest of the state.

An endless debate in New Hampshire revolves around the *Union Leader* and the political and social philosophies of the people who live there. Does the paper mold the attitudes of the state's inhabitants or does it reflect them? It probably works both ways. A comparison of New Hampshire with neighboring Vermont and Maine indicates that the *Union Leader* may do a good deal to shape the political climate of its state. The three states are strikingly similar. Like New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine have what would appear to be conservative populations. A Yankee Protestant main line dates back for centuries and, in the mill towns and mill cities, there are heavy concentrations of Catholic immigrant groups, particularly French Canadian. Yet, Vermont and Maine have been electing liberal politicians ever since World War I. New Hampshire has not. Vermont produced Philip Hoff and Maine produced Edmund Muskie. The closest New Hampshire has come to electing "liberal" politicians are Senator McIntyre and former Governor King, both of whom will be remembered for their all-out support of Lyndon Johnson and the continuance of his policy for Vietnam during last year's Presidential primary. And the only striking difference between New Hampshire and Vermont and Maine is that New Hampshire's press is dominated by the *Union Leader*.

Thus far, the *Union Leader* has never encountered any effective state competition. New Hampshire's only commercial television station, in Manchester, has a thin slice of the state's television audience, but the overwhelming majority watches the Boston stations. The *Union Leader*'s biggest press competition is eight small daily afternoon papers that are scattered throughout the state. They have a combined circulation of 90,000, compared with the *Union Leader*'s 60,000. However, the influence of the eight dailies is confined to their own localities. And all eight dailies put together are not as strong as the *Union Leader*, because they cannot speak with a single voice. Some, in fact, are very conservative and tend to reinforce the *Union Leader*'s impact.

The small dailies get most of their state news from the Associated Press and United Press International, which are careful not to offend the *Union Leader*, their biggest New Hampshire client. When the *Concord Monitor* broke the story that a Teamsters union pension fund had loaned the *Union Leader* $2 million, the AP and UPI refused to move the story, although it had been offered to both wire services by the Concord paper's editor.

Does the influence of the *Union Leader* extend beyond state politics? Gordon Hall, an authority on extremist movements, believes it does. He thinks it is largely responsible for a streak of "primitive right-wing extremism" that runs through the state. To illustrate, Hall cites the

MANCHESTER NEW HAMPSHIRE UNION LEADER
"There is nothing so powerful as truth"
—DANIEL WEBSTER
©1969, by Union Leader Corporation
MORE THAN 60,000 COPIES . . . AND GROWING!

paper's coverage of the John Birch Society. Its rallies and meetings are given favorable publicity and Birch Society front groups open bookstores without being identified as such by the paper. Hall has found that newspapers in other New England states expose Birch Society bookstores and the publicity usually kills them. Officially, the *Union Leader* does not approve of the John Birch Society, but the paper regularly runs columns and articles by Birchers without mentioning their connection with the Birch Society.

Another who thinks the *Union Leader* is a powerful force in everyday New Hampshire life is Donald Murray, an English professor who heads the journalism curriculum at the University of New Hampshire. A former newspaper man who won a Pulitzer Prize at the *Boston Herald*, Murray has found that many of his students have been "semi-indoctrinated" by Loeb's paper. "For many students, the *Union Leader* has been the only paper they've read at home," says Murray. "And most of them have been looking up to it. We have to retrain a lot of them when they come here to school."

A stranger to New Hampshire who reads the *Union Leader* gets the feeling that he is back in the period of Joe McCarthy. According to the *Union Leader*, the Communists are everywhere: they have infiltrated the churches, the schools, the communications media, the YWCA. The endless anti-Red litany is underscored by a gloomy pessimism. In the view of the *Union Leader*, the United States loses in virtually every confrontation with the Communists, whether it be the Korean and Vietnamese Wars or the more frequent losses and stalemates in space and foreign affairs.

Anyone writing a letter endorsing a *Union Leader* stand is likely to find his words splashed across the top of the front page. On the other hand, many who have written critical letters complain that publication is held up until debate on the issue in question has passed. Even then, the letter is buried in a sea of letters from the far Right. The *Union Leader*, which published nearly 6,000 letters in 1968, claims to use more letters than any other daily newspaper in the country. Most of the writers echo the newspaper's right-wing line and many letters come from nationally known ultraconservatives. H. L. Hunt is a faithful correspondent.

The *Union Leader* carries no liberal or moderate columnists. Indeed, William F. Buckley, Jr., reads like a liberal when he appears in its pages. The paper's most lively columnist is publisher Loeb. Each week, he devotes two or three of his front-page editorials to excoriating enemies, in the old-style personal journalism of Hearst-Pulitzer. Since Loeb regards just about everyone to the left of the far-Right fringe as threats to the American way of life, he has at one time or another roasted most of the country's prominent politicians and activists. In his rhetoric, President Eisenhower was "Dopey Dwight" and "that stinking hypocrite." President Truman was "the little dictator." Republican Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine is "Moscow Maggie." And Martin Luther King "really asked for what happened to him." Those of Loeb's enemies who aren't too sensitive joke that they become members of the "Loebsters Club" when they are first knocked in a front-page editorial. After a second editorial, they receive the "Loebel Prize." When they try to counter with a letter to the editor or a paid ad, they often receive another front-page blast for their efforts.

But Loeb's enemies who look for a face-to-face meeting are usually disappointed. He maintains his legal residence in Reno, Nev., and when he is in the East he lives in a Boston suburb. He seldom visits New Hampshire, but keeps in constant touch with Manchester by mail and phone.

The reporters and editors of the *Union Leader* subscribe to the newspaper's line, which is to say that they tend to be ultraconservative. Although their opinions occasionally creep into news stories, as a group they are the most competent newspaper men in the state and, because of them, the paper is well written, well edited and has an attractive layout. Judging by the fact that most of them have been at the *Union Leader* for many years, the staff must be happy there. By newspaper standards, they are paid well and in years when profits have been good, employees shared in them. This practice, although common in many industries, is not often seen in the newspaper business. Another example of the *Union Leader*'s paternalism is the fact that Loeb and his wife plan to leave the paper to the employees when they die.

Publishers don't like Loeb and the feeling is mutual. "I went to a meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association once," says Loeb, who is as outspoken in person as he is in print, "and the pomposity almost blew me out. I just don't know how they take themselves seriously." Always the maverick, Loeb refuses to join publishers' associations. He says American publishers and their products are dull. The adjective has never been used to describe Loeb or the *Union Leader*.

At 63, William Loeb is as he has been for decades—in perpetual combat, a bantam rooster. There has been no mellowing with age. He is a lawyer's meal ticket since he and his newspaper have been in fairly constant litigation through the years. Even Loeb's mother once sued him. One gets the impression that he would be unhappy if he were not in the middle of a raging controversy.

The publisher takes his arguments seriously. He carries guns; his estate is floodlighted at night; he keeps a watchdog, and he has had an alarm installed in his car. Yet Loeb is cordial and friendly—"charming" is the word commonly used to describe him, even by his most bitter enemies.

Of all the personalities and issues that influence Loeb and his paper, the most incendiary are the Kennedys. Of President John Kennedy ("Tricky Jack"), the *Union Leader* asked: "When we have Kennedy for President, who needs Khrushchev for an enemy?" Sen. Robert Kennedy was "the most vicious, vindictive, egotistical man on the face of the earth" and Sen. Edward Kennedy "is just plain stupid." Even Jacqueline Kennedy did not escape. In mentioning her conduct at the funerals of President Kennedy and Sen. Robert Kennedy, Loeb wrote: "Jacqueline Kennedy is, indeed, a superb actress whose performances at two funerals would have won an Oscar had they been

Hollywood movie scripts." As a rule, the Kennedys pay no attention to public insults, but even they find it impossible to ignore the *Union Leader*. In a rare slip of his temper, John Kennedy once called the *Union Leader* "the most irresponsible newspaper in the country."

Any enemy of the Kennedys is a friend of the *Union Leader*, the most prominent of these being jailed Teamsters leader James Hoffa. Loeb says that he and Hoffa found immediate common ground in a shared animosity toward Robert Kennedy. When Loeb and Hoffa first met in 1963, the *Union Leader* was in serious financial trouble after an unsuccessful newspaper venture in Haverhill, Mass., that cost nearly $6 million. Hoffa, not unaware that Loeb could be counted upon to hold Robert Kennedy's feet to the coals if he entered the New Hampshire Presidential primary, staked the *Union Leader* to a $2 million loan from a Teamsters pension fund. The grateful publisher wrote that Hoffa had "saved" his paper from a "group of liberal Kennedy publishers."

Since Hoffa began his prison term, the *Union Leader* has been crusading with the zeal of a holy mission to spring him. At regular intervals, the paper sends a reporter out across the country, to investigate what it calls the "Gestapo type tactics" that Robert Kennedy and Justice Department officials used to indict Hoffa.

Robert Kennedy had always considered the *Union Leader* to be the "worst newspaper" in the country. But, during last year's Presidential primary campaign in Indiana, he changed his mind and awarded his "worst newspaper" distinction to the *Indianapolis Star*, also ultraconservative. However, Senator Kennedy had been a candidate in the Indiana primary and had not entered in New Hampshire. Had he collided with the *Union Leader*, it is doubtful that he would have changed his mind.

RETREAT TO XENOPHOBIA

A YEAR LATER IN MEMPHIS

HENRY P. LEIFERMANN

Mr. Leifermann covers civil rights in the South for UPI. He was in Memphis on the day Dr. King was shot, and has returned there several times since.

Since Thursday, April 4, 1968, Memphis, Tenn., has been carrying the cross of Martin Luther King's assassination. It is not the only American city that has failed to learn the lessons of freedom that King taught, and it appears from the investigation into the murder that he might have died in any of a score of cities. But he happened to be shot in Memphis, and however much the whites in Memphis protest the unfairness, the city itself continues to mark racial progress (or the lack of it), "trouble" (or the absence of it), in terms of "before April" and "after April," sometimes simply "before King."

Tennessee appears to have recovered from the effects of more than a decade of rule under the late E. H. (Boss) Crump, but Memphis has not. The Boss brought many things to Memphis, "efficient government, a clean city, and other blessings," as V. O. Key noted in his *Southern Politics*. Key added that the blessings came "without freedom or liberty." Crump has been gone for years, and freedom and liberty of a sort exist in Memphis today. But, the legacy of a rule by a father figure remains, and it explains in part why Memphis, one year after Dr. King died there, has changed hardly at all.

Mayor Henry Loeb and Frank Holloman, the fire and police commissioner, do for Memphis today what Crump did thirty years ago. Strong men, given to tough talk and unaccustomed to back talk, their words and deeds explain much of the city's severe racial problems.

Last December, during an informal question and answer period in a dormitory at Memphis State University, one youth with a beard asked Mayor Loeb what the city had done for its poor. Loeb mentioned the city manpower commission and the police force's community centers. The student shook his head and smiled. "Are you smiling at the manpower commission?" Loeb demanded. "No, the police department," the student replied. "Did you miss your razor?" Loeb shot back. The student quietly walked out. Few things irritate Henry Loeb more than long hair or beards.

Last October, shortly after he won the Americanism Award from the Downtown Civitan Club, Commissioner Holloman, the former FBI agent, expanded on his philosophy of American life to the city's Optimist Club: "I am sick and tired of a fat cat society which never had it so good, economically and materially [*sic*], refusing to become involved and concerned with the concerted efforts now being made to destroy our American way of life."

That a Southern mayor or a Southern police commissioner would hold such views may not be surprising. But it is unusual, in a city the size of Memphis, that such opinions would be constantly spoken and eagerly treated as fresh news by the local newspapers, radio and television stations.

Since last April, white Memphis has retreated to a xenophobia that stifles most attempts to solve the city's race problems. Social protest, in the broadest sense, as well as a form of urban war between the police and young black men, are daily facts of the city's life. The strike of black garbage workers that brought King to Memphis was settled two weeks after his death, the men winning pay raises and union recognition in a settlement achieved by then Under Secretary of Labor James Reynolds. Loeb privately blamed what he considers a defeat on the pressures brought against him because of the assassination.

The murder was a catalyst for white and black Memphis in much more than the garbage strike. The 227,000 black Memphians, 40 per cent of the population, have mounted campaign after campaign, boycott followed by boycott, to show the city more protest in the past year than it saw in all its history.

The protest ranges over a broad front of issues and organizations. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees union first won the garbage strike, then won in the city hospitals and is now eyeing the city-owned Light, Gas & Water Division. Other groups are the NAACP, with boycotts at several shopping centers; the Committee on the Move for Equality (COME) with downtown boycotts; the Memphis Welfare Rights Organization; and even a boycott of the annual WDIA Goodwill revue, a charity run by a white-owned, mostly Negro-staffed radio station. Negroes found the revue patronizing, and that has been a basic civil rights issue in Memphis since "before King." Placards and picket signs proclaiming "I Am a Man" have been used in each of the score of boycotts and protest marches, organized since the garbage strike began.

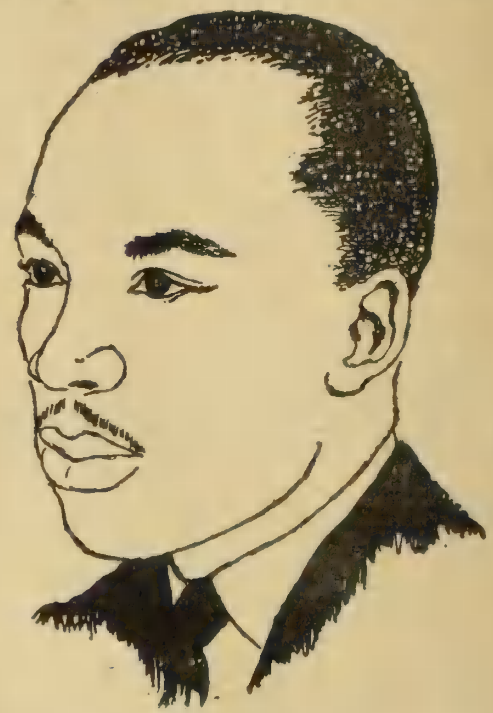
During the garbage strike, Mayor Loeb often pointed out that he was seeing to it not only that the city continued to pay its share of medical insurance premiums for the strikers but also that food stamps reached the striking men. Negroes said this was another form of City Hall paternalism. Loeb refused to allow pay raises except on his own initiative, but he was happy to keep charity and welfare flowing.

There has been talk of naming a Memphis street for King, but the street most often mentioned by the city council is South Parkway, an avenue of gas stations and liquor stores in the midst of the Southside ghetto. Negroes reject that idea as insulting.

How Tennessee has become progressive enough to overcome the racial problems that still beset Memphis, its largest city, can be partially explained by the map. In all respects except the boundary itself, Memphis is part of Mississippi; its suburbs reach the Mississippi line, and Mississippians often call it the true capital of their state. The local understanding is that the Mississippi Delta, from whose cotton fields and black backs Memphis reaped the money to become a city, begins at Greenville, Miss., and continues upriver some 100 miles to the lobby of the Sheraton-Peabody Hotel in downtown Memphis.

Much of white Memphis moved to the city from Mississippi. Their racial views are not so much paternalistic as they are openly segregationist. When the city housing authority tried to locate a housing project for low-income families, mostly Negro, in an all-white residential district known as Frayser, white home owners sent a petition to City Hall, saying in part: "The sole purpose of this outrageous federal project is a sneaky method developed to completely integrate our city by placing these cancer cells in selected areas presently developed to homes owned by white persons of modest means. This will devaluate their property." The petition embarrassed, but illuminated the motives of more discreet white resistance groups such as the Frayser Council of Civic Clubs, which also fought the project.

Defeated in Frayser, the city tried to locate the project in Fairley, an almost identical community. Up sprang another all-white group, the Fairley Civic Club. With the help of the Frayser group, and the Memphis and Shelby County Council of Civic Clubs, whites also put down that attempt. (White civic clubs may replace the Citizens Council in the South.) Since federal standards for such housing projects now require that they be placed outside existing ghettos, the city at last prevailed in a district that had just been annexed to Memphis and where the white residents had not had time to organize.



Mayor Loeb and Commissioner Holloman are the city's dominant personalities; the police force and the two major daily newspapers are their institutional counterparts. When a city judge released into the custody of an attorney a suspect arraigned on a variety of charges, including waving a pistol at two policemen, Chief Police Inspector Jack Wallace called the judge "ridiculous" and said he had undermined police morale. The afternoon daily, the *Press-Scimitar*, said editorially: "Judges and police are supposed to be working together to enforce the law and protect the public." That view of the relationship is unlikely to be shared by many judges.

The *Press-Scimitar* and the morning *Commercial Appeal* are Scripps-Howard papers, and Scripps-Howard also owns a radio and a television station in Memphis. The attitude of the two papers to Memphis Negroes is more of the patronizing that the blacks protest.

Shortly after King's murder, the COME group began a newspaper boycott. "They slanted the news about Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. They assassinated the character of Dr. King in a biased editorial—the kind of hate that helped kill this great man," COME charged. The boycott knocked off several thousand subscriptions, but did not seriously damage the financial position of the newspapers. It did, however, produce righteous indignation among the editors and reporters who work beneath the huge red, white and blue electric American flag crowning the Memphis Publishing Co. building.

City Hall, white Memphis and the newspapers had assumed for many years that they constituted a moderate or liberal force for racial equality, surrounded by Southern states populated by rednecks. The papers counted as friends such Negro leaders as Jesse Turner, president of the Memphis NAACP chapter and of a local insurance company. Said Frank Ahlgren, who recently retired as editor of the *Commercial Appeal*: "I never thought I'd see the day when Jesse Turner would advocate dumping garbage in the city council chambers. We've been a champion of the Negro community, and they know it."

Ahlgren points with justifiable pride to the role his newspaper played in initial desegregation of schools, buses, hospitals and stores in Memphis, all accomplished without violence. But that was only a token desegregation, and remains largely so today.

The two newspapers are open to valid charges of discrimination in their news columns. Both identify as Negroes suspects in crimes involving Negroes, but don't use racial tags in crimes involving only whites. And, considering the racial climate of the city, the newspapers take an almost rabid stand behind whatever the police force proposes. The *Press-Scimitar* went so far one afternoon as to splash across three columns of page 1 a picture of two policemen demonstrating a new billy. The accompanying article quoted the training manual for the club: "Another good trick is a jab in the plexus with the end of the stick." The manual did not say "good trick."

There is a hand-in-glove relationship between the city police and Memphis reporters—a relationship which the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders criticized generally in the nation. It is to be seen in the case of a Negro handyman accused of second degree murder. His confession to police was ruled out by the local court when the handyman testified—with bruises and hospital records to prove it—that policemen beat him to force his confession. The handyman was then turned over to two Memphis reporters to confess to them, and that confession was admitted in local court. The Supreme Court overruled the conviction, finding the confession given to the reporters just as inadmissable as the one given to the policemen. The handyman went free last fall, after three years in jail waiting for appeals. The state did not prosecute further because it said that without the confession it had no case.

There are innumerable instances of police disregard for justice in Memphis. When trials were under way for the 897 persons, almost all young Negroes, arrested during the garbage strike and on the night of the assassination, policemen got confessions and damning testimony from those arrested. Some of the youths, under defense questioning in the trials, said that just before they entered the courtroom a policeman took them aside to remind them of the penalty for perjury, and to threaten prosecution if the story they gave in court was different from the one they had told in the squad room.

There are whites of influence in Memphis who are dismayed by the intolerance of the city, but since last April, as tensions have grown and Mayor Loeb has let it be known that one is either for him and white Memphis, or against him and white Memphis, the voices of moderation have been stilled.

A final example: an Internal Revenue Service employee organized an anti-Vietnamese War rally in Memphis, and the *Commercial Appeal* profiled the young man: "A heavy-set, 28-year-old night student at Memphis State University, Mr. Gaylord's physical appearance gives hint of his political views only in well-trimmed red sideburns." Persons with sideburns traveling through Memphis take note.

ODDS IN LOS ANGELES

RACE, TELEVISION AND YORTY

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

The primary election in the race for mayor of Los Angeles falls on April 1. This date seems altogether appropriate. Baxter Ward, 49, a lively and personally attractive political eccentric, making his first try for public office, appears to be running second only to Mayor Sam Yorty, 59. Yorty, having once insisted that two terms as mayor is enough for any man, is now fighting hard for a third. That is not surprising—consistent inconsistency is the predominant characteristic of the Mayor's political career.

Baxter Ward, accepting no campaign contributions, is spending his own money and very little of that. He has bought no newspaper, radio or television advertising, has no organization, and yet his appearances on college campuses, before service clubs and elsewhere, invariably draw large crowds. Except for Yorty, Ward has more name identification than any of the thirteen other candidates. The reason? He is a member of the newest elite of our celebrity-conscious mass culture, a television newscaster, and thus a familiar figure in thousands of Los Angeles living rooms.

According to the Mervin Field poll, Ward, with 25 per cent of the vote, trails Yorty by only 2 percentage points.

Los Angeles City Councilman Thomas Bradley and Congressman Alphonzo Bell score 17 and 14 per cent respectively. The ten other candidates, including another city councilman, didn't show. To win in the primary, a mayoralty candidate must get a majority of the votes cast. A run-off on May 27 seems assured this year to decide the winner.

The mayoralty race is nonpartisan by law, and the party affiliation of the candidates is not shown on the ballot, but the two major parties always get involved. Yorty is a Democrat who often supports Republicans and gets their backing in return; Bradley is a Democrat, and Congressman Bell is a Republican and a moderate of sorts. Ward is a registered independent whose views in the present campaign would be difficult to tag, but philosophically he is on the far Right. He was fined by the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) for crossing its picket lines in a 1967 strike.

Of all the Mayor's challengers, Councilman Bradley, 51, has the most impressive record. While advancing to the rank of lieutenant in the Los Angeles Police Department, he earned a law degree, resigned from the department to practice law, and is now serving his second term on the council. Bradley is knowledgeable about municipal government, has an easy, casual manner, but faces a significant political handicap in a city-wide election: he is black. He believes that race should not be an issue, although in announcing his candidacy he said with a touch of humor, "I have never tried to conceal my color."

Against a background of campus disturbances in California, race is a pervasive political factor this year in the state. (Governor Reagan, who is taking a "hard line" against student militants, was never more popular than he is today.) Bradley, facing political reality, has been

HARRY GOLDEN

When I got out of the East Side Evening High School, I went to night classes at the City College of New York, 23rd Street Branch. There were Irish and Italians in City College, but Jews were in the majority, particularly the sons of immigrant Jews. There were no Jewish fraternities that I remember—we all worked days; the school did not close on Jewish holidays, although the Jewish professors were absent; and there was no emphasis on Jewish history. The milieu however was demonstrably Jewish. Yet we used to worry about the Jewish boys who went to Harvard and Yale. We heard these colleges imposed quota systems, accepting only a small number of Jews, and that the medical colleges accepted even fewer. We were having it our way at City College, but we worried fiercely about those Jews who were not.

I see we are still worrying—on the other side of the coin. The quotas have apparently been abolished, because some of the reputable Jewish scholars now call the American campus "a disaster area for Judaism." Jewish students today are more interested in dissent than in discipline, in McLuhan than in Maimonides, and generally more and more alienated from a Jewish cultural environment. "Jewish students," said Irving Greenberg, "are subjected to a clash of life styles between the bourgeois Jewish home and the swinging campus."

You cannot have your cake and eat it. Forty years ago the Jews did not have a baseball player—and how we longed for a basketball player! Now I see that three members of the starting Yale football offensive unit are Jewish, including Weinstein, the 6 ft. 6 in. pro prospect.

What happened, of course, was that we spread the word about the quotas. Militant Jews decided then and there that they would send their sons to Harvard. What they didn't realize was that Harvard boys often fall in love with and marry Radcliffe girls. *Ergo*, cultural alienation.

Cultural alienation was no problem forty years ago. A Jewish student was probably the son of immigrants who couldn't speak English. His clothes were different and his attitudes; perhaps his values. He could see he was different and often sought refuge in difference. A Jewish student in the 1960s probably has parents who speak English as precisely as his professors, who are as well read and certainly as affluent. The Jewish student has values which are consonant with those of his classmates. He goes out for the football team, if he is a gung-ho square; or he burns his draft card or the dean of men in effigy, if he is a hippie.

Like his Protestant and Catholic fellows, he is bored by college seminars on the religious revival, none of which he sees; and he is dissatisfied with the decisions the secular society keeps making. The trouble is that the issues of the world are not religious issues. Vietnam is not a religious issue, integration is not a religious issue, and if the sexual revolution has religious overtones, they are drowned out in the hilarity.

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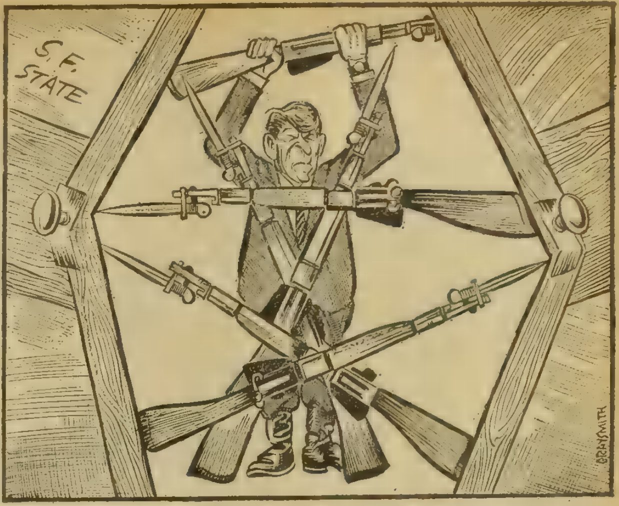
trying to put together a black-brown coalition. Eighteen per cent of the city's 2.8 million population is black and 13 per cent is of Mexican descent. Bradley has considerable support among blacks and is gaining favor among the young and militant Chicanos, but the less radical, older leadership of the Spanish-speaking community has expressed some opposition. One Latin group, the Mexican-American Political Association, has formally endorsed Bradley. The *Los Angeles Times*, announcing that it could "wholeheartedly support" either Bell or Bradley, endorsed Bell on the ground that he would stand a better chance against Yorty in the May showdown. In the past, the paper has proved to be influential in city elections.

A majority of AFL-CIO union leaders in Los Angeles support Bradley, but he failed to get the official endorsement of the Los Angeles County AFL-CIO. Race prejudice was evident in some of the locals, but this did not directly control the decision. Several labor leaders said they felt that Los Angeles is not ready to elect a Negro mayor and argued that it would be politically unwise for labor to support a loser. If Bradley, liberal and pro-labor, survives the primary, he expects to get official labor support. He has the unified support of liberals and strong backing among Democratic Party leaders, including former Gov. Edmund G. Brown.

Bradley's problem is to attract more votes from the white community, especially from the endless housing tracts of the San Fernando Valley, where Mayor Yorty is popular among middle-class whites. In the Field poll, Bradley received only 9 per cent of the white vote, while Yorty and Ward got 28 per cent each. Yorty also received 28 per cent of the Mexican-American vote to Bradley's 9 per cent.

Yorty's principal political handicap this year is guilt by association. Three former city commissioners have been convicted of accepting bribes, and a fourth is now waiting trial on similar charges. All were appointed by Yorty, and he is having a difficult time explaining away the mess. But some potent Republicans have offered their help in gratitude for Yorty's sabotage of Pat Brown's third-term bid and other favors. Preston Hotchkis of the wealthy San Marino Hotchkises and Henry Salvatori (oil money) are chairman and co-chairman of his re-election drive. Both are Reagan supporters, and both can unzip pocketbooks that are usually unzippable when Democrats come around.



San Francisco Chronicle

". . . at the point of a bayonet if necessary"—Ronald Reagan

With no organization help, Baxter Ward may have gone as far as he can go on his TV image; Bradley, with a developing organization, may have overtaken him by Election Day. That is how many political observers see it, but if they are wrong, and Yorty and Ward meet in May, their run-off will be the greatest political entertainment in the history of the entertainment capital of the free world.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 386)

tonomous college for ethnic studies. The demands of the TWLF have led to a seven-week strike against the university.

Andres Ybarra, Associate Editor, El Grito

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Roy Bongartz's "Chicano Rebellion" is a compliment to the Chicano movement in California. It is not, however, as predisposed toward criticism as is Ralph Guzman's "The Gentle Revolutionaries: Brown Power" (*Los Angeles Times*, Jan. 26). Guzman believes that Mexican youth are confused about goals, and that they are committed to action; in fact, basing most things in terms of action, particularly the leadership. He believes a Brown Power ethos has yet to be worked out; Mexicans lack ideology. Guzman observes Brown Power "carries strong overtones of racism and militancy," a racism and militancy which can mess things up for the movement. Bongartz errs in writing that Nick Vaca's comments represent the opinion of all Chicanos. If EOP administrators give Negroes more benefits in Oakland, perhaps hoping to foster racial antagonisms in this manner—it would be rash to blame Negroes in all places for inequities for which they are not responsible. Blacks have championed and continue to champion the cause of nonwhites, who should give credit where credit is due. What one Negro professor says about Chicanos certainly does not mean all Negroes subscribe to the same opinion. . . . Mexicans are a pluralistic people, Professor Romano reminds us (*El Grito*, Fall 1968), and they cannot be reduced to a simple formula. The news media and social scientists have reduced the Mexican to a simple stereotype. But Anglos are not the only ones to stereotype Mexicans; in fact, Mexicans have also created a simple stereotype, based on the heroes of the Mexican Revolution, and of the Mexican lower classes. If only some of the Chicanos knew that Mexico now is more Anglo than ever, and that Pancho Villa was not that much a man of the people.

Joseph Navarro, University of California
Santa Barbara

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Isaac Babel Talks About Writing

KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY

Born in Moscow in 1892, Konstantin Paustovsky had been engaged in recording the story of his extraordinary life, which spanned extraordinary events. He died in Moscow in 1968. Years of Hope *continues* The Story of a Life, *published here in 1964 (reviewed by Jose Yglesias,* The Nation, *May 11, 1964), taking the young writer through the early years of the Russian Revolution. In Odessa, a city torn by revolutionary and counterrevolutionary war and under blockade, Paustovsky devoted himself to the publication of a newspaper called* The Seaman, *and became a friend of the paper's most gifted contributor, Isaac Babel. Below, Paustovsky recounts a rare conversation with Russia's master storyteller in a selection from* Years of Hope, *translated from the Russian by Manya Harari and Andrew Thomson, published this month by Pantheon Books ($4.95).*

We were sitting on the parapet on the cliff. Babel was absent-mindedly throwing pebbles into the sea; they cracked like pistol shots as they hit the rocks.

"It's all right for you other writers," said Babel, although I was not yet a writer. "You can wrap things up in the dew of your imagination, as you put it! What an awful expression, by the way! But what would you do if you had no imagination? Like me."

"Rubbish!" I said angrily.

He seemed not to have heard me.

"Not one drop," he repeated after a long pause and several pebbles. "I'm quite serious. I can't make anything up. I have to know everything, down to the last wrinkle, or I can't even begin to write. 'Authenticity,' that's the motto, and I'm stuck with it! That's why I write so little and so slowly. Because it's terribly hard. So much for Mozart, the joy of creativity, the free flight of imagination! I wrote somewhere, I'm getting old from asthma, a mysterious disease I've had from birth and inherited together with my weak constitution. But that's a lie. What puts years on me is every single short-story I write. I work like a black, like a navvy, as if I had to dig up Everest with my own hands. What I start, I never believe I'll have the strength to finish. Sometimes I could weep, I'm so tired. It stops my circulation. If I get stuck over a sentence, it gives me spasms. And I'm always stuck over a sentence!"

"But your writing is so fluent," I said. "How do you do it?"

"It's style that does it. . . . I'll write about the weekly washing if you like, and the prose might sound like Julius Caesar! That I seem to manage. But, you understand, that's not the essence of art, it's the bricks, or the marble or the bronze. Come, I'll show you how I do it. I'm a miser, a skinflint, but just for you! . . ."

By now, it was dark inside the house. Beyond the garden the sea rumbled more and more quietly with the approach of night. Fresh air poured in from the sea and drove out the sultry wormwood smell of the steppe. Babel lit a small lamp. The light fell on his glasses; behind them his eyes looked inflamed; he was always having trouble with his eyes.

He got a thick wad of typescript out of his desk; there were at least 100 pages.

"Know what that is?"

I had no idea. Was it possible that Babel had at last written a full length novella and kept it a secret from all of us? I could not believe it. Babel, whose short-stories were almost like telegrams! Who packed everything into the smallest possible space. For whom a story of ten pages was much too long and surely padded!

A hundred pages of his concentrated prose? No, it couldn't be!

I looked at the cover page, and saw the title "Lyubka the Cossack." That was still more puzzling.

"Didn't I hear that 'Lyubka the Cossack' is a very short short-story that hasn't yet been published? Do you really mean you've expanded it into a novella?"

He covered the typescript with his hand and laughed, his eyes crinkling.

"It's 'Lyubka' all right," he said, blushing. "And it's fifteen pages long. But there are the twenty-two versions—two hundred pages of it."

"Twenty-two versions!"

"What's so terrible about that?" he bridled at once. "Look here, a work of art is not a pot-boiler. You write several versions of the same story—so what? I'm not even sure the twenty-second is fit to publish. It looks as if it could still be tightened up. It's all this elimination that makes for power of language and style. Of language and style," he repeated. "You can take anything—an anecdote, a bit of gossip—and you turn it into a story you yourself can't bear to put down. It glows like a jewel. It's round like a pebble. It hangs together by the cohesion of its parts. And its cohesion is so powerful that even lightning can't split it up. People will read it. And remember it. And they'll laugh over it, not because it's cheerful but because you always feel like laughing when somebody has brought something off. I have the nerve to talk about bringing it off only because we are alone. And you won't tell anyone about this conversation as long as I live. You must give me your word. It's no credit to me, of course. Goodness knows how someone like me, the son of a small broker, gets possessed by the demon or the angel of art. But whichever it is, I have to obey him like a slave, like a pack-mule. I've sold him my soul, and I have to write as well as I know how. It's my happiness, or my cross. More of a cross, I suppose. But take it away, and every drop of my blood will go with it and I won't be worth a chewed up fag-end. That's the work that makes a human being out of me and not just an Odessa street-corner philosopher."

He paused, then went on more bitterly.

"I've got no imagination. All I've got is the longing for it. You remember Blok—'I see the enchanted shore, the enchanted distance.' He got there all right, but I won't. I see that shore unbearably far off. I'm too sober. But I thank my lucky stars that at least I long for it. I work till I drop, I do all I can because I want to be at the feast of the gods and I'm afraid they'll throw me out."

He took off his glasses, and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his patched jacket.

"I didn't choose to be born a Jew," he said suddenly. "I think I can understand everything. Only not the reason for that black villainy they call anti-semitism.

"I came safely through a Jewish pogrom as a child, only they tore my pigeon's head off. Why? . . . I don't want Evgenia to come in," he said softly. "Put the door on the hook, will you? This kind of talk frightens her. She's liable to cry all night. She thinks I'm very lonely. Perhaps I am?"

What could I answer?

"So there it is," said Babel, stooping short-sightedly over his manuscript. "I work like a pack mule, but it's my own choice. I'm like a galley-slave who's chained for life to his oar but who loves the oar. Everything about it. Every grain of wood he's polished with his hands. If you use enough elbow grease, even the coarsest wood gets to look like ivory. That's what we have to do with words, and with our Russian language. Warm it and polish it with your hand, and it glows like a jewel.

"But I meant to tell you all I do, in the right order. The first version of a story is terrible. All in bits and pieces tied together with boring 'link passages' as dry as old rope. You have the first version of 'Lyubka' there—you can see for yourself. It yaps at you, it's clumsy, helpless, toothless.

"That's where the real work begins. I go over each sentence, time and again. I start by cutting all the words it can do without. You have to keep your eye on the job because words are very sly, the rubbishy ones go into hiding and you have to dig them out—repetitions, synonyms, things that simply don't mean anything.

"After that, I type the story and I let it lie for two or three days. If I can hold out. Then I check it again, sentence by sentence and word by word. And again I find a lot of rubbish I missed the first time. So I make another copy, and another—as many as I have to, until I've cleaned it all up and there's not a speck of dirt left.

"But that's not all! When I've done the cleaning up, I go over every image, metaphor, comparison, to see if they are fresh and accurate. If you can't find the right adjective for a noun, leave it alone. Let the noun stand by itself.

"A comparison must be as accurate as a slide rule, and as natural as the smell of fennel. Oh, I forgot—before I take out the rubbish, I break up the text into shorter sentences. The more full stops the better. I'd like to have that passed as a law. Not more than one idea and one image to one sentence. Never be afraid of full stops. Actually, my own sentences are too short—that's because of my asthma. I can't talk for long. The longer the sentence the more I get short of breath.

"I take out all the participles and adverbs I can. Participles are heavy, angular, they destroy the rhythm. They grate like tanks going over rubble. Three participles to one sentence, and you kill the language. All that 'presenting,' 'obtaining,' 'concentrating' and so on. . . . Adverbs are lighter. They can even lend you wings in a way. But too many of them make the language spineless, it starts mioaling. . . . A noun needs only one adjective, the choicest. Only a genius can afford two adjectives to one noun.

"The breaking up into paragraphs and the punctuation have to be done properly but only for the effect on the reader. A set of dead rules is no good. A new paragraph is a wonderful thing. It lets you quietly change the rhythm, and it can be like a flash of lightning that shows the same landscape from a different aspect. There are writers, even good ones, who scatter paragraphs and punctuation marks all over the place. They can write good prose, but it has an air of muddle and carelessness because of this. . . .

"Line is as important in prose as in an engraving. It has to be clear and hard.

"My twenty-two versions of 'Lyubka' gave you a shock. They are all part of the weeding, sifting, pulling the story out into a single thread. There can be as much difference between the first and last version of a book as between a greasy bit of packing paper and Botticelli's 'Spring.' "

"It really is slave labour," I said. "A man should think twenty times before he decides to become a writer."

"But the most important thing of all," said Babel, "is not to kill the story by working on it. Or else all your labour has been in vain. It's like walking a tightrope. Well, there it is. . . . We ought all to take an oath not to mess up our job."

Close-Up of a Leading Man

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON. *By Eric Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf. 531 pp. $8.95.*

ERNEST GRUENING

Mr. Gruening was one of the two United States Senators who voted against the Tonkin Gulf resolution. He is co-author of Vietnam Folly *(National Press).*

This first major opus about Lyndon Johnson since his retirement is a masterful portrayal and a detailed account of what took place in the White House during Eric Goldman's nearly three years there as "an intellectual in residence."

While he contributed devotedly and with enlightenment to the task of seeking a liaison and an entente between the President and the nation's intellectuals—and indeed with the greater society—the net result was not wholly pleasing either to the President or to Dr. Goldman. The reasons are fully detailed, incident by incident. It is through this narration that the pluses and minuses in the Presidential performance are clearly revealed. Historian Goldman has written objectively, allowing the facts to speak for themselves, but not wholly excluding some evaluation.

President Johnson's dynamism, his determination, drive and skill in getting the Congress to enact three pieces of major legislation, which President Kennedy could not achieve—Medicare, the $1.5 billion elementary and secondary schools educational bill, and the most sweeping civil rights bill, including voting rights, which required Presidential action not merely on the Hill but on the hustings—all this is set forth in laudatory fullness.

The climax, LBJ's New Orleans speech, in which he tore into the "nigra, nigra" refrain of customary Southern white campaign oratory, Goldman characterizes as deserving "a place in history" and as "Lyndon Johnson's finest hour." There was much other important legislation—a large anti-poverty program, hundreds of millions of dollars for Appalachia, manpower training, omnibus housing, a new Cabinet Department of Housing and Urban Development, the High Speed Ground Transportation Act, the Water Quality Act to diminish pollution. The author, in his capacity of Presidential assistant, was caught up in the excitement. He points out that unlike FDR, LBJ was functioning brilliantly without the early thirties' cooperating pressure of national crisis, and speaks of his own exhilaration at partaking and observing "a man who kept on that phone expressing to Congressmen some dogged vision of the credo that America means a better shake for the ordinary man."

Goldman's appraisal of Lady Bird Johnson, likewise detailed by incident and actions, is unqualifiedly enthusiastic. One may conclude that second only to Eleanor Roosevelt, he would rank her as one of the great first ladies whose role was important, consequential and valuable per se to the nation as a whole, as well as to her husband's career.

But at "the pinnacle of success and the goal visible," something was going wrong. It was the foreign policy with LBJ's involvement in Vietnam, and here the reverse of the medal that would determine LBJ's overall performance obtruded itself on the national consciousness. "In this case," writes Goldman, "President Johnson was not forthright." Elsewhere in this book, he points out that Johnson was not knowledgeable in international matters and that his concern for and knowledge of the nation's domestic needs contrasted with his uninterest in and unawareness of foreign affairs.

Having persuaded a pliant Congress,

MOONSHOT

I can't stop them using my money
To blast off
And send a chimpanzee or man there.
It won't be long until they'll land there

Bulbous in oxygen suits, their faces
Pale in the domed helmets, leaden shoes
Scuffling craters in the dust of craters. Their photographs
Have already picked the places

The spider craft will settle and infest
That airless purity
With our germs—they'll plant our flag in it,
Since History

Is our first export. After the planet
Of our planet, we'll take Mars;
What little do we see in Nature
That isn't ours?

Yet who will hold dominion over
The silvered cold waning and the waxing light,
Or make the seeds it shines on stir, and sprout,
Or rule the tides

That clutch and clip the cove, when
The land lies still, a lover sleeping,
And the seething combers of the blood surge,
Surge in the loins of men?

DANIEL HOFFMAN

through his Tonkin Gulf resolution, to give him a blank check to commit American troops in Southeast Asia anywhere he saw fit, President Johnson proceeded in his Presidential campaign to promise that he would not send American boys into a ground war on the continent of Asia, and to do the fighting that should be done by Asian boys. Thereafter he began to do what he had pledged the American people he would not do. The decisions were his, and so he "arrived at the most monumental miscalculation of his career."

Thereafter the credibility gap widened: "Lyndon Johnson's . . . conspicuous delight in the secretive and the devious . . . his undeniable habit of simply playing fast and loose with facts" intensified the national mistrust. President Johnson's Vietnamese policy, "after the election," writes Goldman, "brought out his worst instincts," and the reasons he gave for our military involvement based on the alleged actions of his predecessors and presumed treaty commitments were "not true."

With the deepening involvement and its mounting costs in lives and treasure, it was becoming clear "how reluctant President Johnson was to approve the right of dissent. . . ."

The reluctance exploded after poet Robert Lowell's refusal to attend a festival of the arts organized by Goldman in an effort to display the talents of America's creative artists in the White House, and thereby demonstrate the President's interest in their work. Lowell wrote that while "enthusiastic about your domestic legislation and intentions" he could "only follow our present foreign policy with the greatest dismay and distrust."

Whatever might have been the justification for Lowell's action, it set off a chain of reactions which marred the otherwise fine festival performance, embittered Johnson against intellectuals in general and led to Goldman's decision to retire in due course.

The tragedy of Lyndon Johnson was derived from his war policy which largely nullified his great domestic achievements. Whereas he would undoubtedly have gone down in history as one of our greatest Presidents, he was instead forced into withdrawal by the rising distrust and discontent his policies and performance had generated in the nation.

But Goldman feels that "probably history will be generous—and should be—to Lyndon Johnson," though he qualifies this forecast by a critical analysis of the President's weaknesses:

"Always fighting off the devils of insecurity, Lyndon Johnson was vain, not proud; boomerish, not confident; for the most part grandiose, not grand, in conceiving his programs, and grandiloquent, not eloquent in expressing them. Gnawed by his inner needs, he turned his marriage with a woman he deeply loved into a near tyranny; a Congressional career shot through with instincts for the national good into a feral pursuit of personal domination; a Presidency marked by a broad streak of idealism into what so often appeared to be an exercise in self-interest."

". . . Lashed by his insecurity, [he] fought his better angels harder than any man I have ever known. . . . So lacking in confidence, so defensive and wary . . . he was determined that nobody or no circumstance would get the better of him by playing to his strong personal ideals and emotions. This attitude led to increasing justification for, and ever more extended practice of his natural bent toward exorbitant secretiveness, labyrinthine maneuverings, a sanctimonious glossing over of reality, the plain withholding of truth which had no need of being withheld and the plain distortion of truth which, at least in part, was much better stated and done with."

Goldman concludes by defining Johnson's tragedy as that of "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man, from the wrong place at the wrong time, under the wrong circumstances."

With that summation this reviewer disagrees. There was nothing wrong about the place from which Johnson came. Other Texans, such as the late Congressman Maury Maverick, or Congressmen such as George Mahon, James Wright, Clark Thompson and Wright Patman, or the senior Senator, Ralph Yarborough, would not have exhibited the Johnsonian shortcomings; there was nothing wrong about the time; the country was relatively content, peaceful and prosperous in 1964; the circumstances were wrong only because Johnson made them so.

In any event, Goldman's reportage and analysis are an indispensable appraisal of an important period in American history, and of the man around whom it revolved. They constitute a kind of refutation of the assumption that history can best be written years after the events it records. Doubtless both kinds of historiography are needed to put an era and its *dramatis personae* in proper focus. We now have an excellent "close-up."

The New Narcissism

THE HERESY OF SELF-LOVE. *By Paul Zweig. Basic Books. 277 pp. $6.50.*

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is the author of Thinking About Women *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

For these days, this book is atypical in its composure, lucid without simplification, and temperate without condescension. It is modern in its anti-authoritarian sympathies, and yet removed from those irate and illiberal manifestations of revolt which are now in style. Perhaps only its incidental view of the Catholic Church, as a force of unqualified repression, is narrow. Otherwise, one is steadily conscious of a quiet, comprehensive and generous intelligence.

This critical poise may result from Paul Zweig's finding French studies as compatible as English or American. In fact, *The Heresy of Self-Love* seems to have grown naturally out of Mr. Zweig's first book, *Lautréamont, ou les violences du Narcisse*, which was published in Paris in 1967. Modern narcissism (or "subversive individualism" or "the heresy of self-love") separates itself from the classical myth by a substitution of *les violences*, of turbulent forces, for the original soft inertia of Narcissus. This new narcissism, Zweig now traces throughout modern Western history, all the way from the second-century frenzies of the Gnostic sect to American love-ins last summer. But Zweig contains the enormous subject by defining it, as he began to define it in *Lautréamont*, through specific persons—a selected group of what he calls "exemplary minds."

To put Mr. Zweig's thesis too simply, self-love became agitated, and heretical, in revulsion against authority. The fascination with individual life which coexisted in some harmony with authority in Periclean Greece, fell into conflict with authority in subsequent Western societies. In a sense, then, Greece may be blamed for later enmities between Establishment and Self, precisely the enmities in which we are still now caught up, since Greece realized the selfhood toward which Westerners have struggled bitterly and hopelessly ever since. The later forms of authority shift and change without, somehow, changing at all—in their alienative and yet dynamic effect upon the individual.

At the same time, in repeated interchanges between the authoritative and the personal, the two biting at each other swallow pieces of each other. What is personal at one moment is absorbed into authority or orthodoxy at the next—just as the subversive peace symbol, transferred to cloth, eventually sold millions of dresses to Americans. Obversely, Zweig's individualists seem uniformly bent upon establishing authority over themselves. They defy external fixities, only to dread their own internal "changeability." In each of them, the withdrawal from society's rules is so rigorous and ruleful as to suggest more self-loathing than self-love. So Baudelaire preaches, though of course never practices, the constraining virtues of hygiene, sobriety, chastity. To know thyself is to reproach thyself, and all these brilliant excavations of the self (of the "underworld," the "abyss," the "undiscoverable bottom") turn back finally from what seems an infinite discontent.

But this emotion is an effect of rarefied self-love, as it is practiced by persons of genius—Descartes, Rousseau, Melville, Kierkegaard. Common Western self-love does not criticize itself and does not consciously subvert authority. It is therefore, perhaps too silently, dismissed from consideration here. And yet its broad existence is recalled, if only by the marked incapacity of the exemplary self-lovers for the gratifications of the vulgar self-lovers.

Generally, the exemplary seem alienated not only from authority but from nature (an authority behind authority), and experience remarkable pain in their encounters with common pleasure—with food and drink, sleep, company, rivalry, sex and family. The fundamental disavowal of attachment—or, worse, of dependence—extends to the disavowal of one's own creation by others, one's birth.

Far from the worship of one's ancestors, some total consumption into the self of these previous selves becomes necessary. So the Gnostics' faith in a single power which is "its own mother, its own father" is repeated, after sixteen centuries, in Kierkegaard's "He who does the work gives birth to his own father." Even the subtle dependence of wit upon social ties seems to forbid wit, and if one excepts Lautréamont, one can connect modern with classical narcissism by at least a mutual morosity.

It is not surprising, then, that Shakespeare drops into the Category of Isolation only in his sonnets, not in his plays. He was not capable for very long of the exclusive and solitary dedication of these other splendid egotists. Actually, it does not seem in Zweig's book a discipline at which either English or American minds have been as adept as the French—or, rather, continental Europeans. One thinks carelessly of the English Romantic poets as self-lovers, but they disqualify themselves by association with receptivity (the *filling* of hearts and the *sounding* of harplike spirits) and with conciliation. I think Zweig rather summarily identifies Wordsworth with "relationship and love," but it is certainly *less* subversive and *less* individual (say, of Shelley) to imagine an exchange of impure for pure community than to denounce all community.

What seems essential to Zweig's heresy of self-love is rigor and precision, not only of purpose but procedure. The chapter on Melville, for example, is the least satisfying, because the billowing irresolutions of *Moby Dick*, though they are not rebuked, are not ideally definite. *Moby Dick* is all immediate majestic caprice, in contrast to such *systems* of singularity as those of Rousseau or of Kierkegaard.

Within its entirely apposite minds, however, Zweig's thesis is both persuasive and revelatory. The book is particularly fine in its perception of resemblances among centuries and schools of feeling which ordinarily are filed away quite separately in our minds. I am not sure that it is any more exhilarating than distressing to be shown the persistent sameness of this one Western posture, but Zweig shows it beyond disbelief. The book is an exemplary tending of a small garden, blooming with "exemplary minds." Its fencing out of vast, unsolved spaces is deliberate, and frankly described by Zweig as an "arbitrary" choice, unified by his own intellectual self, by his personal "sympathies."

And it is really to the book's credit

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that the reader is unsettled, in the end, not only by what is solved but by the puzzles which still encircle the solution. Why should individual Western life have turned its gnawing energies in upon itself, while Eastern life did not? What is the relationship between Judaeo-Christian monotheism and subversive individualism? Is it all God-aping, the imitation of a solitary Self Who is a law unto Himself, a first energy unto a first ego?

But then why, within the same religious tradition, are there many *not* exemplary minds whose genius is expelled in an opposite objectivity, impersonality and translation of the self into other separate selves or into whole societies of the mind? Why is there Swift as well as Traherne, Hobbes as well as Rousseau, Chaucer as well as the courtly love poets whom he passed by? It is possible that we are all, with Paul Zweig, preoccupied by the new narcissism at a time when, for the purposes of human survival, it is the least opportune of preoccupations. But then, its suicidal quality has always been a part of its lure. Whether he falls or dives in, Narcissus drowns.

Playing Abominable Games

THE GIRLS, A TETRALOGY OF NOVELS: The Girls, Pity for Women, The Hippogriff, The Lepers. *By Henry de Montherlant. Translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin. Introduction by Peter Quennell. Harper & Row. 639 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton *(Hillary) and* Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry *(Octagon), and is presently preparing a book on Greek life.*

Montherlant has been stung by the criticism that he is as selfish and vicious as the protagonist of these four early novels, and in a special preface he denies it:

"The author made the hero of *La Rose de Sable*, Lieutenant Auligny, a man endowed with the highest moral qualities. . . . One might well wonder whether the critics and the public, on reading *La Rose de Sable*, would attribute to the author the same abundance of virtues as they would attribute to him of vices after reading *The Girls*."

This is disingenuous. In his notebooks, in his journals, in interviews, he has spoken precisely as does the hero, Costals, of *The Girls*. For both, virtue and vice are merely words to play with; what Montherlant is in fact celebrating is his own egotism which he feels he may carry through to any possible perfection. It is the narrator of this book who speaks of "the glory of rape," but it is Montherlant in his own person who elsewhere speaks of himself as having "played" with treason under the Occupation: "Let us change our ideas as we change perfume, as we change rooms at different times of the day. A thirst for treason that is irresistible simply devours me."

This egotism, for my taste rather too often presented as philosophy, provides Montherlant with an aesthetics for the novel, and the terms are again the terms of violence: "The art of the novel is the violation of nature. A violation of souls. The characters must cry out. The novelist's function is to rape souls and to feed his work with them. I call this the vampirism of novelists." As one observes the technique of these novels—*The Girls, Pity for Women, The Hippogriff, The Lepers*—in place of the simple term violation, one might prefer to characterize the progress of the writing as a slow dissection of flesh and motive to the end of doing away with every sign of either sentiment or humanity.

The novelist's intention apparently is to take every one of these young women who throw themselves at Costals' feet and show how humiliation can reduce them to mere sentience. He is continually drawn to the final trick—as he also was in his war novel, *Le Songe*—to bring women to the point of surrender and then put them off. But whatever the crisis—and in these dissections every moment is critical, even mortal—the main point is to assert the purity and strength of his own will, his own inviolability and, of course, the skill of his technique. The violations and the discardings are always accompanied by words, and here the style is everything—the women have fallen in love with Costals, not as man but as writer.

But it is Montherlant, as much as Costals, who is recording what the ravisher notices as he takes in every detail of the bodies and souls of the women. The details are his joy. The debt to Barrès and Flaubert is everywhere, in the particularity and in the iciness of the note taker; the elegance is his own. "Back in his studio, he was tidying up the bed when he saw traces of blood on the top sheet. He reflected that the sheet would go to the laundry, whereas fifteen years earlier he would have kept it as it was, as a souvenir. He felt a pang as he realized once again that he was not sufficiently open-hearted towards her. As though to make up for this, when he went to bed he searched for Mlle. Dandillot's blood-stains on the sheet and placed them against his heart. And he fell asleep somehow protected by the affection he felt towards her."

Montherlant's intelligence is great enough for him to conceive that even the stupidest of the women who crowd upon him can sometimes see what he is up to: "As for me, if you're playing some abominable game with me, which at this moment I'm inclined to believe you are (I mean at the very moment of writing these words) for at other moments I tell myself you're merely a child juxtaposed with a man rich in solemn meditation and weighty experience, Faust and Eliakim inextricably merged, in other words a monster—if you are such a monster you cannot help yourself, you are forgiven—if you're only playing a game with me quite consciously, I can only tell you I'm not strong enough for you, and cry 'Pax.' "

AN APPLE

I cut one.
Its split surface glistens,
but slowly

across its freshness
creeps a yellow tinge,
the dead color
of a parting.

LENNART BRUCE

These four novels, as a continuing story, however, possess a more impressive vitality than the style. Taken singly they would not reveal the vividness and the urgency that toward the end give the entire conception an unexpected authority. This becomes most evident as we sense the blindness of the passions that are driving the women in particular from misery to misery. And with the sense of the very actuality of their despair there finally grows in the reader also the sense that pity is indeed the right word in the title of one of these novels (*Pitié pour les femmes*). The despair is so accurately related to the nature of their enslavement that pity as well as contempt had to have a part in its re-creation, in short, even in their tormentor, for this egotism, this cultivation of the idea of the novelist as monster, finally establishes the tone of a man who is totally isolated and who appears to be requiring the pity he himself sometimes has for women.

Since the writing of these novels Montherlant's achievement has become substantial. There have been several others, several volumes of journals, a few poems and many plays. On the stage Montherlant has been successful enough to make him a successor to Mauriac and Cocteau in representing the contemporary in the repertory of the Comédie Française. The most brilliant effects of the drama are identical with those of the prose; they provide but other devices for the same kind of self-glorification. In the end he wants his style to triumph as style, his analyses and art to be valued for their elegance and irony, his language to be "*pur et clair*."

In short, he wants to embody the French intelligence, or, what in his mind would be the same thing, the very manner of civilization itself. The novelist, the playwright, triumph over women, over animality, over war, over patriotism and religion, if the language is true, and if the phrasing is pure lucidity. All my triumphs, over art and over life, he seems to say, are to have you acknowledge the supremacy of the Montherlant manner—this Machiavel, this Malatesta, this monster. And there is one further point to make about the aim of this brutalizaton—it is not brutality for its own sake, it is against something. He is ultimately turning the sophistication of his Jesuit training against love and France and Catholicism and Christianity: "My business has been to knife Jesus Christ. I have done this zealously and successfully, even honorably, knifing him in the heart of more than one of those I have loved and wanted to save. I have done this in a kind of complicity with him, in the end kissing him in good grace the way a prizefighter embraces the one he has just beaten to show it was a fair fight."

Of course it is all a pose—the knifing, the ravishing, the treason, but it is the only pose.

The Forties Generation

THE POEM IN ITS SKIN. *By Paul Carroll. Follett Publishing Co. 262 pp. $2.95 paper.*

DAVID IGNATOW

Mr. Ignatow's most recent collection of verse is Rescue the Dead *(Wesleyan University Press).*

Paul Carroll is the former editor of the historically famous magazine, *Big Table*, now defunct. The first number of *Big Table*, edited by Irving Rosenthal, was immediately banned from the mails for obscenity and "filth." The items cited for their objectionable material were by William S. Burroughs (sections of *Naked Lunch*), and Jack Kerouac's *Old Angel Midnight*, both later hailed as powerful expressions of spiritual and physical holocaust. A successful court fight resulted in the lifting of the mail ban, and publication of *Big Table* was resumed for four more issues under the editorship of Paul Carroll. New styles of writing were encouraged, ranging from stark portrayals of homosexual lives and the manic explosions of Michael McClure to the strict surrealist formalisms of John Ashbery, both writers at that time outside the halls of established poets. Other writers accepted today as of national importance were often published in the days of their obscurity: Robert Duncan, John Rechy, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara.

The enthusiasm and courage that characterized Paul Carroll's editorship of *Big Table* is once more evidenced in this book. It consists of essays on ten poets in their 40s, each by now well known. They are: John Ashbery, Robert Creeley, James Dickey, Isabella Gardner, Allen Ginsberg, John Logan, W. S. Merwin, Frank O'Hara, W. D. Snodgrass and James Wright.

In Carroll's selections, there is no obvious discrimination against the many other poets of equal talent of this generation, and he is quick to see relationships between the work under discussion and other work which illustrates similar qualities or origins. Carroll offers no special pleading for his choices, and in the general essay with which he concludes the book he frequently digresses to discuss Kenneth Koch, Ferlinghetti, John Wieners and others not among the original ten. His absolute tolerance of and joy in variety is to be treasured.

An essay on Allen Ginsberg coexists with one on Isabella Gardner, distinguished by the purity of her literary style and passion. W. S. Merwin, the haunted magician, is set next to urbane, quotidian Frank O'Hara. In his way, no one has done more than Paul Carroll to help draw together poets, critics and academia into a community of interest in this country—an urgent need ever since the exclusivity of T. S. Eliot's criticism.

The book opens with an explanation of the method with which Carroll presents each poet. It is not a critical method in the sense of a literal paraphrase or exegesis of each representative poem but rather an attempt to re-create the feel, the movement and tone of the poem for the reader, short of paraphrase, through Carroll's enjoyment of it. As a result, the reader is given one dimension with which to guide himself in his own reading. Inspired by Carroll's passionate involvement, the reader seeks his own sense of the poem. Carroll subjects the work to sophisticated conjecture and probing, and his method invites the inclusion of poems that puzzle and defy his understanding of them. And so we have Carroll's intensity, concentration and drive of language to lead the reader deeper into the poem's being.

If I have any complaint, it is that the book is too short for the enormous range of poetry being written today by poets in their 40s. I miss an essay on the haunting lyrics of Robert Bly, an innovator in American poetry who has been deeply influential not only for his stand against the Vietnamese War but for his blunt, clear-headed attack on formalist tedium. Perhaps Carroll will also get around one day to Paul Blackburn, Denise Levertov, Galway Kinnell. If not, his enthusiastic example should inspire others to complete the job.

In his concluding general essay, he opens a wider perspective, placing this generation in contrast with the preceding one of Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro,

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John Berryman and others. Carroll's point of difference is well taken, the earlier generation having focused despairingly on the city and the devitalized, fragmented person in it, whereas the poets chosen by Carroll dwell on their own innate if not irrational desire to live, ignoring the evils. There is truth in this broad abstraction, if only because of the exceptions that illuminate the whole. I am referring to poets of the earlier group: Stanley Kunitz, Louis Zukofsky, Richard Eberhart, George Oppen, the dead W. C. Williams and Roethke. On the other hand, poets James Wright, Allen Ginsberg, John Ashbery also suffer from the acedia of city life. My own definition of the vital difference between the generations is in the exploration and celebration by the younger men of animism, with its promise of a life of spiritual fulfillment in the natural world.

Paul Carroll is also quite aware of the historical changes in politics, economics and social life that have contributed to a basic change in the style and content of the forties generation: the relaxation of the cold war, the upsurge in the American economy, the opening up of the gigantic struggle for human rights. However, the verse techniques of the younger men are certainly the outgrowth of the experiments by the older men. There are no startling metric or imagist innovations in the work of Ginsberg or Frank O'Hara, John Ashbery or Robert Creeley. Each quite clearly has his predecessor. The pleasure derived from each poet is in his ability to make the idiom all his own. This is the triumph of the forties generation, poet by poet.

Nation Book Marks

PETER ROWLEY

Mr. Rowley has written for the New Statesman, Economist, New Republic *and* Catholic Digest. *He is currently at work on a novel.*

PROGRESS, U.S.A. *By Guy Daniels. The Macmillan Co. 214 pp. $4.95.*

Anyone who wonders at the political ignorance of our leaders in foreign and domestic affairs would do well to read this novel, the first of a trilogy. In a style reminiscent of Mark Twain, it evokes the provincialism of rural and small-town life in the Midwest, specifically Iowa, in the late twenties and thirties, precisely the time when Richard Nixon was growing up in Whittier, Calif., or Lyndon Johnson in Texas. The citizenry of Progress City are almost totally unaware of the world outside of the United States and the plight of ghetto Negroes. The only flaw is the young hero whose character is a little too good-natured and uncomplicated to be believed. Daniels' plot chronicles the adolescent growth of Timothy Abbott, through whose eyes are seen the "Vaudeville" (the subtitle) antics and major and minor tragedies of these Iowans. Particularly interesting are the depictions of Protestant-Catholic ill-feeling, Iowan sex attitudes and hinterland humor with its clever punning.

THE JACKLOVE AFFAIR. *By Peter Menegas. Coward-McCann. 172 pp. $4.95.*

This must be the definitive novel on hippies, and its very appearance perhaps signifies the end of the "flower child" movement, which like so many other lost causes, failed through outside opposition and the long-term inability of the hippies themselves to produce new ideas to solve the problems of human relationships they had blithely renounced. A love colony settles in an abandoned Montana town and is supported by a rich female rancher, Orilla Tortini. It is finally disbanded after the hippie leader's wife commits suicide, the cowboy lover of the rancher sleeps with two of the community, and she secures her boy friend by marrying him. At the end the Jacklove community is replaced by a USAF missile station. The moral conclusions are familiar, but Peter Menegas' treatment is deft, sharp and similar to that of the black humorist Kurt Vonnegut, which school is an outgrowth of Evelyn Waugh's cruel humor. The scenes are colorful, love plentiful and of every imaginable variety, and though the eighteen hippies all seem to have single character traits it matters little.

PAPA GORSKI. *By Catherine B. Osborn and Margaret Waterman. Harcourt, Brace & World. 273 pp. $5.95.*

Patterned after Balzac's famous Père Goriot, the novel alternates between scenes in a seedy boarding house and fashionable homes on the North Shore, treating everyone—rich and poor—satirically. The anti-hero, a graduate student in political science, abandons his academic career to plunge into the complexities and corruption of present-day Chicago society. The only really sympathetic character is Papa Gorski, an immigrant Pole, who has made a fortune in Chicago real estate. The old man literally gives his life and all his money to his hard-bitten daughters and their equally callous upper-income husbands. The pacing is fast, the plot clever, and the ending truly moving.

THE LONESOME TRAVELER AND OTHER STORIES. *By John William Corrington. G.P. Putnam's. 286 pp. $5.95.*

A cold, clean, usually clear style distinguishes these short stories about the South from the Civil War to present time. Loneliness is a principal theme, but almost as pervasive is the violence in the old and new South. I was deceived as to the overall quality of this collection by the first three, which—judging by the biographical data about Corrington on the blurb—must be historical fiction and suffer from that familiar weakness of writing about long-past events—an author's inability to make living, believable characters of those long dead. But there are six very good stories set in the 20th century—particularly one about a lynching, another on marital cruelty and a remarkable story of a treasure hunt, contrasting the energy and ingenuity of some young people to the rigidities of their elders, or even the smugness of an 18-year-old contemporary. I was struck by the lifelessness in the people in the South today and its evident blending into America as a whole.

THE MISCREANT. *By Lawrence O'Sullivan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 377 pp. $6.95.*

O'Sullivan's thesis is that fear of latent homosexuality in America stunts friendship among men. The two main characters—David, a painter, and Saul, a teacher-dilettante—meet as intelligence agents in the U.S. Army in France. Their friendship later continues in transatlantic correspondence, and finally in person again in San Francisco. The eventual unwillingness of each to understand the other results in the death of one and psychological desiccation of the other. The author writes: "That trio—Saul, Cynthia [Saul's unhappy wife], David—bled one another of joy, of disappointment, of trust. And of love." *The Miscreant* is, I think, a valid indictment of this aspect of U.S. life. There is also a clever and biting subplot involving some characters in a small Texas town. It is a difficult book to read, clearly derivative of James Joyce, but some of this first novel is very well written, with not infrequent acute insights into human nature.

PROVIDENCE ISLAND. *By Calder*

Willingham. Vanguard Press. 576 pp. $6.95.

The first 209 pages are very clever and funny. A "Lucky Jim"-type character, Jim Kittering, works as a TV vice president for a human "monster" nicknamed "The Goblin." He insults his boss and his rich bitchy wife and is ordered to spend three weeks on a tramp steamer, concocting a ridiculous TV series, in the company of a supposedly Lesbian writer. Though his life has been a mixture of sleeping and pep pills, alcohol, and marital and extra-marital upsets, he still thinks of himself at the age of 43 as follows: "For all the martinis he had drunk and the strain he had endured, he looked ten years younger than his age." Willingham brilliantly catches the fantasy of his hero's mind while giving him the opportunity to demolish many of the hypocrisies of upper-income suburbia and high-powered New York City communications media.

But the remainder of the book is tedious. When the cargo boat is shipwrecked by a hurricane, Jim, the writer and the third passenger, a heterosexual young married woman, are stranded on a Caribbean island. There is much soggy pornography and amateur psychology. The author, who perfectly balanced absurdity and reality into a believable situation before the accident, seems to have wandered from a world he knows into a new situation without really understanding how his characters would react. The amorous liaisons are tiresomely predictable and the sheer length of this section is painful.

THE FELIX FACTOR. *By Richard Stiller. Crown Publishers. 250 pp. $5.95.*

A middle-aged editor of a man's adventure magazine is eased out of his job. Due to the recommendation of business consultants specializing in psychological testing he becomes publicity director of a company that makes a super-napalm that turns its victim into a sort of Roman candle endangering yet others. He objects, is quickly corrupted by the "felix factor" which is the fake name the consultants give to the raw aggression in everyone. Conflict comes from a young New Leftist in the plant who campaigns by anonymous letter writing, warning of the product's immorality. The suspense is constant, the understanding of the intricacies in a business organization by which all are responsible for "APIW" (Anti-Personnel Incendiary Weapon) is skillful. As seems to happen in many political novels, the characters are somewhat stereotyped, but the appearance of such a novel now, with its irrefutable condemnation of the effects of Vietnam on the home front is most welcome.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Since Richard Strauss's *Elektra* is basically an adaptation of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's play, for which the poet provided some additional verses and assisted in making abridgments, the famous operatic collaboration, whose tribulations are absorbingly documented in a published correspondence, really began in earnest with *Der Rosenkavalier*. Although the evidence of the correspondence strongly suggests that neither man understood what the other was up to a good deal of the time, *Rosenkavalier* has been a fairly consistent success throughout the nearly six decades of its existence. The later works have entered the repertory only slowly and sporadically (one, *Die Aegyptische Helena*, has not yet been commercially recorded), but the current season has offered an opportunity to hear *Rosenkavalier* (1909) in close conjunction with the two succeeding works: *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912) and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (1916).

The Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Rosenkavalier* was especially interesting because it so clearly demonstrated the composer's inability (or, perhaps, lack of desire) to achieve any significant long-range continuity that would order the musical progression over large parts of the work. Perhaps because of Karl Böhm's generally "up" tempos, the set pieces stood out more than usually amid the yards and yards of instrumental noodling that accompanies the more conversational sections of the score. Strauss's willingness to ramble on in this latter fashion is made tolerable—at least on some occasions—by the finesse of his instrumentation and the subtlety of local details, and it is also sustained—at least for German-speaking listeners—by the wealth of allusion in the libretto (which has, in fact, been played successfully as a straight drama without music). At Böhm's tempos, unfortunately, the musical subtleties were frequently smudged in the orchestra, even if some of the set pieces came off very well—so that, for example, the little lead-in to the Italian tenor's aria emerged as the first point of real musical interest after the prelude. Considering the importance of a good blend of female voices to the success of the set pieces, this production has already seen a good deal of cast shuffling: three Marschallins, three Octavians and two Sophies have turned up in various permutations. At the performance I heard (March 11), at least the verbal felicities were well projected, especially by Otto Edelmann (Baron Ochs) and Régine Crespin (Marschallin). It is a shame that Crespin's really distiguished dramatic portrayal is betrayed by her faulty vocal control, but the sad fact is that she sang flat most of the evening; whenever the voice went under pressure, both intonation and tonal quality deteriorated. In general, this new production (set by Robert O'Hearn, direction by Nathaniel Merrill) is visually acceptable, despite the usual tiresome tendency toward excessive busyness in the ensembles.

The most interesting Strauss operatic performance of the season took place in Carnegie Hall, where on January 18 the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented a concert performance of the original 1912 score of *Ariadne auf Naxos*. This opera was first planned and presented in conjunction with Hofmannsthal's adaptation of Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*, the simultaneously performed *opera seria* and *commedia dell' arte* replacing Molière's Turkish ceremony; later, when it became evident that good performances of the combined play and opera were difficult to arrange, Hofmannsthal devised a prologue for musical setting that would establish the necessary dramatic situation for the opera-pastiche. In his 1916 setting of that Prologue, Strauss makes no attempt to achieve a musical continuity, presumably to throw into relief the opera-within-the-opera. However, the highly stylized libretto of the latter, with its clear articulation into "numbers," called forth from Strauss a consistency of structural

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coherence and harmonic direction that he rarely achieved in his operatic works. The busy but directionless "symphonic recitative" of *Rosenkavalier* is avoided here, and within the closed musical forms a high level of craftsmanship is almost continuously evident, especially in harmonic details and in the prodigiously inventive scoring for chamber orchestra (the string divisions, doublings with winds, and the disposition of harmonium, celesta, piano and two harps in the *tutti* climaxes are brilliantly arranged for maximum sonority).

The additional music found in the 1912 version (mostly for Zerbinetta; in the revision she lost an aria announcing Bacchus' arrival, and her big rondo was abbreviated and simplified) results in a considerable change of emphasis, for the *commedia dell' arte* characters originally had a much larger role in the later part of the opera. From the correspondence it is clear that Strauss wanted to revise them away entirely at the end, and only at Hofmannsthal's insistence did he insert a single line for Zerbinetta to express her worldly view of what is to Ariadne a mystical transcendence, not just a shift of affections to a new lover. However, the original version makes this point much more satisfactorily and retains a balance between the two elements right to the end of the opera. It is regrettable that the final pages of the 1912 score, with a speech for Monsieur Jourdain and references to the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* score, effectively preclude its use with the later prologue.

The Carnegie Hall performance was certainly one of the most notable achievements of Leinsdorf's Boston tenure, for the score can rarely have been played so well; in both line and detail, it was masterful. The evening's special pleasure was the spectacularly accurate and endearingly insouciant Zerbinetta of Beverly Sills; Strauss's *reductio ad absurdum* of the coloratura showpiece can fall flat on its face if not tossed off to perfection, but Miss Sills has skill to spare, and her obvious conviction that it was all only slightly more difficult than *Heidenröslein* added an extra layer of icing to the whole deliciously grotesque confection. Claire Watson's sympathetic Ariadne was also on the positive side, and Robert Nagy offered a powerful, if somewhat unvaried Bacchus. A concurrently released recording of the revised version (see listing below) is a serviceable addition to the catalogue, with some smaller roles better sung than they were in the Boston performance; by comparison, however, Kempe leads a neat and careful performance rather than a brilliant one. What is now called for is a recording of the 1912 *Ariadne*, not just another duplication of existing recordings.

Finally, the Metropolitan's revival of the 1966 production of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and London's low-priced reissue of its 1955 Vienna recording bring us to the most ambitious—and consequently the most problematic—of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal works. For all his professed distaste for the Wagnerian aesthetic, the poet devised an essentially Wagnerian libretto, if one filtered through a *fin de siècle* Austrian sensibility, and Strauss responded with a setting of Wagnerian dimensions. In at least one respect he was equal to the task: the sonic characterization of each "level" of the story and of each individual scene is brilliantly accomplished, and the score displays an astounding variety of color and textural density. However, the level of thematic development is much less consistently inventive, and often sheer orchestral elaboration is offered as a substitute—as, for example, in the third act's first and last interludes, which do little more than "plug" the big tunes.

Not since *Elektra* had Strauss attempted so consistently "symphonic" a score, and the best points in *Die Frau* are at least as good as most of the earlier opera; I am thinking particularly of the scenes in Act II for the Emperor and Empress, or the scene before the temple in Act III. But just as *Elektra* (and *Salome* before it) falls into thematic banality and aimless harmonic wandering at certain crucial spots, so here too there are embarrassing moments, most disastrously the entire finale, beginning at the moment the Emperor returns to life from his semi-petrified condition. Even worse is the absence of firm harmonic direction, an underpinning to integrate the obviously diatonic material with the highly chromatic episodes; so much of the harmonic movement is purely local in effect, leading to no cumulative result.

For all these flaws, *Die Frau* remains an interesting work, and the Metropolitan production is a considerable achievement, both scenically and musically. Only the threadbare final scene is a visual failure, for which the virtuosity of the rest is ample compensation. A few small objections are essentially auditory—first, to the use of a "real live" fountain in the temple scene, which is distractingly noisy; and second, to the use of the auditorium speakers for most of Strauss's backstage brass and choral effects—not only does the music come from the wrong direction but it sounds unpleasantly tinny. Although the orchestral playing displays a certain untidiness at times, some of the solo work is very good, and Böhm's control of the opera's dynamic proportions is always impressive. Because of the complexity of the production, the 1966 cast has been kept more or less intact, and this is all to the good; Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry and James King are excellent, and Irene Dalis deserves special mention for the almost inhuman accuracy she achieves in the very difficult part of the Nurse.

Leonie Rysanek, it must be admitted, is heard to much better advantage as the Empress in the London recording, for her obvious sincerity and intensity are no longer sufficient to make one oblivious of vocal shortcomings. Böhm, too, had a better—or at least a better-rehearsed—orchestra to work with in Vienna, and although the recording dates from the earliest days of stereo, it is clean and natural in sound (rather more so, in fact, than some highly touted recent operatic sets from the same source). Even when it cost more and was not available in stereo, this was the preferable recording of the opera; now it is definitely a "best buy," and nothing better is on the horizon (although I should perhaps warn that a Solti *Rosenkavalier* and a Böhm *Ariadne* are in the works).

STRAUSS: *Ariadne auf Naxos*. Gundula Janowitz, Sylvia Geszty, Teresa Zylis-Gara, James King, Theo Adam, Peter Schreier, Hermann Prey. Dresden State Opera Orchestra; Rudolf Kempe, cond. Angel SCL-3733. $17.37.

Die Frau ohne Schatten. Leonie Rysanek, Christel Goltz, Elizabeth Höngen, Hans Hopf, Paul Schöffler, Kurt Böhme. Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Karl Böhm, cond. London Richmond SRS-64503. $9.96.

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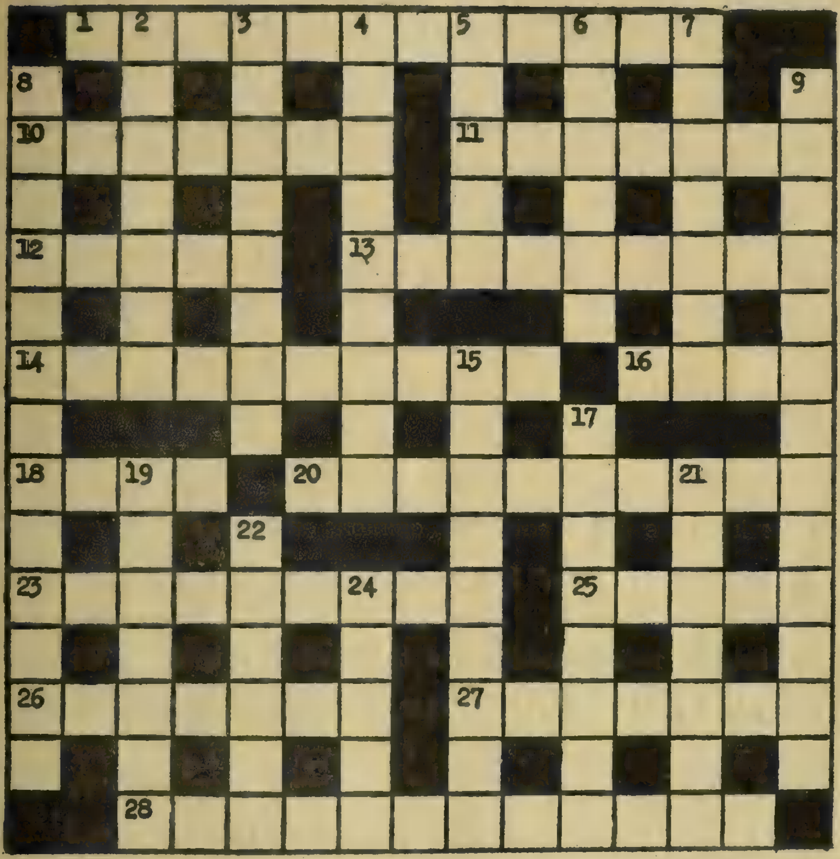

ACROSS

1 Turn down the volume on that noisy bass! That's an order, sailor! (Watch out if they do!) (5,3,4)
10 Satisfies? Exactly so! (7)
11 Donne implied no man should be so. (7)
12 Score for an Indian exhibition of dancing, by the sound of it. (5)
13 When disturbed, cries unto such as Columbia! (9)
14 Points to the artful, in a manner not wanted. (10)
16 Without the French, the League could spell trouble. (4)
18 See 2 down
20 Contracting for a sort of rating sent to order. (10)
23 Can't sit, if so positioned, strange as it may seem. (9)
25 Sort of meet, but the two sides of it don't. (5)
26 Behavior patterns we sometimes pass through. (7)
27 Unless it's shining face won't reveal much! (7)
28 Prejudiced, as such might have been earlier owned. (12)

DOWN

2 and 18 across Where the poor were once headed, no longer effective. (4,3,4)
3 China, perhaps, spurs one to a state of torment. (8)
4 Tried to set [redacted] precedent, describing them? (4,5)
5 Root of statesmanship? (5)
6 Attacks the logical position of movie actors? (6)
7 Moving in circles where the profession is bound to be a grind? (7)
8 Chief result of heading into the storm? (4-2-3-4)
9 In combat uniform, supposedly so stylish. (7,2,4)
15 It's Cyril's composition, but they wrote the words! (9)
17 Sound example, if only for short spaces of time. (8)
19 Queues, perhaps. (5,2)
21 Save up? I have, finally, with some equivocation! (7)
22 Father-figure on the stage? (The sentence might not be so long with it.) (6)
24 The poet might be a stupid fellow to get around it! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1290

ACROSS: 1 Overhanging; 9 and 10 I A'int Got Nobody; 12 and 12 Hansen's disease; 14 Davits; 15 American; 17 Shagreen; 20 Caribs; 22 Sallies; 24 Gradual; 26 Weight; 27 Pendants; 28 Strait-laced. DOWN: 2 Vanishing; 3 Ragings; 4 Ante; 5 Gentile; 6 Noble; 7 Panama; [redacted] Odessa; 13 Canny; 16 Irradiate; 19 Electra; 20 Corunna; 21 Beauty; 23 and 18 Light-headed; 25 Spot.

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EDITORIALS

The Nixon Rhythm

With any new President, no matter how familiar he may have been as a political figure before assuming office, the citizenry must get a sense of his rhythm, of how he leads. In the case of Mr. Nixon there are only indications so far, but these point to a cautious, indeed evasive, approach to the great problems that at present fever the country.

The President announces, for a certain day, that a portentous issue will be dealt with. Implicitly, the citizenry is given to understand that on that day definitive action will be taken, so that all men may admire the Presidential firmness and give thanks that the affairs of the nation are in strong hands. But when the day arrives, nothing is forthcoming. The press inquires and is told that a postponement has been found necessary, so that the President may benefit from sage advice not available earlier but which, after he duly weighs it, will make the decision all the more decisive. However, when the announcement comes, its substance is less compelling than the ostentatious reticence had led one to expect.

For instance, the public is concerned about campus unrest. A statement is promised. By all indications the campus revolutionaries will get short shrift from the onetime Red-hunter. Mr. Nixon has already commended Father Hesburgh's fifteen-minute ultimatum to disorderly dissidents at Notre Dame. He has conferred with Dr. Hayakawa, the militant acting president of San Francisco State College. Finally, Mr. Nixon gives the word—or rather words, about 1,300 of them. He takes occasion, he says, to make some general comments. Intellectual freedom is in danger in America and physical violence will not be tolerated. He quotes once again the most quoted line of William Butler Yeats: "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. . . ." (And if there is anything Mr. Nixon holds sacred, it is the center.) However, it is up to each university to preserve freedom, and law and order, within its own precincts. For the rest, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has taken appropriate action in the form of a letter to institutions of higher learning, calling attention to the law passed by the 90th Congress that provides for the withdrawal of federal support from students found guilty of violation of criminal statutes in connection with campus disorders.

It would seem that somebody—perhaps Secretary Finch—advised the President not to rush headlong into this situation. Wisely, he did not crack down on the campus militants, but merely echoed the warnings of Father Hesburgh and Dr. Hayakawa in less specific terms. He did not join two Governors, Reagan of California and Knowles of Wisconsin, who breathe fire and brimstone against the campus agitators. But neither did he deal with the causes of campus unrest. In short, the lengthy statement did very little—which in itself was probably a good thing.

The moral? It is harder to be President than to hunt down Reds.

Eisenhower

De mortuis nil nisi bonum does not apply to former Presidents of the United States. None has been wholly good or wholly bad. Harding, as Alice Longworth said, was a slob; yet it was he and not the scholarly Woodrow Wilson who released Gene Debs, invited him to the White House, and accompanied him to the front door after their talk. Grant was an honest but incompetent man fallen among thieves. Dwight David Eisenhower ranks well above these unfortunates; he also stands a notch or two higher than the nonentities who are remembered for nothing but the fact that they warmed the Presidential chair.

Of the thirty-seven Presidents, fewer than a dozen can qualify as great, and most who do so qualify held office in the early decades of the Republic. Eisenhower never had a chance to join that select company, and not only because of inherent difficulties of the office in modern times. He lacked the qualities that make for political stature: creative intellect, indefatigable application, splendor of vision. So his fame must rest on his role as the architect of Allied military victory in World War II, and that achievement he must share with George C. Marshall, Walter Bedell Smith and other American generals, not to mention the British and Russians.

Yet one feels that he was capable of greater service to his country than he accomplished. It was almost as if, uprooted from his occupation at the height of his success, he was content to be a mediocre President. Too often, John Foster Dulles led him by the nose in foreign affairs; Sherman Adams did not do comparable mischief, but Eisenhower probably relied on him excessively. Not only did Eisenhower fail to display the initiative the country has a right to expect of its Chief Executive but on at least one occasion, when Joe McCarthy vilified George Marshall in his presence, Eisenhower, under pressure from political advisers, remained silent. When numerous world figures, including the Pope, implored him to spare the Rosenbergs, he turned a deaf ear. It can hardly be said that he set American youth an example of moral courage.

With typical inertia, he sat on his hands while the Negro revolt was getting under way. No racist himself, he did not move with the times. The country has paid dearly, and will continue to pay, for the loss of those eight years.

After his relief from office, he backslid further. He missed a shining opportunity when he failed to follow up his seminal "farewell address," in which he coined his one memorable phrase—the "military-industrial complex." By inaction, he in effect canceled out his warning. One of his last public addresses, from his sickbed to the Republican convention, was a gratuitous piece of redbaiting. His support of the Vietnamese War was deplorable.

There is, however, another side—not glamorous, but not negligible either. Eisenhower probably never heard the motto which is drilled into every medical student: *primum non nocere*—first, do no harm—but for the most part he followed it in his Presidency. Exceptions included his subservience to the brothers Dulles and his clumsiness in the U-2 affair. (On that occasion his decent, if diplomatically naive, instincts were shown in his reluctance to

(Continued on page 420)

OCT 16

A Good Life

One joins the Navy to see the world—and these days, it would seem, one joins the Army to scale the heights of corporate bureaucracy. Or is it only a coincidence? Politically, the answer is of the utmost importance. If it is really true that the officer ranks have become a talent pool for industry (as we know industry has become a talent pool for government executives), then the acquisition of modern weapons and their manufacture have become realms so interlocked that the military-industrial complex of which President Eisenhower warned has come to pass. And if it is here, it will grow, until in time it predominates over all other political forces.

Sen. William Proxmire foresees such a danger. He describes the findings of the Joint Economic subcommittee which he heads as "dangerous and shocking." There is no dispute about the facts. The Proxmire committee's study, made with the cooperation of the Pentagon and industry, shows that 2,072 retired military officers of the rank of colonel or Navy captain, or higher, are employed by the ninety-five leading military contractors. The ten biggest contractors and the number of former military officers employed by each are listed as follows:

General Dynamics	113	American Tel. & Tel.	9
Lockheed Aircraft	210	Boeing	169
General Electric	19	Ling-Temco-Vought	69
United Aircraft	48	North Amer. Rockwell	104
McDonnell Douglas	141	General Motors	17

The total of 2,072 for the ninety-five leading contractors compares with 721 who were working for the top eighty-eight leading contractors in 1959: the number has almost tripled. It strains credulity to assume that such a trend has no other cause than industry's need for managerial talent. Certainly the safeguards cited by the Pentagon and the arms manufacturers carry no conviction.

The primary directive prohibits a retired officer from selling products to his former department for two years after he retires. After that he can sell where and what he likes. And before retirement, no directive can prevent him from cultivating amicable relations with a prospective employer. Equally nonsensical is the assurance of Roger Lewis, president of General Dynamics, the largest government contractor ($2,239 million in 1968), that his company, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion and therefore he himself keeps a careful eye on such company-government relationships. General Dynamics is under suspicion 113 times.

A new feature in the situation is industrial recruitment of young military officers. Junior officers, according to Leonard Sloane in the March 17 *New York Times*, are "being wooed with almost frenetic intensity." These courtships are not pursued by military suppliers alone; companies like Chase Manhattan, Armco Steel, Continental Can, Johnson & Johnson and International Business Machines are flirting at uniforms. The movement of young officers from the services into corporate employment has assumed such large proportions that some employment agencies specialize in matching young officers to large and small corporations by sponsoring "career weekends" or

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THE NATION

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"career conferences" in cities all over the country. One recent get-together in Washington involved 300 officers and twenty companies. The agency responsible says it has 2,800 junior officers in its active file and that its placement rate is 42 per cent, as compared with 25 per cent in campus recruitment. A side advantage, for companies like Dow Chemical, is that their recruiters are not harassed.

It may be that prescient young officers realize that a career in the armed services is not as bright a prospect as it once was. But shouldn't those who regard big armies and navies as mainstays of a country's security be shocked by this seduction of junior officers? If it were carried on systematically by Communists it would be regarded as subversive.

Daley's Revenge

The federal indictments returned in Chicago of eight policemen and eight protest leaders (see article page 422) are part of Mayor Daley's vengeful attempt to offset the effects of the Walker Report and other adverse criticism of his handling of the convention demonstrations last summer. The officers, all of low rank, have been "thrown to the wolves," for the moment at least, to create an appearance of even-handed justice. But the officers are charged only with acts of individual violence. Judge William Campbell has reserved the cases of the protest "conspirators" for his personal attention; the policemen will be tried before another judge, whose ties with Daley, if not as close as Judge Campbell's, will be close enough. In brief, the police officers have slight cause for concern. The case of the eight "conspirators" is a much more serious matter and raises issues of national importance.

One may question the tactics adopted by the demonstrators at Chicago, but the indictments are so obviously an act of planned political vengeance that such reservations are of little moment. The indictments must also be seen as part of a larger crackdown against dissenters that has been gathering momentum for some time. The reactivization of "Red" squads, the indictment of Messrs. Spock, Coffin and Goodman, and the forthcoming HUAC investigation of Students for a Democratic Society, are only a few of numerous signs that a new style of "McCarthyism" is shaping up.

The strategy in the 1950s was to intimidate individual opinion in order to prevent the emergence of an organized opposition to the cold war. This time it is not the individual heretic who will be worked over and then blacklisted. Today the opposition exists; it can be seen—in the streets, on the campuses, in the churches, even in Army posts. Vietnam, the black rebellion, the revolts on campus have greatly broadened it. The world scene has shifted. Today the opposition is much too widespread to be labeled "Communist" and attacked as such. In fact, after 1965 the opposition became so widespread and bitter that the Johnson administration was forced to proceed against it with caution; dissent, thus, had a chance to grow. Since a witch hunt of the 1950s variety would not deflect or disperse it, it must be repressed. The way to do that is to strike at the leadership of certain organizations and movements; individuals as such are no longer prime targets (see "The Honorable 'Conspirators,' " *The Nation*, July 8, 1968). But the current campaign may fail. It comes too late, too much has happened, the war is lost (at least politically), and a new generation has emerged.

For much the same reasons, Daley's vengeful campaign may boomerang. The Boss is in trouble. He is boasting more than usual and is uncommonly edgy—witness his tiff with Humphrey. The recent aldermanic elections did not add to his political capital (see *Nation* editorial, March 31). The opposition of the working press in Chicago has not contributed to his peace of mind. On a state-wide basis, such proponents of the "new politics" as Adlai Stevenson III and William Clark have mounted an effective opposition. The federal patronage spigot has been turned off.

Now the indictments will provide a rallying point for the opposition and will keep Daley in the spotlight for months to come. The defendants are men of talent and imagination; they will be ably represented and the issue thoroughly aired. Long before the proceedings are over (the cases will drag on for months), Daley will rue the day he secured their indictment. But party politics aside, the outcome of these cases may well determine how far the current repression will proceed. The issues are of major importance from the point of view both of civil liberties and civil rights. The defense will need—and clearly deserves—generous public support.

Eisenhower

(Continued from page 418)

hide behind his subordinates. His training in the responsibilities of command did him honor in such situations.)

Then, despite McCarthy, he kept the right—or war—wing of the Republican Party under control. A crucial instance occurred at the time of the debacle at Dienbienphu, when the rightists, led by Richard Nixon, joined forces with military activists like Admiral Radford in a move to relieve the French garrison, reportedly with nuclear weapons if necessary. Although U.S. aircraft carriers were already standing off Vietnam, the President refused to intervene.

Another example of the habitual Eisenhower prudence was the quiet releashing of Chiang Kai-shek after he had been rhetorically let loose during the election campaign. Ike was uniquely in a position to impose his own caution on the military, and to slap down ardent spirits when necessary. In that respect his performance far excelled that of his predecessors. He was, in fact, the least "military" of professional soldiers. The religious tradition of the River Brethren was, perhaps, the most powerful single influence upon General Eisenhower and his brothers in their early years. According to Earl Eisenhower, the word "hate" was never mentioned in the family. "Of course," he added, "we were taught to hate evil. But you never hated people. You might get angry with them; but you never hated them."

He was popular, partly because of his modesty and other ingratiating personal qualities but mainly because he was the ordinary American, writ large but not too large. He had qualities that almost every American admires, and he in turn had a genuine liking for people—all kinds of people. On occasion, as in his famous Guildhall Address in London (July 12, 1945), his quite genuine feeling for people found memorable expression. These personal qualities were what we most admired in him. (See "The Ike We Like," *The Nation*, July 9, 1955.)

In commenting on Ike's performance at the Geneva Conference, in the summer of 1955, Edward Crankshaw wrote: "What he himself is defies analysis; but it is something to do with the unspeculative possession of a very exact sense of proportion and scale. He is clearly a great man, who has achieved his greatness not through the intellect, but through magnification of the most valuable aspects of ordinary sensible humanity, whose voice is so rarely heard in public places."

Strange Bedfellows

We were pleasantly surprised to read the other day, in the syndicated column of William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*, a perspicacious attack on the oil depletion allowance. We are happy on this occasion to join our views to those of Mr. Buckley. Correction of one factual error in the column must be made, however. It is stated that without the existence of the oil depletion allowance, *The Nation* would have to fold.

If the oil depletion allowance is essential to the continued existence of any magazine, it is certainly not *The Nation*. We can think, offhand, of only one publication whose major support comes directly or indirectly from the oil business, and congratulate its editor on having put principle above profit.

The Engineers' Turn

With 160,000 members, the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers is the largest engineering society in the world. It is also one of the most enterprising. In March of each year it swamps the hotel facilities of New York and its principal exhibition hall, the Coliseum, with its international convention—mainly American, though the Japanese, British and other nationalities are represented. Companies show off their wares, and some fifty technical sessions record the progress of the electronic arts.

It is not all technical, however. Like the social scientists and the physicists, the engineers are becoming aware of the world outside their specialties. This expansion of consciousness was most sharply manifested this year in a symposium on "The Role of the Citizen Engineer in Technological Decision Making." The chairman and organizer was B. H. Manheimer of the Center for Naval Analyses, and the panelists were Rep. J. H. Scheuer, Prof. Seymour Melman and Prof. C. W. Fotis, who has connections with the Department of Defense, the University of Oklahoma and the American University. The views of Messrs. Melman and Scheuer are familiar to *Nation* readers, but Messrs. Manheimer and Fotis were no less inhibited in espousing the same generally critical line.

Representative Scheuer, who would like to be the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, pointed out that, practically speaking, it is impossible for the average Congressman to judge the merits or demerits of new devices for which the Pentagon seeks funds. He may be voting billions for "defense," but he knows no more about what the military-industrial complex is up to than he reads in the papers.

This ignorance, however, does not extend to the powerful members who, by seniority and machine politics, head the committees that deal with military affairs. These men receive data from their colleagues in the Pentagon which, suitably processed for effective persuasion, can swing the votes of the lazy or indifferent. Nor would zeal necessarily make the difference. Such inside data, from which shrewd members of Congress might glean arguments against a defense appropriation whose chief purpose is to make work for the Pentagon and its suppliers, are deliberately withheld from the Congressional troops. There is also a generation gap; the old men who preside over the key committees keep the young men in ignorance.

Scheuer's suggested remedy is an independent agency on the order of the General Accounting Office, "equipped to unwrap for Congress the intellectual and technological aspects of the programs without owing its fealty to anybody but the Congress itself." The GAC is a helpful creature of the Congress, but its reports are usually delivered after the damage has been done. To bring all members of the Congress abreast of technological proposals, an advisory body is needed that will provide sound, impartial guidance *before* the money is appropiated.

Professor Melman pointed out that without the services of the IEEE the entire military-industrial complex would come to a standstill. As matters stand, the Pentagon and its industrial allies are lavishly served, while all other needs feed on the crumbs that fall off Dives' table. Even within industry the United States is fast sliding into obsolescence—witness the state of the machine tool industry.

Near the beginning of President Johnson's elected term, Melman went to see him and argued for a sane order of priorities. The President listened politely and then escalated the Vietnamese War. If he had followed Melman's advice, even in part, he would still be President. The worst mistake a practical politician can make is to ignore the advice of intellectuals of the kind that were heard in the political symposia of the IEEE convention.

Small Candle

The Russians have found in their State Film Archives two early D. W. Griffith films—*A Romance of Happy Valley* (Lillian Gish) and *Scarlet Days* (Richard Barthelmess)—and have donated them to the Museum of Modern Art, which is now engaged in building as complete a collection as possible of the American director's work. In return, the museum has given the Russians some early newsreels referring to events in Russian history.

This exchange of courtesies means very little in the framework of arms talks or the space race; it is only another reminder that the manners of people are invariably better than those of their governments.

Daley vs. the Guerrilla Theatre

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.
Mr. Whitehead has recently resigned from the news staff of the Chicago Sun-Times *to complete a book on Chicago.*

Chicago

A few days before the Democratic National Convention, Thomas Foran, United States attorney for the Chicago area, griped privately about the protests planned for the week. "None of these demonstrations is going to be protected by the Bill of Rights. Dissent is constitutional only if it takes the form of the written or spoken word."

Foran's reading of the Constitution is striking. According to his analysis, the right of peaceful assembly apparently is allowed in Chicago only for things like crowding Wrigley Field to watch the Bears. For the last six months, the prosecutor has applied his interpretation of legal issues to a federal grand jury investigation into convention lawbreaking. The jury recently indicted eight protest leaders and eight Chicago policemen—and provided the bulk of Richard Daley's reply to the Walker Report on the city's police riot.

The grand jury was called by a stalwart of the Cook County Democratic organization, Chief Judge William Campbell of the U.S. District Court. He instructed the twenty-three jurors to watch for evidence of four kinds of wrongdoing: (*1*) Interstate conspiracy to incite riot, an offense covered by the 1968 Civil Rights Act; (*2*) police brutality; (*3*) wire tapping by broadcast networks; (4) provocative television news coverage.

Foran and his staff of prosecutors divided the investigation into two major parts; one to focus on the possibility of conspiracy, the other on the charges of police violence. The Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department joined the second part of the investigative work. Police brutality is an offense covered by civil rights law and a source of concern to Ramsey Clark, then Attorney General. The CRD staff that came to Chicago found the climate hostile. The FBI refused to help, as did the Internal Inspections Division of the Chicago police department. The CRD worked on its own to make a case against guilty policemen, but soon learned that Foran would act only on incontrovertible evidence. Consequently, most of the cases against policemen grow out of attacks on newsmen, where photographs clearly identify the guilty officers as they made their assaults.

Foran's standards of evidence relaxed a bit for the conspiracy cases. For indictments against the protesters, the prosecution tried to show two misdeeds: (*1*) The demonstrators made a plan to cross state lines to start a riot; (*2*) they took action to further this plan.

The prosecutor tried to document the first step by showing that prior to the convention various protest leaders held meetings in New York City, Cleveland and the Chicago suburb of Highland Park. According to information passed on to the jury, protesters talked at these meetings about demonstrations and made a lot of rhetorical statements like, "We'll take our cause into the streets of Chicago." Some of the intelligence picked up by the Red Squad of the Chicago police department is exotic. For instance, its files contain a copy of a Washington *Free Press* article published six months before the convention. The piece summarized suggested Yippie tactics for August. "Yippies plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and dump them off in Wisconsin," said one of the suggestions. This supposed plan to disrupt the convention ran through months of straight-faced intelligence summaries until, three weeks before the Democrats arrived, the idea was mentioned as a serious possibility in a memorandum by David Stahl, Deputy Mayor. A lot of information of this quality was given to the jury.

The government had a harder time showing that demonstration leaders took concrete steps to execute their plot. It could count on informants' testimony to link particular leaders to violent acts. However, the U.S. attorney also sought corroborating evidence from witnesses who weren't on a police payroll.

According to Phillip Moore, a Roger Baldwin Foundation lawyer who organized many defenses against convention demonstration charges, Foran's staff had to bully corroborative statements out of some witnesses. Unfriendly witnesses were called, Moore said, and questioned to draw out incriminating testimony. For instance, said Moore, the conspiracy law is so broad that witnesses could implicate themselves simply by admitting that they had been in Grant Park on a particular night of convention week. Once witnesses gave away facts like this, they were warned they could be subject to indictment and prosecution. Then they were asked to back up particular scraps of informants' testimony. Perhaps some of the witnesses decided to tell the prosecution what it hoped to hear. If they didn't, the cases against the demonstrators are going to waste a lot of tax money.

Of course, the cases against the protest leaders may well fail once they get to court, but the indictments in themselves have propaganda value. A main purpose of the grand jury investigation—to defend Mayor Daley—has already been served. The charges will be reinforced for the public by a forthcoming grand jury report, ordered by Judge Campbell. Although it probably won't be ready for several months, the report will hash out a lot of the evidence heard by the jury. Consequently, Daley's organization can win the trial by newspaper even if it later loses the court decision.

So far, however, in other cases based on convention charges, judges indebted for office to Mayor Daley seem to be upholding his position. According to figures kept by the Illinois branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, 667 persons were arrested during the convention. Of these cases, 120 never got to trial, 385 ended in convictions (only one of the appealed convictions has been reversed), and roughly 115 are still pending. Only forty-five defendants have won outright acquittals. These figures cover city charges. State indictments, growing out of investigation by a Cook County grand jury, have been made against twenty-four persons, and have been used to rebut the Walker Report, and an ACLU film made to counter the city's version of convention week. For instance, many of those indicted by the state are also mentioned at length by the Walker study, usually as police victims, or as parties to incidents where the report doesn't assign blame. Two girls, after accepting a city bargain to plead guilty to a minor charge, were indicted on a state charge. After the deal was made, it seems, the prosecutor's office discovered the girls had appeared in the ACLU film.

The city's rate of convictions to date is impressive. The trials on state charges haven't come into court yet, but the prosecution on these probably will be stiff, since the Cook County States Attorney, Edward Hanrahan, is trying to promote himself as a hard-boiled D.A. He is one of several heirs apparent to Daley, and works hard to please him. U.S. Attorney Foran is also concerned about his future. He is a Presidential appointee, and Richard Nixon's man will replace him in early April. However, Foran will stay on, probably as a special deputy attorney general, to prosecute the convention cases.

The defense plans, although still tentative, probably will find legal strategy bending considerably to guerrilla theatre. Six of the defendants (Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman and Dave Dellinger) together cover the New Left spectrum, and all their friends are expected to turn out for the courtroom pageant. The script seems to run like this:

The defendants have cast themselves as "The Conspiracy," and most of the staff of the National Mobilization Committee will soon come to Chicago to set up headquarters. During the months before the trial (it might not come off for a full year), The Conspiracy will stage demonstrations and start community action projects. The group already has decided to join a Chicago Easter march for peace, for which this time the city has granted a permit.

During early April, the defendants will be arraigned, and defense motions will probably follow soon afterward. Since Judge Campbell assigned the eight cases to his own court, an unusual procedure, the defense would be expected to ask for a new judge or, given the climate of Chicago opinion, simply request a change of venue. But the plan now is to make all motions *pro forma* only and demand immediate trial. This move would be to catch the prosecution off guard, and to give The Conspiracy an early project around which to organize. If the trial is delayed, as the government must ask, it will amount to inviting the New Left to spend another summer in Chicago. Mayor Daley surely didn't foresee that prospect.

BONN POLITICS

MUTATIONS LEFT AND RIGHT

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Mr. Morris is Bonn correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

Bonn

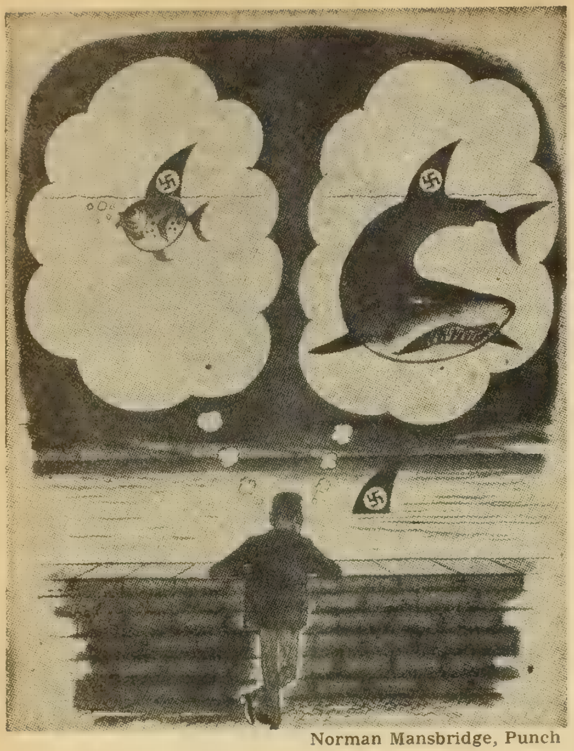
Is West Germany on the brink of the first really significant political change in two decades? A growing number of those whose peculiar fate it is to ponder the Byzantine politics of the lower Rhine seem to think so. The symptoms have been evident for some time, sparked by the good-natured unwieldiness of Bonn's "Grand Coalition" government of the past two years. This has been a political version of the old Charles Atlas advertisement in which two big guys, in this case the Christian Democrats (CDU) and the Socialists, ganged up to run things at the expense of the 98-pound weakling, the opposition Free Democrats (FDP).

The Grand Coalition was in itself something of a change in that the Socialists for the first time in postwar history gained a share of executive responsibility. But the CDU remained top dog in the coalition, as it has been since the establishment of the Federal Republic. In this respect, the election on March 5 of a Socialist, Dr. Gustav Heinemann, as the next President of West Germany, could mark the start of a really new course, and bring the state at last out from the shadow of the late Konrad Adenauer. He won on an unprecedented third ballot from Defense Minister Gerhard Schroeder, the CDU's candidate and the man who carried the hoary Adenauer mantle.

Heinemann is a Ruhr lawyer, a liberal, a leader of the Evangelical Church and a turncoat Christian Democrat who walked out of Adenauer's cabinet in 1950 when *der Alte* decided to go ahead with German rearmament. He won the election with the support of the Free Democrats, and it is a measure of the political strength of the parties here today that even with this, Heinemann made it by a scant six votes out of 1,023 cast by the representatives of state and federal parliaments.

Whatever joy followed Heinemann's election was tempered by the realization that, had Schroeder won, the country's top office would have been occupied for the next five years by a man put there by the twenty-two votes of the National Democratic Party (NPD), which to the East Germans and not a few others is a neo-Nazi organization. The NPD, making its first pitch on the national level, had hoped to score this small triumph by announcing well ahead that its votes would not go to Heinemann.

The NPD got into the Presidential vote by racking up small successes in state elections in seven of the West German *Länder*. It plans to put up a largish slate of candidates for the national parliamentary election on September 28, and party leader Adolf von Thadden is confident the party will get 8 to 12 per cent of the national vote. Others doubt it will overcome the 5 per cent barrier,



Norman Mansbridge, Punch

Watch on the Rhine

which is the minimum needed to secure parliamentary recognition.

Whatever is to happen then, the flap over the NPD has been deflated by the unusual spectacle of the Socialists and the Free Democrats working hand in glove. Less than three years ago, the two parties were unable to reach agreement on a governing coalition to replace the stumbling Erhard government, which in turn led to formation of the Grand Coalition.

Today, circumstances appear quite different. The FDP faces slow extinction as a party if the Christian Democrats ever succeed in pushing through electoral changes which would work against parties like the Free Democrats (and the NPD as well). Critics say the FDP's vote for Heinemann was a vote for party survival, and in fact the Socialists have since said that they would not support an electoral reform in the current legislative session.

At the same time, the FDP has been trying to get away from its reputation of being a curious amalgam of old-fashioned German liberals and free-wheeling industrialists. It has been stressing new faces and new ideas, and portraying itself as the party which could break the cold-war impasse of German politics, notably the unsatisfactory relationship with East Germany.

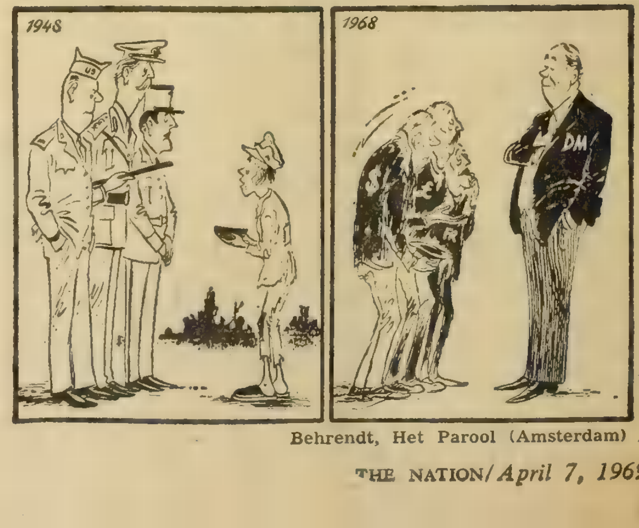
Thus the FDP-Socialist cooperation in the Presidential balloting is seen by many as the first sign of a West German opening to the left. If both parties can maintain or improve their current positions in the September general election, the CDU might find itself playing the role of loyal opposition for the first time in twenty years.

This prospect is still highly speculative. The CDU might well raise its 48 per cent of the total vote four years ago to an absolute majority and be able to rule alone. Or the NPD may do as well as it promises, taking votes from the Socialists just as George Wallace took some of the blue-collar vote from the Democrats. The latter possibility would leave the Socialists and Free Democrats with less than a parliamentary majority and put the FDP in the dilemma of returning to a "small" coalition with the Christian Democrats or seeing them rule with the tacit assent of the NPD.

Despite the doubts and reservations, the prospect of a German move to the left has stirred ripples on the normally placid pond of Bonn politics. The student unrest, de Gaulle's continuing sabotage of that dream of the fifties, the European community, and the apparent retrogression to Stalinist cold-war policies in Eastern Europe have all contributed to the feeling here that old politicians with old formulas cannot meet the demands of today and tomorrow. By its very nature, the Grand Coalition ended up supplying big parliamentary majorities for the lowest common denominator of legislation upon which the Christian Democrats and the Socialists could agree. Pressing issues upon which the parties differed were pigeonholed.

The Free Democrats have spotted this flaw in the coalition, and have launched a massive publicity campaign to portray themselves as the fresh young party. In this they may have been helped by the defection of some of the more reactionary elements who could not bring themselves to vote for a Socialist as President. Thus the FDP appears to be shedding its right wing and extending its left. The Socialists have been moving in the other direction for years; they long ago dropped the few remaining traces of revolutionary ideology and set out to win the bourgeoisie. They see their participation in the government during the past two years as the final step in establishing a respectable image to replace the old and outmoded Marxist one.

How the voters see these mutations won't be known until September 28. It is widely agreed that the Socialist party leadership has proved that it has executive talent fully capable of directing the country. In this respect, the talk is less of the party leader, Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, than of the brilliant, professorial Economics Minister, Karl Schiller. Brandt's image has been not so much damaged as dimmed by the necessity to work within the lines of a consensus government. Schiller and that old bogyman, Bavarian Christian Social Union leader and Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

an odd couple if ever there was one, have emerged as the stars of the present regime.

They are given credit for the coalition's one major accomplishment, which was to stop a mild recession two years ago and get the country booming again. Both played key roles in last November's international monetary crisis, when the Germans refused to knuckle under to weighty international pressure to revalue the mark upward. For the past twenty years Bonn has given way when muscle was applied, and the obstinacy of Schiller and Strauss made them into national heroes in the Federal Republic, which for twenty-five years had none. There were even rumors that Schiller would replace Brandt as the Socialist candidate for chancellor in the forthcoming elections.

The present Chancellor and CDU leader, Kurt Georg Kiesinger, stands in a similar position to that of Brandt. The suave, silver-haired Schwabian, who beat out Schroeder in the battle for the succession to Ludwig Erhard, disappointed party regulars during a conference last year by hinting that he would like to see the present coalition continued. He lost a personal battle to keep the party from nominating Schroeder for the Presidential job, and his public image is anything but helped by the one-woman crusade of Beate Klarsfeld, the German wife of a radical French journalist, to keep alive the memory that Kiesinger was a high-ranking official under the Nazis.

Both Kiesinger and Brandt suffered from the inept handling of the latest Berlin "crisis," which started with Communist protests over the holding of the Presidential election in Berlin. The West Germans tried to make a deal with the Soviets behind the backs of the East Germans, but it was such an open and clumsy ploy that the Russians —whatever their original intent—had no choice but to back the Ulbricht regime.

The Germans kept talking about a *Nervenkrieg*, but in fact the Communists were playing cat and mouse with them. The whole minuet accomplished little except to increase the insecurity of the 2 million West Berliners.

That sort of performance, plus the coalition's inability to act on such key but divisive issues as extending the statute of limitations for war criminals, will provide plenty of material for the election oratory ahead. The Free Democrats, as the party in opposition, are in the best position to mount a campaign for more decisive leadership. Turning this into votes is another thing, particularly with the economic boom continuing and—if the public opinion polls can be believed—no great popular discontent with the way the present government is working.

Nevertheless, if the FDP and the Socialists can only hold their own on September 28, there is a good chance that West Germany will have a new and totally different government next fall, to go with the new Socialist President who takes office on July 1. And Konrad Adenauer's party will get its first taste of loyal opposition.

WHY DISSENT TURNS VIOLENT

KINGSLEY WIDMER
Mr. Widmer is professor of English at San Diego State College. He is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.*

The current style of dissent tells us much about our society. Most of the active peace movement now consists of poignant resistance and bitter illegality. Student rebellions seem to find essential, harsh intransigence and even some physical coercion. The stance of black militants becomes more chauvinistic, with gestures of cathartic violence. Increasingly, dissidents display the compensations of wildly revolutionary demands and rhetoric. Therefore, conservatives can smugly excuse themselves and moderates frown on obstinacy, cluck over extremism, and quite deplore the metaphoric disruptions. Invectives, such as "Fascist" and "thug," now come from the political middle as well as the poles. We should try to understand the desperation which accelerates these responses. To the dissenters, a phony war of genuine viciousness, the cruel condition of the under classes, and the unnecessary rigidities and indoctrinations of our institutions, continue much as before. Changes appear painfully small, repressions more righteously exacting, community ever less evident, and most dissent, like our characteristically fancy and misleading packaging, quite disposable.

Open institutions must really presuppose that criticism will not only be accepted but understood, that protest will not only be allowed but responsively answered, that resistance to abuses will not only grow but modify the conditions. Frequently, these humane suppositions do not fit the present institutional reality of the United States. Current opposition expresses the resulting disenchantment, and we speak not to it, or to the issues, when we lament its disruptiveness and illiberality. Better, instead, criticize our driving of sensible dissent into raging defiance.

There are several reasons today why dissent can so often be shucked off. The explanation most popular among dissenters themselves is "co-optation." Some of the history of the idea appears obscure, but I can trace relevant usage back through some studies of the 1930s New Deal reforms and the recognition that efforts made then for more democracy and social justice sometimes ended by strengthening the old exclusions and injustices. Apparently by extension, there developed the main contemporary sense of "co-opting" as the taking over of radical programs and people by those they criticize, thus disarming the criticism without making the changes.

The language of New Left critiques of war, racism, bureaucratization and false elites spreads with peculiar speed. In sly self-protection, it is said, authorities adopt the gestures of change but not the substance. I would suggest a less nefarious process—the simple filling, by use of radical terms, of a moral vacuum in the thought and feeling of middle-class culture. Anyway, even more drastic examples of radical absorption seem widespread. (I cite only cases I personally know.) A black militant against ghetto exploitation is now a salaried, and controlled, specialist in putting down riots. A rebel against union autocracy finds himself a favored nominee for a middling position in that bureaucracy. A persistent critic of a university administration's authoritarian behavior now chairs a committee to rebut his own criticisms. An ameliorative dove administers an essentially hawkish foreign program, recently rephrased in the rhetoric of peace. A radical submits to a moderate editor a strong blast against his views; after some rewriting, it becomes the editor's boasted badge of liberality. A revolutionist is politely packaged into an artificial symposium, thus doing honor to the principle of opposition without allowing him to say much. More generally, any sharp criticism which attracts sufficient attention seems to become, after dilution and bottling, some governmental or corporate or media project. Such take-overs denature dissent while providing illusions of change.

Co-opting can make the critic a self-interested part of the thing he criticized. Such engagement assuages his, and many others', guilt about commitment and action. More diabolically, the ex-critic becomes the focus for any new criticism. Few things serve bureaucracy better these days than a Young Turk grown old in authority, or a harsh black paling into officialdom. Our exalted "problem-solving" approach to social and political issues inevitably narrows down to ornate manipulations to keep things as they are. As part of the new American sophistication, many, many things can ostensibly be tolerated—almost anything except real intellectual and moral passion for change; that gets labeled "intolerance." Our bland accommodations require castration of dissent.

To call all of this co-optation may abstractly explain too much, thus explaining away. For much of this goes beyond any specific absorption of dissent to the processing basic to our culture. American consumption, whether of scientific technology, exotic art or attempts at social change, follows a pattern of imitation, simplification, mass production, mislabeling, advertising and peddling. Expensive "peace" jewelry, overpaid "protest" singers, and high-profit "psychedelic revolution" notion shops are wry examples of the denaturing process. We market silliness and bitterness with equal facility. When the medium for this becomes the only message, and the packaging the only poetry and politics, exploitative processing controls all. Wrap your moral criticisms and humane compassions in the usual ways, properly mislabeled, and they will be taken up, mostly to be discarded.

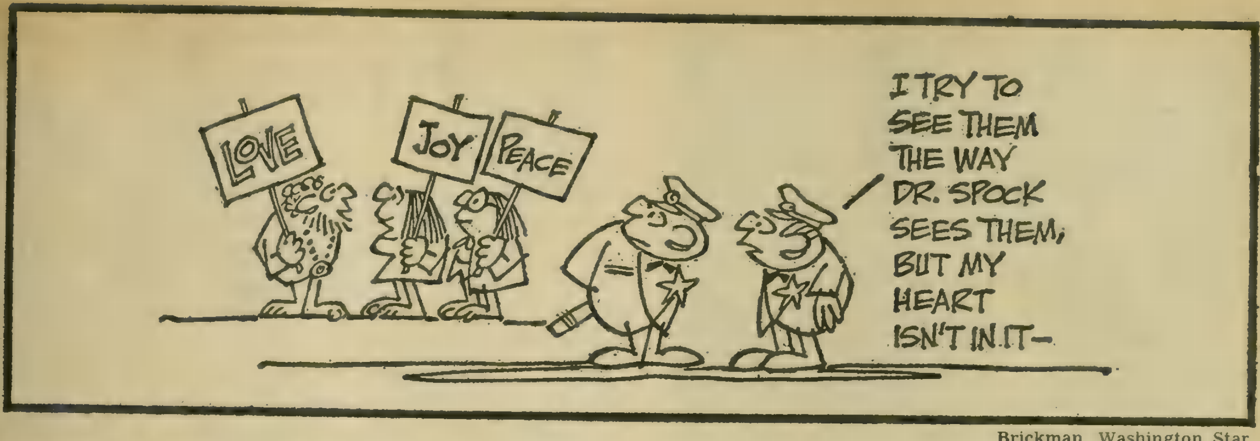
Apparently far more dissident material than in the past can today be processed into fad and fashion for the profit and titillation of the nondissenting. As with most fads and fashions, the final response is contempt. This applies to people as well as to things. A good many well-known "radicals" seem to be products of American "success," the sad results of processing. Stylish rebels become compulsive marketeers of the *frissons* of defiance, when they don't end as comfortable advisers to administrators for dealing with other dissenters (an expanding profession), or as impotent house yappers to provide a little variety amidst the purring of the fat cats. No need to name them. Many of the critics of culture and society that come to mind will fit the description; after all, how else would they arise so readily to our processed awareness? The sell-out is nothing new; but, as is emphasized in most theories of co-optation, the eagerness to buy is peculiar to our time and ways of exploitation. Aristocrats, it is reported, retained a revolutionary friend, just in case; we debasingly process radicals just so there won't be any need.

Perhaps one should suspect the fashion for charges of co-optation in place of the old-fashioned invective against selling out. Can they be so easily taken over if they are truly radical? You and I, too, would much rather admit to being co-opted than to being opportunists. When our efforts get processed into ineffectiveness or serving their opposites, perhaps we should partly blame ourselves. I don't wish to deny all validity to the idea of co-optation, but to suggest that explanations of co-opting can themselves become ways of co-opting, of unauthenticity about criticism and change. We should also emphatically note that only *some* kinds of dissent, and dissenters, get co-opted. In spite of the era's urbane adaptiveness, ignoring and repressing the unpleasant have not gone altogether out of fashion. Still, we must also agree that there are new and complex ways of disposal. I suggest that American processing, or counterfeiting, provides a better name than co-optation for our cultural game.

However we describe it, the standardizing treatment weakens and corrupts efforts at criticism and change. Quite justified reactions against co-opting and processing intensify the exasperation of dissent. Desires to avoid such treatment push styles of protest and ways of dissidence into frenzied manners and extreme position taking. Only thus, it is often felt, can one guarantee sincerity. The wildest talking revolutionary I ever met triumphantly rejected all qualifications by repeatedly shouting, "They can co-opt you but not me!"

But co-opting, as its current cliché usage on the Left suggests, confuses much of what happens to dissent in America. It frequently assumes that those in power consciously neutralize the critical and threatening by taking them over. Rarely, so far as I can find, does any such conspiracy exist. Conscious co-opting would be inherently unlikely. That would take intense self-consciousness, the will and awareness to recognize the limits of one's own system and therefore to put on the protective coloration of opposing programs and people. Most Americans, and especially those in positions of power and authority, still try very hard to believe in what they do. Only faith, not perception, can provide social justification for most work these days. Shockingly, even the media men seem finally to believe in the value and intelligence of their activity.

The president of the United States Steel Corporation has been quoted as saying that the answer to "campus


LOVE
JOY
PEACE
I TRY TO SEE THEM THE WAY DR. SPOCK SEES THEM, BUT MY HEART ISN'T IN IT—

Brickman, Washington Star

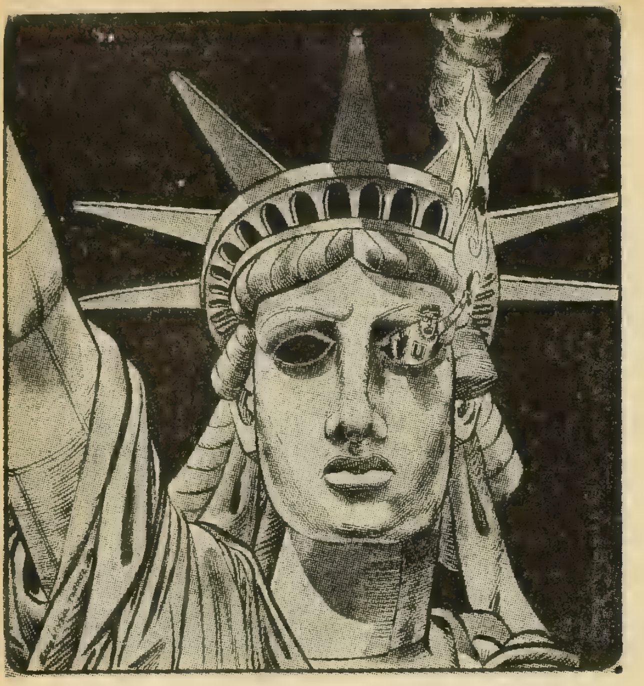
unrest" is "more Boy Scout training." This characteristic executive remark seems to be as sincere as it is stupid. Even the administrators of cultural bureaucracies—universities, foundations, research centers, etc.—do not intentionally give homes to dissent. They sincerely believe that the peculiar and troublesome, unlike themselves, do not deserve place and protection. And they rightly suspect that those who occasionally trick them into principled behavior or radical sympathies lack proper identification with the institution as such, which poor creature must be defended above all. What a sweet sense of confirmation of their bureaucratic mission they must feel when a feared dissident turns out to be thoroughly housebroken. When they select what looks to be a dissenter, they are not taking over or taming a revolutionary but shrewdly recognizing the Boy Scout inside. They will buy and encourage that hidden conformist, but not the institutionally unfaithful other.

Liberal-radical sensibility, including that developed from the "oppositional culture" of modernism in art and literature, repeatedly produces conflict with our much more conservative institutions and social ideology. However blurred or bottled, we do draw on a liberating heritage. A teen-ager discovers his "inalienable rights" and refuses to cut his hair short. A poet-philosopher believes in "liberty" for all and expects it to apply to his revolutionary pronouncements, even when they turn into conduct. A poor black wakes up to "equality" and demands that it be made tangible. But long ago we discovered ways out, institutional side steps to maintain a semblance of radical ideology within a highly restrictive order. Co-optation merely overdescribes some of the papering over of discrepancies. For our credos cut both ways and can be used for putting down dissent as well as reluctantly absorbing it. Thus equality can be called upon to disallow compensatory treatment for the cheated, such as ethnic minorities, who then wouldn't be treated "equally." Maintaining "freedom" for nondissenters can serve as justification for restricting dissenters, whose own freedom might disturb the catatonic, noisily awakening the unfree. An unpleasant radical colleague (redundant description?) was fired several years ago with approximately this advice: "You should try one of those places that go in for radicals and troublemakers and all that sort of thing, where you'd be happier." For many honest Americans freedom and dissent do have a place—somewhere else.

When it comes to those few places that ostensibly and officiously go in for some dissent, a desperate economics of glut takes its toll. To quote a harassed official of one such institution in California: "We are overrun with presentations concerning the illiberalism of university and college; radicalism, pure and corrupted; and the issues of confronting the Establishment." With so few places for dissent to lodge, those that specialize in it develop a ruthless snobbery of fashionable radicalism. Most basically, that results from dissent being viewed as something peculiar, not part of daily life and institutions, a removed activity separate from factory and office and school and street. After all, a majority of Americans dislike the critical and different and dissenting.

In this society, competitive manipulation and institutional adaptation control even recognized dissidence. Disagreement which can be used for bureaucratic advancement, criticism which can magnify official posturing, difference which can be made into profitable fashion—these but no others will be allowed within. Since a pretense at openness to the alien, actually a kind of utility testing, must be maintained, we find liberal appearances but small substance in hospitality to criticism and change. Most does *not* get co-opted. Failure of dissent to adapt within rather narrow limits produces a revealingly indignant rejection. You either join in on dubious, sometimes worse, terms or get roundly excluded. This explains the pathos of selling out, and the great bitterness of many of the experienced dissidents.

Dissent, other than the trivial and counterfeit, must painfully make its way against restrictive institutions and an overwhelming, hostile society. That, and not ostensible openness and co-opting and permissiveness, provides the basic reality. Here I merely restate hard-nosed folk wisdom about America. "Yeah, it's a free country, but you only get to do that once." "You're free to do it, but you better not try." The restrictions pointed to are normative, stylistic, pervasive. They require no more than minimal ill will and do not consciously violate the ideology of freedom—somewhere else. They can be maintained in ostensible good faith for, in the worst metaphor of supposed tolerance, isn't the market place of ideas still



Macpherson, Toronto Star

open? Brutally so. Next time someone deplores the uncouthness and extremism of current dissent, place it against the American background and you will see the imperatives that push the dissenters.

Part of what conditions contemporary dissent comes from the increasing amorphousness of institutionalized power. Historical and moral legitimacy, based in quite a different social and communications order, does not really apply and so must be twisted to cover the reality. Also, bureaucracy typically befuddles rather than represses dissenting speech and action. How talk back to a bureaucracy? How move it to action by its enmeshing nonspeech? Not accidentally, most of the serious criticism of government foreign policy not only comes from outside but from those offensively different in style, quite lacking in the language and suppositions of the professionals. Students, rather more than teachers and administrators, make the powerful criticisms of educational institutions because they use their own language or otherwise disrupt accepted and controlled responses. Professional media people notoriously accept all sorts of pre-censorship which appear absurd to those on the outside. The professional in any field tends to find the large criticism incomprehensible. The processing provides the restricting. Institutional words conceal rather than reveal. Inexpert attempts to criticize and change this would be presumptuous—outrageous. Therefore the genuine style of dissent becomes outrageousness. Anything less can be easily disposed of.

To be outrageous—intransigent, extreme, impolite, disruptive—avoids co-optation and violates the essence of institutional and professional rationalization, control, neutralization. The first time, several years ago, that I heard an unkempt young radical obscenely talk of burning down an institution, I thought he must be a psychopath. He turned out to be a perceptive and humorous fellow, rather self-consciously employing what has since become a major style of dissent. That is how one stands up to bureaucratic niceties and denaturing rationalization. It can, of course, be a dangerous style. Some literalist of the social imagination may (and obviously some have) follow through by throwing Molotov cocktails in the Streets of Selective Service and similar controllers, hurting somebody. (I do not include here the principled Christians who burned draft records in Baltimore and Milwaukee, but they expressed, in its most saintly form, the same logic of exasperated dissent.) What the shocked moderates call "going too far" reflects the inability of any lesser dissenting style to establish autonomy and seriousness. The repeated public rage against damaging a few windows or offices does seem peculiar. Would that such good citizens applied a proportionate sense of outrage to common decency to the real damage and destruction from our social and institutional orderings.

Patience, contrary to what the usual moralists tell us, is not the issue relevant to the style of current dissent. More than twenty years after the military draft was thoroughly criticized and protested against for its gross injustices, as well as its human, and even military, stupidity, essentially the same Selective Service system, and even the same personnel, go on in the same vicious way. To demand its destruction seems, by now, a patiently appropriate radical comment. To reject totally, to disrupt or shut down some "welfare" or "educational" or other institution, after years of substantial evidence of obtuseness to criticism and rigid refusal of real change, can be perfectly reasonable. The evidence suggests to many dissenters that some institutions should go under, so that we may start again, trying something more humane and meaningful. Is that what is meant by the indignant complaint that "decent dissent" has become "nhilism"?

Many of the responses of current dissent appear impolite, intransigent, extreme and destructive in terms of how our institutions *should* respond rather than in terms of their real rejection or distortion of most criticism and change. Whatever the irrationality of some dissenters, and of some situations which they did not basically create, disruption and destruction must often be judged more logical than pathological. What requires cure is the popular American belief that disruption and destruction can never be justified and decently desired. I do not wish to defend violence, any more than I would the weird rage against all unofficial disruption and destruction, but it would be disingenuous not to recognize the logic we enforce upon dissent. If one favors protest only when it takes polite, moderate, masochistic and ineffective forms, then one really opposes it. At the minimum, dissent means little in the absence of painful criticism, harsh conflict and drastic efforts at change. Now we sadly learn that a large majority of Americans, including many men of good and liberal will, vehemently prefer to dispose of dissent.

All sorts of criticism can certainly be leveled against current dissidence, not every bit of which provides our best signs of social health. But that is smugly easy. Instead, let us glance at the end of the pattern which the negative processing of dissent seems to engender. In the past decade we have moved from criticism to protest, when the criticism was largely ignored; from protest to resistance, when the protest showed itself insufficient; and, currently, unsuccessful resistance appears repeatedly to break out into rebellion. This, I have tried to indicate, comes less from arbitrary choice than from the desperation of dissent in a restrictively processing order. Sequentially, I suppose, revolution, or counterrevolution, would complete criticism-protest-resistance-insurrection. But I can find no one, not even the wildest militant or doctrinaire new-Jacobin, who believes that full-scale revolution is probable in current America. That may be why some choose to live revolution, making it a life style right now. Many radicals apparently think things will go on much as they are, only more so. Such mechanical extension of the present into the future seems the least adequate historical perspective. Others fear new styles of restriction, more intense repression, ultimately reaching counterrevolution. (Traditionally, some radicals reverse such fears into the gruesome optimism that counterrevolution will further the true revolution.) But isn't some of it already here? Not co-optation but increasing repression of student revolts and black militancy and resistance to the military seem evident. Protest is more often put down than taken over—not yet with maximum violence and repression but also not with minimum force and punishment. More ominously, minority, even liberal, as well as mainstream audiences, respond positively to official harshness, apply out of context the most finicky standards for "good dissent," and display extreme fears of radical criticism and real communal change. No matter how subtle the co-opting of opposition, and how pervasive the processing of criticism and critics, the problems of dissent and the efforts to dispose of it in America remain for the most part the old, simple and frightening ones. The only true way to dispose of dissent is to replace it with bigger and better dissent.

COLLEGE PRESS

UPSTARTS IN THE IVY

ALAN BOLES

Mr. Boles, a senior at Yale, is former editor in chief of the Yale Daily News. *He has worked summers on* The Wall Street Journal *and* The Southern Courier, *a civil rights paper circulating in Mississippi and Alabama.*

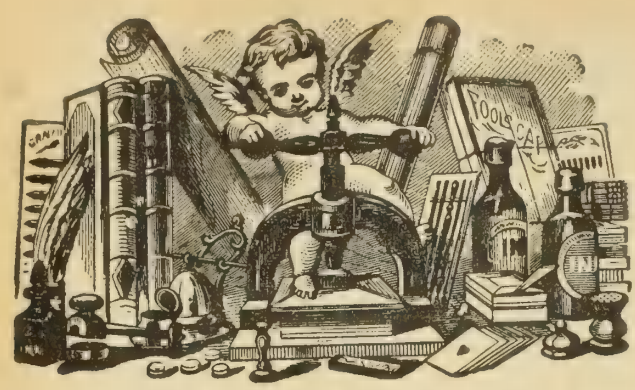
Dirty words are the hottest things in college newspaper work since the advent of journalism schools. At the turn of the year, the University of Wisconsin's *Daily Cardinal* created a major issue by printing news of a conference of student radicals replete with specimens from the uninhibited rhetoric of the New Leftists. Fearing that their university would become a school for scandal, the Wisconsin regents threatened the *Cardinal* with disaffiliation. Shock waves from the controversy were soon felt at Michigan State, where the MSU *News* displeased university officials by spelling out the Wisconsin imbroglio in four-letter detail.

The Purdue *Exponent* brought its normally placid campus to a boil last fall by printing a column that dumped filth on President Frederick Hovde for an alleged breach of faith. Knowing that while sticks and stones would break his bones, words could also hurt him, Hovde attempted to remove the *Exponent*'s editor and then agreed to a compromise by which the editor would be subject to a student-faculty review board.

Even the *Yale Daily News* rustled the ivy last fall and shook up New Haven's City Hall with a front-page story about a Mark Rudd speech on campus. The article quoted one SDS member in attendance at the rally as calling New Haven's chief of state "the fucking mayor." The *News* subsequently received two angry phone calls from Mayor Richard Lee, who complained about an alleged distortion of facts in the article, although the coarse reference was obviously a source of his displeasure.

The college press also knows that a picture *is* at times worth a thousand words, and newspapers at the University of Hartford and Boston University have turned to graphics for a more vivid presentation of their message. The student editor, the president of the student body and a student artist at the University of Hartford were hauled into court on obscenity and libel charges after the *News-Liberated Press* printed on November 13 a cartoon of an uplifted middle finger drawn as a penis, with the caption, "Richard M. Nixon." In January, upset university officials announced suspension of the paper for publishing the controversial nude photo of John Lennon and his wife-to-be, Yoko Ono. At BU, the *News* startled alumni and parents last November with a front-page picture of a couple engaged in sexual intercourse as part of a special issue on sex. Ed Siegel, editor of the *News*, commented, "We wanted to write about and discuss sex in the same way we write about Vietnam, poverty or political issues."

Despite the public attention lavished on these and similar happenings, the dirty word is not really the last word in college journalism. As the novelty and sense of outrage wear off (and it doesn't take long), it can be seen that the excitement over a few specks of dirt on the pages of college papers merely emphasizes the bland homogeneity of campus journalism in general. If people raise hell over the language in a paper, the new breed of editors argue, at least they are reading and responding to the paper, which is a refreshing change from the nonreading habits of most student newspaper subscribers. The monotonous patchwork of lecture notices, ski reports and cover-



age of fraternity frolics, which blankets the pages of most campus newspapers, is a disservice to any community interested in the life of ideas. Even the soiled banner of free speech is better than no attempt to communicate.

There are more important things to get excited about than dirty words. College newspapers are traditionally to the left of their readers, and the gap may have widened a bit recently, what with the especially sharp impact of assassinations, riots, conventions and elections on the most active and articulate students. Robert Johnston, executive editor of the United States Student Press Association and former editor of the *Michigan Daily*, estimates that "there has been a slight movement to the left in the editorial line of the most significant campus papers." But college journalism is the most transient of professions and there is no evidence yet that a new breed of lion is here to stay.

A few papers, none of them at major campuses, have undergone important face-lifting operations over the past year. The University of Colorado *Fourth Estate* at the Denver campus, the Valparaiso University (Indiana) *Torch*, and the Rice University *Thresher*, as examples, have adopted snappy new layouts, given more emphasis to feature stories, and dressed up their editorial pages with more provocative columns.

Under the hand of former undergraduate Art Johnston, the newspaper at Wayne State University in Detroit has changed radically, even to its name—from the *Daily Collegian* to the *South End*. The shift aroused such opposition among the university's administration and 33,000 students that a university-subsidized paper was published briefly in opposition. In a half facetious self-interview, reprinted in several campus papers around the country last fall, Johnston complained that student newspapers "have to start doing the job of shoving an issue in the face of the student, and saying *think about that, God damn you!* . . . We believe in truth and all that stuff, but we also believe in other things. We've got certain ideas that we stand for, and we've got certain ideas about what things should be changed."

This renovating and radicalizing, which may have noticeably affected a dozen out of about 2,000 college papers, is less interesting than the recent proliferation of publications on campuses which have long had established newspapers. Until recently, nearly all campus papers enjoyed a monopoly, but in the past two years papers on such important campuses as Stanford, Yale, Boston University, Harvard, the University of Colorado and Wesleyan have suddenly been faced with rivals. The majority of these new publications are motivated by ideological dissatisfactions with the existing order on the campus and in the country, and probably indicate the growing polarization of college opinion. In function, they sometimes appear to be little more than large-scale house organs for one or another view or faction.

Since the middle of 1967 the *Stanford Daily* has had to engage in nominal competition with the *Stanford Arena*, started by a group of students who were alarmed by the supposed leftist tendency of the *Daily*. Ironically, the *Daily* editor at the time, Kirk Hansen, was generally considered more conservative than his immediate predecessors. Despite a major ballyhoo in the delighted San Francisco press at the time of its founding, and a few shivers of glee among Stanford alumni in the Los Angeles area, the effect of the *Arena* has been small. The *Daily* still attracts a far larger audience than its weekly competitor, which operates principally as a university-wide position paper for YAFers and their fellow travelers. If the financial support of Stanford alumni continues to drop off, the *Arena* will be hard pressed to continue.

At Harvard, innovation has occurred at the opposite end of the political spectrum. About a dozen SDS-oriented Harvard and Radcliffe students, with more than a dozen people from outside the Cambridge academic complex, banded together last summer to produce a distinctive newspaper called the *Old Mole*. (The name comes from Marx, who likened the underground development of the model revolution to the hidden activity of an old mole.) It has surfaced ten times so far in a 16-page, newsprint tabloid. The *Old Mole* started as an attempt to offer a radical alternative to what its supporters consider the stuffy respectability of the *Harvard Crimson*. Jon Supak, a member of the staff and a Harvard teaching fellow in philosophy, said: "The *Crimson* is clearly lousy. It's a very establishment paper. They've been taking very stupid, wishy-washy positions on anything that came up, and we thought it was time for a new paper." So the innovators warmed up for the match last spring by putting out two issues of the *Harvard Graduate News*, which circulated to several thousand students. They then raised $500 of advertising money for the *Mole* over the summer.

However, the *Old Mole* soon shifted its orientation away from Harvard. The staff has formed itself into an autonomous SDS chapter, and two of its members are full-time SDS regional coordinators. It moved its office from Harvard's Emerson Hall to a Cambridge store front. Two thousand of the *Mole*'s 7,500 copies are now sent to colleges outside the Boston area, and it is considered an organ for the SDS's New England region. Circulation has dropped from the early fall figure of 10,000, but the staff attributes the slump to the onset of cold weather, rather than to a change of political climate. (Most "undergrounds" like the *Mole* are sold by street vendors, and their distribution systems tend to freeze up in the winter.) "If we can just survive this winter, we'll be here to stay," said one *Old Mole* editor.

One purpose of the *Old Mole*, according to Supak, is to convince liberals that there is something to the radical viewpoint by avoiding customary radical rhetoric and understating the case. "We try to get beyond the slogans and catchwords and let the bare facts speak for themselves." Yet many of the poems, reviews and analytical pieces in the *Mole* are loaded with unabashed radical rhetoric. The most sane and sober articles it has printed were a feature series demonstrating both the economic homogeneity of Harvard undergraduates and the financial wherewithal of Harvard University—the plea being to introduce greater heterogeneity into the student body by eliminating tuition. Another strikingly sensible series attacked the welfare system in Massachusetts and advised its abolition, but this by now is a fairly shopworn issue.

The *Old Mole*'s situation is somewhat compromised by the shift of the redoubtable *Crimson* to the left, and its slight growth of favor with the SDS. The *Crimson* dismayed the bulk of Harvard's undergraduates by proposing amnesty for the demonstrators who sat in at the faculty's December meeting on accreditation for the ROTC. Jim Fallows, president of the *Crimson*, remarked: "We are always receiving criticism that we have jumped off the deep end and have lost all plausibility. I'd say almost everyone on the staff is liberal to radical now."

During the past year the University of Colorado at Boulder has been the scene of a journalistic counterattack from the Right. The traditionally irreverent and rambunctious *Colorado Daily* was first challenged in the winter of 1968 by *CU Perspective.* The weekly 8-to-12-page tabloid was organized by Dan Green, a junior with a campus reputation as "Mr. Conservative," and financed in part by Joe Coors, producer of Coors beer and the most conspicuously reactionary of the UC regents. It established the same 16,000 press run as the *Daily*, and in fact is printed at the same plant. *Perspective* shaped its coverage to appeal to the fraternity population, and managed to win the advertising accounts of some local, right-wing merchants away from the *Daily*.

However, the paper lost its distinctive, conservative flavor last spring after a palace coup. Intra-staff conflicts came to a head when Green decided to reprint the entire text of a speech given by Ronald Reagan at Boulder. A cadre of moderates issued six reasons why the editor should be ousted and then seized the paper. In the fall, *Perspective* was in financial trouble, while the *Daily*, under a new editor, moderated its editorial line, gained a defecting feature editor from *Perspective*, enlisted the help of Dan Green himself for a time, and boosted its advertising. On the major campus issue—the disaffiliation and subsequent reaffiliation of the SDS by the board of regents —*Perspective* eventually adopted a position which criticized the regents and approximated the views of the *Daily*. Pat McGraw, the *Daily*'s editor, cracked: "*Perspective* now espouses a sort of milk-toast political philosophy."

It will probably not espouse any political philosophy much longer, since it appears doomed to collapse with the graduation of most of its staff this spring, if its shaky finances can sustain it that far. In 1963 the *New Conservative*, a weekly tabloid at Colorado, folded under similar problems.

Boston University has the most varied journalistic fare of any campus. Three weekly papers, the *News*, the *Scarlet* and the *Informer*, were operating during the fall. The *News*, which is the traditional paper, disaffiliated itself from the university last winter by common agreement of the staff and the administration. Since the editorship of the irrepressible Ray Mungo—now an affiliate of the Montague Liberation News Service—BU authorities have been uncomfortable with the paper's radical tone. In 1966, Mungo started a tradition of outspokenness by calling for the abolition of ROTC, the impeachment of Lyndon Johnson, and the elimination of the BU journalism program.

With its divorce, the *News* received $50,000 alimony from BU. It continues publishing 12 to 16 pages weekly, occupying its old office in the student union. Moreover, its spunky style has won it an audience far greater than that of either of its rivals. A small disturbance occurred early in this school year when one of the contributors to the *News*, a divinity student, was dismissed from the university for "incompatibility with the Christian ministry." The editors claim the action was a reprisal for a series the student did on BU military research contracts.

The *Informer*, a 12-page tabloid, was launched in the fall by the student government as the official student newspaper. It has followed an editorial line roughly similar to the *News* and like the *News* circulates 11,000 copies free to the entire student body. However, since the *Informer* is not able to match the *News* in advertising, and since student government funds are running low, the paper is expected to suspend before long. The *Scarlet*, least significant of the three publications, is supported by the BU inter-fraternity council, which is in turn supported by the university, and functions largely as a bulletin board for BU's commuter-fraternity population. Political polemics are distinctly absent from the *Scarlet*; yet because it serves a special function, it is likely to survive at least the year.

The situation at Yale is as complex as that at Boston University, but without the ideological overtones. Two small journals produced by graduate students are now appearing regularly. The more important, *Organum Novum*, is put out by a group of architecture students on a poster-sized super-sheet, with a highly unorthodox design. It crusaded vigorously last fall for reform of Yale's confused architectural planning procedures. Another super-sheet, *School Days*, has appeared sporadically under the direction of a part of Yale's chaotic student government. Before Yale decided upon coeducation, *School Days* de-

manded, to the amusement of the student body, that an encampment called "Girlstown" be created under geodesic domes in the middle of campus.

Meanwhile, the *Yale Daily News*, published since 1878, has undergone an internal revolution. In January, the incoming group of editors substituted collective leadership for the normal hierarchy of masthead positions. A group of interlocking committees is now responsible for all important decisions, and everyone on the staff in the junior class is expected to participate. So far, the new system has neither fulfilled the great expectations of its promoters nor confirmed the predictions of total chaos made by its opponents. The most noticeable effect has been a shift to the left in the paper's editorial policy and increased hostility toward Yale's administration.

However, the most striking recent arrival in Yale journalism has been the *New Journal.* This biweekly publication, no longer quite so "new," was started in the fall of 1967 by two editors who broke off from the *News.* The *New Journal* immediately established a reputation for excellence, and was saluted by Nat Hentoff, Joseph Heller, Robert Brustein and others. It is oriented as much toward graduate students and faculty as toward the undergraduates, and thanks to financial support from anonymous alumni, is circulated free to all students and faculty.

As its name implies, it is a journal, not a newspaper; it specializes in long feature articles on things both Yale and non-Yale in the arts, politics and education. Its first issue started fast with a rousing attack on Mayor Lee's urban redevelopment program; last spring, *New Journal* set off a major campus controversy by revealing the flaws in the university's plans to build a new underground library. Its article on the visit of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson to Yale in October 1967 succeeded in annoying everyone involved —including Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary —with its acid brilliance.

At Wesleyan, as at Yale, change has come from a quest for new and arresting forms of journalism rather than from ideological conflicts per se. The *Tin Drum* (title courtesy of Günter Grass) has become Wesleyan's version of *New Journal.* The biweekly, which emphasizes the arts and political opinion, was created in the spring of 1968 by three transfer students who were protesting the bulletin-board quality of the Wesleyan *Argus,* the semi-weekly campus paper. Said Alex Knopp, one of the founders: "I guess because we were new at Wesleyan, we had a different idea of what was needed." After the first issue, *Tin Drum* became the most talked about publication on campus, catching as much notice from faculty as from students, and winning permanent financial support from the student government.

It has pulled important coups by presenting some previously unpublished "maxims" of Albert Camus and by prepublishing sections of novelist Jerzy Kosinski's next book, *The Art of Self's Essays.* Goaded by this success, *Argus* has tried to expand its arts coverage and add more feature material. *Argus* is now making merger offers to the *Drum,* whose founding editors have recently retired, and whose quality will probably decline as a result.

It is doubtful that the sudden sprouting of publications represents a permanent new order in college journalism. It is merely a changed order, a non-old order, and most of the new journals will quickly disappear. Financing will continue to be most difficult for a paper getting under way (especially when it is competing in a limited market with an established publication), unless it is supported by a special group with great resources and great commitment. But the increased level of action in campus journalism is encouraging. Colleges should be intellectual hothouses, where papers that would never have developed at all in the outside world, can spring up and expire in rapid succession.

STOCKADE JUSTICE

THE ARMY'S KANGAROO COURTS

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

"Be sure to aim for my head," were the final words spoken last October by Pvt. Richard Bunch, a prisoner at the Presidio stockade in San Francisco. Then, as the young soldier deliberately walked away from a work detail, a guard accepted the challenge and blew off the top of Bunch's skull with a 12-gauge shotgun blast. Reverberations of the shot are still creating shock waves which may finally bring to public view the medieval concepts governing U.S. military penology.

Three days after the killing, a group of other inmates at the Presidio stockade attempted to get a hearing for a list of complaints about life in that overcrowded prison by means of a sit-down protest. For this, they were brought before a court-martial and charged with mutiny. Three of the soldiers received sentences of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen years each at hard labor. The fifteen-year sentence of Pvt. Nesrey D. Sood was reduced by the judge advocate general to two years, partially, it must be supposed, in response to public indignation. Several more trials are now in court and others are pending.

The harsh sentencing of prisoners, particularly those convicted for offenses with political connotations, and the subhuman conditions of many military stockades, are nothing new in military life. Although the doctrine of crime prevention through severity of punishment has long been discarded by modern penologists, faith in the remedial effects of severe and prolonged discomfort still influences military courts.

Recently, two freshmen Senators, Charles Goodell

(R.,N.Y.) and Alan Cranston (D.,Calif.), have taken action to focus public attention on the abominable conditions in U.S. military stockades. Calling for investigations by the Senate Armed Services Committee, they stated: "The outrageous shotgun killing of Pvt. Richard Bunch at the San Francisco Presidio stockade, October 11, and the disclosures of deplorable conditions at the stockade there which came to light following the sit-down demonstrations by twenty-seven fellow prisoners a few days later, make it imperative that Congress take a close look not only at the Presidio but at military prisons throughout the country." In the House, Reps. Abner J. Mikva (D., Ill.) and R. L. Leggett (D., Calif.) have raised the same issue.

At the Fort Dix stockade in New Jersey, a survey of twenty-seven prisoners just completed by the American Civil Liberties Union (N.J.) shows that guard brutality, overcrowding of facilities and lack of sanitary living conditions have for years been a part of prison life. Refusal to allow prisoners to submit complaints through proper military channels, illegal censorship of mail and continual harassment of prisoners by sadistic guards are "altogether typical," an ACLU investigator disclosed.

For example, one prisoner at Fort Dix recalled that he was ordered to crawl to his sergeant on hands and knees to apologize for a remark he had made. When the soldier refused, he was pushed into a cold shower and then forced outside to stand naked in the winter weather for three hours. Similar stories of guard brutality and barbaric conditions are common in Vietnam, where the immediacy of war creates even less sympathy for prisoners. Serious rioting in both the Army's Long Binh jail ("Ole LBJ") near Saigon and the Marine brig in Danang took place last year when prisoners could no longer endure their harsh treatment.

One reason for the lack of regard for prisoners has been the failure to staff military stockades with qualified persons. At the Presidio, neither the Commanding Officer, Capt. Robert S. Lamont, nor any of the guards had any training for penal work. Department of Defense Instruction No. 1325.4 says: "personnel . . . shall be specifically trained in the control, management and correction of persons." In most cases, young Military Police are simply handed a shotgun and assigned to stockade duty, where the practice of prisoner harassment is soon acquired.

Other regulations assure the prisoners proper living conditions and suitable sanitary facilities. At the Presidio, inmates claim they had to walk through human excrement caused by leakage from the four toilets serving the 180 men. During the weeks preceding the sit-down demonstration, prisoners were getting little food, medicine was unavailable for some of the sick, and guards tormented and beat soldiers who fell into their disfavor. This kind of treatment took a toll of the prisoners: fifty-two suicide attempts have been reported by the Army during the past year and the prisoners claimed there were many more.

Senators Goodell and Cranston believe they may be prying the lid from a Pandora's box in calling attention to the Presidio case. Complaints from twelve other stockades throughout the country have already reached their desks.

While all this is the stuff of which public scandals are made, it may be only the tip of the iceberg as far as military justice is concerned. Less spectacular but equally important to the GI is the spider web of military legal proceedings in which many soldiers are entangled.

With more and more cases tied to dissent from the war in Vietnam, an almost unlimited power of sentencing has enabled military authorities to mount a campaign of terror against those GIs who place conscience above duty. Three major weaknesses in the Uniform Code of Military Justice have become apparent to defense lawyers who try to secure a fair trial for their soldier clients.

Most notorious of these is the exercise of command influence on the decisions of a military court by ranking officers. In court-martial cases, the unit commander decides whether to bring charges. He then appoints the court, the law officer (similar to the judge) and the defense counsel from officers under his command. Finally, he can review the sentence and either waive or reduce it.

With these powers over judge, jury and hangman, the sentencing of soldiers can obviously be subject to the prejudices of the senior officer. Last July, charges were brought against Maj. Gen. Thomas Lipscomb, commanding general of Fort Leonard Wood, for tampering with court-martial trials. Although Lipscomb was cleared (there has never been a conviction on charges of command influence), the allegations of threatening counsel, demanding severe sentences and attempting to intimidate court members, at least dramatized the possibilities for exercising such influence.

Many members of Congress agree that command influence in court-martial cases has been excessive. However, they point to a new amendment to the Uniform Code, aimed at eliminating future command influence. Now, through the efforts of Sen. Sam. J. Ervin, Jr. (D., N.C.), law officers in court-martial cases are placed under the jurisdiction of the judge advocate general. Thus the judicial arm of the services will determine promotions, ratings, etc., for this "independent field judiciary." To become effective August 1, the new regulations are being hailed by many officials as a definite deterrent to undue influence by a commanding officer.

Yet there is reason to suspect that such optimism may be misplaced. Command influence has often come from the judge advocate's office itself. In the case of *United States* v. *Perry and Sparks*, charges of reprisal actions against defense counsel were leveled at the staff judge advocate of Fort McPherson, Ga. The defense counsel claimed the reprisals were taken because he would not follow suggestions on how to conduct a case. Here again, there was no conviction, although a "misunderstanding" was admitted.

Many civilian lawyers with experience in military courts feel the new law will have little effect. "The whole thing is a façade," Charles Morgan, the Atlanta attorney who represents Capt. David Levy, says. Morgan claims the extensive "cooperation" and "rapport" among the officer corps in any military unit will enable command influence to take place. "The judge advocate's office is often the source of the worst kind of influence in court proceedings." To Morgan there will always be a Kafkaesque quality to military trials until the Uniform Code is completely revised and servicemen can be tried in civilian courts.

A second major obstacle to fairness in military trials arises from the ambiguous definitions of improper behavior. When does an officer violate Article 133, prohibiting "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman"? Several protesters of the war in Vietnam have been convicted of "contemptuous words against the President, Vice President, Congress, Secretary of Defense, Secretary of a Department or a legislature of any State," all of which is prohibited under Article 88 of the Code.

In the Presidio case, Sixth Army Commandant Gen. Stanley Larson ignored the recommendation of an Army hearings officer and ordered the twenty-seven demonstrators tried for mutiny. Under Article 94 that is defined thus: "any person who with intent to usurp or override lawful military authority, refuses in concert with any other person, to obey orders or otherwise do his duty or creates any violence or disturbance is guilty of mutiny." Under this definition, charges of mutiny could presumably be brought against two or more drunken soldiers singing *Roll Me Over* loudly enough to create a disturbance.

A third major defect arising from the Uniform Code is the disparity of sentencing among different courts; variations are sometimes grotesque. Pvt. Ray Jones, who deserted and went to Sweden for more than a year after learning he was assigned to Vietnam, got four months at hard labor and a bad-conduct discharge on his return to the United States. When a Senate Armed Services subcommittee on the Treatment of Deserters from Military Service began to complain about leniency, the Army became tough. In its next case, Pvt. James Arnett, who similarly returned from Sweden after leaving his post, received four years at hard labor.

Historically, the whole problem of maintaining discipline has been in the hands of a soldier's unit commander. Whether the punishment consisted of keel-hauling a mutinous sailor or flogging a soldier for stealing, the affair has traditionally been local. Given earlier conditions of communications and travel, this may have been reasonable; but today, when transporting a soldier to a proper court of law or communicating with a central command is an easy matter, there is little excuse for leaving serious trials in the hands of local military officials.

On the contrary, there is ample reason for sweeping changes. Last year, desertions among the armed services rose sharply to 53,357 or one every ten minutes. More and more soldiers are forming themselves into organizations to protest the inequities of the military system. Attempts to terrorize this new breed of young Americans into submission through the practice of stockade brutality and drumhead courts-martial will be no more successful than Mayor Daley's police were at quelling protesters.

Lieut. (j.g.) Susan Schnall, a Navy nurse who was recently court-martialed for marching in an anti-war parade while in uniform, summed up the feeling of a growing number of young soldiers when she said: "It [the Presidio case] really concerns the right of a man to be treated as a human being, not just as a cog in a machine, even if he is in the Army. People ask us how you can have the military without discipline. But the way to maintain discipline is through respect not repression."

A HEIST A MINUTE

LEE RASKIN

Miss Raskin is an advertising copywriter and free-lance contributor to a number of national publications.

Cleveland

Several years ago Ralph Nader pointed an accusing, public finger at the automotive industry for allowing its vehicles to roll into dealers' showrooms without adequate safeguards for the lives and limbs of motorists. The manufacturers subsequently redesigned automobile dashboards, door locks and steering wheels, and by the end of 1968 were installing seat belts, shoulder harnesses and padded head restraints as standard equipment. Now the Big Four of the industry are being haunted by still another problem —theft—which, like accidents, costs drivers dearly. To date, however, their engineering efforts have done little to curtail the mounting nation-wide incidence of stolen and stripped cars. Although each of the firms has approached theft protection from a different angle, none as yet has developed an anti-theft device sufficiently effective and sufficiently automatic to be a satisfactory deterrent.

It is an unhappy truth, undisputed by any crime expert, that car theft is fast becoming one of the nation's most costly plagues. The National Auto Theft Bureau, a service organization maintained by the more than 400 firms that write automobile fire and theft insurance, estimates that in 1968 the gross loss to motorists amounted to more than $825 million, not including the value of accessories. (One insurance company paid out more than $1 million in a twelve-month period just to replace hubcaps stolen from its policyholders!) These latest figures reflect a 25 per cent increase since December of 1967—and more than 800,000 Americans reported stolen autos last year, almost four times the number taken ten years ago!

Paradoxically, as the total of car "heists" mounts, the rate of recovery falls. The NATB recovery rate of 67 per cent for 1967 was a decisive 9 per cent drop from the preceding year. This, the bureau's agents feel, is due largely to two factors: the growing skill of professional auto thieves in entering and removing vehicles, and the active market for stolen autos among shady American, European and South American dealers who will buy cars without asking for certificates of title. The police of the country have at present some 200,000 cars on their lists of unsolved crimes. And it should be remembered that there are many other crimes which begin with the theft of a car.

Who is really at fault when a car disappears from its parking spot—manufacturer, motorist, policeman?

The manufacturers say that to place the main responsibility on them is unrealistic; that it's up to motorists to guard their own property; just as it is they who must snap the buckles of their seat belts and shoulder harnesses, if those safety devices are to be of value. To back up their argument, company representatives point to the established statistic that almost 80 per cent of stolen cars had been left by owners with unlocked doors, of which at least half were parked with the key in the ignition. John U. Damian, vehicle regulations manager of the Ford Motor Co., speaking at the three-day Institute on Auto Theft which convened last year in Cleveland, told the 300 attending police officers: "Until we can get drivers to stop handing over their vehicles to thieves, all anti-theft activities are practically useless!" The motorist who shrugs, "Who cares? I'm insured!" is as spendthrift as he is misguided, since Americans pay for the spiraling crime of car theft with equivalent spiraling insurance costs.

In line with this assertion, the Criminal Division of the Justice Department last year sponsored a national "Lock Your Car" campaign. Through a series of newspaper and magazine ads, radio and television spot announcements, bumper stickers and films, the public was warned against leaving their car doors unlocked and their keys dangling as enticements. Several cities took the crusade a step farther: their police ticketed any vehicle left unattended with the keys in plain sight. The results seemed to justify the campaign—Chattanooga reported a 33 per cent decrease in stolen cars, Chicago, 19 per cent and Honolulu, 27 per cent. But the police know that unless they keep on giving tickets people will forget. What we need, they say, is an anti-theft device which will *think* for motorists.

But here the problem takes on the complexities of a kaleidoscope, mainly because of the many elements involved in planning an automobile which will be reasonably theftproof. Keys and their combinations, Vehicle Identification Numbers (VINs) and their plates, confidential numbers, ignition switches, door and trunk locks, hood mechanisms, entry accessibility—all these must be considered. The cost to the customer is another factor, so it is small wonder that the auto companies doubt that they will ever find the solution.

General Motors was the first to include a so-called anti-theft device as standard equipment for its 1968 models. This took the form of a signal which buzzes alarmingly whenever the driver attempts to open his door without first removing the ignition key. In application, however, many motorists have already found the raucous alarm hard on their nerves, and have disconnected its wires.

Roy P. Trowbridge, GM's director of Engineering Standards, cited another example of his company's efforts to protect their vehicles from theft: "Between 1966 and 1968, General Motors increased the number of key combinations from about 1,300 to 4,000, rendering the so-called *master keys* virtually useless. It now takes approximately 20 pounds of keys to operate these 4,000 combinations, a heavy load for any crook to carry!"

These "master," or manipulative, keys have become a source of concern for both the automobile companies and the police departments. Although most honest motorists are unaware that such "skeleton keys" exist for cars, auto thieves have been using them successfully for years, often purchasing them through the mail.

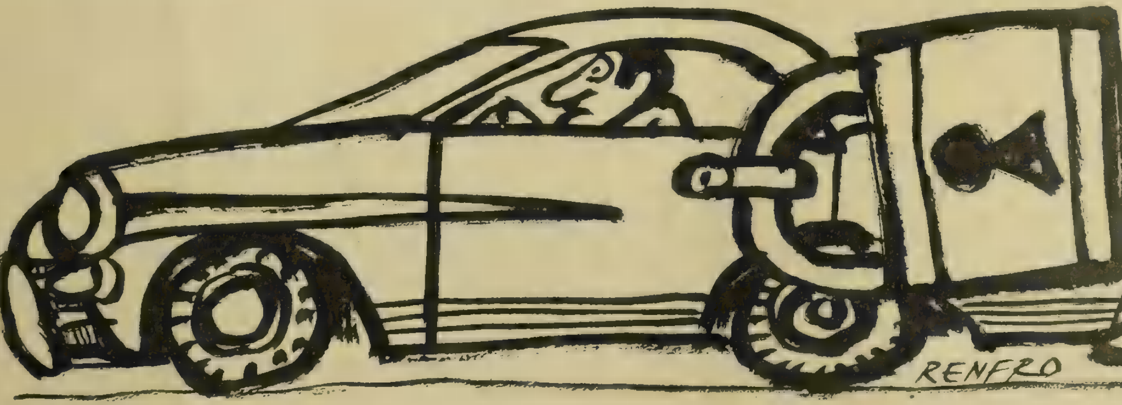
The indiscriminate sale of such keys first came to the attention of William J. Davis, Western Division manager of the National Auto Theft Bureau, through an advertisement in the July 16, 1962 issue of *Automotive News*:

> Attention Used Car Dealers and Repossessors. Master Ford ignition key fits all models, yours for $2.00 postpaid. A set of 64 General Motors master keys fits all GM cars, $9.95 postpaid. Set of three keys, opens ignition, door and trunk, all model Ford products, $5.00 postpaid. Send check or money order to ———— Co., P.O. Box ———, ——— ————, California.

Davis immediately approached the editors of the magazine and informed them that one of their advertisers appeared to be selling "master keys" to anyone who would forward the money. "Subsequently, publication of this ad was discontinued," Davis reported. "But this was just one of many cases where manipulative keys have been offered to any and all buyers, irrespective of age or intent."

As a result of this flooding of the country with "master key" advertisements, bills were introduced into several state legislatures to control their distribution. Federal legislation was also initiated—all with little result. Ohio is now one of the few states where it is unlawful to possess a master key for the purpose of using it to commit a crime.

Not even the President was able to push through the



federal bill. In his Special Message to Congress on Crime, delivered in February 1968, Mr. Johnson proposed an Auto Theft Prevention Act which would prohibit the advertisement, mailing or shipment in interstate commerce of motor vehicle keys, or information and devices from which such keys can be made. This act, together with the Auto Safety Regulations proposed by the Secretary of Transportation (which would require anti-theft devices on cars manufactured after December 31, 1969), "should help counter the rising rate of auto thefts," Mr. Johnson told Congress. To date, neither bill has passed.

But even without federal prompting, the automobile firms have taken several steps to discourage thievery. Last year the four major companies acted to make it as difficult as possible for car bandits to remove the vehicle ID plates or eradicate the numbers. Each firm installed the plates in the narrow space between the windshield and padded dash, using hidden rivets to prevent tampering with the VINs. Readily visible from the outside of the car—so that an investigating policeman might check through the windshield and not be accused of "illegal entry"—the identification numbers are also dye-stamped into the engines and transmission assemblies, as well as in secret locations known only to the factories, but made available to police departments for identification purposes.

In other approaches, the manufacturers have been pursuing separate paths based upon their particular anti-theft theories. Chrysler has been studying the problem from the standpoint of deterring the thief from *starting* the car. "Chrysler has been involved in anti-theft measures since 1924," states James W. Shank, executive engineer of the Body Engineering Division. "Over the years we have analyzed the problem and concluded that the two major aspects are the keys left in vehicles by the drivers and the youngsters who steal cars 'for kicks.' Since we can't seem to depend upon motorists locking their car doors . . . we are attempting to improve the ignition system so that the time needed to start our cars illicitly makes theft almost prohibitive. After all, the longer it takes a crook to get a motor going, the less likely he'll hang around for fear of being apprehended."

Chrysler has on its drawing boards plans for a "pop-out" ignition key, but this, like GM's buzzer alarm, reads better than it works. The engineers have still to control the obvious "bugs" in the system: for it to operate successfully, the spring pressure must be so great that the motorist's key could be propelled into the back of the car. Furthermore, if the driver were to throw his gear shift into "park" accidentally, his key would be ejected.

American Motors considers safety before theft. Jack E. Martens, AM's chief safety engineer, said, "Let's make the car readily accessible to honest rescuers in cases of accidents and still keep out the kids who want to steal the cars for 'joy rides.' " Thus, American Motors has improved its door-locking system to make it both easier to close and easier to open in case the driver is pinned inside. All new Rambler and American models include a highly stylized padded door panel with a locking button built into the recessed handle. Only finger-tip action is needed to release the button on the driver's side.

Martens' feeling is that "the more convenient you make it for drivers to lock their doors, the more doors will be locked after the drivers have parked their cars." AM, therefore, considers its "keyless" locks an important anti-theft measure. Late-model cars are also equipped with a pre-set locking system which works automatically once the driver has set the switch. Its only drawback is that the system's efficiency depends upon the motorist's memory: unless he flips the lock, the system is not operational, and anyone can enter his car!

Two years ago Ford introduced a new door-lock plunger that is difficult to hook with a wire or a bent coat hanger (both devices have seen much use by professional and amateur thieves). In discussing his company's proposed plans, Ford's John Damian stated that *hot-wiring* (a process whereby the ignition switch is by-passed and electrical contacts "jump" the starter cable) is sufficiently prevalent to require the installation of key-operated hood locks. Did Ford adopt the idea for its 1969 models? "No, the manufacturing costs would make them a highly optional feature. In all probability, motorists wouldn't buy them!" Ford scoffs openly at its competitors' anti-theft designs, including Chrysler's pop-out switch. Nor does Ford feel that an ignition buzzer is the answer. The majority opinion among the car makers is that the ideal anti-theft measure is one that will completely immobilize a vehicle, so that it can neither be "jumped" nor towed away. This, experts say, can be achieved only with complete steering column, transmission and ignition locking systems.

And yet only General Motors included this triple locking system as standard in its 1969 models. American Motors positioned its ignition switches on separate bases adjacent to the steering columns, in anticipation of some anti-theft bill by the new Congress. As for the other two firms, they added some length and some new comfort to their new vehicles, but neglected to include anything vaguely resembling an anti-theft device.

General Motors is the one company that appears to feel it is within range of success. An excerpt from the 1969 Chevelle brochure, which, among other things, describes the new steering column locks, boasts: "This might just be the year that we put auto thieves out of business!" Whether this is wishful thinking, remains to be seen.

Unless everyone concerned—motorists, manufacturers and police—forgets about passing the buck and assumes his share of the burden, automobiles will continue to be snatched from the streets at the rate of one every minute, and the projected figure of 1 million stolen cars in 1970 will become a nasty reality. Perhaps it's time for Ralph Nader to wave the crusading banner again.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Love Affair with Unreason and Death

WEIMAR CULTURE: The Outsider as Insider. *By Peter Gay. Harper & Row. 205 pp. $5.95.*

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of De Tocqueville *(Hillary House).*

A few years ago Peter Gay seemed to some of his admirers to be undeniably brilliant, swift of judgment, unkind in debate, impatient to prove the limits of other men and in particular the historians who were his teachers, colleagues, friends. His new book suggests a different kind of man and historian, no less acute and decisive, but one who can experience pain as well as inflict it.

Gay has written not only on the Enlightenment with great authority but found time to comment, perhaps idiosyncratically, on the Puritan historical vision and has always given some of his best attention to the German historical experience. In his current work, Gay exhibits more than his usual professional skill, control and understanding. He appears to have become aware of the limits of the human situation; and while still celebrating the capacity of reason to order our chaotic existence he now seems to feel more deeply the nature of our common vulnerability to passion, to the irrational, to unwise dreams, to death. The historian of the Enlightenment was somewhat sure that reason will always expose stupidity, self-interest, superstition, cruelty. The historian of the Weimar era cannot be certain of the cure for the terrible beauty, effort and destruction that was everywhere present in Weimar Germany.

In 1913, the Hebrew poet Zalman Schneour, traveling in Germany, wrote "The Middle Ages Draw Near!" a great poem which prophetically denied the advent of a modern era. It described the frozen and masked features of men, predicting darkness and winter for Germany, while evoking the image of the ancient wheel of hate oiled by blood, creaking and cursing dryly because "its axle is not wet enough." This image of a Gothic world incapable of giving up its cruel heritage must always remain one of the ways of viewing the culture of Germany from the Wilhelmian era to the end of the Weimar Republic. Peter Gay has not chosen to ignore the Gothic features of Germany; his aim is rather to discuss the possibilities of life and of creation that so vigorously existed in this society alongside the will to deny life, from the turn of the century until the final disaster.

Gay finds the lasting accomplishments of Weimar in its artists and thinkers who were outside the established order of thought, power and prestige; the creators of its living ethos properly had only one destiny—to become exiles, the bearers of unmeasurable gifts in the hour of their Diaspora. He believes that an understanding of modernity, of its secrets and opportunities, characterized the best of the poets, artists, historians of Weimar. This conviction is illustrated by drawing a lesson from the architecture of Walter Gropius: "What Gropius taught, and what most Germans did not want to learn, was the lesson of Bacon and Descartes and the Enlightenment: that one must confront the world and dominate it, that the cure for the ills of modernity is more, and the right kind of modernity." But even when offering such prescriptions as this Gay does not commit the error he ascribes to the historian Friedrich Meinecke of turning scientific questions into philosophical problems. He does elect the no less ambitious task of distinguishing sane men from madmen, the authentic artist from the fraud, the modest poet from the vain poet who would be priest and emperor over men's souls. His history is more than a magic and successful recapturing of the Weimar period; it provides space for reason to judge a society that wished so often to escape from history.

As historian and judge, Gay is informed not only by the precedents of Western rationality but also by his own sensibility and response to that which was seductive, intoxicating and overwhelming in the poetry, art, architecture, philosophy and history of Weimar. He understands the spell of Stefan George "at once erotic and spiritual," and observes that in George every talent was present except those of the mind. And though Gay pays his tribute to the qualities of Meinecke's historical scholarship (as every historian must), he justly deprives Meinecke of his claim to authority by noting that his morality differed little from sentimentality and that Meinecke's view of the state lacked the very concreteness and reality which was his proudest boast.

It is Gay's welcome argument that the Weimar Republic was not inevitably doomed. There were those who had wanted it to succeed, men who were not lacking in intelligence and courage. Gustav Stresemann, for one, began as a model "rational republican" only because the monarchy could not be given life, and then grew from a politician to a statesman. He earns from Gay the eulogy that he "ended up as an extraordinary German." But what comes as a surprise and a delight in Gay's judgment is his basic agreement with Arnold Brecht that Stresemann acted in the end out of love for the Republic rather than from the demands of practicality. And in this instance Gay departs a little from his own dependency on the Enlightenment to honor Stresemann as the best representative of those whose "republicanism had its reasons which their reason did not know."

The partisans of intelligence who supported Weimar are represented by those who gathered at the Warburg Institute, the Deutsche Hochschule für Politik, and the Institut für Sozialforschung in Frankfurt. They are remembered for their realism, capacity for criticism, freedom from mysticism. The hope of Weimar is seen as having been entrusted to scholars such as Erwin Panofsky and Ernst Cassirer, men of genius, understanding, discipline, talent, free of illusion, open to modernity, confident of man's capacity to comprehend a world formed by their own kind.

Yet when Gay is done praising the Weimar spirit he must explain how it all went so wrong, so insanely into frenzy and the calculated madness of Hitler's Germany. Gay charts the tragic course by identifying those active in poetry and art in Weimar who preferred to establish a secret Germany which demanded from life and politics what cannot be given. They sought after that "oceanic" feeling which Freud described as illusion, guarded perhaps by genius, but still illusion, a "hunger for wholeness" that could not be satisfied in this universe. Society and the state were denied their ordinary purposes and asked to serve all that is irrational in man. Insane and unworldly demands were encouraged not only by banal and ugly men but by poets of Rilke's worth and philosophers of Heidegger's strength. Professor Gay does not adopt the usual academic practice of praising Heidegger the metaphysician, and regretting Heidegger the man, who bent to Hitler's screams. He unhesitatingly judges and condemns him for giving "philosophical seriousness, professorial respectability, to the love affair with unreason and death that dominated so many Germans in this hard time." Philosophers who dismiss such reservations are offered an elementary problem in logic:

> By no means all who read Heidegger were Nazis, or became Nazis because they read him; Christian existentialists or philosophers concerned with the supreme question of Being found him interesting and sometimes important. But Heidegger gave no one reason not to be a Nazi, and good reasons for being one.

Bernard S. Meyer, the art historian, has written of the Expressionist painter Emil Nolde that, "he always felt the artist should paint first and think afterward." According to Peter Gay such behavior was the common failing of all the Expressionists, and he thinks that while it helped them to assault the established order, it also developed destructive amoral and unpolitical attitudes. Gay sees the Expressionist movement as a revolt of the sons whose style made possible the revenge of the fathers, who proved to be better than their sons in the attack on culture and the old ways of life.

Here then is an explanation of much that has until now been inexplicable; we are able to see *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and the antics of Joseph Goebbels as inextricably united in that distorted vision which prepared the scenario for the Third Reich.

The Poet in the Collective

DAVID KLEINBARD

Mr. Kleinbard teaches at Queens College and is at work on a novel.

In the last six years the incendiary satirist, Wolf Biermann, has become a symbol of resistance for young Germans on both sides of the Berlin Wall. Many Germans consider this 32-year-old balladeer to be Brecht's heir as their leading political poet. But Biermann's war with the Ulbricht regime represents a change of mood among young East German writers since the uneasy alliance of Brecht and the commissars. Because of his Communist convictions, Biermann left his West German home in 1953 to live in the East. Ten years later Walter Ulbricht himself publicly read the poet out of the Social Unity (Communist) Party. Biermann's satirical play on the Wall had infuriated the party leaders.

Since 1966 the government has forbidden him to publish, perform, record, or travel. Nonetheless he continues to write and to circulate his satires of the Ulbricht regime, ridiculing the "impotent old empty barrels" of the party. In Biermann's recent poem, "Four Very Different Attempts to Talk New with the Old Comrades," the leaders appear rigid with age, surrounded by "fiery windbags and informers"—men who fought at Madrid and endured through Hitler's inferno to found a new German Republic on Marxist ideals have become "bizarre stone" fossils of their former selves.

When Biermann's first book of poems, *Die Drahtharfe*, (*The Wire Harp*, strung with the barbed wire of the Berlin Wall), came out in 1965 in West Berlin, the East German Writers' Union issued the ruling, popularly known as "the Biermann Law," which prevented East German authors from selling their works to foreign publishers without government permission. Erich Honecker, a member of the Politburo, described *Die Drahtharfe* as "so-called poems," revealing Biermann's "petty bourgeois anarchistic behavior, his arrogance, skepticism, and cynicism." Honecker had in mind lines like these:

The Collective is on the wrong track

I am the individual
The Collective has become isolated from me
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

In spite of his threatened position, Biermann has clearly expressed his determination to remain in the East in order to fight the perversion of communism by the Ulbricht bureaucracy. The poet's battle for a freer, more dynamic communism continues in the new collection of his work which has just appeared in West Berlin, entitled *Mit Marx- und Engelszungen.* The punning title can be translated, *With the Tongues of Marx and Engels* (Angels). The published volume omits a poem included in the manuscript, celebrating the changes in Prague early last year as a signal for hope in the limbo of Ulbrichtland. The poem concludes:

Wir atmen wieder, Genossen. Wir lachen
die faule Traurigkeit raus aus der Brust
Mensch, wir sind stärker als Ratten und Drachen!
Und hatten's vergessen und immer gewusst

We breathe again, Comrades. We laugh
the foul sadness out of our chests
Man, we are stronger than rats and dragons!
We had forgotten that and always known it
(My translation)

With the invasion of Czechoslovakia this source of hope was lost in the bleak political landscape which Biermann's new volume portrays. The next to last poem in the collection, "The German darkness settles/Over my mind," expresses very clearly and simply the intensity of Biermann's gloom, as "it grows overwhelmingly dark" in his most recent songs.

Biermann's targets in his new book range far beyond the borders of degraded communism. In "General Ky's Dream," the poet's wit quietly exposes the terror veiled in Saigon's pretense of freedom:

But finally the government passed a law
That all men are
Happy
Breaches of this law
Were punished with death
Soon
There were really only
Happy men
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Biermann's villains include the West German chancellor, the mayor of West Berlin, and the newspaper magnate, Springer. In a poem of spare and brutal directness, the poet links these three men with the assassination attempt last spring against the radical student leader, Rudi Dutschke. Biermann's publisher, Wagenbach, now faces a suit for this so-called slander of the chancellor. In an ironic twist of fate the West German litigation may dissuade the East German Government from prosecuting Biermann for the crime of publishing in West Berlin.

Biermann has become known in this country through the efforts of Eric Bentley, the Columbia University professor who did so much to create a university audience for Brecht, paving the way for Brecht's enormous influence on professional theatre. Bentley visited Biermann in his East Berlin home a short distance from the Wall, during the spring of 1965, and reported on his visit in *Partisan Review* the following winter. He recognized the young German balladeer as an extraordinarily gifted voice for the men in all countries who defy the established forces of oppression—

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Ballads by Wolf Biermann

Translated by ERIC BENTLEY

THE SONG OF THE WORST THING

Do you know the worst thing
In the life you live
Making you a lackey
Making you a slave
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that all of you
Tolerate injustice
Just as if it had to be.

Do you know the worst thing
About hypocrisy
Making you a fool, not
Letting you be free
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that all of you
Carelessly let fall
What's not so at all
Even though you know the truth.

In the life you live, I
Know what's worst for you:
When you are obedient
When you're tried and true . . .
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that any man
Who puts up with all things
Lives but is already through.

COMRADES, WHICH OF US WOULDN'T BE AGAINST WAR

But for
The gleam of Münzer's morning stars
Shining on the rebellious peasants
When they enlightened their tormentors
With a bloody light

But for
The good sound of Stalin's organs
When at Christmas time
They roared PEACE ON EARTH into
The frozen ears of Hitler's soldiers

But for
The elegance of automatic rockets
In Ho Chi Minh's skies
When, to the astonishing feats of engineering from Detroit,
They give an astonishing kiss

But for
The beauty of the machine gun
Over the shoulders of the guerrilla fighter
When he provides the Bolivian peasants
With telling arguments against their oppressors and
At long last they understand

And best of all but for
Police, armed against the people,
When they are swept along by the stream of the rebelling masses
And are drowning in the canyons of the streets
And at long long last they grab ahold
Not of their weapons but of
The rescuing hand of the unarmed.

HANNS EISLER, OR THE ANATOMY OF A SPHERE

Rare circumstance of a round human being!
Neither his tongue nor his brain showed any cleavage,
Nor was there any split in him between top and bottom.
Just where on other men's bodies you'd find a weak spot
Just where other men have got their backs broken
Arches powerfully forward his cheerful belly
And swings up and down in uproarious laughter
At stupidity in music, and not in music only.
Thus the big man spared us bigger words.

Marvelling still today we newcomers travel
Hither and yon over that tiny globe. O spherical flatland,
Wondrous paradox! We never
Get to
The end.

DEVASTATING SIDE EFFECT OF THE VIETNAM WAR

You see it, that thing there, that war,
Throwing a long shadow across the world
Under whose protection certain people cheerfully
Go on murdering
Go on torturing
Go on lying

And where? Where, alas, is *this lying, Comrades?*
Where is this torturing?
Where even now this murdering?

the war makers, the police, the racists, the censors, the bureaucrats and the industrialists. A shared devotion to Brecht undoubtedly encouraged their collaboration, as Bentley became Biermann's American translator and proxy performer. Bentley's book of translations, *The Wire Harp*, and his Broadside recording, "Bentley on Biermann," both came out in 1968. His performances at the YMHA and on radio station WBAI, this past year, and selections performed by the DMZ political cabaret have also offered us a taste of Biermann's talent. (See also the selections which appeared in *The Nation* of November 20, 1967.)

A Philips recording, "Wolf Biermann, Ost, zu Gast bei Wolfgang Neuss, West," and two records issued by Wagenbach, provide the only doorway through the Wall to Biermann's own voice and guitar accompaniment. His exuberant performances are astonishing in their range, agility and sensitivity. It is understandable that he has ignited the spirits of stifled young people in both Germanys; he satirizes the most fearful aspects of war and tyranny with an extravagance of imagination reminiscent of Swift or Rabelais. His lyrical moments of tenderness and sadness are no less stirring, in such songs as the lament for the Spanish Communist Julián Grimau, executed by Franco in 1963.

Biermann's foremost model is Brecht, for style, subjects and attitudes. Biermann writes in a colloquial, hard-knuckled, vibrantly physical German. Combining a taste for street ballads, beer-garden comedy, nursery rhyme and folk tale, the style itself laughs at the stuffy middle class and the *rigor mortis* of citizens who have lost all capacity for wit, love and play.

Biermann's "Legend of the Soldier in World War III" epitomizes his alchemical cunning in utilizing Brecht for his own highly original works. It is a sequel to Brecht's famous "Legend of the Dead Soldier," which tells how the Kaiser, in desperate need of soldiers at the end of the First World War, had a dead hero dug out of his grave and set to marching through Germany. Biermann's ballad reveals an imagination equal to the unimaginable, the nuclear apocalypse. He delivers the recitative passages, satirizing the atomic Armageddon, in a strident hammering style, dramatizing the noise of war and the loud anger of the militarists. He plays these passages off against lyrical interludes:

Now it is winter time
Long and broad evenings
Mourn in the snow.
While love lasts we shall find,
Karen, though cold the wind,
That all is well.
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Biermann sees the earth, devastated by a third World War, as a "ship of death," "A round red sore." But images of horror give way to a mock apocalypse, typical of Biermann, when the hail of atomic rockets burns off the angels' wings and God's beard. Even the *souls* of men are annihilated, forcing the now beardless God to call off the Last Judgment.

In the "Ballad on the Poet François Villon," Biermann acknowledges another major influence on his poetry. (Carried in full in *The Nation*, November 20, 1967.) This ballad revels in the grotesque and the obscene, with a lack of restraint appropriate to its picaresque hero, Villon:

Die Eitelkeit der höchsten Herrn
Könnt meilenweit er riechen
Verewigt hat er manchen Arsch
In den er musste kriechen

The vanity of rulers had
For him a smell infernal.
Into some asshole he would creep
And then make it eternal
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Villon, come back from the dead with none too sweet a smell, lives in Biermann's closet. When the border guards machine-gun him on his walks along the Wall, wine, not blood, floods from the French poet's bullet holes. At last the people's police come for Villon and the Biermann of the ballad denounces his friend, declaring his own lamblike loyalty to the regime. "I am a pious son of the church," he protests, assuring the police that he sings about nothing but flowers. But when he leads them to Villon's hiding place, they find only the 3 pounds of border-guard lead the Frenchman has vomited. Villon seems to represent the demon of imaginative and moral energy in Biermann which cannot be gunned down or imprisoned. In contrast the caricature of Biermann kowtowing to the cops mocks the party's demands that the satirist become a milquetoast. With this ironic self-portrait Biermann thumbs his nose at the bureaucrats who hope for his despair and silence.

In his new volume, *Mit Marx- und Engelszungen*, the mood has become somber. Moments of desolation or intense bitterness prevail. "Balancesheet Ballad in the Thirtieth Year" portrays the poet as cut off from all means of livelihood by the government. For Biermann at 30 both parts of Germany have become a rats' nest in which men sell themselves for Communist or capitalist money. The poem also reveals the struggle in Biermann between his passionate hope for a liberated, more humane communism and his somber vision of human history; revolts against despotic power in one generation after another fail under a barrage of shit, and come to nothing. "Balancesheet Ballad" focuses on his fear that the sturdy boat of his life has begun to rot from under him:

Jetzt hat mein schönes Boot ein
Leck
Die Planken faulen langsam weg
Es tummeln sich, ich seh, mit
Schreck
Die Haie unterm Kiele

Now my handsome boat has a leak
The planks all slowly rot away
There's a tumult, I see with dread
The sharks under the keel
(My translation)

Nonetheless, the ballad feeds our hopes that the sorcery of Biermann's wit and music will exorcise the sharks. For it ends with a resurgence of the poet's

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laughter, which has echoed in each chorus:

Und doch: Die Hundeblume blüht
Auch in der Regenpfütze
Noch lachen wir.

And yet: The dandelion blooms
Even in the rainpuddles
We're still laughing
(My translation)

Weimar Tragedy

WEIMAR GERMANY'S LEFT-WING INTELLECTUALS. *By Istvan Deak. University of California Press. 346 pp. $9.75.*

STEVEN WARNECKE

Mr. Warnecke has lectured at the Universities of Cologne and Frankfurt and the City University of New York on politics and literature. He is currently working on a study of German education, culture and politics.

The *Weltbühne*, the subject of Istvan Deak's study, was a crusading, Left-oriented journal published in Berlin from 1905 to 1933. If this journal has a claim to fame, it is because of the personalities and the pacifist writings of its most famous editors, Carl von Ossietzky and Kurt Tucholsky. Tucholsky, who left Germany for Paris in 1924, was noted for his incisive, epigrammatic style and his literary caricatures. Ossietzky, who received the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1936, was imprisoned under the Weimar Republic as a result of his courageous exposé of illegal military activities by the *Reichswehr*.

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The journal attracted as its contributors a band of intellectuals, journalists and poets who were as consistent in avoiding party affiliation of any kind, as they were in opposing the revival of nationalism and authoritarianism during the 1920s in Germany. It became customary to call them *linke Intellektuellen*, or, in the more derogatory term of the conservative nationalists, "cultural Bolshevists." The journal itself was known as the periodical of the "homeless Left." Its contributors included: Heinrich Mann, Alfred Polgar, Erich Kaestner, Alfred Doeblin, Bertolt Brecht, Leonard Frank, Theodor Plievier, Rene Schickele, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ernst Toller, Arnold Zweig, Kurt Hiller and Walter Hasenclever.

Mr. Deak's work supplies an excellent, straightforward account of the *Weltbühne* campaigns against nationalism, conservatism and fascism. These included a call for universal fraternity during World War I when nationalism was at its height; an intellectualized Socialist Republic during the "Revolution" of 1918-19; and friendship with France and a European federation at a time when German revanchism opposed the Treaty of Versailles as a *Diktat*, and successfully slandered Republican politicians with the "stab in the back" legend. In addition, the journal stood for two other extremely unpopular policies—for peace with Poland and against any secret military cooperation between the Soviet Union and the *Reichswehr*. The fall of the *Weltbühne* (as well as of Germany) is revealed in the journal's final crusade for Socialist unity against fascism from 1928 to 1932. From 1933 until 1939 the *Weltbühne* was published successively in Vienna, Prague and Sèvres near Paris. In 1946 it reappeared in East Berlin under the co-editorship of Ossietzky's widow and Hans Leonard, engaged in the ideological struggle between the German Democratic Republic and West Germany.

In his attempt to understand and to explain the motivations of the contributors to the *Weltbühne*, as well as their relation to Weimar politics, Deak continues several myths about Left-oriented intellectuals during this period of German history that have become incorporated into American historical scholarship.

He begins by rejecting the speculation that there was a spiritual affinity between "conservative revolutionaries" of the Right, and left-wing intellectuals, and correctly asserts that these groups differed in their conception of human nature, in their judgment of the perfectability and goodness of man, on the meaning of liberty, and on the possibility of a solution to men's problems. But he also claims that the radical intellectuals were children of the Enlightenment and of the French Revolution. He sees them as "true cosmopolitans" dreaming of a world where a combination of humanism, socialism and democracy would prevail in contrast to the Right which spurned such values as useless sentimentalities and glorified war as an act of purification. Finally, he contests the view which holds that this intellectual elite contributed to the demise of Weimar by intermittently deserting the Republic and consistently refusing to support one of the parties associated with it.

Unfortunately, Deak does not probe deeply enough into the motives of the *Weltbühne* contributors' professions of progressive, optimistic, democratic faith. "Those uneasy intellectuals, that interstitial group between bourgeoisie and proletariat," who suffered from an unending sense of alienation and lack of identity, were much more a part of German culture than Deak is prepared to admit. An examination, for instance, of the effect of the depersonalization, hysteria and despair of the Expressionist movement through which many of them passed before they espoused some form of socialism, would be most revealing. The admission of such a connection might however tarnish "the cultural brilliance and vitality of the Weimar period" for which Deak believes these left-wing intellectuals were largely responsible, since it could show that the motivation that led so many of them to embrace Socialist utopianism was not a simple belief in justice, humanity and peace but was also derived from an urgent necessity to overcome the general chaos and degeneration which they felt in themselves as well as in the culture. Unlike their contemporaries on the Right, who willingly embraced philosophies of cultural despair, they attempted both to hide and to overcome morbid impulses in themselves and their time, by turning to politics through an unsystematic appropriation of Marxism. Thus their Marxism was a counterimage and counterbalance to their own sense of imminent decline, as well as a manifestation of their symbiotic relation to the Right.

The same problem exists in the relationship of their ideals, which were general and abstract, to the political reality of Weimar. Because Deak limits his discussion of their individual campaigns, they appear more pragmatic than they really were. He thus excludes the extent to which notions of moral and spiritual regeneration, individual and collective salvation, and perhaps an unconfessed or unconscious yearning for charismatic leadership infused their ideals. Their interest in politics, as well as their goals, were not dictated by, nor did they lead to, a political pragmatism. Motivated by apolitical cultural and spiritual concerns, their ideological politics, with the contradiction between its pessimistic base and progressive and optimistic superstructure, contributed in its own way to the decline of Weimar, as much as did the attacks of the Right on the Republic. Those among them who were more pragmatic retreated into a sniping attack (from the negative perspective of the *Kulturkritiker*) on the "Republic of lost opportunities"—without any real belief in the future.

Deak appears to be attempting to free this group of intellectuals from complicity in the decline of the Weimar Republic. But by accepting the validity of their ideology, he is prevented from eliciting the full range of complex and contradictory motivations that drove them *into* politics, as well as the depth and nuances of their ambivalent relationship *to* politics. The unfortunate result of excluding these elements is not that the humane values of the Left are discredited or condemned but that the full tragedy of Weimar remains hidden.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

1776 at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre is a fine and dandy show. Credit for this must go, in the first place, to Sherman Edwards who conceived the idea of making a musical of the contest, composition and signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was aided by Peter Stone's shrewdly crafted "book," discreetly spiced with sure-fire ingredients of sexual allusion and political joshing, around which floats an aura of residual patriotic sentiment.

It has been expertly directed by Peter Hunt, a gifted newcomer in the field, who knows how to stage the mixture like a legitimate play. Everything is done with the dispatch of musical comedy convention without ever appearing conventional. And Jo Mielziner has done his best settings in years: unostentatiously handsome, efficient, dignified. His lighting too glows beautifully in soft amber. The production benefits from Patricia Zipprodt's admirable costumes, which avoid calling attention to themselves as special attractions.

Though rarely little better than serviceably bright—with some occasional strain—Mr. Edwards' songs fit neatly into the dramatic context.

The fourth and longest scene of the show is the most accomplished. Here the Continental Congress comes on stage for the first time, the representatives of the thirteen states and their aides in full session. The atmosphere is sticky with heat; there is a pestilence of flies. The delegates are impatient, disgruntled, formally polite with old-time colonial manners which fail to conceal a native crudity that is appealing in its rough humor, earthy spontaneity, unbuttoned forthrightness. We recognize the division and tension of special interests, the Tory recalcitrance to yield to the pressure of the libertarians, the fumbling maneuvers, the obtuseness and chicanery, as well as the downright orneriness of all such conclaves.

Each personage is nicely delineated: Stephen Hopkins, the unreconstructed Yankee villager from Rhode Island who at every turn clamors for rum; John Adams, the voluble and fiery partisan of freedom for the new nation; the genial sophistication of Benjamin Franklin's diplomacy; the decorum of the Reverend Witherspoon of New Jersey; the embarrassed hesitancy of Morris from New York; the baffled timidity of Philadelphia's James Wilson; the haughty aristocracy of John Dickinson, spearhead of the conservatives who insist that "independency" is treason.

If only that scene had been all. But the show goes on with further condiments and charms. There is little that is "bad" in what follows; still as the show progressed I experienced churlish misgivings. I was surprised, almost shocked, to feel something like irritation with the entire occasion. Why, I wondered, should this be so when almost every episode contained some particular pleasantry. Somewhere in the smooth proceedings, I felt, there must be some sort of "swindle."

There is a smugness in *1776*. Its Americanism is complacently synthetic. It is pitted with raisins of such quasi-Shavian epigrams as "Treason is a charge invented by winners as an excuse for hanging the losers." There is a sprinkling of facile witticisms for immediate home consumption about Congress in general and the absurd niggling of the New York legislature. The hypocrisy of the North with regard to slavery is exposed melodramatically in a number called *Molasses, to Rum, to Slaves*, and with levity when Adams says: "If we give in on slavery here there will be trouble in this country a hundred years hence—posterity will never forgive us," to which Franklin replies: "That is possibly true. But we won't hear a thing—we'll be gone."

I appreciate the line, "Revolution comes into the world like bastard children, half improvised, half compromised." But with all this, we find Jefferson burning to get back to his wife and spending nights and days in bed with her instead of getting to work on the draft of the Declaration. This annoys John Adams, who sings to him, "Mr. Jefferson, dear Mr. Jefferson, I'm only forty-one, I still have my virility but life's more than sexual combustibility." While the teasing and gushing ribaldry takes care of one phase of a musical's requirements, Adams' attachment to his wife takes care of another: the domestic-romantic. To mellow it all a Drummer Boy's song *Momma, Hey Momma*, is insufferable in its banality.

The delectable contemporaneity of the show for the audience is evidenced by the first yak of the evening when the silliness of the Congressional goings-on is punctuated by someone muttering, "Sweet Jesus!" In short, nothing is conveyed that will in the least disturb the hazy, lazy view of anything in our past or present, or be incompatible with the comfort and expense of a night out at $15 a throw.

The cast is first rate. I especially liked David Ford's solid John Hancock, the

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anchor of good sense at the Convention, an effortless performance without a false note; Paul Hecht's polished Dickinson; Roy Poole's tart Rhode Islander. Howard da Silva's Franklin is oily rather than crisp, but technically altogether deft and effective. Clifford David's Rutledge is forceful but because of the song itself or from his anxiety to make it rousingly memorable, he renders the Rum-Molasses-Slaves "waltz" like an operatic ham.

The most generally admired performance is that of William Daniels as John Adams, the story's central figure. Daniels is an intelligent and eminently engaging actor (he was very fine in *The Zoo Story*), but the nearly apoplectic and supposedly spiky Adams is repeatedly referred to as "objectionable and disliked" which was historically the case. Franklin once described him as "sometimes mad." There is hardly a trace of anything like this in Daniels' nature or characterization. He is actually sweet. This sweetness is emblematic of the basic tone of the whole evening; a gruff, hard-bitten Puritan is embodied as an ardent, clean-cut college boy. Perhaps characterization in a musical isn't supposed to conform to the sense of the text? And if the composer or vocal coach doesn't come to his aid, Daniels will soon damage his throat as he struggles with the vehemence of *Is Anybody There? Does Anybody Care?*

Life today is extremely crass and the public harbors a nostalgia for a waning idealism. Thus *1776* is a great and merited hit. It serves our audience as an American "legend" somewhat in the way *Fiddler on the Roof* is a Jewish one, *Man of La Mancha* a "universal" one. I recall a respected New York reviewer who spoke of Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* as the equivalent of the *Divine Comedy*, and it too was a smash. *Vox populi. . .* !

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The work of Henri-Georges Clouzot (*Le Corbeau, Wages of Fear, Diabolique*) is commonly termed sadistic, but I've been oppressed for some time by the sense that it lacks the ingratiating sincerity of the half-mad Marquis. The pictures exploit a show-business perversity, more Grand Guignol than genuinely subversive.

Now with *La Prisonnière*—a little *Blow-Up*, a little *Belle de Jour*, and lashings of Op art and psychedelic film shenanigans—the shopkeeper is plainly to be seen behind Clouzot's warlock pose. In addition, he has turned sentimental—which de Sade did not; his vice was sermonizing. The sweetness, I grant, is sufficiently painful, but perhaps not so intended.

A girl named José (Elisabeth Wiener) is pleasantly shacked up with Gilbert, a successful *avant*-commercial artist (Bernard Fresson), but during a domestic spat allows the director of his gallery (Laurent Terzieff) to show her some color slides. Amidst a series on penmanship, demonstrating how celebrated writers differed in their ways of forming such words as "*rien*" and "*etre*," there appears the shot of a nude girl, folded up like a bundle and wrapped in chains. José, an innocent girl, finds herself deepply moved by this fairly stock item of exotica, and begins to haunt Stanislaus the dealer, who has Slavic features and the sleekly impassive manners of a well-trained butler. She is soon stripped and cavorting for his photographic pleasure in an ambiguously debasing way with another girl (who at least gets paid for the work).

The trouble with Stanislaus, as you may have guessed, is impotence; but José thinks she has a cure for that, and during a rainy weekend at the shore it appears for a time that she is right. For a few hours, Stanislaus is as happy as a kid with a new toy, jumping out of bed to play gymnastic hide-and-seek among the picturesque fishing hulls drawn up on the beach. Then, alas, he discovers a postcard José has written to a friend, announcing the good news, and flees back to Paris and his strobe lights.

Gilbert tries to kill Stanislaus, but is put off by the latter's shrewd cooperation; and José, having lost the attention of both gents, parks herself on the railroad tracks. In the last scene, Gilbert stands by her hospital bed and allows her to think him Stanislaus, that she may regain the will to survive. This proves that true, manly love is deeper than kinky kicks, and sent me home in morose suspicion that I had been bamboozled.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The twenty years in which New York became the center of art dealing have coincided with a persistent discontent among artists at showing in galleries. I am talking about aesthetics, not economics or politics: the uncertainty about the presentation of some forms of art in galleries. We have come a long way from Ambroise Vollard's sanguine reaction on seeing a Cézanne in Père Tanguy's color shop: "How nice it must be to be a picture dealer. Spending one's life among beautiful things like that." And, at about the same time, Pissarro wrote to his son about the show of Monet's Rouen Cathedral paintings at Durand-Ruel: "I would so have liked you to see the whole series in a group, for I find in it the same unity which I have been seeking for a long time." The size of the group, exhibited simultaneously, matched the gallery's capacity exactly.

The present uneasiness has no simple cause or solution, formed as it is by a mix of technical and aesthetic factors. What some of these are can be seen by reference to recent presentations by New York galleries. Oyvind Fahlstrom's show at Janis consisted notably of pools of water in which his cutout and vividly painted or ready-made images drifted or bobbed, stuck together or thinned out. The problem of variable relationships that earlier he handled with magnets beneath movable figures, has been brilliantly solved by the use of water. It provides a completely unresistant horizontal plane on which it is impossible to arrest the figures in set places. However, the largest pool, about 18 x 9 feet, and 20 inches deep, was cordoned off, seen only from the door, a frustration with such complex and detailed work as Fahlstrom's. The gallery's desire to keep the public from dabbling defeated proper viewing facilities.

Charles Ross showed three giant prisms of plexiglass filled with white mineral oil; the crystalline planes and the con-

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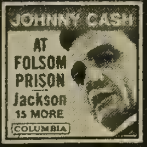
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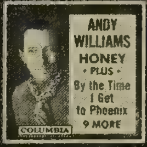
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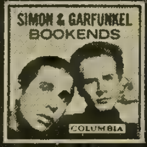
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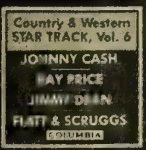
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© [illegible] Direct Marketing Services [illegible] tained transparent liquid transformed and warped the images of the spectators. The space of the Dwan Gallery is handsome, but it failed to provide the prisms with, as it were, enough scenic incident to reflect and refract. To compensate for this the artist showed photographs of works in other settings to indicate their responsiveness to the environment. The expedient, however, did not prevent the structures from being slightly starved by the white, loftlike place. Problems in the display of large works, of soft material, of scattered parts, have led both Richard Feigen and Leo Castelli to show art in warehouses, as well as in their regular gallery space.

Works of art that are nonrigid, diffuse, participatory or extensive, definitely strain gallery resources. Lila Katzen's "Moon Markers" at the Loeb Student Center (which can be counted as a gallery for this purpose) is an example of the latter. An aggregate of plastic forms, hard and soft, mineral objects, blown-up overviews of the moon, and a system of yellow and ultraviolet light made a lyrically glowing ambience. The arrangement of the elements had endless possibilities, because the total configuration, of linked, clustered and overlapping forms, supports random patterns of display.

Happenings signaled the pressure of art to extend beyond its spatial definition and its compact forms. Allan Kaprow saw the situation as a battle of old and new because the new open-ended work of art "fits uncomfortably within the glaring geometry of the gallery box." Claes Oldenberg corroded the art/gallery tie-up another way in his Ray Gun Manufacturing Company in the early sixties. "This store will be constantly supplied with new objects which I will create out of plaster and other materials in the rear half of the place. The objects will be for sale in the store." Thus Oldenberg usurped, anyway temporarily, the distribution function of the gallery.

Oldenberg's work could be bought right where it was made. As a combination of studio and retail outlet, the store was an act of intimacy toward the spectator (see it where it was made) and of prolonged control of his art by the artist. He was spared the protracted shifts of meaning and of competitive interpretations to which exhibited work is inevitably subject in a public place. His gesture has been picked up (though in a practical spirit, without Oldenberg's ironic play with the threshold of art and commerce) by the enterprise "10 Downtown," started last year. Ten artists without galleries are opening their studios on three weekends: April 19-20, 26-27 and May 3-4 (for information call CA 6-5304). Sociability in the form of studio visits is a good way to introduce new or neglected artists to an audience, but in this form it cannot replace full-time galleries with back-up resources.

In Ross's case, documentation provided contextual information about his sculpture, but there is also art that exists only in its documentation or in verbal form. The current example of this is "One Month," an exhibition (booklet) arranged by Seth Siegelaub (1100 Madison Avenue), which consists of the answers to letters sent to thirty-one artists (one for every day of the month) inviting them to participate: "kindly confine your replies to just verbal information." Robert Morris sent a telegram with the instruction "use this," and Lawrence Weiner's reply was, "An object tossed from one country to another." To those who think that such art has shrunk below the level of judgment, I would like to point out that Morris' injunction is an allusion to a gesture of Robert Rauschenberg, stating that a telegram was a portrait if he said it was; and suggest that this is Weiner's best idea to date (see his book, "Statements," also published by Siegelaub, for others).

John Gibson has an office rather than a gallery (27 East 67 Street) where he shows "Projects for Commissions." He argues that galleries cannot exhibit the work of artists who work outdoors on a big scale. That there is an expanded sense of scale and of place, working together, is undeniable, whether it takes the form of mapping and soil samples (Robert Smithson) or holes in the ground (Michael Heizer). Gibson, handling projects rather than finished works, Siegelaub handling aphoristic or propositional forms of art, share an assumption about art as a transmittable commodity. Art is a process that does not necessarily issue in objects. In addition, the kind of search behavior embodied in sketches can also be coded, in optional visual displays or in words. To the extent that an artist is working with sign systems he is making the Vollardesque life of the happy dealer among beautiful objects harder. The dealer is handling coded information rather than precious things.

All this does not, in my view, amount to an ultimate situation in which, as so many times before, art as object is to be buried or transcended. It is, however, a very real problem of distribution and, as such, is a pressure on gallery resources. There are certainly forms of conceptual and environmental art which exist most fully either in note form or at the site. That is to say, as document or as irreducible presence, and galleries cannot do much to display such work within the canon of authenticity which is their main source of money. On the other hand, the system of distribution of art which the galleries represent seems basically intact and the fact that some kinds of art elude display does not mean galleries are obsolescent. The techniques by which art *objects* are sold can also be applied to the thoughts or the services of the artist.

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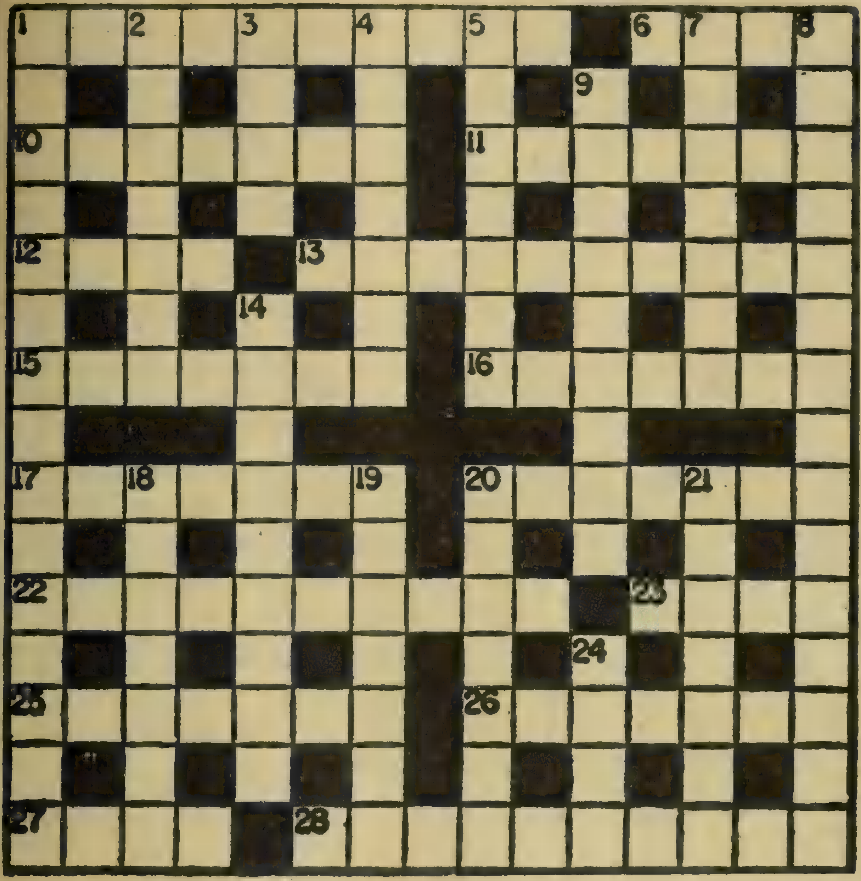

ACROSS

1 Shakespeare's "Henry VI"? At least one is probably caught off base with it! (6,4)
6 Non-union hack, headed south? (4)
10 Stores in town? (7)
11 You've got a point there, Reverend! (7)
12 and 24 down Pressing business at the front gate, perhaps. (8)
13 The type of 1 across that is 27? (10)
15 One might want more so. (7)
16 Bill was met by an early American, possibly. (7)
17 Heeding what Dobbin did? (7)
20 Flowers with 3 had an enchanting effect. (7)
22 Toward the heart, the French speak extravagantly in a one-sided way. (10)
23 An indication of the type not to be altered? (4)
25 Get thin, if you want to secure something. (7)
26 Might provide accommodation to wages, in a way. (7)
27 Seldom considered other than well done.
28 Dress circles? One might have seen them in the theater some time ago. (10)

DOWN

1 An example of pride, not unseasonable as stage fare. (3,4,2,6)
2 Better make the spirit wander! (7)
3 Obviously not the true role of learning. (4)
4 Less complicated carpenter's tool, by the sound of it. (7)
5 They might help you make out as part of the team. (7)
7 Head money? (7)
8 Capable of producing everything Omar needed to go with his verses? (10,5)
9 Current social phenomena suggest current controls. (9)
14 Served on Friday, passed over by the dining car. (9)
18 Latin lives in college song preceded by this for one or two as an example. (7)
19 A Mexican 7 down, with the letters around G. (7)
20 Hooks, even for the rising golfer? (5,2)
21 The emperor seems to have a quantity of head covering! (7)
24 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1291

ACROSS: 1 Lower the boom; 10 Avenges; 11 Insular; 12 Notch; 13 Countries; 14 Needlessly; 16 Ague; 20 Astringent; 23 Fantastic; 25 Track; 26 Customs; 27 Sundial; 28 Prepossessed. DOWN: 2 and 18 Over the hill; 3 Eggshell; 4 Test cases; 5 Elihu; 6 Onsets; 7 Milling; 8 Rain-in-the-face; 9 Dressed to kill; 15 Lyricists; 17 Instants; 19 Lines up; 21 Evasive; 22 Parole; 24 Tasso.

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LETTERS

the press and Biafra

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his interesting article on the Nigerian civil war ["Biafra: War of Images," *The Nation*, Mar. 10] Stanley Meisler emphasizes that the situation is complex and that "the Nigerians have done a poor job explaining it." Agreed. But is it not the role of the press . . . to dig out the facts . . . when ministries of information are inept and uninterested?

The world press has done a very poor job with regard to the Nigerian crisis. As a result, public opinion in most European countries and in the United States believes that Biafrans are fighting for their self-determination when, in fact, the Ibo leadership of so-called Biafra is fighting for the right to subdue 5 million ethnic minorities within Biafra who for fifteen years have clamored for their own states within the Nigerian federation, and who now run their own administrations after their territories have been liberated by federal forces.

As a result of distorted news coverage, world public opinion has come to see the civil war as an extension of the October massacres of 1966 with the intention of exterminating the Ibo people, when, in fact, observer teams from Ethiopia, Algeria, Poland, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Canada and the UN Secretariat unanimously have rejected the accusations of "genocide," and reported on how the Nigerian army and civilian administration are helping displaced Ibos to resettle in federally held Ibo territory. The 4 or 5 million Ibos who are now on the federal side are actually more safe and free than those who still live in Biafran-held territory.

People believe that Biafra seceded and is fighting Nigeria to ward off the threat of Muslim "northern domination" when, in fact, the old Northern Region was broken up into six states within the new twelve-state federal structure in May 1967, and when most of the Nigerian army as well as Nigerian leaders are Christian. . . .

Under such heavy pressure toward conformity, even Mr. Meisler, at least by implication, seems to support the cruel dream of Biafra which has killed more Ibos than the cynical NPC politicians, who organized the October massacres, ever could think of. . . . Mr. Meisler explicitly asserts that the Nigerians have a strong moral case for unity. . . . What is the moral case for Biafra, whose leadership doggedly refuses to give its large minorities the right of self-determination within the federation, and whose image makers consistently tamper with the truth about "genocide" and "Northern domination"?

Ulf Himmelstrand, Professor of Sociology
University of Uppsala, Sweden

abuse of powers

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Verdict in New Orleans" [Mar. 17], needs some explanation. It was my impression that *Time* indulged in petty, spiteful journalism; this editorial displays an ugly tone. . . .

The content of the editorial was this: District Attorney Garrison's efforts produced little evidence—and most of that came from witnesses in need of psychotherapy. The district attorney abused the power of his office in bringing Mr. Shaw to trial; indeed, the Justice Department should investigate whether Mr. Shaw's constitutional rights were violated. At any rate, no one can deny that Mr. Garrison's latest complaint against Mr. Shaw amounts to abuse of powers. Let us not consider the Warren Report sacrosanct, however. That Garrison's evidence didn't impugn it doesn't mean that possible new evidence won't.

(Continued on page 468)

EDITORIALS

Three Speeches

It is getting easier, by the day, to read the *Congressional Record*. Not that the type is any better: it remains poor, and the arrangement and format are as inconvenient as ever. But the quality of the speeches is improving. Three notable examples call for special comment.

Two are by the same man—Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.). The first was delivered on March 24, the second on the following day. Both are on the Vietnamese War. With remarkable boldness and candor, Mr. Findley urges the President to cut our losses and get out. The argument centers on a salient point—that we can now see that there were earlier opportunities at changes of administration: when John F. Kennedy took office in 1961, and when Lyndon B. Johnson was elected in his own right in 1964.

A related and overriding point is that great nations, like great men, must have the courage to admit error and change course. The admission is vital; it clarifies the situation and dictates what must be done to make a new beginning. Former Sen. Thruston Morton set an example in this respect. So did Senator Fulbright. Mr. Findley spells out with irrefutable reasoning the misconceptions on the basis of which the ordinary uninformed, or misinformed, citizen was persuaded to give reluctant consent to this misbegotten and wicked enterprise—until with the passage of time and the mounting casualty lists he saw through the propaganda that had deceived him.

Mr. Findley puts his finger on a crucial point when he tells the Congress and the Nixon Administration that Hanoi will not concede anything of importance at the negotiating table. The armies of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front have survived nearly twenty years of savage punishment by modern air, ground and sea forces. More of their troops have died in combat than the aggregate American losses in all our foreign wars. Remembering the sellout after the Geneva conference, and the violation of its agreements by Ngo Dinh Diem and his American backers, how could Ho concede anything vital, even if he were so minded? To ask for reciprocal concessions is to ignore the fact that we were wrong ever to interfere in this civil conflict.

Then on March 25 Findley put into the *Congressional Record*, state by state, the names of all the U.S. soldiers killed in action through the end of January 1969. The 31,379 names fill 121 pages of the *Record*. Merely to thumb through these pages is a harrowing experience for any American of ordinary sensibility. And the end is not yet. So many more have been added since peace talks began that the total now tops those killed in Korea.

As Findley asks, what has it gained us? Were sacrifices of this magnitude ever justified? Were *any* American deaths justified? Or is Vietnam, as Dr. George Wald has pointed out in a widely quoted speech, "the most shameful episode in the whole of American history"?

Another speech worth noting is Shirley Chisholm's first address to the House. Representative Chisholm (D., N.Y.) is for people and peace, not for profits and war.

NOV 1

She is not going to vote for any military appropriation measure until the slaughter in Vietnam is halted and we start redirecting our resources. Mrs. Chisholm is not a pacifist but in common with other nonpacifists she will not have this war on her conscience.

The Nixon Administration, many legislators, and many citizens who have given their sons and their dollars to fight a futile and disgraceful war, are trapped by the idea of an "honorable" peace. By that its proponents mean one which will look like a victory. But that is impossible. Even Ambassador Lodge has said that neither side can win a military victory. The best we can get is a political defeat, and the Nixon Administration would be wise to acknowledge that fact with as good a face as possible, pick up the pieces, and go on to constructive efforts. It does not have all the time in the world, nor will the task grow easier with procrastination. We cannot get an "honorable" peace, but any peace we can get will do more honor to our dead than does this interminable slaughter.

The Other Democrats

The House Democratic Study Group (DSG) has declared war on the Democratic Congressmen who vote more like Republicans than do most Republicans. The declaration is in the form of a DSG study revealing the record on thirty key votes that represent Democratic Party platform or traditional Democratic policies. Astonishingly, the study shows that "thirty-four Democratic committee and subcommittee chairmen—nearly one of every three—exceed the average Republican in opposing Democratic programs on the thirty key votes." The issues involved are poverty and hunger, housing and urban development, education, civil rights, gun control and crime, foreign aid, federal expenditures, and consumer protection. Not surprisingly, the errant Democrats are mostly Dixiecrats and border state Congressmen, while their DSG critics consist of 128 members from thirty-six Northern, Midwestern and Western states and seventeen members from fourteen Southern and border states.

The thirty-four Democratic chairmen—the "Republican" Democrats—include six full committee chairmen. According to the report, they "voted only 8 per cent in support of the Democratic position while voting 92 per cent in opposition. The overall Republican record—which two additional chairmen equaled—was 24 per cent support and 76 per cent opposition. The opposition of non-DSG Democrats was responsible for two-thirds of the seventeen Democratic defeats on the thirty votes surveyed —and Democratic chairmen alone were responsible for over half of the seventeen defeats."

Such facts have never before been publicized by an organization within the party for the purpose of exposing right-wing Democrats to their fellow Democrats as well as to the voters. A less explicit purpose of the report, although of even more significance than the exposé, is the implied attack on a seniority system that clearly works against the party by giving power to Congressmen who consistently oppose the party's principles. The report states that these men have "a basic disagreement with

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THE NATION
Volume 208
No. 15

Democratic programs, policies and principles in general. The disaffecting Democrats were not voting against extreme or radical proposals, but programs and policies which could be—and were—supported by Democratic chairmen representing a broad range of philosophical and political attitudes." So who needs them?

Practical Agitation

The phrase is credited to John Jay Chapman, the eccentric moralist who took literally the Biblical injunction that if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. Practical agitators are springing up all over. The cutting edge of this new ethic is to be found in the professions, and now comes the timely action of a group of New York City physicians who decided last July that a lobby of some sort was necessary in the interest of the patients of the twenty city hospitals which minister—after a fashion—to the needs of the "medically indigent" and the totally poor. The organizers were Dr. Seymour M. Glick and Dr. Gerald E. Thomson, and they called the organization the Society of Urban Physicians. They have enrolled 120 chiefs of service, and these top men expect, in time, to recruit their staffs.

The doctors are at present in revolt against drastic cuts that are in prospect for the city hospitals, already chronically short of funds. The city has ordered the hospitals to cut their budgets for the 1969 fiscal year because a reduction of state aid is in prospect. In this contest Mayor Lindsay, Governor Rockefeller and the state legislature all appear to be at fault. The legislative leaders are bowing to the wishes of the Republican conservative wing, which is bent on holding welfare spending to an arbitrary minimum based not on human needs but on angry protests from taxpaying constituents. Mr. Rockefeller feels he has no choice but to acquiesce. Mr. Lindsay is using the hospitals for leverage against the upstate politicians who regard New York City as a Gomorrah in which the shiftless poor are living high on the hog. The doctors at the city hospitals know the actual conditions. In daily contact with the sick poor, they are aware of the current inadequacies of the hospitals and refuse to cooperate in a further reduction of services.

The crisis broke into the open several weeks ago at Harlem Hospital, when the medical board voted to stop receiving all but emergency cases because of inability to give proper care, owing to lack of funds. The protest spread to other municipal hospitals. Interns, nurses and neighborhood organizations lined up with the doctors.

The latest development, as outlined by Dr. Glick, is that members of the Society of Urban Physicians may try to keep the city from collecting certain Medicare and Medicaid fees. The accounting machinery requires the officiating physician to sign a waiver whereby the city, instead of the physician, receives the fee. The money goes into the city's general fund. The doctors contemplate diverting these payments to the hospitals where they work, "exclusively for the upgrading of patient care." One way or another, they insist that elected officials must be forced to realize that "human life must receive a higher priority."

That the municipal hospitals should be allowed to sink to their present level of patient care is a disgrace to the city. Nearly half the population of New York City is dependent on city hospitals and other public health facilities. The solution is probably to turn the hospitals over to a public corporation that can operate them efficiently. The "practical agitation" of the doctors may hasten that change.

Special Issue: April 21

THE COPS

Blue Power, Law and Order, the Uniformed Minority,
Race and Rebellion, The Friendly Fuzz,
Up from the Ranks, Theory and Street Sense

Nine experts discuss the social implications
of the police and the patrolman's view of himself.

Meal Ticket for the Hungry

Assigning responsibility when a federal government department falls down on the job is generally a futile exercise. However, a case brought by California Rural Legal Assistance against the Secretary of Agriculture may yet produce results, even if the defendant never goes to jail. CRLA is holding Mr. Hardin responsible for USDA's failure to introduce food stamps into sixteen California counties which have so far refused the program, even though 400,000 to 500,000 of their residents are poor enough to qualify. Mr. Hardin has been summoned to explain why he defied two orders from the Northern California Federal District Court last February and December to introduce the program over the heads of the county supervisors. If he fails to appear, he will be in contempt of court, a status embarrassing for a Cabinet official. Either way, CRLA hopes that the ensuing publicity will help get the USDA off the dime.

The Department's handling of its main food programs is a classic illustration of hamstrung bureaucracy. All three of them are hedged with restrictions which annoy or shortchange the recipients, and all but the food-stamp program are clearly more concerned with disposing of agricultural surplus than providing an adequate, balanced diet. More seriously, the programs still leave a colossal hunger gap. Some 7 million low-income people get food stamps or commodity surplus, at an annual cost of $527 million—and another 14 million go without either.

Part of the reason for this sorry record is that despite their welfare function these programs have been handled by the USDA rather than Health, Education and Welfare. Hence key decisions about funding have been made by agriculture and appropriations committees, dominated by Corn Belt conservatives and other agribusiness spokesmen, who have blocked nearly every attempt by Congressional liberals to expand the program.

In California, the county boards of supervisors are thoroughly imbued with the Protestant ethic which deplores welfare as a Socialist plot and a free ride for the shiftless. On the other hand, many of these supervisors accept farm subsidies as a fact of life.

CRLA claims that it is unconstitutional to deny needy people access to federal food programs solely by reason of their county of residence—especially since $3 billion a year in agricultural subsidies go to growers, regardless of where they live. If CRLA can make its argument stick, twenty-one other groups are waiting to follow suit, including Texas, Missouri and South Dakota, where court actions are already pending.

Even if Mr. Hardin chooses to remain in contempt of court, the California case may generate some support for Sen. Walter Mondale's bill (S.6) to provide free stamps for all low-income people; it might even spur the Administration to carry out the recommendation that federal spending on food and nutrition programs be increased by $1 billion a year. It will certainly reinforce the belief of some members of the Senate Select Committee on Hunger and Malnutrition that all food programs should be handled by HEW. Secretary Finch looks favorably on this idea, and is said to consider running some experimental programs from his department. If the hungry can latch onto this bureaucratic rivalry, it may prove the best meal ticket they have ever had.

Dr. King: A Year Later

By any reckoning, Martin Luther King, Jr. was one of the greatest Americans, if not the greatest, to emerge in the last twenty years. He worked tirelessly for equality of the races, for peaceful social change, for the reconciliation of black and white.

The anniversary of his death was eclipsed by the funeral of General Eisenhower—one of the accidents of publicity. Certain Republicans and Conservatives, however, disgraced the state of California by a willful refusal to honor Dr. King's memory in a purely symbolic way. A resolution calling on Gov. Ronald Reagan to proclaim April 4 Martin Luther King Day passed the Assembly without difficulty; it then ran into trouble in the Senate. Referred to the Rules Committee, it was stalled for days. Senate Democrats finally tried to force it onto the floor, but failed by a 20-to-18 vote.

The leaders of the opposition were two Conservatives —John Schmitz of Orange County, well known as a Birchite, and H. L. Richardson, once on the staff of the Birch Society. Schmitz argued that the image of Dr. King as an apostle of nonviolence was false. Richardson came up with the usual bilge to the effect that King was an associate of Communists. Apparently the logic is that whoever cries out for social justice must be an associate of Communists, and that opposition to the Vietnamese War is the hallmark of subversion.

Throughout the country there is strong sentiment for a national observance of Dr. King's death, a sentiment that is practically unanimous among the educated and enlightened, black and white alike. It is a good idea and might in some small measure help remove from the nation the stigma of the assassination of this great and good American. But candor compels the bitter admission that the memory of Martin Luther King is not as green or as vivid a year after his death as one might have expected. For the time being, the prevailing disposition appears to be a reluctance to be reminded of his death. Memphis is still Memphis (see "A Year Later in Memphis" by Henry P. Leifermann, *The Nation*, March 31), and the Republican-controlled California Senate, in a spasm of partisan spite, refuses to honor Dr. King's memory. A measure, perhaps, of how much we miss this great man is the growth of rancor, the polarization of demands, the intensification of rhetorical passion that have impeded social advance in this country in the year since he died.

Odds on the Croupier

The AEC is planning in Nevada underground explosions larger than any heretofore detonated, and Howard Hughes, the wealthy recluse, is raising pointed questions about them and threatening to go to court if he does not receive satisfactory answers. *The New York Times*, while asserting the AEC's responsibility to proceed with circumspection, points to Mr. Hughes's enormous real estate holdings and gambling interests as rendering him "not unbiased" and states editorially that the AEC "is under no obligation to make Las Vegas safe for the croupier."

We do not agree. There is nothing in law or logic to say that croupiers may be exposed to radiation hazards from which other citizens must be protected, and in this case what is bad for Mr. Hughes is bad for the country at large. The mass death of sheep and the seismic uneasiness apparently caused by the drilling of a spectacularly deep hole for the disposal of poisonous wastes have already indicated that the government's experiments with novel forms of slaughter are not conducted with entire prudence. Dr. Frank W. Stead of the U.S. Geological Survey has warned that the atomic test chambers are now reaching a depth that makes shock prediction impossible.

Mr. Hughes has long experience in the drilling of oil wells. Beyond that, he possesses the resources and a cantankerous insistence upon his rights that make him an unusually formidable opponent. If he is worried that the projected blasts may poison the Colorado River and compromise the geologic substructure of Las Vegas, it is scarcely an answer to say that professional gamblers are naughty fellows undeserving the solicitude of newspaper editors and other solid citizens. Hughes is determined to make the AEC prove that its projected underground holocausts are both necessary and foolproof. The agency's scrambling attempt to meet his challenge suggests that there is more at stake than house odds and desert motels.

Bad News for the SST

Dr. Karl D. Kryter of the Stanford Research Institute, writing on "Sonic Booms from Supersonic Transport" for *Science*, estimates that when the British-French Concorde and the Boeing supersonic transports are put in scheduled flight in the late 1970s, and assuming that these aircraft will be permitted to fly over the United States, some 65 million Americans will be exposed to an average of about ten sonic booms a day. This average is composed of about 39 million who would receive from one to nine booms and 26 million who would receive ten to fifty. It is particularly from the latter victims that one might expect a howl that would restrict SSTs to flight over water.

Dr. Kryter does not try to judge whether such a limitation on the aircraft would rule out their use on economic grounds. What he does instead is novel: on the basis of field tests made here and in France, and on laboratory measurements simulating the kind and intensity of noise to be anticipated, he estimates the legal claims to be expected—on the principle that people are entitled to compensation if they are exposed to personal annoyance, or damage to their property, from a source deemed to be in the public interest. For U. S. long-haul, overland SST flights after 1978 he concludes that the continuing *annual* legal liability would be $85 million, if the aircraft were flown by the most direct routes, and $37 million if they were circuitously routed to avoid populated areas as far as possible. These sums do not include the expense of processing paid and unpaid claims, inspection of damage to property, court costs, etc. And Dr. Kryter has assumed further that the flights will be in daylight hours only.

He concludes that the result will be "extensive social, political and legal reactions against such flights at the beginning of, during and after years of exposure to sonic booms. . . . No data can be found to suggest that any other conclusion is possible." In short (although this bald conclusion should not be attributed to Dr. Kryter) the SSTs will most probably fly only over water.

If they accept these findings, those responsible for developing these aircraft must decide whether the governmental and private funds invested in SST projects will yield a reasonable return—in profits, national prestige, or any other benefits. And since public funds and tranquillity are also involved, ordinary citizens should have something to say.

Death of a River

Do you remember Woody Guthrie's spirited song, *Roll On, Columbia, Roll On*?

The Columbia isn't the rolling river of Guthrie's time, thirty years ago; a system of dams has made the lower half a chain of lakes. And the "Great River of the West" is now the "hottest" stream in the world, because its waters are used to cool the reactors at the atomic plant at Hanford, Wash. A recently concluded six-year study of the lower Columbia River by the Oregon Board of Health states that more radioactivity is found in the stream than in any other known body of surface water. State Sen. Ted Hallock, a strong conservationist, called the survey the "first signature on the death certificate of that river."

In 1966, the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, after issuing its own report citing the high level of radioactivity in the Columbia, asked that the pollution of the river by the Hanford works be stopped or reduced by executive administrative order.

For some reason, the federal government has declined to provide additional funds to continue the surveillance. It has agreed to let the Oregon Board of Health continue to use the monitoring equipment installed for the study, but the Board of Health is not operating on unlimited funds. Although the river is "hotter" now than it was in 1966, the experts continue to insist that the level of radioactivity is still below the maximum permissible concentrations. However, several other atomic plants along the river are planned, and what then?

Two things can "kill" the Columbia, says Senator Hallock: rises in water temperature and radioactivity. Another plant—or even continuation of the present level of pollution—might write the final "signature on the death certificate" of the legendary "Great River of the West."

The New Dimension

In the early years of the century Thorstein Veblen warned the American moneyed establishment that their greatest peril was from the engineering profession. If the hitherto tame technicians ever turned against the vested interests, woe betide. It has never come to that, but today there are signs of disaffection among the science intellectuals. They manifest a growing concern about the *consequences* of what they are doing, and that is something new, at least on the present scale.

Writing about the research halt last month at certain American universities, James Eayrs reflects on its significance in the *Toronto Star*. So sizable a bloc of scientists "would not have devoted one hour, let alone twenty-four, to the examination of their consciences had they not been deeply troubled." Many of these same savants used to agree with Edward Teller, Eugene Wigner and others that science is neutral and that in the end knowledge, of itself, will bless us all. But does it, in the hands of those who take it from those neutral minds and utilize it for purposes of their own? One has only to consider some of the harebrained (not even vicious) things that are being done, such as shipping by rail 300-gallon canisters containing a nerve gas called G-B, a few drops of which are enough to kill a human being.

Till near lunacy became the rule rather than the exception, scientists, and even more so, engineers, felt that the military could be trusted to make sound judgments on the basis of scientific recommendations. But as the evidence to the contrary has accumulated, many scientists, and even some of the engineers, are thinking of making their own judgments. They are beginning to realize that, *as scientists*, or near scientists, they have a moral responsibility. They cannot, then, refrain from offering political advice. And when they do, and the advice is not followed, what next? Science is their mission, but they do not have to be investigators for the state. In fact, if they are sore enough of conscience, they cannot be, for the ideas which might lead to great discoveries will never be born.

They are troubled because the roles and missions of scientists, politicians, militarists have become all mixed up, with few if any of them involving only technical military decisions in the traditional sense. Thus the scientists are not intruding into areas where they have no expertise and no business. It is the areas that are expanding and forcing the scientists to reassess their own responsibility.

They see that unless decision making is informed, at all levels, by a sense of moral responsibility, in the end there will be a total absence of such responsibility, as happened in Nazi Germany. Even now, in an ostensibly free country, we make decisions on a low-level, instrumental basis, because we have become conditioned to think and react in those terms.

Scientists have been encouraged to serve as an arm of the military. The military have been encouraged to think that they "hire" the scientists and need not heed their misgivings. Simultaneously, the military have become increasingly political, forestalling even a well-meaning President like John F. Kennedy with *faits accomplis*, and in effect determining policy.

As long as the scientists could keep their heads down, they did just that. Had things remained as they were in Veblen's day, the scientists would still be acquiescent. But the more sensitive can no longer bear the amoral, actually unpatriotic role they are ordered to play. Thus "a new dimension" is added to the decision-making process.

REVOLUTION DEFERRED

'LAW & ORDER' IN PAKISTAN

AIJAZ AHMAD

Mr. Ahmad is a Pakistani poet and translator who is at present teaching in the SEEK program of the City University of New York. He is editor and co-translator of Selected Poems of Ghalib, *to be published in 1970.*

Martial law has just been imposed on Pakistan for the second time in its twenty-two years as a nation. It seems evident that the armed forces decided to dispense with Ayub Khan, who became President when martial law was declared in 1958, in order to retain their power in the face of opposition from the Left as well as the civilian elements of the Right. At the same time, the new military regime has been installed to perpetuate the domination of East Pakistan by the West Pakistanis, and to contain the upsurge in the East of a widespread, anti-American, pro-Peking opposition. In other words, the military are playing their traditional political role: defense of the *status quo*.

What will happen now can be predicted by all who care to read the omens (Western correspondents aren't among them). The Left will retire to the underground from which it had emerged for a few months, and will try to gird itself for real revolution instead of mere agitation. Despite its minatory military courts, the regime will on the whole be benevolent. And for the time being it will not be threatened; General Yahya may have a couple of years in which to play another Ayub. Pakistan's alliances, against which the masses have been agitating, will continue. The masses in East Pakistan, students all over the country and factory workers in Karachi will go back to work, and to brood on the future. Next time, they will not arise again until they have enough shotguns and plenty of shells—that will take a couple of years.

Pakistan has been from the start a land of contradictions, for which it is now paying in oppression and blood. A country largely anti-imperialist and anti-American has been fed countless volumes of American propaganda and millions of dollars worth of American aid—and its rulers believe their interests are served by the continuation of both. A people of high political sophistication, who only twenty years ago created a whole new country in defiance of both India and Great Britain, has been subjected for more than ten years to a military regime that is unyielding in autocracy and notorious for corruption. Though this country is divided into two almost equal parts, separated by the whole width of India, only very minimal effort has been made to bring the people together. Indeed, East Pakistan, the more populous part, feels that it is being dictated to by the Western segment. In a country growing economically at a rate so fast that it is being extolled as a model throughout the developing world, wealth is concentrated in the hands of the so-called "twenty families," no appreciable advance has been made against the prevailing illiteracy, and corruption is so severe that Ayub's son has progressed within five years from a monthly salary of about $150 to possessions estimated at more than $20 million. Above all, the political system is obsolete. That is the *status quo* which martial law is to defend.

Come what may, a few developments are almost inevitable. The Pakistani masses have been able to test their power, and oligarchs in future will find it very difficult to repress their next rebellion. The millions who participated in the unrest now checked by the military are for the most part anti-American and a very large number are openly pro-Peking. The masses, at least in West Pakistan, have found a compelling leader in the young, pro-Peking ex-Foreign Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. It has never been sufficiently recognized that East Pakistan's very powerful leftist opposition is not merely an affair of colleges but goes deep into the countryside. Now the formation of a Communist government in the neighboring Indian province of West Bengal offers East Pakistan the first serious alternative to union with West Pakistan that it has ever had. It will be thinking seriously of seceding and forming a separate state with West Bengal and Assam.

In short, one is talking about not simply another political movement in yet another Asian country but the balance of power—in fact the map itself—of the subcontinent, and what may yet become the most significant new revolutionary movement in Asia. The situation is fluid and somewhat chaotic, but pressures are discernible and very clear patterns are emerging. So when Bhutto, harassed by rightist terrorism, says, "There must not be another Indonesia in Pakistan," Americans should try to understand what he means.

Serious dissatisfaction with the Ayub regime began to grow in Pakistan during the early sixties, when the people took stock of their situation in the following terms:

¶The political and constitutional structure Ayub had developed permitted only about 80,000 people, out of some 120 million, to have any direct participation in or impact on the electoral process.

¶His economic policies, although generating an overall progress, concentrated wealth in a few hands.

¶Economic progress was accompanied by an inflation which hit the middle and poor classes very hard; by corruption, and by American aid which had intolerable strings attached to it.

¶While the United States was following with Pakistan and India a neutralist policy biased toward the latter, Pakistan had committed itself wholeheartedly to a pro-American policy that was damaging its relationships with China, Russia, Eastern Europe and the emergent revolutionary forces in the rest of the world.

While the discontents arising from these factors were growing, war broke out with India, followed by the cease-fire and the controversial Tashkent Agreement. The circumstances under which the Tashkent Agreement was signed indicated to a large number of Pakistanis that Russia and the United States had twisted Ayub's arm. It was also believed quite generally in Pakistan that the agreement was signed without the acquiescence of Mr. Bhutto, then Foreign Minister. The conclusion of the agreement, Bhutto's departure from the cabinet and the resumption of American aid came in such quick succession that few Pakistanis failed to connect them. Since then, Bhutto's popularity and prestige have grown—partly because many feel that since he has been disgraced by Ayub he must be a man of honor. Meanwhile, Ayub's position was eroding rapidly, in some degree simply from failures of judgment, as, for example, his decision not only to jail Sheikh Mujib-ur-Rehman, the most influential of East Pakistani leaders, for almost three years but also to charge him, apparently on false grounds, with conspiracy and seditious intent.

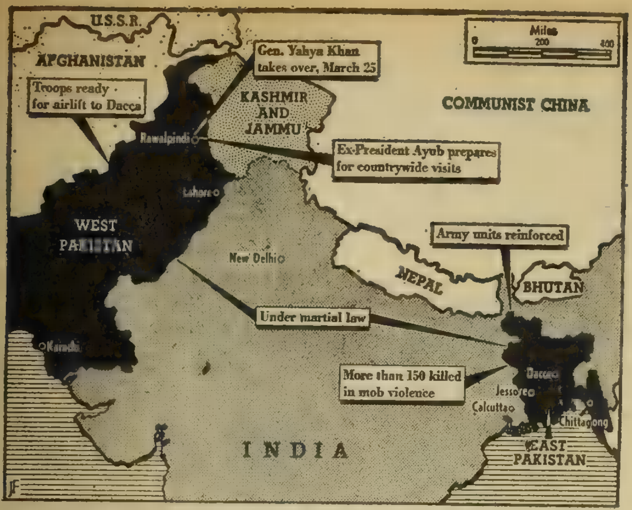
In 1968, Bhutto formed his People's Party, under the slogan of "Islam, Democracy and Socialism"—which sounds like a lot of humbug but isn't to the West Pakistani intelligentsia and middle-class youth. Then, last November, somebody, allegedly a student, tried to assassinate Ayub. The attempt failed, but the campuses caught fire. Bhutto refused to condemn the demonstrators on the ground that they were resisting dictatorship; and, carried away by the surge of protest, he began asking for violent confrontations and for alliance of students, factory workers and farmers. By December, Bhutto was in jail, the opposition leaders were walking out of the National Assembly, the cities were paralyzed by strikes called by the students and supported by millions, the schools were closed, former Air Marshal Asghar Khan had entered politics and was carrying on work very similar to Bhutto's, demanding nationalization of essential industries and withdrawal of the Presidential ordinances limiting freedom of the press. By January, Ayub was offering to negotiate with the opposition; but with Mujib and Bhutto in jail and Bhashani, the Socialist leader, boycotting negotiations, the opposition was in no position to enter any dialogue. On February 6, Bhutto announced that if the State of Emergency, first imposed in 1965, was not lifted by the 15th of February, he would start a fast unto death. Demonstrations grew in size and intensity, and by the middle of the month more than 150 people had died in the disturbances. Ayub lifted the State of Emergency on the day Bhutto's ultimatum was to expire, released Bhutto and, six days later, took himself out of the forthcoming Presidential elections. He then released Mujib, dropping the charges against him. It was obvious that the situation was out of his hands and that the military chiefs had refused to rescue him.

After taking himself out of the race, Ayub conferred with all opposition leaders except Bhutto, who refused to meet with him and demanded instead his immediate resignation, elections to be held on the basis of adult franchise, and the election of a new constituent assembly. Ayub granted the principle of universal adult franchise, but agreed to nothing else, and left to the opposition the task of solving internal differences. The rightist leaders, hoping for a peaceful transition of power from Ayub to themselves, urged an end to demonstrations and violence. But the rebellion continued, partly in response to terrorism from the extreme Right and partly to push through its original aims in that hour of Ayub's weakness. After a lull of hardly three weeks, West Pakistan was again beset by strikes in factories and among the low-paid professions. In East Pakistan, the rebellion never subsided and everybody acknowledged that the students were the only real power in the province, and that they controlled all walks of life. Even senior officials were conceding in private that the rebellion and the terrorism were now drawn up along class lines.

At this point, word came from Islamabad that, in view of the failure of the police to insure tranquillity, the government was considering tougher measures. Since troops had repeatedly been called out in all the cities during the previous six months, that was rightly interpreted as the signal for martial law.

When Ayub withdrew from the forthcoming elections, he wanted to play Johnson to Bhutto's McCarthy. But Bhutto is no McCarthy and Pakistan has a political culture potentially far more revolutionary than that of America. Unlike the aloof hero of New Hampshire, but like many Asian leaders who want to rise and survive, Bhutto is developing into a man of the streets and the masses. When people in his constituency—that is, the students—get their heads bashed by the police, he goes out into the streets, makes angry speeches, lands in jail and, three months later, comes out a hero.

Bhutto is undoubtedly the most attractive leader to emerge in West Pakistan. In a country where most cabinet posts in the past ten years have gone to colorless, ill-educated, opportunistic, traditionalist, middle-aged men, he has much to offer: youth, sophistication, left-wing politics, personal integrity, a style that can stir the masses as



Joan Forbes, Christian Science Monitor

much as it stirs the universities, and experience as a Foreign Minister in whose time Pakistan normalized its relations with China and some other Communist countries. In addition, he possesses a qualification that pays high dividends in Asia these days: Americans hate him. It is now widely understood that his dismissal was one of the primary conditions for the resumption of American aid in 1966. The press in India as well as the United States has represented him as a hard liner on Kashmir, and has created the impression that he waged the 1965 war against India single-handed. About Kashmir, Bhutto is certainly tough, but so is every other Pakistani leader. With the sentiment in the country what it is, a politician can hardly be anything else. The real reason why Bhutto is being singled out by India and the United States is that he is, emotionally and politically, pro-Peking. Needless to add, this has only enhanced his popularity at home.

Bhutto is no Communist; he is a millionaire several times over, and by feudal inheritance too. His bias toward China must be understood in less obvious terms. America demands such subservience and obsequiousness of its non-Western allies that any Asian leader of self-respect is driven to a position far more to the left than he might otherwise have taken. This problem is greatly increased if the Americans happen to be dealing with the heir of an old, distinguished and proud Asian family, who has also a first-rate intellect—as is certainly the case with Bhutto. Beyond such personal matters, the most significant single political event of this decade in Asia (other than the near victory of the Vietnamese people over the American armed forces) is the emergence of China as a great world power; Pakistan is too small, too weak and too close to the Chinese border to ignore this fact. Two facts implement each other: Pakistan must establish a cordial and effective relationship with China; and the example of the Chinese revolution is a source of inspiration for the young men and women in Pakistan.

Bhutto is caught up in this historical and geographical reality. When he talks of socialism, he *may* be talking of an aristocrat's socialism, à la Nehru, but we need to remember two things: only a man who promises at least socialism has the ghost of a chance to survive as a leader in Pakistan today, and Bhutto is at present the only reputable national leader, other than Bhashani who is 83 years old and has a smaller following, who is doing that. But there is no reason to believe that Bhutto is being merely opportunistic. A good case can be made that what Bhutto represents is an Asian, non-Communist response to America's Vietnamese policy; he, along with his countrymen, has seen what America does to its allies.

The main problem Bhutto faces is that his mass appeal is limited thus far to West Pakistan; and even there he faces opposition, not only from pro-Ayub elements but also from a large, rightist section which opposes him as much as it opposes Ayub. In East Pakistan, the pro-Western Mujib-ur-Rehman had appeared to be the leader with the largest following, which has been gathered over the years on issues such as provincial autonomy and what amounts to self-government for East Pakistan. Of late, however, there has surfaced in East Pakistan what one suspects was there all along: a very strong, pro-Communist movement, to the left of Bhutto's movement in West Pakistan. Although the student uprising in Dacca was originally pro-Mujib, it has come to be dominated increasingly by Left-oriented students. Bhashani, who has all his life preached democratic socialism, has suddenly grown in prestige and power. However, it would be wrong to assume that, at his advanced age, Bhashani has gained some new authority. The fact is that although the radical movement exists on a vast scale in East Pakistan, it has so far failed to throw up an acknowledged new leader, and Bhashani has simply occupied a vacuum that must sooner or later be filled by a much younger leader.

Up until two weeks ago, that movement was in almost full control of East Pakistan; what remains to be seen is how long it can hold its power under the newly imposed martial law and with a disaffected and volatile Right. It is now evident that a real, bloody encounter between Right and Left was shaping up in East Pakistan, an area over which Ayub could not exert any satisfactory degree of control from his capital in the distant hills of northwestern Pakistan. By comparison with the real revolutionaries of East Pakistan, even Bhutto's pro-Socialist sound and fury is mere rhetoric; though leaderless, the East Pakistani students have gone to the heart of the matter, have gained control of the province, and are now facing terrorism from the extreme Right. Now that the army has intervened, *they* are the ones who will continue to be the vanguard of revolutionary resistance. They have perhaps lost the first round, but even in that they accomplished much more than their Parisian or Mexican counterparts. The main point, however, is that the long-awaited rebellion was begun on such a scale that it cannot be totally obliterated by anything short of a Suharto-type massacre of hundreds of thousands. I doubt if the Pakistani army has that kind of power in East Pakistan or, for that matter, the necessary degree of blood thirst. What is possible, however, and even likely, is that the army will succeed in enforcing a Daley-type "law and order" or that, failing in that, it will drive the Left and Right to a combat, leading not to anybody's victory but only to death, defeat or total moral loneliness for everyone concerned.

The attitude of Western correspondents has been extremely erratic. What was obviously the first popular uprising against the decade-old dictatorship of Ayub Khan was represented in the Western press as suicidal chaos. In the past, one heard similar things about China, parts of India, Vietnam. Nicholas Tomalin, of the London *Sunday Times*, writing in *The Washington Post* of March 18, carried this attitude to an absurd extreme: he seriously suggested that the South Vietnamese are better off than the East Pakistanis because the economy of South Vietnam is more viable. A week or so earlier, C. L. Sulzberger had displayed, in *The New York Times*, a depth of contempt for the East Pakistani masses which one associates with a certain kind of AID official or a small-time Kipling. The West seems to have lost so completely its potential for angry, spontaneous rejection of unworthy rulers that the sight of a people insisting on democracy and dignity is seen as a lapse in sanity. The man who, in the midst of his poverty and in face of all the crimes he has suffered, asserts his right to say "no" and die is, through a strange reversal of values, branded a vandal. One needs to remember that in countries where the electoral process has never existed or has broken down, and where men still have a moral vision, there will always be movements of popular revolt to reassert democratic values. The surprising thing about the events of the last six months in Pakistan is not that there was violence but that, considering the depth of anguish and rebellion, the human judgment was so sound and the human cost in five months of tremendous revolutionary turmoil was so low. This turmoil failed to make the transition from totalitarian military rule to revolutionary democracy. The attempt, however, contrary to the reporting in the Western press, was formidable and even glorious. What one fears now is that next time it may be less restrained and much more bloody. What is heartbreaking is that Pakistan may yet have to pay what China paid in the past and Vietnam is being forced to pay now.

OVERCLASS/UNDERCLASS

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

JOHN McDERMOTT

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The key to understanding the oppressive class structures now developing in American society is found less in the maldistribution of the nation's property than in the maldistribution of its knowledge. Whether in the form of raw data, esoteric scientific principle, advanced industrial technique or the judgments of scientific and technical elites, knowledge has become decisive, for it is rapidly displacing wealth, real property and individual entrepreneurial skills as the growth factor in industrial production, social organization and, most important of all, political power.

This increase in the importance of technical knowledge has been embodied in the expansion of the giant institutions which have come to achieve a near monopoly over its effective use. Segments of knowledge still belong to technical specialists and pieces of knowledge to the well educated, but only the very largest organizations are able to integrate these proliferating segments and pieces into systems of productive, effective or, more likely, profitable information. That is the meaning of technological progress: the systematic application of new knowledge to practical purposes. And it dictates a continual increase in the size, wealth and managerial capacity of the organizations which seek thus to apply the knowledge. Corporations, government agencies, universities and foundations have been quick to respond.

Not only has technological progress demanded the extraordinary growth in institutional scale witnessed in the years since World War II; it has also modified it in an unusual and important way. For beyond a certain size institutions need no longer confine themselves to their original spheres of activity. Their scope and wealth, the sophistication and ambition of their managements, the urge and capacity to profit from novel undertakings, the desire not to take second place to their rivals combine to produce the diversified corporate which has become the characteristic form of organization among the larger institutions of American society.

In the institutional world, the most successful corporate bodies are those that have most diversified their activities. Their managements have accepted the challenge and the opportunity to master an ever wider range of scientific and technical disciplines and to weld them into production and distribution of ever more varied and sophisticated goods or services. Consider the variety of outputs now characteristic of our corporates and the range of knowledge they employ. A company like RCA manages missile tracking systems, does research in linear algebra, edits and markets new novels, plans new educational systems, and experiments with electronic music. The University of Michigan, another growing corporate, teaches students at Ann Arbor, advises welfare mothers in Detroit, and pacifies peasants in Thailand. The most impressive example of diversification is found, as one might expect, in the Department of Defense. High energy physics, transoceanic logistics, infantry tactics, elementary and secondary education, comparative linguistics, Greek political studies, psychiatry and astronomy are but a handful of the knowledges the Pentagon employs in its far-flung activities. Among corporate bodies like these, the words private and public, industrial and educational, national and international, military and civilian, no longer define significant distinctions; for, in the case of each pairing, a single group of managers, acting through bureaucratic hierarchy, has disciplined the babble of modern specialisms to its own expanding purposes.

That these facts, and their social consequences, are not more widely understood is in part tribute to the doggedness with which we cling to an inaccurate and outmoded conception of knowledge. Intellectual tradition still treats knowledge as the property of an individual man, its highest forms being humane learning, wisdom or science. This faces us in precisely the wrong direction to understand what has been happening to knowledge and its uses. The prevailing complaint is that the knowledge explosion has forced men to specialize so intensely as to lose contact with the general contours of knowledge and thus of human experience itself. But concern with this phenomenon has blocked our appreciation of a far more important one. As individual men have become microspecialists, less and less able to understand and act from general systems of knowledge, the great institutions have become generalists, increasingly able to integrate the discrete information of the specialists into technical and organizational systems which produce goods or services.

Thus the same explosion of information which has been so unkind to the makers of intellectual systems has been a boon to the makers of industrial systems. What has been for individuals a source of private alienation has been for institutions a source of social opportunity. What has been for the former an insurmountable barrier to understanding has been for the latter an indispensable aid to Gargantuan expansion. The mathematicians, sociologists, metallurgists and psychologists of the Defense Department may be alienated from their work, but in the higher echelons of the Pentagon, as throughout corporate America, knowledge is power.

These are not new facts and, in their outlines at least, they are frighteningly simple. America believes in *progress*. Hence it gives free rein to those very large organizations which have mastered *technology*, calling this *pluralism*. Its ethos is governed, ideally, by the principle of *equal opportunity* for enormous privilege, the result being a social system called *Meritocracy* or, by some, *Meritocratic Democracy*. (See "The Laying on of Culture," *The Nation*, March 10, p. 300.) It is the *American Way* adapted to the *World of Tomorrow*.

One cannot rest easily with the maldistribution of knowledge which is so essential a feature of the American Way. For the concentration of effective knowledge of and about American society in several giant organizations can lead to no other result than a substantial decline in the capacity of ordinary Americans to control that society and those organizations. In fact, one can already observe several important tendencies which mark that decline.

First, as the institutions have increased in size and enjoyed growing monopolies, both of information and of the products and services dependent on it, their relationships to the unorganized and hence uninformed individuals who make up their publics have undergone a subtle but radical change. Whereas previously these had been to some extent political or market relationships, implying some bargaining between the interests of the two parties, they now tend more and more to become administrative, implying subordination of the interests of the weaker party. The vague feelings of impotence so widespread in this country reflect the true state of affairs; for to be a consumer of, an employee of, a client of, a citizen of, a voter of, a taxpayer of, a draftee of, a reader of, a student of, or even a member of a large institution is, increasingly, to be its victim, not its master.

Second, just as institutions have improved their capacity to act on their various publics, their managers have improved their capacity to control the internal behavior of the institutions. Former Secretary McNamara's cost/benefit systems, which revolutionized and centralized budgeting procedures in the Department of Defense, are a startlingly cogent instance of a general trend. The increasing professionalization of middle management and the growing employment of data storage and retrieval systems are among a host of new techniques which enable senior managers to exert more selective control over the internal behavior of even the very largest and most diversified institutions. The combined result of these two tendencies is that the growing command of large institutions over the vital processes of American life measures the real power of their managers over the activities of Americans generally.

Third, as these institutions gather, process and apply wider and wider systems of information and steadily expand into novel spheres of activity, the distinction between (public) right and (private) privilege disappears. Whatever is done within the confines of an institutional bureaucracy becomes for that reason a private matter, of concern only to those technicians immediately involved and their hierarchic superiors. Whether an institution is privately or publicly controlled is not material; the laws and customs of private property or academic freedom guarantee the privacy of the former, while those of national security have spread to veil the latter.

As a result of these three tendencies, politics has lost its significance as a set of devices by which the general public rules over private hierarchy. It has become a shadow, uncertainly related to the real events of the private world it ostensibly controls. This summary point must be gone into at length, for it involves much more than the traditional tricks of the traditional parties.

Those of us engaged in "guerrilla journalism" over the war in Vietnam have learned that it is no longer possible to keep up politically with most areas of national life simply by reading the conventional press. However carefully one studies *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post*, etc., the newsweeklies and other mass sources of information, one is at a loss to pass judgment on events unless one also follows the relevant technical press. Perhaps an instance will suffice to document and clarify this lesson.

During 1965 repeated press stories reported that neutral Thailand was being used as the base from which most of the air offensive against North Vietnam was being launched. This should have been a singularly important fact for the public debate of the time. It not only made possible a quantitatively heavier offensive against the North but represented a qualitative escalation of the war as well. Once Thai bases were used, the conflict was no longer confined to Vietnam. And, since it was likely that the Thais had exacted some price for the use of their airfields, it was also likely that the diplomacy of the war had become more complex: presumably the Thais too would now have to be satisfied in any war settlement. Finally, of course, the bases raised the possibility that the North Vietnamese would henceforth feel justified in causing the Thai dictatorship some equivalent grief, thus increasing still further the military-political complexity.

This singularly important information about the bases never really penetrated the public debate, for it was never permitted to become a public fact. By the technique of issuing "unofficial," "informed sources," "nonattributable," "off-the-record," "official" and "attributable" denials—as the situation demanded—to accompany each new press report (which were dutifully printed by the newspapers in tandem with their own stories), the government managed to obscure from the public both the seriousness of the Vietnam escalation and the gravity of its probable development. However, no such clouding of the situation affected the technical press. Journals like *Air Force and Space Digest* early carried and soon confirmed the reports and, as if to underline my point, were careful to emphasize that the government was making a major effort to hide their importance from the general public. The reason for this difference in news dissemination is plain. The climate, geography, dust and logistic peculiarities of Thailand affected the procurement of technical equipment for the short future and its design for the middle future. Persons engaged in the aircraft and electronics industries had to know about the Thai bases because they were expected to develop and act on that knowledge. They belonged to the private institutional world, and in the private world one has rights based on function. No equivalent rights exist in the public world. It is a world which, increasingly in our society, has no function.

This leads to perhaps the most important of the tendencies encouraged by maldistribution of knowledge. Stripped of any relation of control or significance to the events of the real world, people's political responses have themselves become increasingly unreal and even paranoid. That explains, I think, the wild gyrations of public opinion polls, especially those dealing with international questions. It also partly explains the appeal of Goldwater and Wallace.

This apparent irrationality is widely misunderstood. Educated Americans tend to see in the primitive style of the Wallace movement, for instance, merely a projection of the primitiveness of its individual adherents. They explain its propensity to violent solutions for various questions as an acting out of the private frustrations and fantasies of its so-called "redneck" members. But the Wallace people are not reacting blindly out of the inadequacies and failures of their *personal* lives. They are trying to react rationally to the inadequacies of their *social* lives. Uneducated people and people at the social margin of this technically advanced society correctly perceive that politics is changing so as to reduce their power to act for the advantage or defense of their own interests. They recognize that the institutional processes which disenfranchise them have already advanced to a degree that conventional political channels are closed to them. Thus they forsake the conventional parties. Of course, the substitutes offered by Wallace and his cronies also fail to reach the heart of any problem—except perhaps the expression of resentment.

Deeply sensed political incapacity extends to the Left as well, especially to the educated liberal Left. In retrospect, it is evident that the combination of President Johnson's March speech, the opening of the Paris talks, and the McCarthy candidacy caused many liberals to channel the bulk of their political energies and hopes into the campaign leading up to the Democratic convention. Having channeled themselves it was easier for others to deflect them, with the result that the McCarthy candidacy gurgled to a docile end within the hostile and muddy confines of the Democratic convention. For what the McCarthy people failed to realize was that their strength within the Democratic Party was solely and directly dependent on their strength outside it. They never had the numbers, resources, skills or strategic position within the party to win the nomination or even a continuing minority position. Their real allies were the draft card burners, resisters and demonstrators, and the broad popular movement these "extremists"—not McCarthy, a late-blooming dove—had called into being. But the McCarthy people didn't see this; they saw their campaign as an "orderly" alternative to the "extremist" movement, rather than as the expression of that movement. It was only in the brief span of Chicago that the mutually supporting relationship which should have characterized the link between the party and nonparty people became apparent and effective. But the alliance came too late to accomplish anything more than Humphrey's defeat, and has not been maintained since.

The radical Left understood the situation very little better. In spite of some evidence to the contrary, it was largely the play of events, not conscious choice, which created their effective temporary alliance with party types in Chicago. As the McCarthy campaign illustrates, the overeducated Left fares no better than the undereducated Right when it comes to analyzing and acting effectively within the ghost world of contemporary public politics. And the reason for this is that we confront a social phenomenon, not a personal one. The very political language people use is seriously debased; loyalties they retain border on total unreality. Even the actual processes which they engage in, such as reading newspapers, belonging to political clubs and voting, have small ascertainable relevance. In short, the popular political culture has become so distant from the knowledges that influence the real world of decision making that the former is no longer able to deal with the latter in any effective and humane way.

America's developing class structure would appear to parallel this maldistribution of its knowledge. Within and around the great institutions which now constitute the core of our political, economic and social life, two distinct classes are taking shape, both defined by their relationship to the processes of those institutions. An overclass comprises those who manage the lives of great institutions, and an underclass those whose lives the institutions manage. By means of institutional place and institutional resources, the former normally amasses the technical, scientific and political information necessary for the direction of American life and the satisfaction of its own interests. For the underclass, largely buried in bureaucratic pigeonholes, a perspective on its own situation is, socially speaking, nearly impossible. For between them and the means to put the reality of their social lives in manageable order, to formulate their interests and to act effectively in their own behalf, stands almost the entire panoply of our largest, most prestigious and most powerful institutions.

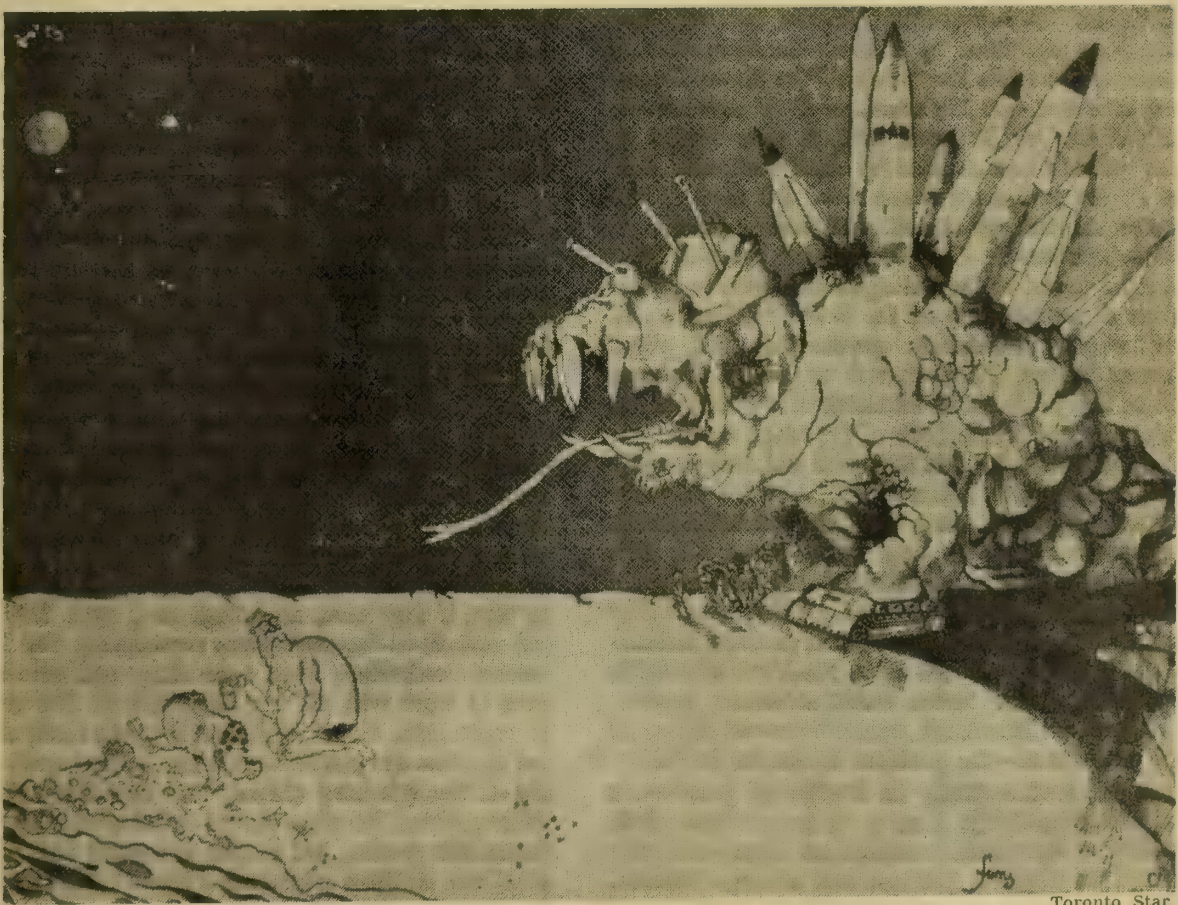
In saying this, one must guard against two important misconceptions. First, the maldistribution of socially effective knowledge provides only a guide by which the outlines of the class system may be charted. The latter's substance rests in far more diverse phenomena, namely in the interaction between the explosion of technical knowledge and the capitalist and cold-war legacy within which that explosion has occurred. It is the institutional framework that is critical here. No amount of technical information pumped into the public life stream would be likely to correct the weaknesses of underclass politics, for the underclass now lacks the social, cultural and organizational framework within which that information can be assimilated and acted upon. As I have tried to stress, the problem is fundamentally a social one, not one of making individuals better informed. After all, Senator McCarthy and his followers were "smarter" than General Westmoreland, Mayor Daley and theirs, but not so powerful.

Second, we should purge ourselves of the all too prevalent view that the new importance of scientific knowledge promotes the growth of freedom. As Carol Brightman has pointed out (*Viet-Report*, January 1968), this is an old illusion in American life and one which has, unfortunately, a considerable following even today. Carl Becker spoke for several generations of American Progressives when he wrote in *Progress and Power* that

> . . . the mastery of the physical world has been effected by scientists whose activities, *unhindered by the conscious resistance of their subject matter or the ignorance of common man*, have been guided by matter-of-fact knowledge and the consciously formulated purpose of subduing things to precisely determined ends, [while] the organization of society has been left to the chance operation of individual self interest and the uncertain pressure of mass opinion. *(Italics added.)*

Looking to the cure of our social ills, Becker shared with John Dewey and Robert Lynd the diagnosis that

> those who have or might acquire the necessary matter-of-fact knowledge for adjusting social arrangements to the conditions created by technological progress have not the necessary authority, while those [elected rep-



Toronto Star

> resentatives] who have . . . must accommodate their measures to a mass intelligence that functions most effectively at a level of primitive fears and taboos.

What is this but a literate statement of the ideological presuppositions behind which the new technocracy combines with the old oligarchy to remove public concerns to the institutional world of private decision making? Knowledge necessary "for adjusting social arrangements" has become almost exclusively the possession of a narrow and privileged class of men and women, residing in the commanding positions of America's great institutions and protected by law, ideology, custom, power and technique from the "conscious resistance" of an increasingly disoriented and feckless underclass intelligence.

For intellectuals concerned to mount effective attacks on this class system, two steps appear to have priority. First, the world of institutional behavior and the knowledges it employs must be charted far more precisely and more richly than has heretofore been the case. Current descriptions and explanations of corporate, government, municipal, union and foundation behavior are inadequate, for they do not permit a sufficiently reliable forecast of how and why institutions will act under specific circumstances. The Left is especially and perennially susceptive to explanations so general that they describe little more than anger and frustration. We are forever being surprised and undone by developments.

A good example of the low level of our understanding of institutional behavior is a little booklet which grew out of the Columbia University student strike last year and which has been circulated by SDS in the thousands to campus activists, students and faculty. *Who Rules Columbia?* is an excellent and important work of research on Columbia's Board of Trustees, and in this respect it should be, and has been, copied by other campuses. The character of the analysis it draws from this data is another matter. It tries to explain Columbia's interest in Defense-related research, CIA shenanigans, business education and the denial of student rights as a pure and simple function of the presence on the Board of Trustees of corporate, media, foundation, government and other Establishment figures. The influence of faculty ideology, alumni fears and professional administrative standards, as well as bureaucratic inertia (one of the main, designed-in "values" of bureaucracies that deal with ordinary people) is not even raised, much less explored. And the critically important role played by other university administrations, which urged Columbia's to hold the line (or the first domino) against a Red-anarchist-nihilist-nonprofessional plot, is also ignored. When one considers that *Who Rules Columbia?* is an approach to this kind of problem infinitely more sophisticated than the usual academic discussion—which equates a few pieties about academic freedom and the advance of knowledge with a worn-out theory of university governance—the problem is serious indeed.

But it is not fundamentally an intellectual problem, a matter of pure scholarship. Among the knowledges which large institutions have come to master are those which can be employed to disguise, prevent and manage conflict. Columbia, for example, might reasonably have been considered a bland, successful and liberal community of scholars until its carefully nurtured appearance was probed by the actions of student radicals. It was only then, as the Cox Commission itself pointed out, that under the stress of conflict the reality of Columbia began to emerge: ill-managed, torn by unresolved internal problems, unwilling and unable to deal forthrightly with the wishes of its student and black publics.

To the extent that the same situation holds in other corporate organizations, the response should be designed accordingly. Practically speaking, what is both needed and possible is not a disengaged scholarly literature about institutions apparently at peace with themselves and their world such as now strangles academic political science. Good scholarship here requires, I believe, a working alliance with insurgent political activity.

It therefore follows, as the second step, that the mutually destructive division between intellectual culture and popular culture should be ended. The anti-Populism of university-based intellectual culture, so evident in its attitudes toward Wallace followers, should be attacked. We should frankly recognize that that culture, comfortable in its adherence to the liberal social prescriptions of Dewey, Becker and Lynd, and confident that those once Progressive canons still contribute to the general betterment of mankind, now too often merely mask the social rapacity of the technological impulse.

Underclass assaults against American society, led by left-wing youth and right-wing adults, now pose a serious problem of orientation for intellectuals. One possible reaction was typified by George Kennan's recent widely publicized exchange with Princeton students. But the cultural exclusivity and intellectual clericalism espoused by Kennan can lead, I think, only to the destruction of any serious humanist role for intellectuals. It leaves the intellectual in the position of being a protected minority within the exploding multiversity, well away from its technological mainstream, and thereby under powerful sanction to shift roles from intellectual to intellectual technician. The difference in the two roles is fundamental: intellectuals contribute to people's self-knowledge and liberation; intellectual technicians con people while trying to control them.

A constructive alternative to Kennanism and Progressivism is not easy to describe. It requires an intellectual culture, such as has been lacking for many years, that is really knowledgeable about the concerns, activities and situations of popular life in the country. Intellectuals have to make contact with the views, experiences and problems of people who have no daily relationship to the university or who, if they have, are antagonized by it. The burgeoning radicals-in-the-professions movements, the New University Conference, draft counseling, and the various efforts to work with GI war protesters fit this description. It would help, too, if intellectuals would really face up to the fact that the gentler virtues are by no means a monopoly of the educated classes, and that there are decent visions behind the often violent and shortsighted slogans of underclass revolts. We should recognize that intellectual arrogance in these matters is a result of the same system which makes those revolts necessary.

Midpeninsula: The Jivy League

KEITH POWER
Mr. Power is a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

There was a natural feeling of awkwardness as the thirty students settled down for one of the first classes of the winter quarter of Midpeninsula Free University. Few of them had met before and there was no attempt at introductions. The class was being held in the living room of a handsome home in Menlo Park, a residential community south of San Francisco. Through the French windows the swimming pool glowed emerald in the night as the instructor, a big man named Robb Crist, explained in gentle, hesitant tones that if the students should feel like hitting one another, they should use only their open hands.

As it turned out, the admonition was forgotten. An hour into the class and a man and woman, strangers until that night, were wrestling frantically on the floor. The man, who said his name was Lee, pulled implacably at the blue jeans of the woman as several in the room cheered on the attempted rape. The woman, a husky blonde with cropped hair, beat at Lee with her doubled fists. Two other women finally rushed from the side lines and—using only open hands—slapped Lee away from his intended victim.

The frustrated Lee, his flushed and distraught partner, and the other students were participating in a violent kind of folk psychiatry called Amateur Night Psychodramatics. It is among the tools of the encounter group program at Midpeninsula, a school like none other on the American educational scene.

Students at MFU may learn sandal making, proper use of drugs, barbershop quartet harmony, revolutionary street tactics or sex games. The new school catalogue, a 47-page book attractively illustrated with nudes, offers instruction in bird watching, A Study of Boredom and The Cannibal Co-Op—"the participants in this co-op should be willing to help obtain some freshly killed human flesh. . . ." On page 36, a course on The Theory and Practice of Anarchy is announced directly below The Stock Market.

The registration fee is $10 and university figures show 1,275 students last quarter. About half the enrollment is from Stanford University; other students are teen-agers, working adults and housewives from the housing tracts where orchards once grew.

It is tempting to dismiss the Midpeninsula Free University as a bizarre fad. It gives no degrees; it has no official recognition. But the school refuses to be dismissed, intellectually or physically. The leadership says the Midpeninsula Free University is the expression of the community of the future, when Americans will have the leisure to explore themselves with the same enthusiasm they now devote to bowling, golfing, sailing or adultery. Despite bombing attacks and death threats from outraged extremists in the community at large, the organizers of the university insist on keeping faith with what they see as the new life style.

Doing their thing has led them into confrontation with the authorities of Menlo Park and neighboring Palo Alto over use of public land for New Left demonstrations and be-ins. They have won a case against Palo Alto in federal court and forced the city's council to agonize for many hours over the constitutionality of a new, restrictive park ordinance.

Even within the school community, doing your thing can put you at a distance from someone who is doing something else. Thus several factions within the leadership are tugging the university in several directions. The most spectacular of these is the encounter group, whose people use gentleness, or ruthlessness, in an attempt to rid one another of emotional and sexual hang-ups. "One guy belted me on the jaw and knocked me against the wall," Robb Crist said, smiling fondly during an interview. "And later he couldn't remember doing it, man."

Fortunately for Crist, he has at 39 the body of a light-heavyweight. As for his mind, he has studied political science at Stanford University, attended the Pacific School of Religion, spent six months at the Karl Jung Institute in Zurich, worked on the violent ward of a mental hospital for four years, undergone what he says was an Indian mystical experience, and taken sixty acid trips. He says that the acute interest that was expressed in LSD and other mind-boggling chemicals when the university was getting started about two years ago has diminished among the encounter people, but he sees a permanent place for them in the new America he envisions.

"The use of drugs in a sensible way is going to be an accepted part of the American educational system. They won't take you to heaven, but at least they'll give you a glimpse of it faster than meditating for five years in front of a blank wall. I'd much rather have my son take acid than smoke cigarettes or drink whiskey.

"All education does now is train people to get more things. The university of the future will spend at least a third of its time dealing with the personal problems of the students."

Amateur Night Psychodramatics approaches personal problems by closeting people together and forcing them into self-revelations. For example, Lee, the middle-aged, would-be rapist, gasped: "I've been in a hole twelve years and I want to get out of it." His ordeal included being pinned to the floor by a younger, stronger man while a Greek chorus of a few experienced psychodramatists made cruel, speculative remarks about him. "You don't have any friends, man," they told him. "You know a lot of people but you don't have any friends."

Crist, the psychodrama director, assigned the role of Lee's recently divorced wife to the blonde woman with the suspiciously cropped hair. The rules of the psychodrama say any of the onlookers may crouch behind the players and voice the lines they really should be saying.

The truth prompters were unnecessary in this play because Lee, after being told he was good only as a money provider and cuckold, and the blonde, after being told she was frigid and emotionless, began fighting. Under the whiplash of cracks about his virility, Lee turned the wrestling match into a sexual assault and the blonde player's screams took on an authentic ring. "I didn't want to walk around without my pants on," the woman half apologized after Lee had been lady-slapped away.

Amateur Night Psychodramatics is precisely that. For professionals, the adepts, there is the forty-hour marathon, a sort of personality purgatory designed to cleanse the soul of self-deceit in readiness for what the practitioners say is the joy of real awareness. Even some of the university's organizers are wary about the course.

Involved as he is with the activities of the mind, Crist admits to being vaguely amused by the politically more strident members of the inner core of the free university community—those who believe the establishment must be challenged on its every move. "Some of the people interested in revolution feel our encounter group draws away from revolutionary enthusiasm. When you say, 'Listen, man, why do you hate your father?' a lot of the fire a revolutionary needs is lost."

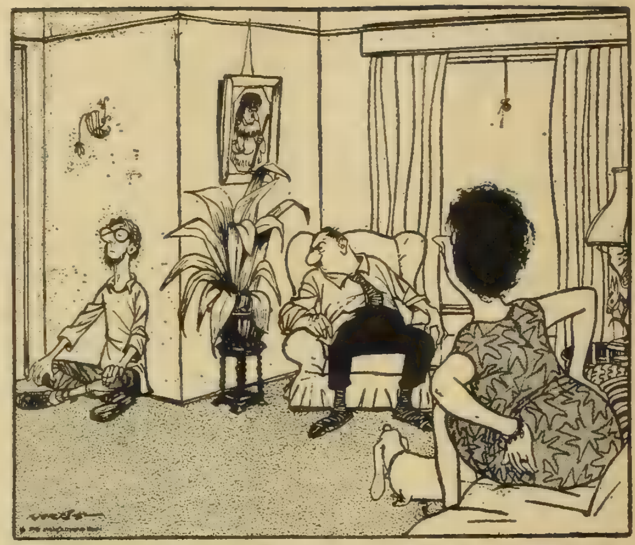
At the same time, Crist is available for the chores of street confrontation, believing, as they all do at Midpeninsula, that effort is needed to protect their idea from the straight community. Today, the chief guardian of the idea is Bob Cullenbine, who has been elected to a six-month term as coordinator, or chancellor, of the university. He described his first experience with the school: "About a year and a half ago, I was invited to come to a class as a guest lecturer on marijuana. So I brought along a lid, rolled up ten joints and turned everybody on."

Cullenbine is 30, with longish fair hair and an open, clean-shaven face. He dresses casually, but not in the extreme hippie mode. He has an A.B. in economics at Stanford University and spent a few years with the telephone company and a savings firm before, as he puts it, "freaking out." "I was really lost. I couldn't be a hippie, but I couldn't do what I was doing. Then one day my wife said: 'Why don't you make a candle?' "

Along with his duties as coordinator, Cullenbine now teaches a course in casting candles in sand. He also helps instruct a course on the Palo Alto City Council, a subject on which he is expert from frequent appearances at their meetings to protest what the school feels is civic harassment. He has been arrested in the name of the university, charged last fall with interfering with an officer and obstructing traffic after police moved in on a rock-political rally on Palo Alto's main plaza. Cullenbine chose trial by jury and was acquitted.

The broader test continues. Cullenbine and his people plan a free university session this summer. "We're inviting people from all over the country to share the free university experience. Maybe, a tent city will have to be organized."

The Midpeninsula Free University is the largest of its kind in the United States and, as such, has been the subject of study by educators and church groups from the straight world. It is encouraging free schools at San Jose, Santa Cruz and San Luis Obispo since, as Cullenbine expressed it, "they thrive best at local institutions." Midpeninsula, according to its chancellor, has an annual budget of between $40,000 and $50,000. Almost all classes are held in private homes, so the physical plant of the school are a print shop, a much bombarded store, the quarterly catalogue and a newsletter. The cherished goal is a community center and the school, financed with an announced $40,000, including private donations, is shopping around.



Norris, Vancouver Sun

"We were thinking of putting out a good businessmen's lunch at the center, you know," Cullenbine said, "so that the older generation could come by and get in touch with the kids."

The presence of an estimated 200 teen-agers at a university which advises on drug use and sexual experimentation has brought charges that the school is corrupting youth. To which Cullenbine replies, "Yes."

"If these people are really worried about them, then they had better get in touch with their kids. We've invited parents to some of our courses. They may not have approved of them, but they aren't walking around afraid any more."

The university's attorney, Jim Wolpman, wrote in the school's newsletter: "The Free University is not responsible for juvenile delinquency, narcotic use, teen-age vandalism, or the alienation of the young from their parents. If the Free University went out of existence tomorrow, not one of those problems would change in the least." As to the dialogue within the university family about the school's trouble with civil authority, Cullenbine said: "Some people find it incredible to imagine that anyone could create a decent political system unless your own head is in fine shape. Other people think that personal liberty is impossible without political liberty." Cullenbine described himself as a "moderate" within the views of the university.

SINO-RUSSIAN FACE-OFF

THE RIVER IS NOT THE ISSUE

C. P. FITZGERALD

Canberra

It takes two to make a quarrel, and if there is one certainty about the present clash on the Ussuri River frontier between China and the USSR, it is the mutual expression of ill will. The Ussuri River is a wide stream which annually shifts its course when summer floods expand its flow. Points projecting from one bank are cut off, and become islands; islands attach themselves as points, to one bank or the other. If, with perhaps some lack of foresight, the frontier between two countries is placed in the middle of such a river, there will from year to year arise questions of what is to be done about these changes in its bed. With good will there should be no real problem: a permanent boundary commission representing both sides could arrange give and take, compensation and exchange (in the case of the Ussuri, the land concerned is mostly sandy and nearly worthless). But if both sides decide to make an issue of every new change, contesting that such and such a promontory, though now an island, or even a part of the opposite bank, must immutably remain the possession of its first owner, there will be a constant supply of causes for angry dispute. Since the beginning of the contemporary quarrel between China and Russia, these sources of conflict on the Ussuri have been exploited, not appeased, and the latest clash, we are told by both sides, is only the most recent of many. Why, therefore, has this particular incident been blown up into a major confrontation?

There appear to be at least four possible explanations. The first is that an accidental clash between zealous local border guards is being exploited by both sides to provide further ammunition for the polemical war in which they have long traded insults. In that case, it has only passing importance and, when the utmost verbal injury has been extracted, will be allowed to subside. The objection to this interpretation is that it exhibits both sides in a rather childish attitude, resorting to unnecessary publicity over the gross exaggeration of a trifling dispute, and showing deplorable lack of common sense. It seems likely that even if one side were to display these hysterical characteristics, the other would refrain from them. We have become accustomed, since the Cultural Revolution, to Chinese exaggeration and rhetorical extremism in foreign relations; but it was Russia that first gave the present incident the world-wide publicity it has received. The means used seem inadequate to any end that could be usefully achieved.

The second interpretation, which is consistent with the Russian initiative in publicity, is that Moscow seeks to portray China as a dangerous and renegade Communist power, imbued with "chauvinism" and swayed by intemperate emotionalism. Such a dangerous neighbor, ready to attack the Soviet over trifling disputes, warrants the closest supervision, and Russia thereby gains a justification for softening its policies in Eastern Europe. Berlin can, after all, be left in peace; pressure on Romania may be eased; even Czechoslovakia can be soothed, especially if, as is alleged, Kosygin and a minority of the Russian leadership opposed the occupation of that country and still consider it to have been a great mistake. Russia, like so many other countries so often in the past, may need an outside issue to distract attention from mistakes nearer home and to unify opinion.

This interpretation may explain Russian action, but not the response of China. The Chinese have no reason to help Russia out of its difficulties in Eastern Europe, least of all by drawing Russian fire upon themselves. A simple brief denial of the Russian version of the clash, without publicity at home, could have sufficed. The Chinese never gave the border fighting with India in 1962 any internal publicity at all, although they had won a notable success. It did not suit their policy to play that matter up. By avoiding mass demonstrations this time, China could have largely discredited the Russian display of indignation, and then coolly suggested a border commission to investigate the facts. The East European Communist countries, including friendly Romania, could have been allowed to draw their own conclusions.

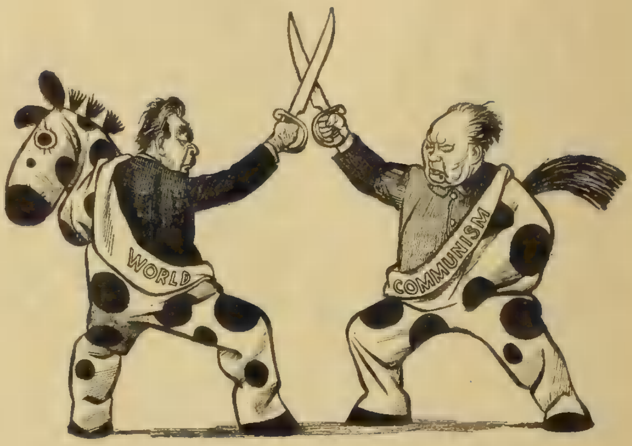
The third interpretation is that China needed an outside issue to heal the wounds inflicted by the Cultural Revolution, solidify opinion behind the leadership and demonstrate that it was not afraid of Russia or any other power. The objection here is that the aim appears too limited and too short term in its effects to justify the risks. If the country is still deeply divided by the policies of the Cultural Revolution, no local squabble with Russia is an adequate salve. If the matter is to be exploited further there will arise the real danger of its getting beyond control, and the returns to China from such an eventuality are very doubtful indeed. A serious repulse on the frontier, such as China itself inflicted on India in 1962, could be disastrous, giving critics, now cowed, a fresh chance to oppose a leadership that had lost face.

A fourth interpretation would place this border clash in a much wider context of foreign policy. It could be that China, recovering from the Cultural Revolution, seeks to formulate a new foreign policy to replace that followed with slight success under the leadership of men now driven from power. The old policy did not give the results hoped for; there was Indonesia, and there was the abortive adventure at Algiers. These failures may, in fact, be the responsibility of men still in office, but they can be offloaded onto the suffering shoulders of Liu Shao-ch'i and his associates. The new policy may seek to test out the Nixon Administration, exploring the chances for a change of attitude in the United States to which China could make a cautious response. If, by confronting Russia, China can enhance its value as a counterweight, America might become interested. The offer of new Warsaw talks was taken up by President Nixon with more warmth than had been shown before. China then postponed them, perhaps to demonstrate independence and raise the price. Confrontation with Russia, followed by a new invitation to President Nixon to reopen the Warsaw talks, would be a neat stroke and snub to the Kremlin. There is also Vietnam. If the Chinese have decided that peace will eventually come out of the Paris talks, and that even if there is no clear-cut victory for the Communist side, it will be followed by an American withdrawal, which would probably be irreversible, then the main reasons for treating the United States as enemy number one will be diminished. Russia, however, remains on a long common frontier. It might be time to make up the quarrel with the great sea power—or at least to cool it off—so as to be ready to meet any threat from the great land power. If the foreign policy of China is once more being formulated by men of balance and judgment, this calculation could be realistic.

The objection to such an interpretation is that it is too Machiavellian and out of character with the extremist and violent character of recent Chinese policy. If revolutionary aims still dominate, and Mao Tse-tung gives no sign that they do not, then this sort of cold reckoning and bargaining is repugnant to his ideas and would not win his approval.

It is perhaps a mistake to suppose that any single theory provides a sufficient explanation; an adequate hypothesis must cover all the facts. Internal stresses could explain why both sides wish to emphasize a minor incident, and at the same time score polemical points off the opponent, while also having in mind wider purposes which this conflict might be made to serve. It would not seem probable that either Russia or China really desires the irritation to develop into a war; the consequences of any major military operation would be incalculable, and the benefits which either side could expect are hardly perceptible. If China succeeded in occupying a large part of the Maritime Province, or the trans-Amur territories of the USSR, it would find itself responsible for the administration of a region inhabited by a large Russian population, and without any Chinese minority to assist the occupying power. The same would apply to Russia if it were to invade and occupy Heilungkiang Province on the Chinese side. Such a war, whoever ignited it, could hardly be contained in this area. It could easily involve the frontier of the Mongolian People's Republic, which on the Chinese side is the frontier of Sinkiang Province, where the Chinese nuclear weapons program is carried on, and its main sources of uranium are found. Neither party could hope to profit internationally from such a war. It would split the Communist world, devalue its revolutionary message everywhere, and leave the leadership of the far Left to the anarchists and extreme individualists whom Communists deplore.

Incidents are always possible through accident or the impetuosity of some local and subordinate commander; if then the two governments are too hostile or proud to appease such an outbreak, the consequences can fly beyond control. The risk of such major eruptions was much greater in the pre-nuclear age than it is today. The essential factor in urging governments up to and over the brink was the still seemingly valid belief that a worth-while victory could be won, even at great sacrifice, and that some constant intolerable menace could be removed. No one now can harbor such delusions; victory could possibly be equated with bare survival of a remnant, as opposed to total extermination; but profitable victory is a historical phenomenon that will never recur.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The spectacle of the Sino-Soviet quarrel, now continuing for a decade, has already done much to alter the whole world picture. It is no longer possible to think in terms of a Communist monolith inexorably opposed by combinations of free powers bound together by shared fears. The suppositions and strategies appropriate to the period when that world situation seemed real are outmoded. There is no fundamental reason why a Communist China, at odds with a Communist Russia, should not seek easier relations with non-Communist America; nor why America for its part should see the Chinese, or the Russians, as necessarily right or wrong in their mutual accusations and contests. Increasingly, ideology has become subordinated to national interests, and perhaps the most distasteful aspect of the Cultural Revolution to both Russian Communists and Western capitalists was China's reversal of that tendency and its insistence once more on purely ideological goals. If China, in a post-Cultural Revolution period, begins to put its own interests first and world revolution second, there could be some surprising accommodations and changes of policy. It is at least possible that we are now seeing the first signs of such a transformation.

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GOLDEN OX OF ANTITRUST

MORTON MINTZ

Mr. Mintz is a reporter for The Washington Post *and author of* By Prescription Only. *For his reporting in 1962 on thalidomide he won the Heywood Broun, Raymond Clapper and George Polk Memorial Awards.*

Washington

Amidst all the talk by the Administration and on Capitol Hill about tax reform, a large golden ox, which could be gored without complaint from the great mass of taxpayers, small and large, is standing almost unnoticed outside the corral. The ox in question belongs to those corporations which have been judged to have violated the antitrust laws. Under one of these laws, the Clayton Act, the courts are directed to enter judgments of treble the amount of the damages actually proved. The matter of concern to taxpayers is whether payments to settle claims for such damages should or should not be deducted from gross taxable income.

The issue acquired immediacy with the recent announcement of agreements looking toward a $120 million settlement of treble-damage suits that were brought by states, cities and other litigants against five suppliers of tetracycline and two other antibiotics which are effective against a broad span of infectious diseases. This case is of special interest, not only because the settlement would be the largest ever to be wrapped into a single package but because of certain unusual circumstances.

In the 1950s, Chas. Pfizer had a patent monopoly on oxytetracycline (Terramycin) and American Cyanamid on chlortetracycline (Aureomycin). Each firm charged pharmacists $30.60 for 100 capsules in the most common dosage. This price, which ranged from two and a half to almost twenty times the cost of production, was threatened by the advent of tetracycline, which many physicians regarded as generally superior to the chemically related products. If a patent on tetracycline was not secured, then anyone could make it; and if anyone could make it, there would be drastic price competition and drastic reductions in profits, which were as high as 85.7 per cent before taxes.

Pfizer claimed—and Cyanamid came to agree—that it had been the first company to reach the Patent Office with a practical application. The trouble was, Pfizer's process for producing tetracycline required the use of Cyanamid's patented chlortetracycline. In other words, Pfizer could not exploit a patent unless it had Cyanamid's cooperation. And so an agreement was reached under which Cyanamid would be Pfizer's exclusive licensee for tetracycline. At the Patent Office, however, there was especial concern about one point: Was tetracycline a naturally occurring by-product of the manufacture of chlortetracycline? If this was the case, no patent could be issued. Pfizer and Cyanamid provided tests and studies to assure the Patent Office that tetracycline was *not* such a by-product, and Pfizer got the patent.

Another hitch developed when Bristol-Myers, which had tried in vain to establish a place in the tetracycline market, learned that a private detective retained by Pfizer for $60,000 had been tapping its phones. The ultimate result was that Bristol, along with the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., and the Upjohn Co., were, in restricted capacities, dealt in. (Olin was then the parent company of E. R. Squibb which since has become Squibb-Beech-Nut.)

But the Federal Trade Commission upset things when it concluded that Pfizer, aided by Cyanamid, had misled the Patent Office and obtained the crucial patent by fraud —a finding that the Court of Appeals in Cincinnati affirmed last year. Pfizer then went to the Supreme Court, which on March 24 refused to review the case. Then, in 1961, a federal grand jury indicted Pfizer, Cyanamid and Bristol for conspiring to fix prices, conspiring to monopolize and achieving the desired monopoly—and named Olin Mathieson and Upjohn as co-conspirators. On December 29, 1967, a jury in New York City convicted the three firms on all three counts. Appeals are pending.

The issue, then, is whether companies which obtained a patent by fraud, which were convicted of criminal antitrust violations, and which were shown to have charged exorbitant prices for vital medicines should be allowed, by tax relief, to pass more than half the cost of the $120 million expected settlement to the public which had been the victim in the first place.

As a matter of law, whether the companies should be taxed is entwined with a problem of what Congress intended by imposing triple damages. Did it intend the provision to be remedial, in which event deductibility would logically be allowed? Or did it intend triple damages to be punitive, in which case deductibility would be improper? Down through the years, there have been conflicting interpretations of what Congress meant. Until 1961, the Internal Revenue Service allowed deductions for treble damages. Then, in a letter to the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, it quietly changed its mind.

However, the agency decided to develop a public policy after the conviction, in 1961, of General Electric, Westinghouse and twenty-seven other manufacturers on criminal antitrust charges involving electrical equipment. Sometime in 1963, then Commissioner Mortimer M. Caplin discussed the matter with staff members. Their recommendations are in dispute. In any case, on July 31, Caplin and aides, including his successor, Commissioner Sheldon S. Cohen, and the Justice Department met with the accounting and law firms which represented the equipment makers.

In September 1963 Assistant Atty. Gen. William H. Orrick, Jr., in a memo to Caplin, said that when damages are paid following litigation, "no deduction should be permitted," and that to permit deduction would be to "encourage disrespect" for the antitrust laws and to reduce "their effectiveness and deterrent effect." In addition, the Department said it was "prepared to defend in court a rule of complete nondeductibility." Nonetheless, on July 24, 1964, the IRS announced a ruling under which payments to satisfy treble-damage claims—specifically including those following criminal convictions—"are deductible as ordinary and necessary business expenses."

The ruling produced a howl of outrage from the chairmen of the Congressional antitrust subcommittees, Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) and Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), but enabled the electrical equipment conspirators to write off about half a billion dollars in settlements. GE alone saved about $90 million.

In July 1966, two years after the ruling was made, Hart held three days of hearings—ignored by most news media—on a bill to reverse it. He said that in only two years the ruling already had assured tax savings of "more than a billion dollars as cases now in process, involving price-fixing in the sale of salt, aluminum cable and other products, are concluded."

Caplin and Cohen defended the ruling as one that had to be made under the kind of even-handed administration of the tax laws which for most of the public is the foundation of what the IRS calls the system of voluntary compliance. That is, they said, they could be no less and no more considerate of General Electric and Westinghouse than of an individual taxpayer who, say, was hovering near the poverty line. Caplin and Cohen never did dispel all of the questions about how this resolute egalitarianism squared with having held a meeting at the highest level of IRS with accountants and lawyers for the equipment makers—a privilege not often accorded ordinary taxpayers.

Neither did Caplin and Cohen persuasively rebut the testimony of Prof. L. Hart Wright of the University of Michigan, an adviser to the IRS, who is a leading tax consultant. Appearing before Senator Hart, Wright said that in situations involving a somewhat doubtful tax-avoidance device, the Commissioner "does and should" act as "an advocate who is willing to litigate an important matter even though he may tend to believe the odds . . . are somewhat against him." Hart was left incredulous that IRS failed to act as an advocate by ruling against the electrical manufacturers, leaving it to them to challenge the ruling in the courts—especially because there was considerable reason to believe that in the Supreme Court the IRS would have won, and saved the taxpayers more than $1 billion.

Caplin acknowledged that a factor in his decision was congestion of court dockets. This raised another question about even-handedness, the congestion having been caused by the filing of about 1,500 treble-damage suits which grew out of the electrical cases. In other words, as Hart put it, the larger the antitrust conspiracy, the greater the clogging of the docket—and the less likely a fight by the IRS.

Hart's bill got nowhere. Neither did another sponsored by Sen. Russell B. Long (D., La.). While the antibiotics firms were on trial in December 1967, Hart, calling the IRS ruling "indefensible," tried again with a bill which would make payments in excess of actual damages neither taxable income for a plaintiff nor deductible expense for a defendant. Again, nothing happened.

Hart, who says the issue is whether "the American taxpayer is entitled to equal treatment in the administration of our tax laws," will make another attempt this year. So will Long and Celler. It remains to be seen how much help they get from the Nixon Administration and from Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 450)

I have several questions. *The Nation* believes little evidence was produced: Art Kevin, president of the Los Angeles Press Club, reported from New Orleans that, in his opinion and that of a majority of his colleagues, Garrison had refuted the findings of the Warren Report. . . . Why did Judge Haggerty refuse to grant a defense motion for a directed verdict of acquittal, if so little evidence was presented?

And how has Mr. Garrison abused his office? In addition to the grand jury indictment, the prosecution requested a preliminary hearing (usually requested by the defense) to determine whether possible cause existed. A panel of three judges agreed that probable cause did exist. . . .

That a perjury complaint against Mr. Shaw amounts to abuse of powers is not obvious to me. The testimony of Henry E. Palmer, John Manchester and Mr. and Mrs. Tadin seems to indicate that Shaw did perjure himself. How is the complaint an abuse of powers?

Paul Boothby

The Nation has received several letters similar to this of Mr. Boothby. By way of brief rebuttal: Clay Shaw was being tried in New Orleans, not the Warren Commission Report. Even so the evidence did not unhinge the findings of the report. In fact it is Mr. Garrison's contention that uncooperative federal agencies prevented him from presenting evidence which might have done so.

Before the report was issued *The Nation* ran an article by Dr. Maurice Rosenberg, Columbia Law School [Sept. 14, 1964], in which he pointed out that the public would expect more from the report when it was issued than the commission could possibly provide—namely, *historical truth* or the kind of acceptance which usually follows where there has been an adversary proceeding. This conclusion was, indeed, prophetic. The Warren Commission Report is just what the name implies and no more, that is, *a report*. We have never thought that it set forth the whole truth or that it was the last word on the tragic happenings in Dallas. But we find it impossible to accept all the fanciful theories which have been hawked about the assassination.

That the trial judge in New Orleans let the case go to the jury merely means that he thought there was some evidence, however slight, to warrant this procedure. But the fact is that there was virtually no evidence, worthy of the name, to sustain the charge that Clay Shaw was party to a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy. The chief prosecution witness in his original statement to the district attorney did not mention a conspiracy and, in effect, repudiated much of the evidence he had given at the preliminary hearing.

As to abuse of powers, it is implicit in Garrison's handling of the case from the outset—the harassment of certain witnesses, the perjury complaint that has now been issued against Shaw, etc. For details see Edward Jay Epstein's well-documented account of the case (*Counterplot*). Mr. Epstein, it will be recalled, is one of the leading critics of the Warren Commission Report.

Editors

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Pushkin in His Real Life

PŪSHKIN: Death of a Poet. *By Walter N. Vickery. Indiana University Press. 146 pp. $5.75.*

PUSHKIN: A Biography. *By David Magarshack. Grove Press. 320 pp. $7.50.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

When Alexander Pushkin was killed in a duel at the age of 37, his literary reputation in his own country had been declining for a number of years. Every verse tale, every lyric he wrote in the 1820s was eagerly received and indiscriminately praised. But as Pushkin's genius ripened and matured, as his thinking took new turns, independent of any current intellectual trends, there followed a puzzled withdrawal of the reading public's interest in his work. Russian critics and writers of the most diverse camps and orientations believed the last chapters of *Eugen Onegin* to be much weaker than the novel's beginning; it took decades for the profundity and grandeur of *The Bronze Horseman* or the Mozartean elegance and precision of Pushkin's prose tales and of the *Journey to Arzrum* to be properly evaluated and appreciated.

The suddenness and violence of the poet's death put an end to any open talk of Pushkin's decline. In the waves of popular repentance and revulsion occasioned by the shock, there was born the great national myth of the martyred Pushkin, the myth that was to turn the country's greatest poet into a sort of liberal-minded Russian Osiris or Adonis, ritually sacrificed by high society and the imperial government for defying their conventions and threatening their interests.

None of the great Russian writers who followed Pushkin was accorded such elevation of his biography into the realm of mythology. Even the least educated Russians of the past hundred years, whose contact with Pushkin as a literary phenomenon was limited to three or four hackneyed quotations, were sure to have encountered the slanted, simplified legend of Pushkin's martydom.

How did it happen? Within weeks after Pushkin's death, a younger poet, Mikhail Lermontov, launched his own meteoric poetic career with a piece of brilliant and hysterical invective, "On the Death of a Poet," in which he indicted the imperial court for destroying the solitary poet who dared oppose its opinions. The poem led to Lermontov's exile to the Caucasus and it is probably the origin of the myth of Pushkin's martyrdom. The need to indict the regime of Nicholas I was so great that the version was uncritically accepted even when the facts of the case became generally known: that it was Pushkin himself who sought and provoked the duel, that the man who killed him, Georges d'Anthès, was a foreigner with no understanding of the Russian literary and political intrigues which bedeviled the poet, and that although the Czar's treatment of Pushkin was at times revolting, neither he nor his court played much of a part in what was essentially a family tragedy.

D'Anthès married the sister of the poet's flighty, empty-headed wife, apparently with the express purpose of gaining easier access to Natalia Pushkina and seducing her. If there was a villain in the case, it was the Dutch ambassador who, motivated by a homosexual attachment for d'Anthès, kept contriving situations intended to embarrass and humiliate Pushkin, situations that eventually maneuvered him into challenging d'Anthès to a duel. Yet the historical and popular tradition chose to hold Russian society and the government responsible. We can understand the psychological processes involved when we consider how easily the act of Sirhan Sirhan was interpreted by many as proof that America is a sick society.

In 1899, on the date of the centenary of Pushkin's birth, the philosopher Vladimir Soloviov published an essay in which, with all due reverence for Pushkin as a poet, he challenged the concept of Pushkin as a national martyr. And indeed, Pushkin's exile to southern Russia (where he attended operas, drank champagne, carried on a love affair with the governor's wife, and wrote prodigiously) may have been an inconvenience, but a mere comparison of this exile with the grim mock execution and penal servitude to which Dostoevsky was subjected two decades later should easily set things in their proper perspective.

Walter Vickery's *Death of a Poet* documents the premises of Soloviov's essay and attempts to debunk the popular myth, a notoriously unrewarding task. The book is factual and readable, and outlines the historical events carefully and soberly. Were it to be published in the Soviet Union today, it would seem as scandalous and sacrilegious as Soloviov's essay seemed at the turn of the century. In the West, where Pushkin is seen as a writer and not as a victim of an infamous conspiracy, Vickery's book is not likely to shock or surprise anyone. Thus by being written in English it misses its real audience—the Russian readers to whom it might have administered a sobering and wholesome jolt.

Where Vickery concentrates on the circumstances of Pushkin's death, David Magarshack attempts a full-scale biography. Because Pushkin has been claimed as its own by every single literary, political and ideological faction in Russia, there is a paucity of balanced, unslanted biographies of this poet. The better books on Pushkin's life were all written by Russians in other languages than Russian: D. S. Mirsky's in English and Vsevolod Setchkarev's in German. Of all the numerous biographies in Russian, the *indispensable* one is not a true biography at all. It is a montage of documents, letters, excerpts from diaries, press clippings, etc., which reconstructs Pushkin's life from all available contemporary sources. Compiled with consummate imagination and scholarship by the minor Soviet novelist V. Veresaev, this two-volume collection of materials, *Pushkin in Real Life*, a classic of its kind (Veresaev also did a similar collection of Gogol materials), makes absorbing reading. It is also a sort of prepackaged do-it-yourself biographical kit, tempting to foreign would-be biographers.

In 1946, the French novelist and biographer Henri Troyat showed how it could be done. In his much acclaimed and widely translated *Pouchkine*, Troyat embroidered on the canvas provided by Veresaev. With occasional shifts of emphasis and with heightening of emotional tension, Troyat produced a typical Gallic *biographie romancée.*

Mr. Magarshack also had the sense to resort to Veresaev. Although he clearly used other sources, the narrative sequence and the distribution of quoted material easily establish that Veresaev's book served as the basic scaffolding. Yet, where in Russian the ostensibly dry collection of materials reads like an exciting novel, the narrative that Magarshack derived from it is insipid and pedestrian. Just how he managed to write a dull book about something as inherently dramatic as Pushkin's life is Magarshack's secret, but the causes must be connected with his general attitude to Russian literature, as manifested in his other biographies and translations of Russian classics.

Just as he sought to make Dostoevsky's Rodion Raskolnikov more accessible to English-speaking readers by dubbing him "Roddy," or as he converted Chekhov's three sisters, Olga, Irina and Masha, into "Olga, Irene and Mary," or systematically corrected the malapropisms and fractured French of Gogol's grotesques in his translation of *Dead Souls* (a description of a wine by a character as "both bourguignon and champagnon" is normalized by Magarshack to "a mixture of burgundy and champagne"), so Magarshack here normalizes and prettifies Pushkin's life story, at the same time depriving it of all color and flavor. Despite the four-letter words in his quotations from the poet's letters, there is a schoolmarmish air about the book, a tacit implication of: "This writer is a classic. Have some, it's good for you." The approach is, of course, deadly to all the joy, fun and sheer life force which are so abundantly present in Pushkin's work and in his biography.

The dust jacket of this volume (published by Grove Press, of all people) fits its contents beautifully. It displays an adaptation of the famous portrait of Pushkin by Orest Kiprensky. In the original painting, Pushkin looks very Negroid, very wise and somewhat haughty. On the dust jacket, however, he is entirely Caucasian, with a sweet and rather ingratiating expression. All the features from the Kiprensky portrait are there, just as most of the facts from Veresaev are there in Magarshack's text. Yet the Pushkin of both the dust jacket and the book is a bore. And a boring Pushkin is simply not Pushkin.

Advocate of People's Wars

VIETNAM WILL WIN! *By Wilfred Burchett. A Guardian Book. Distributed by Monthly Review Press. 215 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.45.*

STEVEN d'ARAZIEN

Mr. d'Arazien is a reporter for the Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram. *He was Vietnam correspondent for the U. S. Student Press Association in 1967-68.*

Vietnam is to my generation what World War II was to our parents'. As history, of course, the war against Hitler is important to us and all future generations, a lesson never to be forgotten. But emotionally, it has lost its impact and is remote. It has become someone else's nightmare. We don't remember the concentration camps, fireside chats, Gold Star mothers, or the hatreds harbored for that short and strutting, loudmouthed dictator.

Our scenes are made up of whirring choppers disgorging Marines, peasant faces staring blankly, uncomprehendingly, as they are herded from their villages, their huts to be consumed after the touch of the Zippo; the *Seven O'clock Report*, the body count, President Johnson's pompous and pleading speeches, his exhortations to put down our signs, get off the streets, and get with it.

For six years now, I have been obsessed with Vietnam. And I am not alone. It eats at the guts of my generation. And still it goes on. How are we to understand this war?

Wilfred Burchett has written a book which helps. He is always labeled "an Australian Communist" when his work occasionally appears in the straight press. (He appears as a regular reporter in the *Guardian*.) The Communist label, like a poison warning on a medicine bottle, is bound to raise eyebrows. In the case of a journalist, one immediately asks whether he is trustworthy. Is he engaging in devious and duplicitous deceptions?

David Dellinger, the well-known peacenik who wrote the excellent introduction to *Vietnam Will Win!*, says: "I never caught him in an exaggeration, distortion or significant omission." Neither have I, though we have disagreed on the NLF use of the Cambodian hinterlands. Though Burchett relies heavily on NLF sources, he sometimes doubts their exactitude, and in these few cases, he quotes both NLF and American accounts.

This book tends to be discursive rather than neatly thematic, and the first five chapters rely heavily on material gathered for an earlier work, *Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerrilla War* (reviewed by Bernard Fall in *The Nation*, May 17, 1965). That earlier book was more exciting reading because it was more particularized and less theoretical, but both works have their place and are not mutually exclusive.

Burchett split with the conventional press while he was covering the Korean War. He began to doubt the justness of the Western cause. He has since become enamored—as many of us have—of the Vietnamese. He strongly identifies with their independence struggle and has been closer to the DRV government than any other Westerner. He has interviewed Ho, Giap and Pham Van Dong on numerous occasions, and has four times followed the guerrillas through the liberated zones.

A chapter on the Montagnards, Vietnam's ethnically distinct mountain tribes, contains many valuable contributions to the growing Vietnamology. The Montagnards are Vietnam's "niggers." These primitive tribes, which lack written languages and whose major activities are farming and smoking pot, have been brutally treated by the Vietnamese, who pride themselves on their "higher" cultural attainments.

Burchett describes the DRV's creative policy for Montagnard autonomy—Montagnard power, if you like—including the preservation of their languages and customs. On the other hand, Saigon consistently pressed for their assimilation, for the destruction of their culture, while the United States tried to buy their support with promises of independence from Saigon under direct American control. The NLF has copied its Northern brothers, introducing modern farming methods, public health programs, and has developed and taught written scripts for the Montagnard tongues. According to Burchett, this approach has led to the support of most of the tribesmen.

In his discussion of NLF strategy, Burchett notes that the Vietnamese have chosen a Chinese type of revolution, operating from bases in the countryside, and finally encircling the cities. The Russian type, of course, requires an urban proletariat, absent in Vietnam.

Since Tet, the noose has been drawn tight around the American enclaves, though over the summer some new offensive search-and-destroy operations were mounted in the Delta and north near Danang. It is doubtful that at this point loyalties, the final determinant of the settlement, will shift much, and the settlement will reflect the situation as it has tended to be over the past year, bad for the United States.

Burchett trenchantly notes the shattering of some of our most sacred myths. Chief among them is the superiority of air power, touted as the key to modern warfare from Billy Mitchell through to Curtis "Bomb 'em to the Stone Age" LeMay. After years and years, and tons and tons of bombs, the same targets are targeted, and the supply flow south has increased rather than decreased.

More important, the United States, long thought omnipotent, has been proved vulnerable: "One little war against an underdeveloped country has proved too much," Burchett notes, adding that when the *Pueblo* was seized, the only aircraft near enough for a possible rescue operation were four jets in South Korea, all armed with nuclear bombs. There's not much flexibility in that. The incident lends credence to Che Guevara's thesis that what is needed to put America out of action is "One, two, many more Vietnams." At least, Vietnam should have convinced our political leaders of the folly of trying to be the world's policeman. But one doubts it.

Burchett is best as an advocate of people's war, which he defines as war by the masses for liberation from foreign or foreign-sponsored domestic elites. NLF leaders believe success requires two elements: readiness on the part of the people for a long and difficult struggle, and appropriate leadership. They also believe the liberation movement's superior moral position can be translated into a political and military advantage. "They are fighting . . . in defense of their homes and motherland while Saigon troops . . . are under a Quisling government in the service of a foreign invader. . . ." was the way one NLF leader put it.

But this explanation is not enough. The NLF also believes the war must be understood in class terms—poor peasants fighting against exploitative Saigon landlords and profiteers. Certainly these concepts provide more motivation than the rationale given by most American soldiers, that they are somehow fighting 10,000 miles from home to keep America free. In my nine months in Vietnam, I met very few soldiers gung-ho enough to bridge that logical gap, and a host of skeptics and cynics.

A chapter on the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), describes the role of the Communist core in the largely non-Communist NLF. Each unit includes a political officer, described as the "life and soul of the unit," a dedicated cadre who both lectures the men and sets a superior example.

Though Burchett doesn't concern himself with questions of the degree of influence the Communists exert, he does believe that the NLF program, which provides for Southern neutrality, is no mere temporary tactic, but is considered by the NLF hierarchy as "the correct policy for the whole historical period." Perhaps liberals may find this encouraging, and perhaps they can help nations that would prefer a policy of neutrality to attain it by pressuring the American Government to detach foreign aid from its current political component. If foreign aid were made nonpolitical, an NLF-controlled South Vietnam would certainly have a better chance of maintaining a neutral posture and thus avoid the dilemma of Cuba.

As Burchett correctly notes, Saigon has been teetering on the brink of collapse for ten years, while the NLF and DRV have grown stronger. Now the NLF—through the newly created Alliance of Democratic and Peace Forces—is trying to broaden its base to include bourgeois elements, thus preparing for its goal of a "government of national unity," or coalition. Burchett says that even some of those in the current Saigon regime would be able to find a place in the new government if they will only "break with the puppets."

As for the negotiations, Burchett expects both the NLF and DRV negotiators to be, like bamboo, strong and flexible. But unless the United States is willing to make political compromises and concede control of South Vietnam to elements completely independent of itself, Paris could become an all too familiar dateline in our morning papers.

A Fly in Amber

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF JEAN STAFFORD. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 463 pp. $10.*

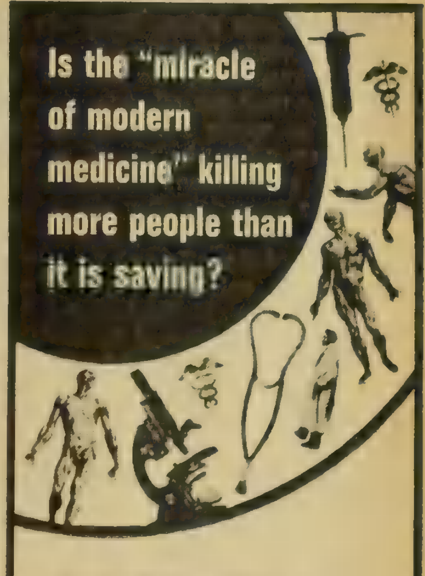
TRY ANOTHER COUNTRY: Three Short Novels. *By Barbara Rees. Harcourt, Brace & World. 178 pp. $4.95.*

EDWIN J. KENNEY, Jr.

Mr. Kenney teaches English at Colby College in Maine.

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford are the impressive achievement of an established writer; Barbara Rees's three short novels, *Try Another Country*, are the promising efforts of a new and struggling one. Yet, they are similar in their vision and presentation of human loneliness. They show that the short work of fiction's special and necessary limitations of dramatic time, place and action are what make it such an appropriate form for the 20th-century's bewildered obsession with feelings of isolation and imprisonment, of claustrophobic desperation in which the self can turn about only far enough to feel the confinement of another harsh surface.

Reading the stories by Miss Stafford and Miss Rees is like seeing a fly in amber: one is continually struck by the incongruity of such a mean subject in such a grotesque position enclosed in such a pure and elegant medium. And one has difficulty reconciling an awareness of the amber's permanently frozen shape with the kinetic sense of the insect's anguished movement. One remains an observer contemplating a curious emblematic object, pitying the fly but not sharing its agony. These stories capture, illuminate, and preserve the lonely lives of a desperate and inarticulate underground, cut off from, yet locked within, their social communities. The moments dramatized are not significant or climactic in themselves; but they are the grotesque moments that painfully reveal to the flylike characters and to the reader the terrible vulnerability of our solitary and mean lives.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As a craftsman, Miss Stafford genuinely understands that everything put into the short story has to contribute directly to this emblematic effect. Every detail is chosen carefully to define the characters individually and to become a metaphor for their general state of confinement. The people she writes about are mostly away from home and, as she says in her author's note, "while they are probably homesick they won't go back."

This mood of the exile and the alien, with all of his unfulfilled longings to belong somewhere, is fundamental to Miss Stafford's conception of the modern condition. Her stories show Americans in Europe and Caribbean divorce colonies, Americans from the South and West in the Northeast, and city people in the country—all grimly satisfied to be away from "home" but confused, frightened, and unhappy in the life they have found.

Socially, the characters in these stories are inhibited by the special tedium of rules and activities of the institutions to which they are driven in their desire to survive: a hospital, resort, church, school, boardinghouse, jail, farm, poorhouse, museum or apartment building. This range of communal institutions, together with that of geographical settings, enforces the view that universally the human consciousness, as one character feels, is "confounded utterly, like an orphan in solitary confinement."

Their lives provide them with no real goals and no real forms of fulfilling expression, of true liberation. All the accessible, conventional possibilities have become restraints upon man's intensely felt needs and values, not vital manifestations of them. But Miss Stafford also sees clearly that her characters are as limited by their own bodies and minds as they are by any social institutions. They feel imprisoned by their own physical beings, whether they are diseased, or beautiful, or tired, or actually maimed and ugly, or simply too young or too old. The body humiliates the self by betraying it and becoming its most intimate prison, not only in space but also in time.

Paradoxically and pathetically, these characters are ultimately caught up in their main source of energy: their desire not to be confined, to escape from the meanness and squalor of their lives. The little girl in "Bad Characters," when impatient and oppressed by the company of her friends, bursts out with horrible invectives and drives them away for good, only to discover that she does not like the solitude she had wanted. "In the Zoo" and other stories show the consequences of accepting the cynical and solitary creed characteristic of the boardinghouse: "Life was essentially a matter of being done in, let down, and swindled." Such resignation may protect the self from immediate destructive despair, but it must be maintained by paranoid hatred or deadening anguish, and often ends in a growing hysteria at the inability to cope with unsuspected and inexplicable feelings of guilt.

These thirty fine stories by Jean Stafford have all appeared before, either in *The New Yorker* or in the book collections, *The Interior Castle* (1953) and *Bad Characters* (1964), and they complement and amplify one another in this handsome collection.

In Miss Rees's stories, lonely characters in their frenetic quest for freedom hunt down and ensnare others as well as themselves. The tales in *Try Another Country* are called short novels, and this ambivalent name suggests their fault; they are not so gracefully and economically concise as Miss Stafford's stories, and they are not made of subjects large enough to merit extensive development in a full novel. But they do reveal a potentially powerful ironic vision, for Miss Rees defines her subject as the general difficulty of "choice in a permissive age," where everything is there to be tried. Her characters have no moral or practical prohibitions against anything except superficial pastoral content based on the lifeless morality and practicality of their parents' comfortable suburban homes. The liberation they seek is apparently there for the taking, but it is unsatisfying because they cannot make anything of value out of it. They become as automatic in their responses to life as the detested middle class.

"Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Wall" is the longest and best of Miss Rees's stories, not so diagrammatic and melodramatic as "Sidney, Oh Sidney" or "Poor Margaret." In it Miss Rees creates three strong characters intensely aware of themselves and of the others, who fall prey to one another because each is so trapped by his own desperate needs. If the Italian Vittorio, with all of his Latinate sensuality and shrewdness, is playing "Hunt the Foreigner," Mrs. Wall, in her disappointment at not having lived her life to the fullest, is hunting for someone cruel enough to shock her daughter, Flora, out of her imitative prudence. Flora sees the trap being set for her by both Vittorio and her mother, but she finally submits to it because of her own overwhelming desires for the exciting pleasures of Vittorio and Rome. In so doing, she makes the hunters her own victims in the very act of being victimized by them.

This pattern of mutual exploitation is repeated in the other stories. Lulubird, running from her Southern home, is ensnared in New York by Sidney, who is trying to avoid his family's conventional metropolitan Jewishness. Margaret, in trying to escape the confining responsibilities of marriage and children—of sustained love—monotonously uses and is used by male homosexual lovers, and is disappointed in her unconsummated affair with a married man. In the absence of any traditional restraints, the emotional and sexual needs of these characters may be freely expressed, but they become the most viciously oppressive of all the prison houses of the soul.

Miss Rees's title for these stories, *Try Another Country*, is uttered in agony by poor Margaret at the end of the title story, which concludes the volume. The effect of setting the three stories in New York, Rome, and London is exactly that of the wide geographical range of Miss Stafford's work. It is to warn that one cannot try another country, for human life is everywhere the imprisoning of the self by the self. There are no final, bloody-headed victories on the barricades in either of these collections; there is only the desperate and futile struggle to crawl out of the suffocating confinement of one's own bag—the solitary struggle of a fly arrested and ennobled by the amber of fiction.

Constructions

THE PEOPLE MACHINE. *By Robert MacNeil. Harper & Row. 362 pp. $7.95.*

TELEVISION NEWS. *By Irving Fang. Hastings House. 320 pp. $8.95. Paper $5.60.*

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein, critic and film maker, is on the staff of N.B.C. News.

"Good night, David. . . . Good night, Chet . . ." filtered into the American imagination thirteen years ago; and the language, the rhythms, the concept of television news was changed, and with it much of the way Americans see one another and the world.

It is almost impossible to believe the words were actually *written* as part of a script. And so harmonious—nearly perfect—the relationship between Huntley and Brinkley (even their names are assonant) that it is equally hard to believe that they weren't invented. The *Huntley-Brinkley Report* is, of course, a construction—one in which the events of the world flow through Brinkley's conversational ironies and Huntley's patriarchal resonance. Each offers different possibilities of vision, alternative language and inflection. Events conform

Give them this day their daily ***bread.***

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon . . . and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now . . . in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . and their children . . . with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT. [illegible] BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)

to the individual cadence of their deliveries and merge with their personalities until the world is seen in the delicate balance between their two styles. What happened was that news had become stylized information.

Since there is no immutable, objective criteria for what is news—just traditions that have grown, developed and changed within each news medium—the potential of the medium itself has become the mold in which events finally take their shape. John Lawrence in Vietnam for C.B.S. began his piece on the destruction of a small village with an extreme close-up of the face of an old woman wailing her loss. Her face contoured the decimated area. Her cry was the sound of the battle that had ended. The fact of just another small battle had become information.

In just forty-five seconds N.B.C. captured unknown David Stanley's uphill battle for the Senate against Iowa's popular Governor Hughes. The film showed a montage of quick cuts picturing the exhausting range of Stanley's daily activities, while the sound track endlessly repeated Stanley's plea, "Hello, I'm Dave Stanley, I need your vote." Information!

A.B.C. did a news feature on a community action group's success in West Virginia. In just one shot lasting a minute, without a cut, the film showed: The outside of a mine in which millions of dollars of coal are extracted yearly—pull back to reveal an enormous train yard with thousands of fully loaded coal cars taking the state's wealth beyond its borders—pull further back and tilt down to show a man raking leaves (the man had been a miner for fifteen years before his job was eliminated by automation and now he is on the county's welfare rolls, assigned to do mindless work) move past the raker to a house being built by a group of men (these men are also on welfare but they were trained to build a house for one of their fellow poor under the federal government's new concept of community action). Information!

Robert MacNeil, who worked for N.B.C. as a correspondent for seven years and now works for the B.B.C., judges television news against what newspapers can do. For him, it is the flashy, undisciplined offspring of print journalism, and he mostly finds it wanting. "[Television's] journalistic achievement is still erratic. Its content demonstrates capricious selection, due not only to lazy news judgment, but to the unshakeable belief that picture must come first. When good picture and hard, important news happily coincide, the result is often powerful. When there is important hard news and no relevant picture, then television is in trouble." Nowhere does he come to grips with what is a "relevant picture" or acknowledge that facts are not news until they are translated into understandable information. Thus the anchor man of a news broadcast is dismissed as a "front man" and the drive toward pictures dismissed as a show-business aberration. The central problem is that MacNeil has not arrived at exactly what television news is.

MacNeil is quite good when he points up many of the defects in the structure of the television news organizations—that they are dependent and often at the mercy of a corporate body whose prime motive is profit, that the "fee system," in which reporters get paid by their number of appearances on the air, discourages time-consuming investigative reporting, that there are no adequate research facilities for backgrounding stories, that television basically reacts to stories carried by the other news media rather than initiating coverage, and that much of what is said on the air comes from the news wire services rather than from its own reporters. But these defects, while important, are not critical. Most of them could be remedied. What is critical is when television news fails on its own terms because those terms are not fully understood by the people working within the medium. And here MacNeil is of no help at all.

Ironically, the last half of *The People Machine* documents, in striking detail, how politicians and the public relations firms who work for them have grasped the essence of television's power and have bent it to their needs. In describing the evolution of political commercials, the television victories of Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan, the ingenuity of elected officials to appear favorably in television newscasts, MacNeil shows a sophisticated awareness of how facts and impressions, when in skilled hands, can provide exactly the information that is meant to be conveyed. MacNeil sees the dangers—an Orwellian fantasy played out in our own living rooms; but he doesn't see that the same technique in the hands of skilled journalists can distill the facts of a news event and accurately convey the impressions of the reporter and film crew who covered it. The value of MacNeil's book is its overwhelming concern for the integrity of television, his excellent research into its problems, and his ability to point out many of the hidden defects within its present structure. But the structure is not the medium, and it is in this critical area that MacNeil fails to extend his insights.

Dr. Irving Fang, who is currently assistant manager of the A.B.C. News Political Unit and who (I write this with awe) "aided by an IBM 1401 computer, did his doctoral dissertation on the subject of clear writing in television news," has written a textbook on television news that enshrines its defects by praising its techniques. If something is done in television news then all one must know is how it was done, not alternative concepts of doing it. It's a how-to-do-it book, a bit like paintings whose colors you fill in by number. Given the technique you will always get a picture. In news departments across the country, the same technique, the same picture.

The book is a lucid, accurate document of the place to which television news has evolved in the late 1960s. It clearly shows the potential television journalist the wide range of skills he must master and it offers useful advice in mastering each skill. But Fang never acknowledges that television news exists in a thicket of problems from which experienced newsmen have been trying to extract themselves since its inception.

Dr. Fang encourages the use of film handouts by the PR departments of major companies without questioning the film's use or even bothering to suggest that, if used, it should be labeled for what it is. He says that politicians are their own best PR men, and never suggests that a station may be taken in by a contrived event. He describes how newspapers and the wire services may provide "rich veins of new leads" without suggesting that television might develop its own sources of news. He never questions the practice of local newscasters reading commercials (although he admits "the practice is not generally applauded"). And he is scrupulous in acknowledging the marriage between a television news show and its sponsors: "As many newscasts across the country have proved, the best showcase for a commercial is a competently produced news program," which leads to the inevitable advice: "There should be no juxtaposition of product and unfavorable news about the product."

The intellectual content of the book is about on a par with Dr. Fang's homily, "As you grow older, experience is the best commodity you provide in return for a paycheck. The experience of the veteran is worth more than the energy of the beginner. Their comparative paychecks reflect it."

Although television news has been around for nearly two decades, and is the sole source of news for millions of Americans, there have been astonishingly few critical studies of it. The fact that Dr. Fang's textbook is one of the most thorough and useful books of its kind is alarming. The fact that MacNeil's book wasn't written years earlier is equally alarming. Television news, for all its faults, has developed and improved without much guidance from the community it serves. If it is not better, perhaps we should look to the community that continues to accept it uncritically.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

COMPANIONS OF THE HOLIDAY. *By Donald Richie. Walker & Co. 197 pp. $4.95.*

When the mistress of an American household in Tokyo departs for a few months, a varied group of Japanese servants are left to speculate on the reason for her leaving, as well as upon the meaning of their master's strange behavior with his young "modern" Japanese secretary. Mr. Richie has lived in Japan for many years. He has written a charming, funny and very touching novel which, as so many Western novels set in Japan have only hoped to do, succeeds in showing us a great deal about Japanese character and society. It does so under the light guise of recording the day-to-day intrigues that make up the lives of its characters, but occasionally it reveals more serious intentions, as when a beloved old dying woman who has unquestioningly devoted her life to service recalls her youth. It is a little too long, and suffers from a disappointingly pat ending. But these are small flaws in an otherwise classic little novel by a writer who is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*. And the handsome jacket, design and general production, done in Japan, make it a bargain at $4.95.

A NEST OF NINNIES. *By John Ashbery and James Schuyler. E. P. Dutton & Co. 191 pp. $4.95.*

A Nest of Ninnies is not maddening because it's boring (it is); worse is the way it goes on at such length, and with such obvious delight, making such fun of its subject that it ends up endorsing it. "It" in this case is the vacuous, humdrum, so-meaningless-that-it's-supposed-to-be-funny activities and conversations that comprise most of American middle-class daily life: eating boring and expensive food, going on absurd, pleasureless vacations, endlessly discussing one's friends, engaged in similar activities. Mr. Ashbery and Mr. Schuyler (who did what?) are very sophisticated, and there are some really funny lines. But, like satires about the emptiness of advertising or the absurdities of academia, which are read with complacent irony by admen and academics, it is the kind of novel whose existence depends on readers who find their own lives absurd but see no possibility for making them otherwise. "We may be silly," the authors seem to be saying, "but we certainly are cute."

SANCTITY: or There's no such thing as a naked sailor. *By Dennis Selby. Simon & Schuster. 190 pp. $4.95.*

This witty homosexual novel of suspense is a lot of fun until the last few pages, when what is intended as a dramatic and highly symbolic ending turns out to be a combination of sick and *Reader's Digest* mystical. Too bad, because Mr. Selby writes with great style and verve. His hero is a beautiful con man *extraordinaire*, who has some hilarious/sinister adventures at various levels of gay society; but the ill-conceived ending throws a tinge of pretense over a novel which had been previously distinguished exactly for a refreshing lack of it. (I hope *Sanctity* will be the last novel this year which gets compared by its publishers to *Rosemary's Baby*. In Selby's case, this is a particular insult; he's a writer of considerable comic talent, and such a description has become as tired by now as the "black humor" tag which is still getting slapped into the flap copy of any first novel that contains a laugh.)

BLACK JACOB. *By William Mahoney. The Macmillan Co. 247 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Mahoney has been a field worker for SNCC and SCLC, and *Black Jacob* is billed as "the first major novel to come out of the Movement." Its central figure, Dr. Jacob Blue, is a black Mississippi physician who has decided to run for Congress. He finds himself trapped between the pressures of his bourgeois professional friends, whose sad ambitions align them with a brutal white-power structure, and those of his real constituency—the poor blacks whose political existence he has always been able to uneasily ignore until the present, when he needs them. Jacob's awakening to which side he's on comes too late, and too unconvincingly to save the novel from old-fashioned melodrama. Perhaps events have moved too fast to produce a novel about the civil rights struggle which could be more than an interesting footnote to history, but Mahoney's characters never expand beyond the points of view they have been created to represent, and even those seem to exist here in a weird limbo, rather than as parts of a continuing, recognizable process. One wishes that the author had set down his own experiences in documentary form instead of saddling them with the demands of a standard, fictional framework.

THE SPORTING CLUB. *By Thomas McGuane. Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $4.95.*

In the way it sets about conveying its vision of American life, this tight, funny, elusive and aristocratic novel reminds one of *The Great Gatsby*. Set at an upper-class hunting and fishing club in Michigan, it describes the close and sadistic friendship between two rich young men whose exasperation with each other is mitigated by their common contempt for their marvelously stuffy club associates. When the club's centennial celebration reveals the real nature of its revered founders, the hell which has preceded the event recedes a bit, and for a moment the real nature of the two heroes' relationship is also clarified. Contained within this hard, wry, thoughtful tale, is a good deal of beautiful writing about hunting and fishing. Mr. McGuane is one of the most original and interesting young novelists to have appeared in a long time.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

COLLECTION: Operatic Arias. Pedro Lavirgen, tenor. Madrid Concert Orchestra; Eugenio M. Marco, cond. Westminster WST 17159, $4.79.

MOZART: Operatic Arias. Hermann Prey, baritone. Dresden State Orchestra; Otmar Suitner, cond. Angel S-36481, $5.79.

COLLECTION: Operatic Arias. Norman Treigle, bass-baritone. Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Jussi Jalas, cond. Westminster WST 17145, $4.79.

BELLINI & DONIZETTI: Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano. Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Jussi Jalas, cond. Westminster WST 17143, $4.79.

The LP record has done away with the form-destroying cuts and the rushed tempos that often characterized 78 RPM recordings of shorter musical works, but has substituted the so-called "recital record," a form of packaging frequently carried out with a minimum consideration for what might comprise a tolerable listening sequence. In fact, many such records, especially in the operatic field, amount to little more than publicity puffs—calling cards presented, as it were, in octuplicate. Even with singers of intelligence and skill, such successions of arias out of context rapidly engender tedium, to say nothing of the auditory spectacle of the average Stentor belting his way through the obvious chestnuts of Verdi, Leoncavallo, Giordano, et al. Señor Lavirgen is certainly no better than average. While his occasional dubiety of pitch and consistent insensitivity to dynamic variety might be just bearable during an evening at the opera house, the multiple and unrelieved revelation of his inadequacies on a record is the worst possible advertisement.

Another approach to programming is that of Hermann Prey, whose record presents in stupefying sequence almost every baritone aria from the four standard Mozart operas; a progression illuminated by only one flicker of enterprise, the inclusion of *Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo*, an aria written for *Così* but not used. As often happens in such collections, the desire to achieve variety impels the singer to exaggerations, such as the heavier, forced sound to differentiate Count Almaviva from Figaro. However, the three Papageno arias (one of them stopped rather than ended, for it leads into the scene with Papagena) are well sung, and it is surprising to note that Prey hasn't recorded this part complete, for he is by far its best exponent in years.

The Norman Treigle record offers both unconventional repertory and stylistic variety: character pieces from French opera, including the death scene from Massenet's *Don Quichotte*, and more substantial scenas from Verdi (*Attila* and *Ernani*) and Boito (*Mefistofele*). As a purely auditory phenomenon, Treigle is less impressive on recordings than in the opera house—one becomes increasingly conscious of the uneven vocal material, and the verbal-dramatic projection counts for less than it would in the framework of a complete performance. (The failure to supply a leaflet of texts and translations is a disservice to the strengths of this singer.)

Beverly Sills, on the other hand, has just about everything a singer needs, but this record exploits only a limited part of her gifts. Some of the arias are hardly well known, but even sung with such accuracy, intelligence of phrasing, rhythmic spirit, and ability to integrate fioritura into a melodic shape, they remain predictable. Nobody else sings this music so well, but Miss Sills is also the finest Mozart singer of her day, and it would be regrettable were her career to develop exclusively in this Sutherlandish direction.

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SCHUBERT: Songs; *Ländler*, D. 790. Elly Ameling, soprano; Hans Deinzer, clarinet; Jörg Demus, piano. Victrola VICS 1405, $2.50.

"Romantic Duets." Evelyn Lear, soprano; Thomas Stewart, baritone; Erik Werba, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 139303. $5.79.

"Elisabeth Schwarzkopf Song Book, Vol. 2." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Angel S-36545, $5.79.

Although it would be tempting to ascribe the generally more satisfactory effect of recorded song recitals, as compared with operatic snippets to the better taste of singers in this repertory and of the public that is interested therein, the more important reason is probably musical: songs are complete entities, not high points torn from an extended context; they begin and end at sea level, so to speak, rather than at a certain altitude of musico-dramatic tension. More breathing space between songs than is usually provided by the infinitesimal "bands" of the modern LP would be welcome, but it is possible to listen to most song records without suffering the anesthetic effect engendered by the operatic variety.

The Ameling-Demus collection attempts to re-create "the intimate style of the historic Schubertiads held by the inner circle of the composer's friends," going so far as to employ an 1835 Viennese piano in preference to the modern concert grand—but alas, the pianist's rather thumpy playing tends to undermine the natural voice-piano balance that the instrument permits, and the "intimate" part is effectively sabotaged by the presence of a decidedly spacious echo, perhaps added to (over)compensate for the use of a small recording studio. However, Miss Ameling uses her fresh, clear voice with impeccable musicianship, and I trust she will adorn many more recordings of this literature.

One of the 19th-century's neglected corners is the repertory of duets with piano, but the current prominence of two husband-and-wife recital teams (Lear-Stewart and Ludwig-Berry) seems likely to bring about some exhumations, of which the present record is a promising first installment. Some of this repertory is more interesting to sing than to listen to, and other examples belong more to the salon or *Hausmusik* tradition (in other words, hardly worth getting all dressed up and paying $5 to hear), but Schumann and Brahms, among others, found exceptionally interesting possibilities for variation of melodic structure through overlapping phrases and extensions. The Stewarts' choice of songs is not unvaryingly fascinating, but the performances are attractive and unpretentious despite such technical limitations as the shortness of the baritone's lower register.

More conventional is the Schwarzkopf program (the standard German composers, plus an irritating Russian hodgepodge: Stravinsky's wordless *Pastorale*, Moussorgsky translated into German, and a Tchaikovsky setting of an Italian text). She starts off strongly with an impressive reading of Schubert's *Erlkönig*, but too many of the songs that follow are susceptible to the interpretive coyness that is her besetting sin, and the alternation of serious performance with *kitsch* mimicry seriously disorients the superficially plausible program—you never know when another of her verbal bump-and-grind effects will turn up.

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*—Excerpts. Alexander Kipnis, bass; Ilya Tamarin, tenor; Anna Leskaya, soprano; Victory Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Nicolai Berezowsky, cond. Victrola VIC-1396 (mono only), $2.50.

Recorded in 1945/46, these excerpts (the big solos for Boris, plus the Boris-Shuisky dialogue and Varlaam's aria with part of the scene following) were the phonograph's most substantial effort on behalf of Moussorgsky's masterpiece until the 1952 Dobrowen recording. They are still interesting, not only for the sometimes over-forceful singing of Kipnis but also for Ilya Tamarin's finely drawn and honestly sung Shuisky and for the pointed, idiomatic orchestral playing and choral work (one of Robert Shaw's first efforts, I believe). Under the circumstances, it would be futile to complain about the use of Rimsky-Korsakov's revision, but if the next recording of this music makes no attempt to get closer to Moussorgsky's original score, I am going to jump on it. (Oxford University Press has recentiy republished the authentic Lamn vocal score, and *Ur*-Moussorgskyites may also be interested in a recording of excerpts from the earlier 1874 version, sung in German, on Eurodisc 72765 KR, which may be available in shops specializing in imports.)

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

If one wishes to summarize the present state of the American theatre in the briefest possible space one has only to note that in the 1927-28 season 264 productions were presented on Broadway and that by May 31 of this year there will probably be no more than fifty. On the other hand, in 1927 there was no Off-Broadway theatre, as the term is now understood. This season more than 100 Off-Broadway productions will have been on display, and innumerable off-Off-Broadway shows are at all times to be seen by the curious and the enthusiastic. And there is still more stage activity in those parts of the country New Yorkers speak of as "regional."

Even to see half of these productions would be to dull the edge of pleasure. I see much of the Broadway stuff (though I do not choose to review it all) and a good part of the rest without feeling the impulse to write about most of it. This is not due to the strain alone but to a reluctance to speak ill about so much well-intentioned but generally hopeless effort.

If carefully chosen, there are more performances of merit to visit away from the supermarket than in it. It is true that a large proportion of the "little" theatre shows are wretched, but that is generally the case in the history of the theatre in every period. The sad thing about the situation today is that the chief cause of the theatre's debility is economic, though there are other factors that go deeper. On this subject, I shall speak at a later date.

In a generous view of the Off-Broadway openings I have recently seen, buffs will find several points of interest: the novelist James Hanley's *The Inner Journey* (at the Forum of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater), Russell McGrath's adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading* (Public Theatre), James Herlihy's three one-acters collectively titled *Stop, You're Killing Me* (Stage 73) and *Someone's Comin' Hungry* at the Pocket Theatre (100 Third Avenue).

The Inner Journey, though perfectly intelligible as narrative, is a symbolic play. The clue is provided by the fact that its three main characters compose the *Christian* family and that the dwarf son is called Antaeus. (Antaeus, the son of Poseidon and Mother Earth, never could be done away with while his feet were on the ground. Hercules lifted him and thus managed to strangle him.) In the play it is Antaeus who twice throws his father down and himself avoids final destruction.

The play deals with a vaudeville team of which the special feature is a ventriloquist routine, the father, Dominic Christian, using Antaeus as his "dummy." The parents suffer terrible shame at their son's deformity though they vow hysterically that they love him immeasurably. Antaeus is convinced of the opposite, hates them for it, and is ever vigilant for the chance of escape which would ruin their business; the mother, having through guilt and sorrow become an alcoholic and no longer capable of playing her part in the family act. When the Christian family is at its last gasp and Antaeus is about to make the break, he unaccountably or "mystically" desists and returns to his father's knee.

The violently intense tone of the play reminded me of the expressionism characteristic of the German stage after the First World War. Everyone steams in a paroxysm of outrage or contrition. Some people "enjoy" such spectacles because they echo their own inner tensions. After the painfully puzzling first act we are plunged into a miasma of disquiet. The company's acting—particularly that of Michael Dunn—is strenuously compelling, and the production under Jules Irving is the best of the Forum series.

Yet what does the play mean? It made me think of the white man's relation to the black race! Others may arrive at less mundane interpretations. But what I should like to bring up for consideration is that a play (or any work of art) is valuable only when it satisfies us by some immediate aspect *on its surface*, before we assign it any profound significance. On this score, I count *The Inner Journey* a failure.

Those who have seen Gerald Arpino's *The Clowns* at the Joffrey Ballet will grasp my meaning. In *The Clowns* figures drop from the heavens in the holocaust of war, a clown resurrects the corpses, there is a joyous circus celebration and then the murder of the savior by the very folk whom he has saved. It is entirely possible that I have misread the vision. But the message is less important to me than that I was exhilarated by its "superficial" charms: its color, movement, costumes, properties, tricks.

With one or two exceptions, *Invitation to a Beheading* is barely adequate in its acting, though well produced under Gerald Freedman's direction and aided by Ming Cho Lee's clever setting. It provides a picturesque glimpse into the Nabokov "enigma." The locale is the artist's mind. The central figure, who contemplates himself in a "dark dungeon," is condemned to execution. He has no greater desire than to understand his life. It makes the play a reverie. We do not know his crime except that his lucidity is dangerous. He is sure of one thing: that he is alive and that that is enough. What he observes is universal betrayal, friends are no different than foes. "I am here through an error," he says, "not in this prison, specifically but in this whole . . . world, which seems not a bad example of amateur craftsmanship, but is in reality calamity, horror, madness, error. . . ."

Nabokov's world is not mine (I suspect that it is only that of the literati) but he has fashioned it with a prodigious, very special verbal skill. There is wit in it, a wounding imagination and an infernal ego whose chief satisfaction is the knowledge that it is being watched with awed admiration. The material is hardly dramatic but its embodiment here contains a glint of unusual theatricality.

Simpler in the chamber of grinning horrors which occupies a large segment in the edifice of contemporary drama is Herlihy's triptych, *Stop, You're Killing Me*. The best part is called "Terrible Jim Fitch." In an Arkansas motel a thief whose specialty is the robbery of churches appeals to his girl to speak to him. She was a hooker he picked up, and in one of his furies he scarred her face with a knife. As a consequence she has lapsed into mutism and almost total immobility. He pleads desperately for her to say something, even if only to revile him. He offers to let her go free and gives her money to do so; she doesn't leave. He threatens to kill her but she is ready to die. They are fiercely attached to each other in a union which will forever remain a torment but which still

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is preferable to isolation. Both Rochelle Oliver—eloquent in silence—and Larry Bryggman are excellent.

The first bit called "Laughs, Etc." is a monologue revealing the obtuse selfishness of a square "sophisticate" who plays around in the hippie domain without having any vital connection with it. The final panel, "Bad Bad Jo-Jo," shows the murder of a fashionably cynical writer of popular demonology ("fun" detectives and killers) by two young nuts who pretend to be admiring interviewers. In life, says the writer, you get what you give, which the plays proves: he who has profited by the public's appetite for fictional crime is treated to the real thing. This moral tale is well acted by William Young as the affluent hack.

PERSONALS

TO GENTILES:

You can always find fault with a Jew, can't you?

But do you judge justly? From a high perch others seem low. And when that high perch is based on delusions of superiority, the view is rather a distorted one.

Are you really as important as you think you are? You judge the Jew from outside.

Why don't you get an outside view—from someone else—regarding yourself?

If your estimations of your own importance, your own popularity, your own intellect, are correct, perhaps you have a right to look down on other people who are only mortal, and have mortal failings. But, suppose your estimations of yourself are just delusions of importance, delusions of popularity, delusions of intellect? Doesn't it concern you that you are being unfair in your judgement of others?

David Koretz,
521 Park Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan 48226

P.S. This writer is not in favor of the rude awakening. It is understood that relief from delusion requires a withdrawal program. But how long must we endure people with delusions being unjust to worthy people who are not their inferiors?

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Someone's Comin' Hungry, a first play by McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden, intelligently directed by Burt Brinckerhoff, is one of the better entries of the Off-Broadway season. Like Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, it is a realistic piece without formal innovation. In this respect, both plays are "old-fashioned," but it is in this style that American playwrights most often succeed at being interesting and useful.

Someone's Comin' Hungry has faults: it is occasionally glib in the employment of "good lines" for easy laughter (some however are really good) and it tends to move in circles—at every full stop it seems to begin all over again. Still, it is an honest attempt to reveal the accumulated bitterness of a young black Vietnamese War veteran who experiences the greatest difficulty in returning the love of his white wife. His spirit wounded by the experience of his life as a black and as a soldier, he has become incapable. His final cry is "Love me! Love me!"

The characters are all sympathetically drawn with not too heavy an overlay of bathos or special pleading. It is one of the first plays on the "problem" which treats of the black man's inability to accept the devotion of white "strangers," though that is what he excessively demands. The entire cast—Blythe Danner, Cleavon Little, Benson Terry, Jonelle Allen, Jane Hoffman—is to be commended.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

An American moviegoer is apt to feel physically at home in *The Red and the White*, Miklós Jancsó's Hungarian film of action on a sector of the Russian Civil War. The man-dwarfing sweep of open prairie (more liquid than the American plains), the arced flight of pell-mell horesmen past the emplaced camera, the sudden raids and revolver justice are basic components of the Western. The picture was made in Russia, and it no longer needs saying that Russia is beautiful.

There is about it also something of *The Red Badge of Courage*—the ambiguous currents of battle across disputed territory, the unidentified figures that become familiar by mere coincidence of appearance in successive forays, the unemphatic, almost lazy nemesis of generalized musketry that lets most men survive longer than they expect, but picks off every man in the end.

What may be less familiar is the particular type of sportive cruelty that runs through the picture (as practiced by the White troops, but then the Reds won the victory and the privilege of writing the history). It is not physical cruelty (none of our scalping or trial by fire); the killing itself is quick. But there is a tendency to play cat and mouse with amnesty, to demand ceremonious participation from the condemned, to set men running, and use them as clay pigeons. Everyone concerned seems to understand the rules: if you're caught in any game, you pay a forfeit; in the game of war, you pay with your life. It is not atrocious, perhaps, but with us killing your enemy is pleasure enough; we don't ask him to embellish the moment.

I can't guarantee the narrative clarity of *The Red and the White*. The cutting is very abrupt, the logistics of combat are nonexistent and identification by uniform is not reliable with such impromptu armies as these. Fortunes often change hands so suddenly that it would be ludicrous if it were not so lethal. The only constants are that men are escaping but will not escape and that humane impulses are irrelevant in war.

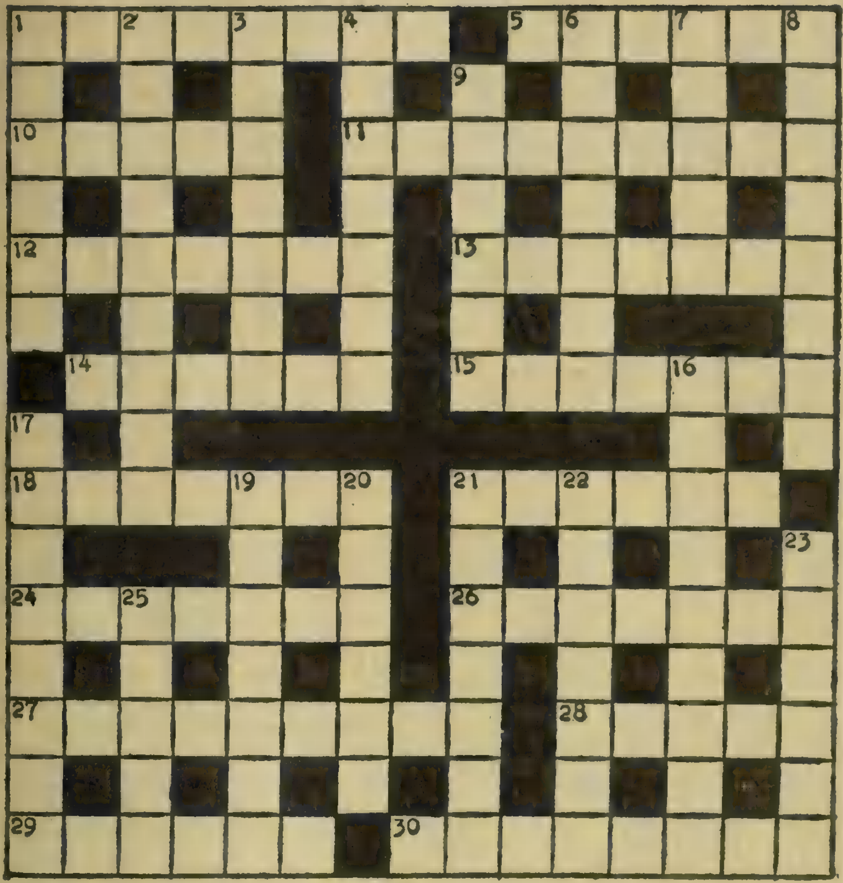
All this confusion Jancsó intends; it is his understanding of war. What I am less sure he intends is a monotony that falls over his film as it proceeds. It is not so much that situations repeat (war is repetitious and he might well intend to convey that) as that his deployment of actors and cameras falls into a pattern. A group is trapped, its members are ordered to form up, they are closely examined, shifted to and fro in different combinations, disposed of. Then on to the next entrapment: always the same angles, always the same camera sweep, always the same moment of stillness before the denouement. It is as if a single remembered photograph so summed up for Jancsó the whole content of war that it imposed itself on his every statement.

This scene loses by repetition—its meaning is displaced by its formula. What one remembers, rather, are disconnected flashes of personality from persons otherwise unknown. How a man stands as he awaits death, how another rejoices in the exuberance of a good horse. One notes how time lags when a bullet pursues its victim, how death in battle is the most trivial way to die—an unseen root in the path will bring a man down as quickly. And I was struck by the fact that, for Jancsó, there is none of the widely sentimentalized camaraderie of battle; his soldiers rarely make more than the necessary minimum contact.

Perhaps the best scene in the picture is that of a sextet of army nurses waltzing at the command of a dapper officer in a birch forest. It made no sense to me, and I thought it appropriate to war.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1293

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 13 One might to 12-11 in the army, though well-constructed as a den, it seems. (5,3,7)
5 Mother's complaint used to fill in the gaps! (6)
10 They might mark part of a second collection of Hippoboscidae. (5)
11 See 12 across
12 and 11 One might when calling a way to put the powder in backwards. (7,3,6)
14 Has faith in Big Business? (6)
15 Stick to the old city, well-known in science. (7)
18 California grower, in a leftish club? (7)
21 Finch, for example? (6)
24 The mace, as a different weapon? (7)
26 Two ways to move the boat might make a lot of hay! (7)
27 A pod is all that might be needed to make an evergreen. (9)
28 Turned on by 23, possibly. (5)
29 Cattle drives? (6)
30 and 19 down One of Saul's consultants. (3,5,2,5)

DOWN

1 Might take a different turn, as one with a number of associated rings. (6)
2 Is a bet that isn't taken without a hat?
3 Reputedly just dry spots. (7)
6 Vergil's friend, at the core of the trouble. (7)
7 Deserts in this case like Kipling's soldiers? (5)
8 The sort of comforts some of us look for in being? (8)
9 Carry high what one might have to do with difficulty. (4,2)
16 Scarlet pimpernel, not for the bleary. (9)
17 This twice appeared on Broadway. (8)
19 See 30 across
20 Lives like H. G.'s brother David? (6)
21 A gentle smack in the head of 21 across, where you might draw on the bank. (7)
22 Proving you can't make a quick conquest with Homer, perhaps. (7)
23 and 4 down Shuffle the batting order, or just use one of these? (6,7)
25 18, though colorless, suggests force. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1292

ACROSS: 1 Triple play; 6 Scab; 10 Emporia; 11 Steeple; 12 and 24 Ironwork; 13 Unassisted; 15 Needier; 16 Settler; 17 Neighed; 20 Lorelei; 22 Intolerant; 23 Stet; 25 Tighten; 26 Storage; 27 Rare; 28 Hoopskirts. DOWN: 1 The Lion in Winter; 2 Improve; 3 Lore; 4 Plainer; 5 Assists; 7 Capital; 8 Breadfruit trees; 9 Resisters; 14 Fishplate; 18 Integer, 19 Durango; 20 Links up; 21 Lothair.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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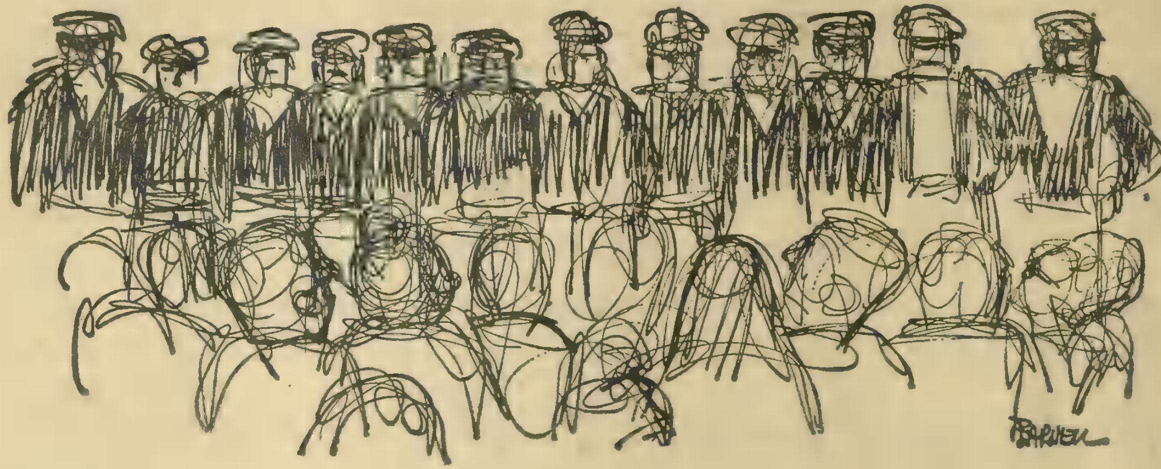

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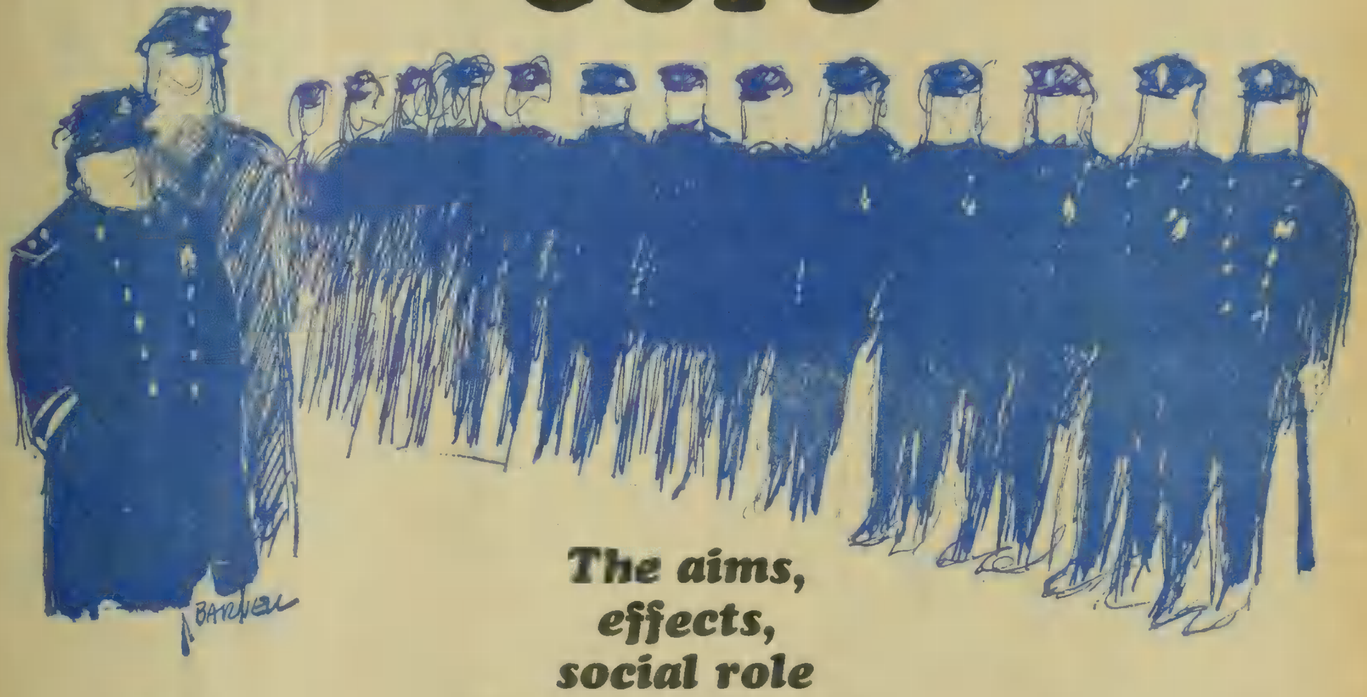

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LETTERS

"easy money"

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Although I was happy to see Jennifer Cross's "Groceries, Gas and Games" [*The Nation*, Mar. 24], I must disagree with her conclusion that "it is difficult to see what can be done about these deep-rooted competitive and psychological pressures."

To me the simple answer is that gasoline and food retailing through games of chance should be held illegal under lottery laws already passed by most states and Congress. These sales promotion games contain the same opportunities for rigging and the same illusory appeal of "easy money" which led to decisions years ago to outlaw lotteries. As Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal of New York testified before the FTC, the games are "inherently deceptive."

My own bill introduced in the House of Representatives on Feb. 27 would make gasoline games an unfair method of competition (and illegal) under the FTC Act, unless the customer was offered as a cash alternative to playing the game the retail cost per gallon of the game, but in no case less than 1c per gallon. This would end the you-pay-while-I-play arrangement which now exists at most stations, and would ultimately make the games so unprofitable that gas companies would be forced to drop them. . . .

Rep. Abner J. Mikva, 2nd District, Ill.

Nixon reads history

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Dear Sirs: *Nation* readers . . . should note one overlooked portion of Nixon's March 14 ABM press conference. When asked whether he believed the Russians might react to his ABM decision by increasing their own offensive missile force as a counterweight, the President replied that he didn't think so because, among other reasons, there is "an interesting thing about Soviet military and diplomatic history: They have always thought in defensive terms and if you read their—not only their political leaders but their military leaders—the emphasis is on defense."

Richard B. Du Boff

brutal treatment

Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: May I add a significant incident in the history of . . . "New Hampshire's *Union Leader*," which W. David Gardner so effectively exposed in your Mar. 31 issue?

That paper played a prominent, if not total, role in the prosecution of . . . Dr. Willard Uphaus, who, at the age of 70, was imprisoned for a year in the state prison for refusing to give the attorney general of the state a list of the guests in his charming, informal summer camp that admits people of all creeds and faiths. The *Union Leader* gave Dr. Uphaus the usual brutal, bigoted treatment in issue after issue, and aroused its readers to commit acts of sabotage and to harass the guests. . . . His World Fellowship community at Conway, N.H. is still functioning, and is worth a visit, if not an extended stay.

Leonard Boyer

good issue

Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I picked up a copy of your Mar. 17 issue mainly, I confess, because of the review of Céline's *Castle to Castle* by Frederic Morton. I found the review worth reading and containing a revealing insight into its subject. But I also found some unexpected bonuses in the issue,

(Continued on Page 509)

EDITORIALS

The San Francisco Paradox

Why is it that San Francisco—proud, free and civilized, a city that gave Governor Brown a 65,000 vote margin while Reagan was carrying the state by a million votes—should be falling sharply behind other California cities in the improvement of police-community relations? Recently Mayor Joseph L. Alioto was forced to concede that San Francisco was simply not making the advances that Oakland and Los Angeles (which may this year elect its first Negro mayor) are making in diminishing "internal bitterness." Such an admission, from a mayor of San Francisco, amounts to compound humiliation.

Yet the supporting facts are clear and painful. Recently an all-white jury, in a trial that reeked of racism, acquitted a white patrolman of the off-duty slaying of a Negro truck driver. The acquittal was a slap in the face to the Negro community. More recently, a young Negro, riding in a stolen car, was chased by police for some 31 blocks at 75 miles an hour until the car crashed near the driver's home. The police had given chase because they were looking for suspects in the robbery and murder of a Chinese grocer. After the car crashed, the young Negro ran into a record shop where he was well known and was standing there, with his elbows on the counter, talking with the proprietor when he was shot and killed by the police firing from outside the shop. The car had been stolen earlier in the day, but it was not the car involved in the murder of the grocer, nor was the young Negro involved in that crime. He had gone joyriding in a stolen car—and paid with his life for the mischief.

Three captains of police have been assigned to investigate, but their findings, whatever they may be, are not likely to offset the damaging impact of the incident. At almost the same time, a similar board composed of three police captains, in a 527-page report which the Mayor had to force the Chief of Police to release, exonerated of misconduct two police officers who had thrown MACE at three Negro women as they sat handcuffed in a paddy wagon.

The paradox is that incidents of this kind, of which there have been all too many of recent years, do *not* reflect the spirit of the community. The city approved the admirable community relations program directed by Lieut. Dante Andreotti (see article p. 503 this issue). The acclaim this program won resulted in the election of Chief of Police Thomas Cahill to the sixth vice presidency of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the first of the "chairs" on the automatic escalator that leads to the presidency, an office he now holds.

It was the force itself, not the city, which turned against the community relations unit. Now the force and the community relations unit are sharply divided. Black and white officers are in open conflict, notably over the handling of those arrested. On occasion they have engaged in fist fights in the streets; in a few shocking instances guns have been drawn. Each group belongs to a separate police organization. The black force is small, the white force large and potent. It is closely allied with the Teamsters, with the building trades unions, with certain business interests. Although alerted to the possibility of trouble, a small police detail looked the other way when a well organized group of white "hoodlums," wearing arm bands, broke up a recent public meeting of the Board of Education called to consider a school bussing proposal which the Teamsters strongly opposed.

There are limits to what the police can achieve on their own, but they can mobilize powerful support in the community when they need it. At the moment, Mayor Alioto, a humane and enlightened official, appears to be the prisoner of the police, or at the very least to be so boxed in by them that he does not have full freedom of action. That such a situation should exist in San Francisco, of all cities, merely underscores its gravity. For despite the fact that it has witnessed its share of violence down through the years, San Francisco has always abhorred the mean, the petty and the base. Either out of a sense of pride, or if need be prompted only by its traditional scorn of Oakland and Los Angeles, it should put a stop to the internal bitterness that divides the police and now threatens to divide the city. San Francisco is not a hick town. It is not bossed by Richard Daley. It can and should do better.

Town on Trial

Another California tragedy with racial overtones might be said, with some stretch of irony, to have taken a happy turn. Readers may recall "No Ordinary Black Man" by Martin Smith (*The Nation*, October 28). It was an account of violence in a Stockton liquor store in which Ted Watkins, a professional football player with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in Canada, was killed by the store manager; and Clifford Watkins, his brother and a communicable diseases expert with the U.S. Public Health Service, was severely wounded by a clerk. The store personnel alleged that they were defending themselves against a robbery, a statement whose plausibility was questioned by Mr. Smith both because the brothers had no need to pick up small amounts of cash by such desperate means and because they would scarcely have chosen for the deed a store which Ted Watkins had frequented when he lived in the area. It was also pointed out that the store manager, Fred E. Larsen, has a reputation for making racial slurs and that Ted Watkins, a man of uncertain temper, was a militant black.

Nevertheless, Clifford Watkins was indicted for attempted robbery and his trial was completed on April 1. The all-white jury found him not guilty, a verdict which evoked cheers in the courtroom and moved Judge Maxwell Willens to congratulate the six men and six women for "an excellent job," with which he said "the court agrees." One juror, alluding to the racial overtones in the case, said he felt that "the town of Stockton was on trial." He added that if Ted Watkins had been in the dock, he would have voted also for his acquittal.

But Ted Watkins is dead and Fred Larsen killed him;

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THE NATION

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No. 16

it would seem then that, although the jury did its job well, Stockton has no right to call the case closed. The district attorney's office plans no action against Larsen, but Clifford Watkins is instituting a suit against the personnel of the liquor store, as is Ted Watkins' widow. Justice got off to a good start in the Watkins case; we hope to be able to report that it held to the end.

The Twenty-One

Last year a Hollywood-Beverly Hills group called Another Mother for Peace raised $14,000 and gave $1,000 each toward the campaign funds of "peace candidates" seeking election or re-election. But the money continued to flow in and $7,000 accumulated. The group then sent out $95 checks with a form letter to thirty-three House members who on June 11, 1968, had voted against the military appropriations act of that year. This was a catch-all piece of legislation which all sorts of legislators opposed for all sorts of reasons. For instance, the opponents included Reps. H. R. Gross of Iowa and Robert H. Michel of Illinois. Apparently these two returned the $95 checks with indignant letters informing Another Mother for Peace that Congress was not for sale.

The difficulty that confronted this worthy organization is easily discernible. Relying on the 1968 vote, they picked up the names of some members of the House who were not for peace at all. The point is that there is urgent need for some kind of general staff headquarters in Washington that would feed out lists of those who voted for and those who voted against key military appropriations measures, so that anyone interested could take appropriate action. For instance, for the upcoming vote on the ABM, individual citizens and organizations should have reliable data on the divisions shaping up in both House and Senate.

In this spirit we list the names of the twenty-one Representatives who voted "no" on the 1969 military appropriations measure—not that they need to be rewarded but that they should be honored. It reads as follows:

Bingham (D., N.Y.)
Brown (D., Calif.)
Burton (D., Calif.)
Chisholm (D., N.Y.)
Clay (D., Mo.)
Farbstein (D., N.Y.)
Fraser (D., Minn.)
Gilbert (D., N.Y.)
Hawkins (D., Calif.)
Helstoski (D., N.J.)
Kastenmeier (D., Wis.)
Koch (D., N.Y.)
Lowenstein (D., N.Y.)
Mikva (D., Ill.)
Mosher (R., Ohio)
Nix (D., Pa.)
Podell (D., N.Y.)
Rosenthal (D., N.Y.)
Roybal (D., Calif.)
Ryan (D., N.Y.)
Stokes (D., Ohio)

All except one, Charles A. Mosher of Ohio, are Democrats. The group includes three Negro freshmen Representatives—Chisholm, Clay and Stokes—and Hawkins, also a Negro but not a freshman.

The picture this year was not confused, as in 1968, and these twenty-one all voted "no" for the right reasons. Nor were they intimidated by the hoary argument that they were "letting our boys down." On that argument the war could last forever. The truth is that a vote against an appropriations bill of this type, even if it resulted in its defeat, would have no effect for, say, a year. The ammunition and the weapons would continue to flow. It is no more than a way of discouraging escalation and, given the present state of U.S. politics, it is about the only way.

We hope that, pending a full-fledged centralized effort, organizations like SANE and ADA will be getting out such lists on ABM and similar issues.

Ravaging Vietnam

Out of its far from affluent treasury, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science financed a two-week tour of South Vietnam by E. W. Pfeiffer, professor of zoology at the University of Montana, and G. H. Orians, occupying the same position at the University of Washington. The mission was to investigate the highly controversial subject of the effects of defoliation by the U.S. military. Dr. Pfeiffer, a noted ecologist, reported on the results at a press conference in New York on April 3.

The SSRS investigators received excellent cooperation from the U.S. Army, Air Force and Navy and were able to make extensive observations by boat, aircraft and land vehicles. They concluded that the defoliation program was militarily justified, i.e., that it had facilitated U.S. operations and saved American lives. Though the ultimate effects on the economy and ecology of this small, poor country cannot be scientifically gauged at this point, the outlook is ominous. In short, the defoliation program follows the same pattern as the war in general: assign first priority to American objectives, employ every resource of advanced American technology, and let the Vietnamese people, present and future, bear the consequences.

Numerous examples of this policy were cited by Dr. Pfeiffer. In a 65-mile trip in an armed naval vessel along the waterway linking Saigon with the sea, he observed that the mangroves on both sides had been denuded so that hostile troops could no longer find cover. Scarcely any living creatures were to be seen; bird life had apparently been greatly reduced, with only some carnivorous species remaining.

The general impression in the United States is that defoliation is practiced only in jungle areas, but actually the program is a threat to the lumber industry, which operates in the hardwood forest. The current adverse effects on this commercial timber are of two different kinds. Aerial spraying affects the tallest trees first, and then shrapnel embedded in felled trees damages the saw blades of the lumber mills. A third source of damage is in prospect: when standing timber is killed, weed species such as bamboo take root in the area and interfere with normal regrowth.

Another important economic resource is rubber. The plantations are normally exempt from defoliation, but shifting winds, pilot error, and dumping of defoliation loads in case of engine failure result in accidents. When trees are not killed outright, they become less productive. The director of the Rubber Research Institute of Vietnam suggested that if defoliation should be carried on much longer at the present level, the existence of the Vietnamese rubber industry might be threatened. Much accidental damage also affects orchards and vegetable gardens.

An observation made by Orians and Pfeiffer, which has no direct connection with defoliation, brings up to date a statistic that has been noted previously but steadily grows more appalling. "We believe," they report, "that the B-52 bombing is having a considerable ecological effect. Information supplied us indicates that, in 1968, some 2.6 million craters, approximately 30 feet deep by 45 feet in diameter, have been created. Now filled with water, these will create potential breeding grounds for insect disease producers . . ." such as malarial mosquitoes. Holes are made easily enough by bombs, but how are those near population centers to be filled in? A rough calculation indicates that more than 2.5 billion tons of material have been displaced thus far.

The level of defoliation in 1968 was the same as in 1967, but the crop-destruction program was reduced to almost a third of the 1967 level. In summary, the SSRS investigators urged that the Department of Defense make public all its information on defoliation in South Vietnam, that American scientists support basic research by Vietnamese biologists into the effects of defoliation, and that the resolutions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for a long-term, international study of the effects be expeditiously carried out. It seems a small enough contribution toward some reduction of the despoliation for which we are responsible.

Round One for Bradley

Los Angeles

City Councilman Thomas Bradley staged a remarkable upset victory in the Los Angeles mayoralty primary election by outpolling Mayor Sam Yorty by 100,000 votes. Bradley and Yorty will now meet in a run-off election May 27, and Los Angeles is warming up for one of the most remarkable campaigns of recent years. Bradley is the first black candidate to make an effective campaign for mayor in the nation's third largest metropolitan center. A policeman for twenty years—a factor that is said to have served him well in this campaign—later a lawyer and now for six years a city councilman, Bradley is a liberal Democrat who enjoys unified support from the Democratic Party leadership—including former Gov. Edmund G. Brown and Jesse Unruh, at one time more friendly to Yorty than to Brown.

Yorty is also a Democrat, but one who feels more at home among Republicans (he supported Nixon against John Kennedy and Ronald Reagan against Brown). He is a flamboyant type who began his political career more than thirty years ago as a liberal and has since moved steadily to the right. His hawkish advice to Washington on how to win the war in Vietnam became standard fare for cartoonists; in fact it has been said that Los Angeles under Yorty was the only city in the nation to have its own foreign policy. What hurt the Mayor most, however, has been a series of scandals in city departments.

Between them, Yorty and Bradley dominated the primary. Republican Congressman Alphonzo Bell ran a poor fourth behind television newscaster Baxter Ward. Ten other candidates divided a mere handful of votes. Following the election, Bell accused Yorty of injecting race into the campaign and endorsed Bradley. The *Los Angeles Times* promptly announced its support of Bradley. If he wins, it will be the more remarkable because Negroes make up only 18 per cent of the city's 2.8 million population. To Yorty's charge that he had conducted "a racist campaign," Bradley replied: "We have brought together in this campaign a great coalition of people, a coalition of conscience, a coalition of those who reject the politics of corruption and irresponsibility. . . . I have sought to indicate to the young people, black, white and Mexican-American, that the system can be made to work, that it can respond to the needs of all the people."

Marching On

In an era when gray hair is presumed proof of sellout to the Establishment, A. Philip Randolph wears his crown as a mark of long, distinguished defiance. Sixty years ago he started a career which, with undying integrity to principle, has worked its way slowly forward on behalf of his black brethren. With a character marked by a strange mixture of radicalism and high patriotism he often earned the anger of both ally and enemy. In the 1920s the Justice Department called him "the most dangerous Negro in America." When W. E. B. Du Bois called for support of the country's part in the World War I effort, Randolph attacked the suggestion repeatedly because the United States failed to make democracy safe for his people at home. On the other hand, when Marcus Garvey's "back to Africa" campaign was at its height, Randolph flatly refused to consider the idea, publicly saying, "we have no other home." His guiding principle has always been to stay and make the fight from within the system.

In the early part of the century, Randolph decided that the Negro minority could hope to overcome its disadvantages only by coalition with like-minded groups in the white society. Having won a twelve-year battle to organize his Sleeping Car Porters, an effort undertaken originally at their request, he moved completely into battle alongside of—and in dispute with—the labor unions, realizing that full employment was a goal both blacks and unions could fight for together. He soon became the black conscience of the labor movement, returning, in the words of George Meany, "year after year" when "he didn't have too much help" to break racial barriers. The fact that Randolph frequently provoked Meany's anger was simple proof of his persistence. There are now more than 1.5 million blacks in the unions, where there were handfuls before.

Today Randolph's involvement in two famous Marches on Washington are important not only for their substance but because they were separated by more than twenty years; the later one was in 1963. He is a symbol of both a lingering problem we cannot shake and a persistent hope we had better not lose. Mr. Randolph marks his eightieth birthday this month.

THE COPS

The Problem of the Problem

RALPH LEE SMITH

March 30, 1969, was the last day in the life of Michael Czapski, a 22-year-old Detroit patrolman. According to the police, on the evening of that day a Black Nationalist group held a meeting in the New Baptist Church, at Linwood and Philadelphia Avenues on Detroit's near West Side, the heart of the black ghetto area that was swept by riots in 1967. After the meeting Patrolman Czapski and another officer, Patrolman Richard Worobec, saw a number of Negroes, some of them armed with rifles, entering cars near the church. When the patrolmen approached the group, they were greeted with a fusillade. Czapski fell, struck by eight bullets in his chest and head. Worobec, wounded by three bullets in the back and right leg, crawled to his patrol car and radioed for help. When it arrived, police entered the church, numerous shots were fired, and four Negroes were wounded. One hundred and forty-seven were arrested, of whom all but two were subsequently released. At this writing, no one has been charged with Patrolman Czapski's death.

When I read of this, I recalled a story that had been told me about three years ago by the wife of a friend. She had been a nurse in the emergency ward of a large Philadelphia hospital in the early 1950s. "Early in the morning the police cars used to bring in beaten-up Negroes," she said. "At first I assumed that the Negroes had been in brawls, but it soon dawned on me that these early-morning arrivals were never stabbed or shot. It was an almost monotonous pattern of terrible beatings. I asked the doctors, and the doctors told me that these were the men who had been 'worked over' in squad cars or in station houses the night before."

"Did you do anything?" I asked.

"I was a kid, just out of nursing school," she said. "I had no idea what to do."

"What about the doctors? Did they do anything?"

"Never," she replied. "They had no interest whatever in taking on *that* kind of trouble."

What if emergency ward doctors, and other "respectable citizens" in a position to know the truth, *had* spoken up, aroused their communities, and insisted on reform during those years before the storm? Is it too much to think that the police themselves might have been the chief beneficiaries—that Patrolman Czapski might still be alive, and that the issue that goes under the rubric of "The Cops" would be something different from what it is today?

The problem of the role of the police in urban American society, a subject of almost monumental public indifference until two or three short years ago, has emerged swiftly into the headlines and will undoubtedly remain there for the foreseeable future. At this juncture, little purpose would be served in reviewing the events that

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The editors wish to express their thanks to all of the above and also to Richard A. Myren, Dean of the School of Criminal Justice, State University of New York (Albany) and to Jerome H. Skolnick, who is currently visiting scholar at the Center for the Study of Law and Society, University of California. Both men generously contributed ideas for the subject matter of this issue and advised on the writers to be approached.

brought the problem so dramatically out of obscurity. These have received saturation coverage, climaxed by the newspaper and television coverage of the events during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. There, unleashed passions and hatreds of demonstrators were met with unleashed night sticks in what a report issued by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence called "a police riot."

Re-creation of that terrible week—the shouts of "pig," the sound of clubs on heads, and the sight of bodies on the streets—can be left for the historian. What is now required, urgently, is a far broader etiology of the problem than we have previously possessed. Origins, causes, dimensions, key issues, and possible directions for constructive change are pressing for elucidation, and it is to this need that the present issue of *The Nation* is addressed.

During the long years when there was neither academic nor community interest, the principal second-guessers of the police were journalists. The ephemeral nature of most of their work makes it difficult to remember that the problem of the role of the police has been one of long continuity. A review of newspaper articles and of the few journalists' books on the subject that appeared between the end of World War II and 1965 suggests, however, that if opportunities were missed during the Great Sleep of the 1950s, a really unique one was missed by a great number of people who should have recognized the opportunity as those years drew to a close and the Kennedy years began.

A series of police scandals erupted in major cities in the late 1950s and early 1960s, involving internal police corruption. These included the discovery of smoothly run burglary rings in Chicago and Denver, in which police cruisers covered and protected the crimes being committed by fellow officers. The revelations were sensational; officers turned in their badges and went to jail; and the public shouted for reform.

Important and often far-reaching reforms came, many or most of them created and put into effect by progressive police administrators who held, for the time being, a decisive balance of power over conservative elements in the departments. Procedures were brought into the 20th century. Recruitment methods were refined and requirements for joining the force were raised. A start was made in the screening of applicants for psychological suitability. To the extent that a fickle public interest made it possible, salaries were boosted and a notably higher standard of professionalism was introduced.

This wave of reform and modernization happened to coincide with the high tide of the civil rights movement and federal civil rights legislation. It seems a tragedy that the two parallel impulses were not united. The momentum of police reform might have been enlarged and channeled into the area in which little innovation occurred, and which was to dwarf all the others in the grimmer years just ahead—the problem of community relations. But that was the one issue that lay largely outside the grasp and competence of even the best intentioned police administrators. Organized external pressure, with clear programmatic ideas and well-marshaled civic support, was needed. It did not come, and the moment passed. As a result, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that America's police forces entered the era of campus and ghetto explosions carrying, as the only relevant texts, copies of Allan Pinkerton's book on the Mollie Maguires, and Anthony Comstock's book on how to rid the nation of obscenity. It is a failure for which black and white leaders, reform municipal governments, the civic community, universities and large foundations—all of whom had every reason to know where the ball game was—must accept a heavy share of blame.

An interesting development on today's horizon is the possibility of a national police union. In February the executive council of the AFL-CIO authorized George Meany to charter such a union, if and when interested policemen in a representative number of cities set up satisfactory organizations and vote to join.

Drawings by Barnell

An obvious possible advantage of a national union would be that a higher degree of statesmanship, and a greater degree of concern for the public interest, might be evinced through such a structure than is often in evidence among existing patrolmen's benevolent associations. The possible disadvantage is equally clear. The remoteness and rigidity of thinking that characterizes the present national leadership of American labor, is just about the last thing that the crisis-ridden cities need in trying to shape their police forces into organizations that will reflect a new relevance to near-revolutionary situations.

People who think that cities can live and citizens' rights can be safeguarded without the police, people whose reaction to the problem is to hate all police or all disrupters, and advocates of right-wing "Blue Power," are little apt to be persuaded by the pages that follow. Others will almost certainly find a great deal of interest. With good fortune the articles will stimulate both an expanding dialogue among all parties involved, and well-conceived new initiatives in community action.

Enforcement: Illusion of Security

GORDON E. MISNER

It is becoming increasingly fashionable for police in many sections of the country to refer to themselves as "law-enforcement officers." Part of the reason for the popularity of the term is the impression it conveys to the public that law enforcement per se is the primary and highest goal of American policemen. This in turn stems from the growing anger, frustration and anxiety of policemen, who feel more and more embattled, less and less supported by the public. An apprehensive citizenry is advised that security at home and on the streets can be purchased—or otherwise attained—only if the laws are efficiently and rigorously enforced. But one need not be perverse to be amused by the thought of what would happen if *all* the ordinances and laws of a city were uniformly enforced—even for one day! The resulting confusion and disruption would border on civil chaos and collapse.

What we contemplate is not law and order but law *or* order, and the dilemma arises from the conflicting set of instructions which society has historically given to policemen. As a nation we have amply demonstrated our reliance and dependence upon laws and sundry regulations, many of which were promulgated to deal with what at the time was a "current crisis." Others were enacted to satisfy the needs of some special group. Probably, only their promoters took such laws seriously; the social interest in their enforcement, much less their strict enforcement, was no doubt of a low order, even at the time of their passage.

At the same time, we have developed a widespread attitude that the observance of many laws and regulations is really a matter for the other person. As individuals, we often resent enforcement that is applied to us, and this attitude multiplies into a national resistance to strict enforcement—against ourselves or our friends—that has never been well concealed from the policeman. Despite official police organizational pronouncements of "toughness," it has been traditional in large police departments for this dilemma to be worked out as part of the informal social system of a policeman's "survival training." Old-line, experienced policemen have usually made a successful accommodation to the competing demands which are placed upon them for "strict enforcement" and "the use of common sense."

The policeman really has two role models from which to choose: he can conceive of himself as a "rule enforcer," or as a "guardian of the peace." He is helped in the choice by the role preferred by his chief and immediate superiors. In many departments, being a rule enforcer is viewed as a necessary stage of development in the growth of a mature policeman. More than simply being a "tyro," the rookie policeman is often a source of embarrassment, amusement and concern to his older fellow officers. The rookie is often viewed as terribly eager and naive, inexperienced, and primarily enforcement-oriented. The older policeman hopes that the young prospect will realize eventually that strict enforcement of the laws is a gigantic inconvenience, not only to the public but also to the policeman himself. It is part of police folklore that an experienced policeman knows how to "stay out of trouble," and has necessarily learned that law enforcement is simply a means and not an end in itself.

In recent years, however, the term, law enforcement, has assumed almost the proportions of a fad from which it seems to me there derive a number of unfortunate social and organizational consequences. It is no more accurate to refer to policemen as "law-enforcement officers" than it is to apply the term to judges, correctional officers, prosecutors, or even public defenders in their role as "officers of the court." The fad could be excused or ignored, however, if imprecision were its only fault. Unfortunately, there seem to be some long-term substantive disadvantages as well.

In the first place, if law enforcement is made the primary goal of local policing in the United States, it produces a particular attitude in the persons who staff police agencies. It not only influences the individual policeman's definition of the job but also affects his priorities while on his job. Organizationally, it helps give substance to training programs and describes in advance the system of rewards. But this expressed enthusiasm for the law-enforcement appellation masks the fact that enforcement duties comprise a minor part of the *typical* policeman's daily routine. Enough data has now been collected from a variety of cities to show clearly that uniformed policemen in large urban areas typically spend less than 30 per cent of their *working* time dealing with crime or other enforcement duties. Certainly, there are some uniformed policemen—for example, motorcycle officers on traffic duty—who devote most of their working time to such matters. Across the board, however, the uniformed policeman is engaged for the most part in work which should properly be classified as "public service." This is often true even in "high-crime neighborhoods." It seems that neighborhoods which have a high incidence of crime also have a high incidence of calls for other police services. This has probably always been so in 20th-century urban America.

Another negative consequence of this fixation on enforcement is the cloud it casts over the true nature of the contemporary urban police mission. "Law enforcement" is perhaps a neater and more explicit term than "police." The clarification, however, is more illusory than real. There are situations when non-enforcement of certain laws or regulations may actually contribute to the peace and tranquillity of a community. Enforcement, therefore, is a two-edged sword that must be used with a delicate sense of balance and timing. To suggest that "total enforcement" is a magic formula for reinstituting order in a troubled community simply lulls the public into a false sense of security. It also diverts public attention from seeking more basic, long-term solutions to social problems.

The whole concept of policing a democratic society rests on the assumption that a cooperative public acts as a substitute for the omnipresent policeman. This concept and the concept of widespread law observance will not work unless the vast majority of citizens support the police actions against the noncomplying "marginal few." No one knows how much "marginality" we can afford as a society. Let us assume that the police can be "successful" as long as the marginal few represent no more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the total population. Can the police in our society still be successful if the number rises to 1 per cent? And if it reaches 10 per cent, what are the social costs of police success at that point?

If the definition of "marginal few" is expanded to include all those who are hostile toward the police, or who seriously resent their presence in the community, the relevance for a philosophy of total enforcement becomes clear. Without public cooperation, the police are sealed off from all sorts of information sources which are vital to their tasks of criminal investigation and apprehension. The ability of the police to protect residents of a community diminishes as the gulf between the community and the police widens. The cumulative consequences of this situation are evident today in many black communities throughout the nation.

Finally, "enforcement" represents an increasingly popular cause in a public alarmed for its personal safety. If told repeatedly by policemen—the men on the "firing line"—that the evils of crime and civil disorder can be destroyed by strict enforcement of the law, anxious citizens are likely to lend sympathetic ears and political power.

Thus police pressure for greater and greater enforcement, coupled with popular alarm over burgeoning "crime rates," creates a situation in which police lobbies can effectively thwart the intentions and programs of elected policy makers. It is interesting that during the police review board struggle in New York City two years ago, no one could mount an effective answer to the slogan, "Keep City Hall out of the Police Department." To my mind, the social implications of the assumption that the police should be held aloof from city government was much more important than the issue of the review procedures themselves.

The fact is that the nation has probably *never* developed an effective system of police control, at least in its large urban areas. Big-city police departments have for the most part operated on their own momentum and without effective external direction or control. Now, at the very time when we find ourselves confronted with the most compelling need to redefine our whole set of public services, the political climate is such that a genuine redefinition may be impossible. In the nation's urban centers, social upheavals make a re-examination of police resources and their utilization imperative; but the general public seems to find the environment so threatening that its fears may forestall any meaningful attempts at police reform.

"Reform," as used here, is really much more concerned with basic police organization and the nature of the contemporary urban police mission than it is with honesty, integrity, minimal levels of efficiency, etc. I take it for granted that the public believes policemen should be honest, diligent, resourceful and energetic—at least to the same degree as is the average citizen! I am concerned to determine the actual needs of the community and to match those needs realistically with police resources. This means redesigning and retooling an institution which has remained essentially unchanged for the past sixty years, so that there will be a much closer match between social need and public service.

I wish to emphasize here my conviction that the nation at large receives a higher level of police service than it really deserves! American policing has been neglected by the public for generations. If the suburbanite and the white middle class is now having a love affair with its police, it is almost certainly a marriage of convenience, to be annulled as soon as the present "emergency" ends. In the past, the middle class has had no more intimate and enduring relationship with the police than have the laboring and impoverished classes. Any progress and reform achieved in the police service has generally been motivated from within. The movement toward police professionalism was usually achieved in spite of the apathy or actual opposition of the general public and its elected officials. Sel-

dom, if ever, have the police themselves opposed programs of increased training, higher recruitment standards, or of improving the equipment provided policemen. Unfortunately, however, none of these types of "improvements" have made any basic alterations in the police as a social institution. At best, they have improved the efficiency of traditional methods of local policing.

Rather than patrolling on foot or on bicycle, today's policeman usually has an automobile, even a helicopter. His basic tasks, however, are essentially what they were in 1910, and his increased mobility has reduced his casual, day-to-day, informal involvement with members of the community. The modern policeman is undeniably better trained and educated than his 1910 counterpart, but the definition of his job and the scope of his training have done little to improve his relationship with the community, or his ability to change with its changes.

Indeed, one of the structural defects of policing is its resistance to change. The fault is common to all large bureaucracies, but the police system seems particularly resistant, partly because of the nature of its work and partly because of the orientation of its personnel and the character of its personnel system. When a police department has been basically altered, the change has usually come about because of the administrative style of a particular chief of police or mayor. But a creative "experimentalist" is a conspicuous exception in police work, as in many other public endeavors. Since police executives are usually products of the police system, any administrative "risk taking" is the more noteworthy.

As in the early 1900s, the nation's local police forces today represent closed personnel systems. Usually, there is only one way in, and that is at the police recruit level. Therefore only one type is sought—someone qualified to serve as a basic police officer. Virtually all appointments come from within the ranks, despite the fact that at a particular time there may be no one in the department really qualified for the job opening. Since there is no mechanism by which police personnel can generally be exposed to other social perspectives or methods of problem solving, promotion is no guarantor of managerial competence or social savvy. A given policeman may have more than his share of "street sense"; as a supervisor, manager, or policy maker, he may be an abysmal failure. But the closed personnel system freezes out persons with different experiences or perspectives.

One might hope that even with these limitations an attempt would be made to improve chances of securing capable police leadership by special training and careful promotion procedures. Unfortunately, such is not the case in many cities. In one large Midwestern city, for example, firearms proficiency matches are still required as part of the promotional process for all ranks. Failure to score one in the bull's-eye may block a man's advance to the rank of assistant chief of police. Another classic example is the Western police department which asks its candidates for the rank of captain such trivia as the maximum permitted length of a dog's leash in certain city parks!

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Changes have occurred and will continue to occur in the methods of organizing and dispensing police services. It is problematic whether they can be effected in time to avoid the perils of escalating urban violence. Police executives who are generally disposed toward change are increasingly aware that they must move cautiously or face a revolt within their own departments. Some who were formerly receptive to change are now being cautious and favor "police work as usual." Rank-and-file policemen are convinced that the dangers they have always lived with have increased significantly in the last two years. Many of them feel that they have waited for years for the public to realize the handicaps which they are forced to endure, handicaps which include misguided or subversive court decisions, a permissive society, an absence of public support. As public fears multiply, so does the support. Although policemen may not reject long-term solutions, their interest is clearly with some immediate relief. They are convinced that strict enforcement has never been given a fair trial, and they are eager to prove that it works. Their mood is such that they are often unwilling to defer any longer to their administrators or to politicians.

Cops & Blacks: Warring Minorities

HANS TOCH

The United States today is a country in the grip of an internal cold war. Militant ghetto residents are pitted against militant members of metropolitan police forces. Each group watches the other with apprehension, and each plots countermeasures against expected aggression. On both sides are those who proclaim that they will experience Armageddon in their day, in the shape of a premeditated massacre by the opposing force.

There are also those, on both sides, whose pronouncements legitimize fears. There is much saber rattling, and some of it is literal; blacks collect rifles and steal ingredients for bombs; police fill warehouses with armor and artillery. And neither side, strangely enough, goes about its business quietly and discreetly. While details are classified, the fact of escalation is loudly and aggressively proclaimed. The suspicion arises that, in addition to psychological warfare, self-stimulation is at work—something in the order of a pep rally to doomsday.

Militant spokesmen for the ghetto are prone to characterize the police as an invading army representing the white establishment. This characterization is ironic, because the police, far from being the agents of the majority, are a minority themselves. They have the problems of a minority, they feel like a minority and they think like a minority. In fact, an articulated Blue Power ideology, espoused by militant and self-conscious police spokesmen, in most respects runs fully parallel to the premises and conclusions of Black Power.

The objective situations of blacks and police are in many ways similar. The police inhabit a ghetto of their own, and they are doomed to segregation. They have little hope of man-to-man communication with civilians, who—even if favorably disposed to law enforcement—tend to be nervous and self-conscious in encounters with officers. The average person finds it difficult to feel open and at ease with a man who sports a conspicuous firearm, who is entitled to question, search and arrest him. Even the officer's wife and his children may experience some awe, distance and reserve among peers. This is a standard problem for minorities, and most minorities react to it defensively. They do what they can to convert their liability into an asset. They become self-righteous. ("Our country!" John Crittenden proclaimed when the United States was a minority in the world community, ". . . I will stand by her, right or wrong.") They seek one another's exclusive company, and regale one another with their own virtues, sometimes enhancing these to superman proportions. Self-regard and pride slide into chauvinism, especially when they are built on a foundation of persistent self-doubt.

In the code of minorities, it is important to present a united front. There must be no break in the ranks, no visible division to be exploited by the hostile majority. Among blacks, "soul brothers" are protected, even though they may have courted trouble by losing their cool. Among police, "brother officers" are supported, even when they have proved trigger-happy or brutal. Review boards are anathema to police, because they expose fellow officers to public view; badges must be removed, not so much to avoid blame as to share it.

Obviously, one can carry the analogy between the fate of blacks and the police much too far. There can be no equating of joblessness with insulation, of discrimination with distance, of blind alleys with unpopularity. But often, perceptions are more real than reality, and subjectively the worlds of the police and of blacks are remarkably similar. The police, like the black community, feel themselves discriminated against and unpopular. They feel themselves stigmatized by indices of status. They feel their ambitions thwarted and their objectives misunderstood. They feel impotent and without recourse. They feel hated and persecuted. And they sense that the situation is steadily degenerating into a future of complete hopelessness and utter helplessness. "We are damned on every side" is a favorite police maxim, stated with feeling.

Militant police officers—like militant blacks—react with the premise that they can no longer operate within the system. They feel that, to make themselves heard and respected, they must by-pass the strictures imposed by an insensitive, or even malevolent, power structure. In a sense, this goes beyond the routine gambit of positive minorityism. It represents a super-defensive reaction, which arises when standard group defenses fail. It is found among those members of a minority—mainly the young—who sense behind the self-delusion of their fellows an unresolved, permanent impotence. What they demand is the removal of social institutions that enforce impotence; these, unfortunately, may include competing minorities.

Blue Power advocates among the police are radical dissenters where most officers are moderate critics of the system. For instance, it is a police truism that judges are unfriendly to law enforcement. Every officer will grouse, if he is given the chance, about lenient sentences and Supreme Court rulings. But the Blue Power officer does more than grouse. He may demand the ouster of trial judges (as is happening in New York) or he may circulate Birchite literature calling for the impeachment of Supreme Court Justices.

Police officers usually circumvent the law in minor ways. They arrest people without intending to prosecute them, they dispense justice through negotiation, they garner information not admissible in trials. But such acts are committed without malice, as part of the accommodation process to make our system work. Blue Power advocates would play the game of circumvention grimly and seriously, and carry it to extremes.

If given his way, the Blue Power officer would harass, persecute and punish people, and—if he thinks it "necessary"—would suppress evidence and lie on the witness stand. His object is to "enforce the law" over the dead body of the law. With respect to black militants, such an officer would stand ready to use force (we have seen sad instances of this). He sees the racial issue as a battle between police representatives and black criminals, with society as spectator.

In general, police and blacks are obsessed with the need to instill respect in each other. For both, the demand for respect is for recognition on the basis of group membership rather than for a positive reaction to personal qualities. One reason for this is the feeling that in the past one's kind has been rejected because of blind hatred. The assumption of a "disrespect for law and order," like the premise of "200 years of slavery," leads to the demand for a turned tide.

But there is also a strong component of insecurity here. The men involved feel that their interpersonal skills and their qualities as human beings are insufficient to the problem of coping with the enemy. For each group, the other symbolizes threats that lurk on every corner of the ghetto. The young black does not know how to react to police incursions, and the young officer feels helpless in dealing with difficulties posed by his tense encounters with hostile blacks. Each man comes to feel that he must rely on his group identification—badge or color—as a substitute for answers he cannot find in himself. When the officer stops a black man (for what he considers legitimate reasons) and is rejected and insulted as the invading racist, he is insured against the need for self-examination by knowing that his opponent has no regard "for law and order." When a ghetto resident is humiliated (as he feels, unjustifiably) by a police officer, he can deduce that he has been persecuted by "an agent of white oppression." Neither party need conclude that it has to make the delicate judgments implicit in personal encounters: the matter is prejudged; two men approach each other, not as human beings but as uniformed members of military forces engaged in a doomed truce in a no-man's-land.

Police and blacks act not only as self-appointed representatives of their kind but also as uncompromising representatives, who must "come on strong" as a matter of premeditated policy. Many years ago, Gilbert and Sullivan wrote such an approach into a prescription for individual conduct:

His foot should stomp, and his throat should growl
His hair should twirl, and his face should scowl
His eyes should flash, and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

Such is the militant's stance, and it can be recognized in the baton-swinging swagger of the young officer embarking on his early assignments. The demeanor is a bluff, a transparent effort to convince oneself that one can survive, even conquer, though impotent.

The approach is, of course, partly built into the police subculture and the subculture of the ghetto. Every enforcement training manual stresses the desirability of a firm, loud, no-nonsense command voice. Every ghetto youth learns the need to act tough in his neighborhood jungle. What is new is the consistent, self-conscious policy, in each group, to make the other party the testing ground of valor.

It would be bad enough if militant minorities presented problems for their own kind, but the threats they pose extend to nonmilitants, and to the public at large. No one can speak up to a Blue Power officer without implicating the police as an institution. Anything less than assent to omnipotence becomes an affront to "the law." In turn, anything the officer does, no matter how arbitrary or capricious or stupid or tactless or miscalculated, becomes an act of "law enforcement." Disagreeing with a militant officer lays one open to the accusation of being motivated by perversity, prejudice and incipient anarchism. For his part, the officer feels perpetually persecuted, in that again and again, as he bumbles his way through his awkward personal encounters, the social order appears subjected to unbearable contempt. This leads to cumulative bitterness and increased militancy. When bluff and bluster achieve nothing, it follows that the blame must lie elsewhere. Personal impotence is attributed to national "criminal coddling." The officer feels "handcuffed," not by his own behavior but by bleeding-heart judges and politically motivated civilians.

To date, police excesses and black excesses are approximately equal. We have seen riots initiated by both groups and we have seen confrontations break into open warfare, when pretenses of restraint and self-discipline were dropped. But blue militants are capable of going beyond these limits. Police ideology can reach the point where the officer can question the legitimacy of the obstructions under which he operates. When he comes to see other institutions as unmitigated evils, he can turn law enforcement into anti-law enforcement, and can begin to sabotage the machinery he is sworn to serve. Such a point has not yet been reached with the police, but a few snipings or dramatic court decisions may create incidents (such as the anti-Panther vendettas in New York and Oakland) which fall into the category of officers attacking the fabric of society.

It is then that Blue Power turns into blue racism, and

blue pride into blue hate. What emerges is the demand for an autonomous police, or a police state. Unfortunately, the latter (unlike black separatism, which is a weird daydream) can be partially implemented, and that is why Blue Power must be fought. It must be fought, like all ideologies, at its origins. It can be neutralized only by de-alienating police, by depriving them of the stigmas of minority status—stigmas that now separate them from the rest of us, and that force them into tortuous efforts to salvage self-esteem.

The task is difficult; it entails radical restructuring of the police function. It may demand police-civilian collaboration far beyond currently fashionable small-group dialogues and training sessions. Police officers and civilians must labor together intimately and as human beings; they must engage in efforts designed to improve their common lot. They must divest themselves of badges; they must address themselves to social and existential problems of obvious universal import. Through assigned roles, we must restore to each person his primary status as a member of the community, relegating the police role or black role to secondary importance.

Such activity cannot be marketed as "community relations" because it aims at changing people, rather than at improving their images. And it cannot call itself training, because it teaches no skills. It must be, unashamedly, an effort at integration, and—like all integration—it must be total in order to be effective.

Less drastic measures could include the rendering of new kinds of positive police services. What comes to mind here is not social work—at least not as we know it. To be meaningful, positive contacts must be two-sided, and they cannot feature the dispensation of demeaning gratuities. True contacts involve open communication, and permit the other person to participate; they must force helpers to learn as well as to teach or to help; and they must de-emphasize pretense-expertise and empty professionalism. (The "professional" carries a badge of his own, in many respects more dangerous than those worn by the police.)

Another direction of necessary change is personal. It involves redefining the criteria we use to gauge each officer's personal worth. We must give recognition to kindness instead of toughness, to influence rather than force. And we must reward substance in place of bluff and pretense. In some ways, this implies a reversal of the values that currently prevail—making it obvious to the officer that he demonstrates his inadequacy in those situations in which he now feels he proves his manhood and upholds the law. Each officer must be shown that he is weak when "strong," and that he is a pawn where he feels he wages war on his own terms.

None of this is easy, and some of it may be impossible. But where is the alternative? Certainly, no one—least of all the blue minority—can afford accelerated segregation. Apartheid is not a happy state. It produces a climate of fear and hopelessness, and it rests on nagging personal impotence. In its name, human shells in black and blue fearfully eye each other around corners in the dark. We cannot afford this spectacle. And we can afford even less the prospect of militant men—driven by panic—setting out to destroy the social order they serve.

The Politics of Blue Power

ED CRAY

This has been the year of the cop. As never before in the 126-year history of organized police forces in the United States, law enforcement has figured in the daily prints. Yet for all the hue and cry, and the accompanying polarization of public opinion, the major issue has barely surfaced. Who is to control the nation's police forces: the police themselves or the community?

Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland, caught up in his own struggle, told the *Los Angeles Times*'s D.J.R. Bruckner last October: "I talk to a lot of mayors in my work, and I find that the same problem is being faced by mayors in New York, San Francisco, Boston—you name it. It is just a little hotter in Cleveland."

From city to city, the authority of elected officials varies inversely with the control maintained by ranking police officers. In Los Angeles, where the late Chief William H. Parker armored his fortress with a moat of pseudo-professionalism, his successors are in full control. The five-man Board of Police Commissioners, charged by the city charter with responsibility for policy, is a complaisant rubber stamp for the current chief. In Cleveland, where the police can make no such claim of detached professionalism, Stokes replaced his chief, Michael Blackwell, with a deputy inspector willing to reorganize the department. In New York, the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (PBA), John Cassese, has felt strong enough to challenge Mayor John Lindsay and bid to usurp the authority of Police Commissioner Howard Leary.

In the face of threats, real and imaginary, the police have openly girded themselves with a new found armor—political influence, supported by public fear of rising crime rates and ghetto rebellion. However clumsy law-enforcement agencies have been in using this power, they have won far more than they have lost. Old-time police leaders made their political deals with politicians, exchanging continued leadership of their departments for guarantees of myopic law enforcement. When in the 1920s August Vollmer first put forward the concept of professional law enforcement, he insisted that his Berkeley (Calif.) department be free of political influence. (College town or no, Berkeley was as wide open as any in America.) Vollmer's disciples made the same demand, usually in the first breath, as police professionalism gained a foothold on the West Coast. Police service was to be civil service in concept, but quasi-military in discipline. Theoretically, recruitment and advancement were to be free of outside influence, and based entirely upon professional abilities judged by the police themselves.

But though law enforcement would like to police its own profession—as doctors and lawyers pretend to do theirs—the American system of justice makes the courts surveyors of police practices. Since 1936, when the United States Supreme Court first involved itself in the control of police practices, judges have more and more closely scrutinized the day-to-day routines of the men on the beat. In one way or another, city charters provide that the highest authority of the department is to be civilian—a city manager, a police commission or single commissioner, a mayor or city council. Whatever the final authority, it *is* political, and it *is* civilian.

Driving for autonomy, police have co-opted this civilian head, have deliberately ignored it, or have struggled against it, covertly or otherwise. If the conflict breaks into the open, the police rely then upon a pair of arguments: no civilian can understand the arcana of police work; and law enforcement must be free of political influence, the inference being that politics is the essence of corruption.

The issue has been most clearly drawn recently in New York City, where a lifelong police officer, Howard R. Leary, has dressed in intellectual mufti to lead the nation's largest police force. Leary follows four civilians as commissioner, each of whom in turn was taken into camp by the ranking officers who surrounded him. Police buffs or victims of their own inability to cope with the rivalries within the department, Francis Adams, Stephen Kennedy, Michael Murphy and Vincent Broderick became figureheads for police administrators. As Lindsay's appointee, former Philadelphia Police Commissioner Leary was suspect to officers on the beat. At the same time, he was a professional policeman; once a cop, always a cop, policemen insist.

The first shock came when Commissioner Leary appointed Sanford D. Garelik, a Jew, as chief inspector, and Lloyd G. Sealy, a Negro, as assistant chief inspector. Neither was part of the department's Catholic and, more particularly, Irish Catholic cadre. Neither had been part of the leadership before the coming of Mayor Lindsay and Commissioner Leary; both were harshly criticized as "political" appointees.

They were that, of course, though clearly their appointments were Leary's prerogative. Garelik is one of the "new breed," intellectual and reforming, an outsider because of his faith and markedly cool manner. Sealy, a former precinct captain in Harlem, was clearly able to handle his major responsibility of police-community relations. As a bonus, his color would serve as a token of the department and City Hall's determination to improve relations with minority groups.

No sooner had Leary settled into the dreary headquarters on Centre Street than the Policemen's Benevolent Association moved to challenge the Lindsay-sponsored Civilian Review Board. That board had been in existence since 1955 and, though police distrusted it, had performed its pittance by authority of the police commissioners. Lindsay, to offer a promise of greater redress to victims of police malpractice, made two changes in the board: he expanded it and installed a civilian majority. That was enough.

Wary of a civilian-dominated board empowered to review police actions which prompted complaints from the citizens, the PBA challenged. As justification for first an unsuccessful lawsuit and then a referendum which would return the review board to its former police dominated status, the PBA insisted it was acting to preserve the commissioner's authority.

Leary took the New York post knowing he would have a civilian review board making recommendations to him about offending officers. But he also knew that he could live with it; in Philadelphia, a similar board had been operating since 1957.

The PBA poured great sums of money into the campaign against the board, its city-wide ads deliberately hinting that rape and pillage would prevail were the Lindsay setup to continue. That November 1966 was a turning point; for the first time, police felt a public support strong enough to mount a counterattack on the permissiveness of parents, courts and miscellaneous do-gooders.

According to former New York police Lieut. Arthur Niederhoffer, "The commissioner's power was never the primary concern at all; it was a fight for PBA power, police power and perhaps the Conservative Party power." Lindsay's review board was turned down by a panic-driven electorate. With that 3-to-1 defeat, the police had gained their first major political victory in the public forum. The ingredients were simple: the white backlash coupled with politician-lashed fears of crime in the streets. That combination has worked since.

The PBA was inflated by that success into a major political power in New York City. Mayor Lindsay, Sen. Jacob Javits and the late Robert Kennedy had all endorsed the expanded review board. All three were major vote getters, all put their prestige on the line; all suffered with the defeat. Police across the country sensed a new mood abroad, one closer to their own. Politicians—more sensitive to public opinion—took note.

Those election returns led directly to an even greater political victory for police hard liners, the Safe Streets and Crime Bill of 1968. Southern Democrats, angry at the Supreme Court for the school desegregation, school prayer and one-man-one-vote rulings, turned a politically sound appropriations bill into an attack on the Court. Repealing certain of its recent decisions which had circumscribed police practices, Congressmen and Senators alike voted the bill into law. To do otherwise, despite the anti-Court provisions which many disliked, was to appear soft on crime at a time when law and order was the single most potent political issue. It was also an issue which police were willing to use to their own advantage.

On July 27, 1968, the Brooklyn Bar Association released a survey that it had conducted of policemen. Seventy-three per cent believed "political considerations are reflected in their enforcement of violations of the law and crimes committed." (The association did not comment that the results were hardly surprising in a department which firmly believes that for good assignments and promotions the individual officer needs a friend in high places. Such friends are curiously known as "rabbis.")

Three days after the survey was released, Dist. Atty. Frank S. Hogan was sniffing about for hints of political interference in police handling of a July 10th City Hall demonstration, when some 1,500 youths protesting a cutback in summer jobs had damaged automobiles while 250 policemen looked on. Despite Mayor Lindsay's prompt denials of interference with police handling of the demonstration, he was forced to defend his long-held policy of restraint in handling civil rights protests. "It is

the mayor who must set policy, and any mayor who abdicates this duty is abdicating his responsibility to the people," Lindsay told the press.

That same day, Police Commissioner Leary appeared before a state legislative committee to ask for guidelines on what behavior might be tolerated in demonstrations. According to *New York Times* reporter Charles Grutzner, "Mr. Leary's suggestion was, in effect, a request for legislation to define specific actions as requiring arrest or other police action under special circumstances such as mass picketing, other demonstrations or rioting."

Leary was followed the next day by Cassese, who praised his nominal boss (Cassese is a patrolman, but spends more time as president of the PBA than enforcing the law). Leary "would do a more commendable job if Mayor Lindsay would leave him alone. It's time to get back on the track and say, 'Policemen, enforce the law to the hilt!' " Cassese told the committee.

Mayor Lindsay and the state legislators decided that the police had ample laws on the books to control demonstrations; therefore, on August 11, Cassese said *he* would issue the guidelines Leary sought, basing them on "enforcing the law 100 per cent." The tail was wagging the dog for fair.

A day later, Cassese agreed that his 100 per cent policy would place him in "direct conflict" with Mayor Lindsay whom he charged had issued orders on several occasions to refrain from arresting looters and noisome demonstrators. Neither the Mayor nor the commissioner would comment on Cassese's usurpation of leadership. Alan Miller, a New York Civil Liberties attorney, described the conflict for a *Times* reporter: "If the police force is not responsible to political control, it has absolute autonomy. The police believe that armed force is really the answer. The Mayor, with a more enlightened view, thinks armed force will make things worse."

In quick time, Mayor Lindsay issued a statement praising Leary, and Leary declared that he alone ran the department, without political interference. "If there is any criticism of the department's policies, administration or operations, it should be directed toward the Police Commissioner. because he is the commander." Leary was later to harden his position, threatening any patrolman with discipline if he disobeyed a superior's orders while "100 per centing" it.

Rather than bring the PBA's fight with Commissioner Leary into the open, Cassese on August 15 released as his guidelines a pastiche of state law and departmental regulations. It was a face-saving device.

Cassese had been euchred into a position of impugning Leary's leadership because of an intramural battle between the PBA and a newly organized rightist group of policemen. The Law Enforcement Group (LEG) had been organized in August 1968 by Young Turks in the department, hard liners all, many with Birch connections and Wallace inclinations. Five weeks after it was formed, LEG's membership was city-wide, some members had assaulted a group of nine Black Panthers in a courtroom and thereby gained special public notice, and the new organization was the talk of the precinct houses. Cassese saw a potential rival, not only for members but eventually for bargaining certification. To regain the PBA's pre-eminent status, Cassese wanted to appear to the force to be as hard-nosed as the young conservatives. His hard nose ended a bit out of joint.

The Law Enforcement Group—so far only a New York City organization—is unusual in that it has achieved some success. In Los Angeles, a similar rightist group, formed to research "smut and communism, the twin perils to American life," withered when ranking officers quietly passed the word it was beyond the pale. In other cities, police officers have been named as members of the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan, but their membership is individual, however much sympathy police may hold privately for those two organizations.

Despite Cassese's temporary setback, the political power of the police nationally is considerable. In both Cleveland and Los Angeles, police have gone directly to the ballot for pay raises or retirement benefits refused by city fathers. In Los Angeles too, the third successive bond issue for more police facilities was approved, while voters were turning down school bond measures.

In the New York state legislature last year, police lobbied successfully for repeal of a law which more closely defined justifiable homicides. A similar bill was killed in committee in California in 1967. Elsewhere police, as police, have lobbied with increasing success, their model the long effective program of the California Peace Officers Association. In legislatures, police spokesmen have found like-minded majorities, wary of bucking public sentiment that favors the police.

Law enforcement is testing its political muscle, emboldened by the easily sensed mood of a public demanding domestic tranquillity at any price. The police claim they can provide instant peace of mind—the slogan is "law and order" and until their campaign collapses in futility, they will muster ever greater support. And with that support, the police will push even harder for complete control of law enforcement.

Mugged by the Sheriffs: An Anecdote

STEPHEN H. WILDSTROM

When I was growing up in a pleasant, tree-shaded part of near-suburban Detroit, I was taught that policemen are our friends. Once a year, friendly Sergeant somebody or another from the Youth Bureau would come to a school assembly with his trained dog to teach us how to cross streets safely and show us how friendly cops were. Like most middle-class kids, I believed the line.

It was in high school that I began to doubt. I saw Bull Connor's cops do their stuff in Birmingham, but that was only on television and anyway the cops up North weren't like that. Then in the summer of 1967, I was a wire service reporter during the Detroit riot and I got a first-hand look at cops unleashed. I began to think maybe the talk I'd heard about police brutality was more than just rhetoric. My negative view of police was reinforced when I saw the Detroit police mount a cavalry charge into a group of unarmed, peaceful members of the Poor People's March last spring.

But it took the Washtenaw County (Michigan) sheriff's department to bring it all home.

In September 1968 a group of welfare mothers staged a series of demonstrations at the County Building to protest Aid to Dependent Children payments which were insufficient to buy their children school clothes. The demonstrations culminated in the arrest of more than 200 mothers and University of Michigan students. As managing editor of the *Michigan Daily*, I went over to the County Building on the second day of the protest to complain to the sheriff about the continued harassment of our reporters by his deputies.

I walked up to the door and found it guarded by a group of helmeted deputies, the same cops who had given me a hard time the day before. When I attempted to open the door, I was told I couldn't go in. I explained who I was and what I wanted and asked why a person could not enter a public building during normal business hours. "You can't go in," they repeated. When I tried to argue the point further, I was jumped from behind by one of the deputies, pushed face down against the concrete pavement, and generally beaten.

When they felt I had been adequately pummeled, I was handcuffed and dragged over to the jail. After a couple of hours, I was set free on bond of $25, waiting arraignment that will probably never come, on a charge of assault and battery that would be funny if someone else were the defendant.

Though I've never been a victim of a mugging—crime in the streets variety—I imagine it is a terrifying experience. But to receive the equivalent of a mugging at the hands of a duly deputized law officer is probably the most terrifying experience in modern American society.

There is no situation in which a citizen can feel more helpless than when a man with a badge lands a solid blow to his stomach, and another pushes his face into a concrete curbstone. At least when attacked by a civilian mugger, you can make an effort to fight back. To do so against a cop is to invite a charge of resisting arrest or, in most states, of assaulting an officer, which is a felony.

The incident at the County Building cost me two nights of sleep and a couple of weeks of soreness. Slowly, the terror gave way to anger—anger which turned to rage as I discovered that I had virtually no legal recourse. I decided to throw the book at the cops who beat me, but that book turned out to be exceedingly thin.

I was lucky to know the name of the ringleader of the group of deputies and to have had a good enough look at the others to identify one or two on sight. It seemed the first thing to do was to file criminal assault charges against the deputies. Naively, I filed such a complaint with the city police; it disappeared into a bureaucratic morass. Relations between the city police and the sheriff's department are none too good in Ann Arbor, but a cop is a cop and they don't like stepping on one another's jurisdictions. A citizen can't bring a complaint against another unless a State's attorney issues a warrant. So much for that angle.

Next, I was going to file a civil suit for false arrest and damages. But I was informed that no one in recent memory had won a false arrest suit in this county, and that even if I won the case legal fees would far exceed anything I could hope to collect in damages.

Finally, there is a state statute which makes it a felony to commit a legal act in an illegal manner and an obscure 19th-century federal civil rights law which makes it a misdemeanor to conspire to deprive a citizen of civil rights under color of law without due process. But conspiracy was well-nigh impossible to establish in this case, and going through the Justice Department on the federal charge seemed of very limited utility.

So here I am, still raging and still without redress. About the best I can hope for at this point is to get the still pending criminal charge against me dropped and my arrest records destroyed, thus clearing my record.

A current theory has it that urban blacks have suffered so much for so long at the hands of city cops because they are ignorant of their rights. The truth is much simpler: the citizen doesn't have any viable rights in such cases. As a white middle-class student with some background in the law, I was no better able to obtain redress than a 16-year-old black kid roughed up by cops in the ghetto.

American society will never be peaceful so long as significant portions of that society are systematically terrorized by the police. There will be no peace because, as blacks have learned and students are learning, the cops are above the law, and the only satisfying way to respond to their violence is with violence of one's own. And no matter what kind of pronouncements come down from the police brass, the terror will continue as long as individual cops are immune from attempts by citizens to make them responsible for their acts. Despite the assertions of commissioners, chiefs and mayors, police departments have proved themselves to be at best unable, and at worst unwilling, to discipline their own.

The only hope is true civilian community control of the police. Not just a police review board but a community control board which would hire and fire officers and which would have full disciplinary powers. Considering the powerful vested interests of the cops and the widespread belief in the white community that the cops are always right, that day will be a long time coming.

Mirrors of Prejudice

WILLIAM P. BROWN

There was a time when policemen were just part of the background of the day-to-day world, when professors had very little relationship to that world, and when the members of each group had almost no awareness of the other.

Today's social disorder has brought policemen sharply to our attention, and the academic is now considered the jack of all problems. Particularly in reference to the racial crisis, policemen and professors have assumed an unprecedented importance to our society, and, in a bitter debate as to whether we are headed toward a police state or an unpoliced state, they have developed a mutually acrimonious relationship which bears significantly on our prospects for reaching any solution to that crisis.

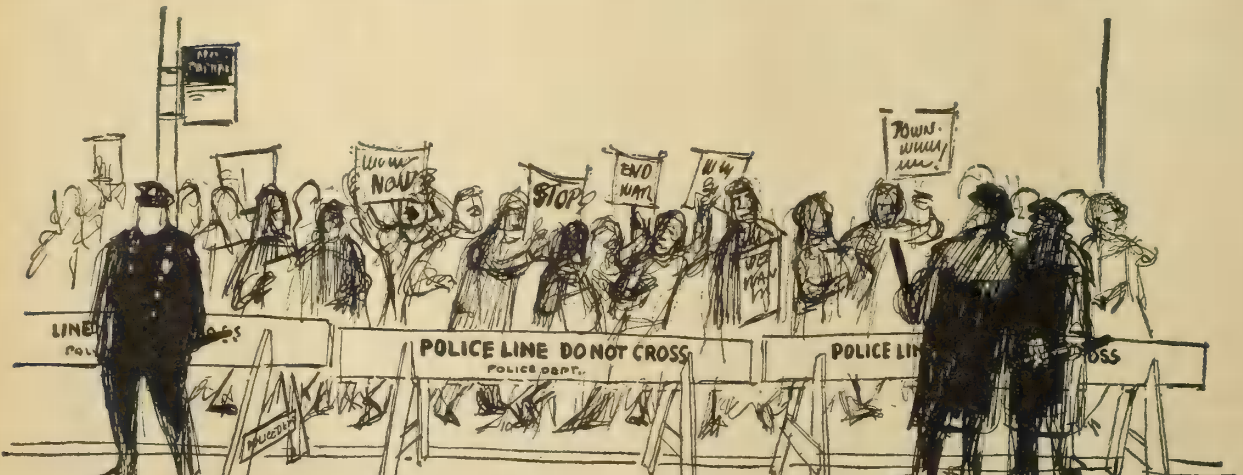
The scripts which the members of each group carry into their discussions of the disorder problems show surprising similarities, if one basic rule of the game is recognized: policemen speak only of blacks in connection with disorder and control; professors addressing the same topic speak only of policemen. Otherwise, in tone and content police views of black protesters mirror many professorial views of the police who deal with black protesters.

The policeman is worried about "Black Power." He wants "law and order" restored. He is convinced—along, incidentally, with a large percentage of the remainder of the blue-collar class—that the main reason why crime is so frighteningly rampant is that black activists have not been forced to comply with the law. More stringent enforcement, a removal of the "kid gloves," is his remedy. The academic is worried about the growth in police power. He wants "due process," as reflected in the Supreme Court restrictions on police power, fully respected. At least in conversation, he sees a wide spectrum of causation for the problems of the day, but police violence constitutes a focal point against which he can be definitely opposed. The Daniel Walker Report on the Chicago riot or the John Hersey dramatization of the Algiers Hotel incident are cited as pictures of the general pattern of police oppression, rather than as descriptions of isolated incidents. The professor is convinced that only strong repressive action against the police can preserve freedom in our time.

The actions and opinions of each group are, of course, influenced by the stereotypes its members hold. Police view blacks and professors view police with greater awareness than ever before, but in terms of brutish, cardboard-thin caricatures and unrealistic expectations. The policeman's black activist is a dangerous figure. He has replaced the Negro of pre-1960, that passive, rather subhuman member of an isolated world characterized by crime and social and personal degradation. He exudes hate rather than apathy, and he hates the policeman most of all. Black protesters are assumed to be tied to radical groups. The word radical still has more than a slight coloration of Communist, and connotes overall, centrally directed planning of illegal and subversive activities.

To the police one of the most unsettling features in the police-black relationship is that the prescriptions which they were only recently given for establishing "community relations" are hopelessly inadequate for understanding, let alone dealing with, the problems created by the black activists. The police official who has determined (somewhat late and somewhat under pressure) to be fair and impartial is now willing to accept rational discussion of objectives, the setting of boundaries and all the other devices for the control of noncriminal civilian groups which seemed to be the answer to meeting the black protest movement only a few years ago. Having accepted the model of fairness, the police seem particularly disturbed by what they regard as the unfairness of the blacks. "What do they want?" "Why do they provoke, taunt, refuse to agree to reasonable regulations?"

On the other side, the policeman envisioned by many of the more liberal and vocal professors might have been sketched out by Mark Rudd from old ACLU literature of the 1940s and 1950s. The policeman of this conception has the basic attributes of brutality and stupidity, ren-



dered more dangerous by ignorance, insecurity and the lust for power and violent expression which led him into police work in the first place.

Just as with the newly reformed police official, the professor is enamored of simple solutions from times recently but definitely past. Like the civil libertarians of yesterday, his major answer is to stop the police from committing illegal actions. Excesses from the protest side are ignored, the general view being that their control is not really a problem, and that any effort other than to eliminate the underlying conditions which resulted in the protest is somehow authoritarian and improper.

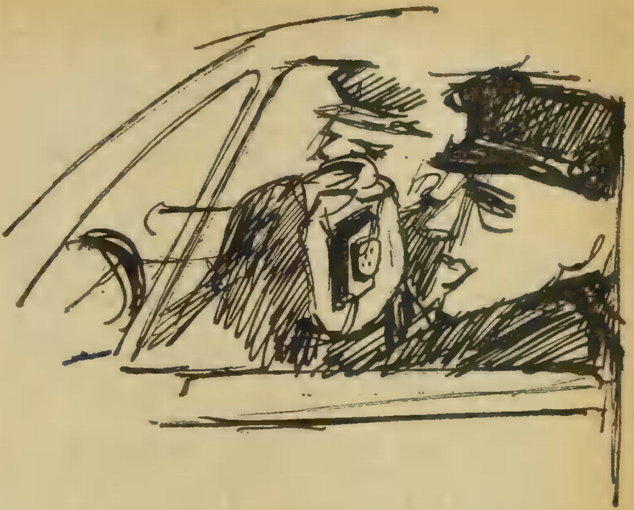
If policemen and professors occupied less vital positions in today's conflicts, one could enumerate these congruences of view with more amusement than concern. Unfortunately, each group is important enough in shaping the outcome of current racial unrest so that what it does and what happens to it by virtue of its relationship to the issue is significant to each of us. If we recognize the importance of these relationships, we cannot fail to be deeply concerned by their recent development.

One may note, for example, that insofar as the race issue is concerned, the police are drifting into a position which, if not more isolated, is differently isolated than ever before from the forces which could most help them to adjust to "the needs" of society. The old isolation prevailed in eras when police organizations were in infrequent contact with students of society. For a variety of reasons it has been disappearing with relative rapidity.

The new isolation is, to a large extent, a recoil from pressures by the two nonblack groups which have been vocally attempting to shape the police position vis-à-vis the black protest. In both groups academics probably constitute the dominating voice. One, comprising the "human relations" specialists and most of the professors who work in the police field, appears to advocate irrelevant niceties —treat people fairly, recruit more black policemen, etc., etc. The other, comprising the courts and most of the activist professors, demands compliance to a standard of respect for individual rights which some police see as being unrealistic and placing them in an impossible position. Both groups propose restrictions rather than offer support or what the police regard as workable alternatives.

Faced with this complex of additional problems and unpalatable answers, the police have been pushed to their own councils. Here, leadership has developed from what we once thought a most unlikely source—the long-dormant police fraternal or benevolent organizations. These groups are "for the policeman." They are his unquestioning champions and today's policeman needs a champion.

If the police react to the pressures stemming from the interracial problem by withdrawing from the professional arena to the blue-collar world, the professors respond by moving in. There has been a relatively large increase in the number of university personnel teaching or researching in police-related areas. However, the largest segment of the professional chorus is made up of those from other disciplines. They are representative of the concerned, educated, vocal citizenry. A great many seek workable answers but most seem less concerned with specific prescriptions than with complaints against injustice. They are quicker to man barricades than to seek solutions.



To what kind of a future do these trends point? Basically, it is a movement away from the fine distinctions which characterize anything like a professional approach. There is no real dialogue between the "Stop the Cop" and "Support Your Police" camps. Combine this situation on the white side with an almost secessionist hardening on the part of the black community and one sees why policemen increasingly respond to interracial incidents with anger or apathy. The anger, as in Newark and Detroit, can produce frightening results, but our police are still enough under court and administrative control so that it can be expressed only in sporadic incidents.

Apathy is another matter. It is the long-lasting adaptive response, the classic reaction of a group to what it sees as a hopeless situation. A group does not have to be apathetic in all its work; it may just effectively leave one area, in this case that dealing with social control, and concentrate on problems which have some satisfactory solutions. And of course the group, in this case the police, will never announce that it is leaving the field, or never do so officially. The thing to be feared is the existence of mass inertia in the police ranks when action in socially difficult situations is required.

Obviously, the leitmotiv of professional police apathy holds no future for our society, but what is it that we want the police to do? There is somewhat greater agreement as to the result desired than the means for achieving it. Basically, it would seem that the great need is for the police to achieve a relationship wherein they serve and do not control the black members of the community. Only when this happens does it seem likely that the black ghetto will lose its semblance to a conquered territory in which the police are the occupying troops.

We know most of the answers in terms of attitude changes and of practical working devices which could help the police to gain this recognition. We know that they must come to realize that they face situations in which, in contrast to the Western sheriff model which has always characterized their own image of their work, they are not expected to emerge immediately victorious or die trying. They must also recognize that the high standard of individual rights which the Supreme Court has enunciated is not just an impediment to their work but actually a call for a higher standard of work which will bring with it social recognition that they are performing at a higher professional level.

The need is for the police to remain calm, to be fair, to bring in the black policemen as co-professionals, to serve rather than to control the black communities, to meet a standard of performance under difficulties which we could not even have visualized a few years ago. Above all, they must develop a faith that if they do perform at this level, they will eventually win the support that can make their future job possible.

It is not at all certain that our police can make such an adjustment. If they do, it will require positive action by the professors in both the camps which have been described. For those of us who conduct our research and teaching in areas allied to police problems, there is a need to get away from small, segmented bits of information and into the kinds of knowledge that can enable the police of a given city to meet their problems with their resources. We can no longer stop at the level of just telling our policemen the rules of law, the rights of individuals and our own views as to the treatment that should be accorded people recently emerged from subjugation. These are the easy things to speak about but they are obviously only part of the answer.

The police administrator can accept such injunctions without difficulty, but he must ask the more difficult questions of how one deals with political realities, how one controls the police themselves in trying to effectuate a humane and yet practical policy of enforcement in such delicate areas as those involving race relations. How does a policeman hold to an image of enforcing the law when people resist or when they break the law for what they allege to be (and what may widely be accepted as) highly creditable motives? What about the people who participate in such activities from far less noble impulses, but who cannot be distinguished from those others? In very crude form, how does one distinguish between sufficient policing and the kind of policing that tends to emerge when shotguns and riot helmets are the equipment of the day?

Then, there are the other professors, those whose fields are not directly related to police activities. Their interest is and should be that of the informed and responsible members of the community. For them the prescription seems simple, even if it works some violence on the currently dominant professorial ideology. It is for controlled observation, analysis, decision on merits, and action supportive of good practice in place of the easy assumption that protesters are always right, police always wrong. It calls for academic cooperation with other citizens, in finding facts and weighing them; for work toward reshaping a sound, ethical and supported police practice.

Such action has the great additional value that it can alleviate the inefficiencies and inequities that are strewn through our local police systems. These weaknesses were not created in support of prejudice; they are not tied to controversial intellectual issues, nor do they demand great professional expertise to comprehend or to improve. They may involve archaic practices that linger because nobody has discontinued them, or the petty corruption which the police are powerless to stop because of local political control. The need is to find out what is happening and to support proper action. Such action is in no way inconsistent with supporting the legitimate objectives of protest or other disadvantaged groups. It tends, in fact, to make such assistance meaningful and maximally effective. It represents, in its way, the growth from adolescent protest to adult responsibility, and in these times we need adult professors and policemen.

Black Crime, Black Victims

ROBERT PEARMAN

Michael Theodore Altschul, 18, was the kind of young man that the people of Kansas City could admire and understand. Intelligent and good-looking, he was a freshman at the University of Missouri at Kansas City with a night job in a drugstore at the posh Country Club Plaza shopping district. Michael made a habit of hitchhiking, however, and was doing so on the night of February 3, when a verbal exchange with the occupants of an automobile developed into a fist fight. He was winning the fight in spite of 3-to-1 odds until he found himself looking into the barrel of a .38-caliber revolver. Altschul ran, tried to escape by getting into passing cars; but the drivers, not understanding, locked their doors. Slowly he turned, as if resigned to his fate, and the man calmly shot him in the chest from a distance of about 6 feet.

The next morning the story of the murder was on page 1 of the newspaper. The city was indignant. The Kansas City Crime Commission established a reward fund with an initial contribution of $500. "It was like killing the nicest guy in the world," a girl classmate said of Michael.

Police set vigorously to work to find the killers. On the night of the murder alone they questioned twenty-five persons. Witnesses who had been at the busy intersection where the shooting occurred gave descriptions of the assailants and stood ready to cooperate with the police and prosecuting attorney.

Three days later four men were arrested. All four were charged with first degree murder although only one of them could have fired the fatal shot, and one of them, driving the car, had not even participated in the fight. But Joseph P. Teasdale, Jackson County prosecutor, pointed out that under Missouri law all persons involved in a conspiracy to assault a person can be considered guilty of murder if anyone in the group takes the person's life. A month later Teasdale dropped all charges against three of the four men because, he said, there was no evidence that they had anything to do with firing the murder weapon.

Six weeks before the death of Michael Altschul another young man died in Kansas City under circumstances that were not entirely dissimilar. But Donald Keith Cowens, Jr., 19, was another kind of Kansas City youth. He was black, and three months before he was killed he had been arrested for possession of a fire bomb. On the night Cowens was fatally shot, he was attending a Saturday night dance at a poverty program neighborhood center. An argument developed and when he stepped outside someone shot him in the forehead.

The story of the attack did not appear in the newspaper, but when Cowens died the next day a report ran on page 3. However, there was no outcry of indignation in the black community or the white, and no one offered a reward. Police arrested a 17-year-old boy and said they found a .22-caliber revolver in his car. But Teasdale said there was not sufficient evidence against him to bring charges. There were seventy-five persons at the dance, but all of them were somehow looking in other directions when the shot was fired. The suspect was released and the case entered that limbo common in all major American cities. The police marked the case closed, "cleared by arrest." But no one had been charged with Donald Cowens' murder, nor is anyone likely to be.

In these contrasting two cases there is an object example of perhaps the most costly, and most often overlooked problem in the policing of the ghetto—the deficiencies of investigation, public interest, public cooperation and prosecution. They are to be found in every major American city, running parallel with high crime rates, abortive prosecution and danger for the people who, by choice or circumstance, live within the community.

In Kansas City, robbery rates, both armed and strong arm, are three times as high in a predominantly Negro district as in a South Side, mostly white, district. There are three times as many assaults, and there are more burglaries although there is less to steal. But what the public fails to recognize is that in these crimes, mostly committed by Negroes, the victims are also Negro. To be a frequent victim is the price of living in the ghetto.

Back in the 1930s, the era of Bonnie and Clyde and Pretty Boy Floyd, Kansas City had a name for being a tough and lawless town. Years of reform have dimmed the stigma, yet 1968 was probably the bloodiest year in the city's history, even surpassing 1933 when Floyd and company killed five persons before breakfast at the Union Station.

There were 108 homicides in Kansas City last year, most of them attracting little public notice. Seventy-three victims—67 per cent—were Negro, although the Negro population of the city runs about 20 per cent. Most of the Negro victims died at the hands of other Negroes.

In Wilmington, Del., a black-owned shopping center shut down just one year after opening. The insurance was canceled when the place was broken into for the sixteenth time in one year. "I've spent $6,000 alone just to fix busted windows," said Harry H. Young, Jr., one of the proprietors. "The residents wanted to help, but young hoodlums, most of them under 18, wouldn't give us a break. They pushed and shoved the customers and broke into their cars. I'm closing the entire shopping center. It's all over. There is no other way."

The belief of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that Harlem residents are the victims of violent crimes far more frequently than are the residents elsewhere in New York City is borne out by police statistics. For example, the 107,000 people living in the 32nd Precinct in northern Harlem, reported twenty-nine murders, 2,156 robberies and 901 felonious assaults in the first eight months of 1968.

The New York branch of the NAACP has issued a report stating that Harlem's Negro merchants, alarmed by the rise of crime and violence by blacks against blacks, have demanded that the police tactical force be assigned to all Harlem precincts and that drug addicts be driven from the streets. They asked for a minimum term of thirty years for those convicted of first degree murder (instead of the present fifteen years) and for stern mandatory sentences for muggers and narcotics pushers.

Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* looked into the inner workings of Harlem crime and reported that, contrary to widespread assumption, black shopkeepers have been victimized as often as whites and that no "code" spares a "soul brother's" establishment.

Merchandise stolen from Harlem merchants is often sold on the same street in the same day. The Rev. Robert L. Pruitt, pastor of the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal church described the problem:

"I could show you men carrying bundles of stolen goods into any barber shop and peddling them to the customers."

"The Inner City," reported President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice, "has always been hard on whoever is living in it. . . . Not long ago there was a tendency to dismiss reports on all but the most serious offenses in slum areas and segregated minority group districts. They were left to take care of their own problems. The ghetto, the very neighborhood that needs protection most, is often explosive. There is much distrust, especially among boys and young men . . . the people the police most often deal with."

It is generally accepted that there are fewer solutions, less prosecution and shorter sentences for crimes committed by Negroes against other Negroes. The question is why. Are the police unable, or unwilling, to apply to the ghetto the standards they observe elsewhere?

"The problem," says Rep. Harold Holliday, a Negro member of the Missouri legislature, "is that people tend to spend time and energy on things they think are important. And the police don't think that crime in our neighborhood is important. I recall one case where a pharmacy was robbed. The owner came into magistrate court and made a positive identification of the accused. About two months later he saw this man on the street again. He called the prosecutor's office and was told that the case had been dismissed for lack of evidence."

In another recent case Holliday recalls, a woman heard two men trying to gain entry into her house. She called police and they arrived in time to catch the two men still trying to break in. They took the men away, but did not even pause to question the intended victim, to get her name, or her statement for prosecution.

In Kansas City, Kan., across the state line, experiences are similar. "We feel that there is a difference in the prosecution," says Rev. Sethard Beverly, Negro minister and civil rights leader; "and that makes one suspect that there is graft on one hand and just a lack of concern on the other."

But the cries of moderate Negro leaders for better police protection are tempered with ambivalence. "We want strong police protection, but humane police protection," says the Reverend Beverly, who suggests that one answer is more black policemen. Holliday believes that the Negro community must, in part, be to blame. "It is not entirely a problem of law-enforcement officers," he said. "Our community has to accept some of the responsibility for its lack of cooperation in the investigation and prosecution of crimes."

Kansas City police chief Clarence M. Kelley, a former Federal Bureau of Investigation agent and now a target of the Black Panthers and other Negro militants, rejects the double-standard thesis, while to a degree admitting its existence by implication: "I would say that we probably get more goading from the white community than the black community and it's a fact of life that when someone complains you are going to do more," Kelley said.

Kelley doesn't believe that there is any conscious lessening of effort on the part of his officers because of race or economic status of the victim. But what might have an effect, he concedes, is a feeling among them of "Well what's the use, this can just cause me trouble. Our officers are willing to enforce the law anywhere but there is always the threat that the victim either won't prosecute or that the officer himself will be charged with misconduct."

The much harassed Kansas City police chief—the militants have challenged him to a duel to the death, choosing as their weapon Chemical MACE at 40 paces—finds deep disappointment in the fact that Negro businessmen and moderate leaders, themselves often victims of crime, do not step forward with a plea for good law enforcement. "I get a lot of demands for more black officers, and we are trying to recruit them; but I have not had any neighborhood councils or Negro merchants up here asking for protection or enforcement."

Dr. Girard T. Bryant, a Negro member of the Kansas City Board of Police Commissioners, agrees with the chief that there is basically no difference in the way officers set about to solve crimes against black victims and white victims. "They may be a little indifferent, and once a report is taken it may be forgotten, but I have a sneaking suspicion they do that to whites, too. The truth of the matter is that if the police don't have somebody on their back, chances are they forget about it and go on to something else."

To Dr. Bryant, checking the ghetto crime wave is a "package deal" involving well-trained police who do their duty, prosecutors who see to it that those accused of crimes are prosecuted, and prisons with the capacity to incarcerate and rehabilitate those sent into them.

Twenty of the seventy-three Negro homicides in 1968 were committed within the shadows of the Wayne Miner court, Kansas City's high-rise public housing project. A three-man committee appointed by Mayor Ilus W. Davis to study the problems of the project charged lack of protection for the citizens.

Everett P. O'Neal, a Negro businessman who has himself suffered much from robbery, has built a successful black guard service in Kansas City out of the need of the professional men and businesses operating in the ghetto for protection. "We have about forty clients," O'Neal said. "Our guards are employed at the Wayne Miner public housing project. We have been employed by the public schools. We work for the doctors, for the banks, for the stores. We protect the dances at the YMCA." O'Neal guards in plain clothing may be found waiting inconspicuously in the waiting rooms of doctors' offices. They are armed with pistols, MACE and handcuffs.

O'Neal fears that crime may be a real deterrent to the success of President Nixon's goals of black capitalism. An embryo Negro business, with shaky capital, trying to get started, can be wiped out by a robbery, he points out. And such robberies are sure to come. "The black businessman is . . . more susceptible to being robbed than a businessman in other parts of the city. It makes it very difficult."

One obstacle to maintaining equal standards of law enforcement and prosecution is the reluctance of witnesses to talk to police or later to testify in court. At Wayne Miner, for instance, the people know just what and when and where something has happened, but they are intimidated by other people in the project and will not talk, the guard service operator asserts.

Police report a growing reluctance of Negro witnesses to talk with them after a crime. One veteran detective, who recalls that he used to question witnesses freely and take statements in the black community, says: "Now they say 'I just don't want to get involved.' Sometimes they wait until I'm back at headquarters and then call me and tell me what happened. But they want to stay out of it."

Clifford Spottsville, first assistant Jackson County prosecutor and a Negro, sees the same reluctance when witnesses are brought into court. There have, he said, been several cases where threats to witnesses were made clear. The ghetto has become an increasingly dangerous place to live. Black former convicts, on parole, openly carry guns with full knowledge that to be caught means a return to prison. Says Arthur Jenkins, a homicide detective: "This man, whom I've known a long time, told me, 'Arthur, I know I'm in trouble but I don't dare come out on the street without one. I'd be killed.' "

The police dog, once the symbol of oppression during Negro rights demonstrations, is now often used by ghetto citizens to protect themselves. A 26-year-old girl, whose father is an Army colonel and who has a master's degree from Columbia University, lives in Kansas City, Kan., and keeps a dog for protection. The problem of crime constricts her freedom. After dark she is a prisoner in her own home. She would not think of walking alone in the neighborhood, or even of sitting on the front porch. Her church has been robbed three times in nine months.

Many Negroes blame their own communities for the burglary problem. The tradition of commerce on the street, buy it from a man and no questions asked, makes the fence's life remarkably simple. And, of course, most often the item was stolen from another black man.

It was in the riots of last spring, when buildings were burning in the Kansas City ghetto and National Guardsmen and police were firing at real and imaginary snipers on the rooftops, that the real disparity became manifest. The people who wanted protection from the rioters and looters didn't find it. White commercial interests outside the ghetto were well and successfully guarded. "We felt we were all being contained to destroy ourselves," Mrs. Samantha Cunningham angrily told a reporter. "Aren't the police supposed to protect me too?"

Herman Johnson, president of the Greater Kansas City chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, takes a similar view: "A net was thrown around the community and the attitude was: whatever happens within it, so what? The police should have come in and got those who were doing it and protected the rest."

The attitude that it's not really a crime if it happens "down there," lingers in Kansas City. It lingers with individual members, if not with the leadership, of the police department; it is occasionally seen on the bench of the magistrate courts; it persists with the media, and is the prevailing attitude of the white community. The result is a remarkable attitude of indifference, while the city becomes increasingly bloody and violent—with more guns and more shoot-outs than there ever were in the cowtown era, more murder than in the gangster years of the 1930s.

The Friendly Fuzz

ALVIN A ROSENFELD

Though Police Chief Thomas Cahill was initially opposed to the idea, the San Francisco Police Department in 1962 formed a Community Relations Division to meet the rising pressures of the civil rights movement. Lieut. Dante Andreotti, then on the night desk at Central Station, was named its head. With few prior experiments to draw upon, Andreotti developed his own approach to the problem. He sent his men into the communities, told them to roll up their sleeves and play an active role in community life. He felt the aim of his unit should be to combat the causes of criminality, the joblessness, the homelessness, the physical and spiritual poverty, and the frustrations they created in minority communities.

A report prepared for the President's crime commission lauded the unit for opening "new communications channels with community segments never before considered 'reachable.' " The *Spokesman*, a newspaper in predominantly black Hunter's Point, praised the Community Relations Department:

> Never since the mythical "cop on the beat" stories have policemen (those of this unit) gained an almost unique respect. A respect gained not by their firearms, nor by tough words, nor by alleged brutality, nor because they were merely jolly, nor because they were Irish, but because they are human beings. . . . It's just that as a unit, and as a purpose, Police Community Relations have been rebuilding the image of the policeman as a person versus the faceless cop so often associated with ghettos and the inner city. It's not a job to envy, but a job that every other policeman should be thankful for.

Police by tradition concentrate on the apprehension of criminals, ignoring almost completely the prevention of crime. However, the potential value of a progressive police-community relations (PCR) program is intricately entwined with the goal of reducing crime by attacking a major source of police-community hostility—the black man's and the poor man's exclusion from the mainstream of American life. Observing the size of the problem, many feel that PCR can do little more than keep the patient alive until the doctor arrives. While there is some truth in that pessimistic point of view, the San Francisco experiment has shown that, though it can't alter the entire department's image overnight, a dedicated police unit of this sort can at least make the "outsiders" realize that there are some officers who care about them. By helping people to find jobs, housing, education, etc., such a program can make tangible contributions to the overall effort.

A progressive police-community relations department can help to ease the abrasive contacts between police and citizens if it has the support of high police officials. They have the authority to advance policemen on the basis of appropriate behavior and community respect, as well as for a good arrest record. Los Angeles improved police-community relations when Police Chief Thomas Reddin declared that any officer addressing minority group members with derogatory language would be severely punished. However, if improvement is to be more than superficial, the average patrolman must be convinced that better relations are in his interest, since as James Q. Wilson observes in *Varieties of Police Behavior*: "The police department has the special property . . . that within it discretion increases as one moves down the hierarchy." It is the policeman on the street whose behavior is most significant to the community, yet his actions are the most difficult to control.

Andreotti was "green" at the outset. He has said (*Fortune*, January 1968): "I had no ideas, no background, no experience. I learned about community relations from the people in the streets, and I am glad for what they taught me."

Central to Andreotti's program was the PCR officer. He was to be part of the community structure, regarded as a friend rather than as an agent from the outside.

Andreotti declared before a police administrators' conference in 1966: "A Police Community Relations program can bring about dramatic changes in attitude on the part of the community and the police because it invariably brings them together in a discussion of mutual problems. Let me say this is a total community problem and the police should lead the way in awakening society to other factors causing our crime problems." In his opinion the police were to lead the way not just follow where others led. Since police departments are overwhelmingly conservative, this vision was probably unrealistic for the department as a whole.

However, the approach worked marvelously for the San Francisco Police Community Relations Department. The unit's men performed a myriad of functions. Open meetings were held in the community to hear suggestions and grievances. PCR men attended other community meetings, including those of the Black Muslims and the Black Panthers. They held dances, parties, movies and sports events for ghetto youths. To help people get jobs, they interpreted police records to potential employers. One PCR man helped 200 people find work in a single six-month period. Andreotti's men encouraged local self-help organizations. Ghetto residents were directed to legal aid associations and were guided in dealings with the city's bureaucracy. Funds were raised to help local organizations. The city was persuaded to make improvements in the ghetto. According to ghetto residents, the unit was fair in the handling of citizen complaints about police misbehavior. For these reasons the men gained "an almost unique respect," being named by the community the "friendly fuzz."

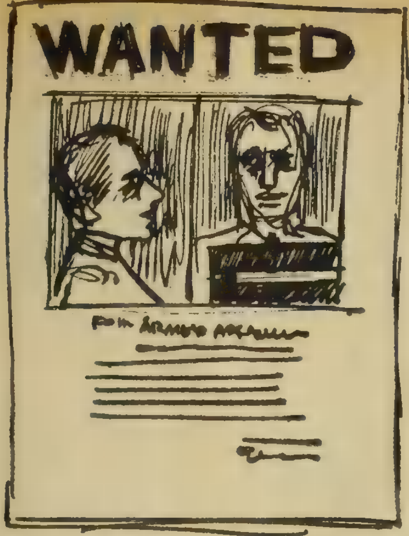
As in any other organization, there were differences of opinion. While some of the men were wholehearted about Andreotti's approach, others—predominantly the older, white men—approved of it, went along, but could never be thought of as emotionally committed. What were the committed officers like? Why were they there and what did they want?

"Black mothers tell their kids that if they become cops, they shouldn't come home," said one of the PCR officers. Why had the black men joined the police force? The major reason was financial necessity combined with the security that civil service affords. Most of the men had been on the force for some time before being detailed to the PCR. These were men who had distinguished themselves by refusing to observe silently abusive treatment of black people, and thus be accepted as "one of the boys." One officer related: "No one was about to beat a black man while I was around. . . . I once saw a cop punch a black kid at Park Station. I spoke up and that sort of stuff ended, though all the cops stopped speaking to me."

Some of the younger officers had joined the force because they felt that since the police department "is the most hated and despicable institution, it must be subverted from within." Older black officers now detailed to the PCR unit concur, though they are less optimistic about the chance of success. This group of men is unwilling to present the image of internal unity the department strives so hard to create. One of them has said:

> Some of the policemen in the San Francisco police department are clear and distinct racists, the type who would be prime Nazi material. . . . Changing racial attitudes of a bigot is fairly impossible. . . . We're not concerned with how the average policeman thinks, but with how he acts. If a cop does something wrong we want him punished so neither he nor his buddies will do it again. That's the most we can do. . . . A lot of friction is of our own doing because we don't like them and we're not about to. There are a number of men in the department that I would immediately fire. There are others that I would put in jail because I know what they have done and that is where they belong. That's not politically realistic, however.

Such opinions did not endear the PCR to the rank-and-file officers. Policemen tend to be conventional, appalled by abnormal behavior and rebellions against authority; but the PCR department was overwhelmingly liberal and worked with the poorest black people, as well as



with hippies, teen-age gangs, homosexuals, militants and the like. Some regular officers called the unit the "Commie Relations" department. On the other hand, every rumor that one of these dedicated men was to be removed from his position produced a vehement outcry from the community. Thus Chief Cahill had a problem: the black neighborhoods were delighted with his Community Relations program, yet his own department abhorred it.

Chief Cahill is a product of this country's long history of Irish policemen. He has not been sympathetic to the new demands being placed on officers. In contrast to Andreotti, Cahill saw no "vanguard" role for police: "The police cannot become social workers or educators. They do not have the time, nor should they be expected to take on the obligation of the rest of the community. Community relations is a task and responsibility for the total community, including the police."

Cahill considers the demand that policemen become "street-corner sociologists" unreasonable. While he does see a place for a PCR program, his view of its role differs greatly from that of the man he put in charge of San Francisco's unit. "Good community relations," he said, "can double the effectiveness of a police force, while bad community relations can give a police department a problem that doubling its force won't help." In short, Chief Cahill regarded his Community Relations program as a means to make the police more effective by insuring that the apprehension of criminals would not be impeded by the ill will of the people.

Though Cahill did not comply with Andreotti's every request, until the fall of 1966 he put few impediments in the lieutenant's path. Since the city had been riot-free, Cahill was loath to tamper with the program he thought had contributed to that tranquillity. But in September 1966 a riot broke out in Hunter's Point after a black youth was killed by a police officer. The Community Relations unit was widely credited with a major role in containing the disorder, though it was called in only after three days of rioting. Compared with those elsewhere, the riot was mild, with no loss of life and minimal property damage.

But Cahill did not regard the situation with equanimity. "About a week after the riot," Andreotti is quoted by *Fortune*, "Cahill said to me, 'I'll know how to handle the situation next time. After all I did for those people. I was the only police chief in America without a riot. They spoiled my record.' I told him, 'You ought to be damn glad you had a good community relations program going. . . . No community relations program is a guarantee against a riot, but it can take the sting out of one!' "

After the riot, Andreotti realized that Cahill no longer supported his program. In August 1967 he retired from the San Francisco police department to take a position with the Community Relations Service of the U.S. Justice Department. He left out of despair, not for personal advancement.

The change in Cahill's attitude was not lost upon the black community. Tom Flemming of the *Sun Reporter*, another of San Francisco's black newspapers, wrote that Chief Cahill

> described police-community relations as a "secondary function," which clearly shows his attitude towards the matter. He went on to point out that police-community relations should concern itself with "crowd control and riot prevention." . . . [This] is a very enlightening statement when you compare it with the thoughts of Andreotti, who felt that the proper concept of the Police Community Relations Division was the dissolution of ghettos and injustice.

Lieut. Gus Bruneman, ex-head of the Canine Corps, was appointed as Andreotti's replacement. His one qualification for community relations was a sincere interest in the Police Athletic League. Many regarded the appointment as absurd and offensive. Within a few months of Andreotti's retirement, four of the unit's six black officers resigned. In April 1968, Captain Lingafelter, Captain of Inspectors, was given Bruneman's job in addition to his own. This proved too heavy a load, and Lieut. William Osterloh was appointed to replace Lingafelter. The men in PCR who were not committed to the Andreotti approach were unshaken by these events, but a few of the officers who stayed were joined by some new black members of the unit in missing Andreotti's lead.

Though this latter group has continued to use his meth-

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FOR THE POLICE FORCE
IF YOU ARE BETWEEN THE AGES OF

ods, their disappointment and frustration is growing. Since Andreotti's departure their convictions about police-community relations have not been shared even by the head of their own department, not to mention Cahill or the policeman on the beat. A clandestine spirit envelops their enterprises; they refuse to talk in elevators, lest anyone overhear their "aberrant" ideas.

They have attempted to embarrass the police department into approving their stance. For example, since they felt that black policemen lacked effective spokesmen within the Police Association (a body that is supposed to represent the interests of all policemen), twenty black officers, spearheaded by members of PCR, petitioned Chief Cahill for permission to form their own organization, Officers for Justice. They quickly made their letter to the chief public. Among the reasons for forming the new organization were the convictions that black policemen were denied adequate opportunities for advancement, that there was a strong stain of racism in the police department, and that officers, black or white, who took issue with the views of the Police Association were "openly denounced by the Association's station representatives. This not only reflects racism but indicates a complete lack of concern for the citizenry. . . ." As evidence of their charges, the officers stated that the Police Association attorney had "never defended a black policeman . . . even though help had been requested."

The frustration is even more overt in a letter rumored to have been written by a member of PCR. It circulated in August 1968 and was headed "Who needs a Police Community Relations Unit?" The letter ends:

> The effectiveness of the PCR unit is dwindling, it is being threatened from all sides. . . . If significant changes aren't promptly made, I see no need for a San Francisco PCR unit. Instead, day watch police personnel, with their patched and torn blue dirty-grey uniforms, protruding beer bellies and red faces can do the job.

Several actions by the police department's officialdom have led to this cynicism. Though they perform a service which the crime commission felt should be entrusted only to the best and most highly trained police officers, the PCR men, other than Lieutenant Osterloh and three sergeants, remain at the lowest level of police officers. When Andreotti asked that the men's general rank be raised (thereby increasing their pay and status), Cahill exposed his priorities by stating that "they weren't qualified. They didn't investigate and they didn't arrest people."

Many PCR officers regard their position as precarious, since they are "detailed" and not "transferred" to the unit. They are continually being restrained by new orders. They feel that they are allowed too little overtime pay to cover the many night meetings they attend, even though other officers are entitled to eight hours' overtime a week. They are now required to call in every two hours to report their activities. The unit can no longer help citizens with writing and filing complaints. Most of the men resent this, since it is well known that they were relieved of the task because they were too sympathetic to the citizens' viewpoints.

Most important, they are angered because Cahill disregards the sincere suggestions they bring him from the community. They recommended that San Francisco follow the lead of several other cities by introducing psychological testing to prevent people emotionally unfit for police service from joining the department. Cahill has refused. They suggested that Cahill issue an order forbidding policemen the use of deprecatory language toward minorities. As an ex-San Francisco PCR officer wrote in the syllabus of his course in community relations for policemen (which failed because the men were openly hostile), "A Negro would rather be called an s.o.b. than a nigger." As of last summer, Police Chief Cahill had issued no such order.

Some of the unit's men have college degrees; most of them have had some college education. Every day they deal with San Francisco's political, social and economic leaders, as well as with its poor people. Eventually, the unit's liberals, especially the better-schooled men, get offers of well-paying, higher-status positions. Two members of the unit think of leaving next fall to enter law school. By its indifference and hostility, the San Francisco police department has created a stepping stone to advancement from what used to be a meaningful position. Rather than allowing the men whom the communities regard as the cream to rise, the department is washing them away.

Andreotti's approach to police-community relations issues is all but dead in San Francisco. Was the PCR unit good enough to warrant grief over its passing? Though few criteria exist to evaluate this sort of program, it is interesting to examine the San Francisco unit by the standards of the Kerner commission.

The Kerner report praised the Atlanta police department's Crime Prevention Bureau as "successful" for establishing

> a good relationship with the community, particularly with the young people. It has concentrated on social services, persuading almost 600 dropouts to return to school, assisting some 250 hardship cases with food and work, arranging for dances and hydrant showers during the summer, working quickly and closely with families of missing persons. The result is a close rapport with the community and recruits for the department.

No one doubts that the San Francisco unit did this and much more under Andreotti. Until late 1966 it was *the* PCR program in America. By Kerner report standards it must be judged as brilliantly successful.

Lieut. William Osterloh, the unit's new commanding officer, is an educated man who has been affiliated with the University of California's School of Criminology. He helped prepare some of the crime commission's task force reports. Though he is attacked for "preoccupation with organization" and "constant overintellectualization," few doubt his honesty and sincerity. He wants to school the department, starting with its higher officials, in the importance of community relations. If he did convince the rest of the department, he would make an immense contribution toward better police-community relations. But since San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto has been reluctant to battle Police Chief Cahill over the issue of the PCR's role (though he publicly supports a more active program), most people familiar with the San Francisco scene are certain Osterloh will fail.

Thomas Cahill was the only police chief in America to sit on the President's crime commission. It is appropriate, therefore, to compare the present San Francisco experience with the crime commission's guidelines for a good PCR program.

The commission felt that ". . . a police community relations program is one of the most important functions of any police department in a community with a substantial minority population." Since the Hunter's Point riot, community relations has been regarded as a "secondary" police function in San Francisco. The commission further stated: "Community relations . . . must play a part in the selection, training, deployment and promotion of personnel; in the execution of field procedures; in staff policy making and planning; in the enforcement of departmental discipline, and in the handling of citizen complaints." Chief Cahill never accepted PCR suggestions of steps to relax police-community relations. He has even taken the "complaint assistance" role away from the department. Rather than accepting the advice of men well respected in minority communities, Chief Cahill has yielded to the prejudices of the police department's majority.

By refusing to "rock the boat" Cahill has failed to incorporate the commission's next suggestion as well:

> The needs of good community relations and of effective law enforcement will not necessarily be identical at all times. For example . . . imposing harsh penalties on officers who verbally abuse minority groups could temporarily depress departmental morale. . . . While immediate law enforcement considerations may take precedence, it should be remembered that sound community relations are, in the long run, essential to effective law enforcement.

The commission went on to give another recommendation:

> Improving community relations involves not only instituting programs and changing procedures and practices, but re-examining fundamental attitudes. The police will have to learn to listen patiently and understandingly to people who are openly critical of them or hostile to them, since those people are precisely the ones with whom relations need to be improved. Quite evidently, it is not easy for a man who was brought up to obey the law and to respect law enforcement officers to maintain his poise and equanimity when he is denounced, sneered at or threatened. However policemen must do just that if police-citizen relations on the street are to become person-to-person encounters rather than the black-versus-white, oppressed-versus-oppressor confrontations they too often are.

It was in the San Francisco Police Community Relations Department under Dante Andreotti that this concept first became a reality. At least within that unit police-citizen contacts were truly human. But since the group that opened "new communications channels with community segments never before considered 'reachable'" was then emasculated by its own parent organization, what hope exists for PCR units in other cities?

Going by the Book

HILLARD J. TRUBITT

Within the past few years a mood of criticism and vituperation against the police has been common in the country. Though police traditionalists might consider it heresy, I would concede that the bulk of the complaints are probably sound. But I would also submit that many of the problems people profess to see with the police are in reality problems of government generally, and of local city government in particular. To be sure, some irritating behavior patterns are peculiar to the police; but police intransigence is matched, indeed validated, by the equally obtuse behavior of nonpolice governmental bureaucracies.

The apparent inability or unwillingness for police to alter their traditional organizational patterns is matched, even encouraged, by a similar lassitude in city government generally. Tradition-oriented departments of all descriptions seem to delight in holding the line on their domains, extending them into new work opportunities only when they perceive a marked advantage from such a move. Functional reorganization does not occur very often, and when it does it represents a radical departure from former practice. There are reasons, human reasons, for this; many vested interests develop over the years of *status quo*. In an affluent society, which is somewhat hedonistic, it becomes increasingly difficult to get people to work nights or at other "unpopular" hours. Employees, police and others, have built up life patterns which correlate with the present-day schedules. Any change, even one which would work to the social benefit of the employees, will be resisted and resented.

An example of this among the police is the adherence to work schedules that are recognized to be archaic and debilitating. The 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.; 4 P.M. to 12 P.M.; 12 P.M. to 8 A.M. shifts do not necessarily correlate with crime and incident patterns in our cities, but it has been in operation for many years and is mulishly retained. The weekly rotation pattern still in use in the East is known to be physiologically taxing, but is clung to from custom.

Lest one conclude, however, that the police are exceptional in their devotion to "form" as distinct from substance, it must be pointed out that one does not often see innovations in the general working hours of City Halls. Despite the expressed concern for "bringing the government closer to the people," the business hours of city offices are rarely adjusted to permit workingmen to consult with officials without taking time from their jobs. The "store-front complaint offices" and other neighborhood "listening posts" are a laudatory move toward closer association with the public, but these outlets are often not adequately staffed or maintained. Many are temporary affairs, established to avert long hot summers, and vanishing after Labor Day. This is a very partial answer to civic needs, but aside from such outposts, created in response to intense pressure from anti-poverty or inner-city groups, what else has there been? How many City Halls or other governmental offices are regularly open at hours other than 9 to 5, Monday through Friday?

In this situation, the police, who must be open around the clock, have come to represent local government to the inner city. Regardless of whether the police arrive only in response to complaints or initiate police action themselves, they are *there* and visible after 5 P.M. and on weekends. The enthusiastic reception of community action or the various OEO-sponsored activities is vivid testimony to the failure of traditional government offices to meet an obvious need—simply to be available when and where convenient to the consumer.

The fact is that the police in a community, be they good, bad or indifferent, be they modern or traditional in their tactics and hardware, are usually mirrors of the entire local governmental approach to city problems. It is true that the police traditionally rely on so-called old, established methodology and doctrine which often do not solve contemporary problems. But they are no worse, and often they are much better, than their parent governmental entities who can be criticized for the very same defects. The principal defect is a total failure to perceive the difference between *form* and *substance.*

One of the attributes of our legal and governmental system is a high regard for procedural regularity. Without deprecating the obvious historical need for establishing specific procedures, one must recognize that it is easy for any organization to become enslaved to procedural form, losing sight of the objectives for which it was created in the first place. This is the mental set which afflicts librarians who see libraries as a place for the proper shelving of books.

Much has been written recently about the inadequacies of our so-called criminal justice system, this being the police, the prosecutive authority, the courts and the various correctional or rehabilitative facilities. Each component, since it is part of the very process of law, is sensitive to the dictates of regularity and the minuscule details of procedure. This deep concern with form is enforced both by the nature of bureaucracy and by the particular history of the Anglo-American legal system, which is great because it forged a procedural method which isolated issues and made resolution of specific cases possible. Every legal system will have a body of procedures, but one of the peculiarities of the Anglo-American system is its extreme reliance on procedure. Any student of legal history can recite the pitfalls and frustrations created by the "writ system," but this punctiliousness toward detail has become engrained into our legal system and into the government agencies that run it.

This heritage has been carefully engrained in the police. Rules formulated for the conduct of police business, originally enacted to restrain unfettered police action, have become ends in themselves. Many police procedures and actions are followed simply because they are "in the book." All the petty tyrannies of officialdom which form the basis of complaints against the police establishment today are reflections of this unthinking adherence to "rules," to form without regard for social effect. The charge of being "irregular" frightens the police at least as much as the charge of being ineffective.

Most police hold a rather simplistic view of government and "proper behavior" in the face of law. Protest, to say nothing of violent expressions of dissatisfaction, they construe not as dissent but as rationalizations for a deliberate criminal act. There is a fierce sense of ego in the average policeman, a romantic view of himself as a last bastion of morality and decency in an increasingly hostile and vulgar world. That being so, he derives real satisfactions from meticulously observing rules and procedures. Of course, good results are said to follow compliance with form, but the form itself is imperative lest any result be tainted by the deviation. Hence, the mechanical issuance of parking tickets during a blizzard and similar apparently ludicrous activities.

Herein lies the real tragedy. For many reasons the police are the authors of their own misfortune. Often, their actions (or inactions) do produce the malaise which creates (or is rationalized as the basis for) community tension. And through it all the police plunge onward, unaware that they are missing the mark, and insisting that they are performing their duty *in the proper manner.* They seem totally unaware that the manner is what causes the problem, and that others have perceived that "proper form" does not automatically produce desired results. More and more citizens are becoming aware that having large numbers of police "in the streets" does not solve problems: that the answer lies in *what they are doing* in the streets.

At the same time that the police are unable to see their own failings, they are vividly aware that procedural routine in other agencies of government has not produced socially desirable effects. They also recognize that these failures make the police job more difficult. One often hears, for example, police criticism of garbage collection, with the added comment that ineffective garbage removal makes the policing of a difficult neighborhood still more trying. The specific reason for the pile up of trash may be the sanitation department's refusal to handle "unsatisfactory containers," a stand that is "procedurally" correct but does not keep the streets clean. The police will roundly condemn such insistence on rules.

From this and comparable examples, an observer must unhappily reach the conclusion that much of government is entangled in procedural webs and spends fantastic amounts of time and resources servicing forms rather than achieving results. The goal of police service is peace and order, not bureaucratic game playing. The purpose of a fire department is to prevent and extinguish fires, not to maintain hospital-clean engine houses. The aim of a sanitation department is cleanliness, not the imposition of militarylike regularity on the size and shape of garbage cans. The function of an educational system is to educate, not to perfect the working conditions of teachers. And so on and on—the innocent citizen who wishes only that the services of government would be performed with minimal fuss and delay pales at the obstacles thrown in the path.

But it happens that a good share of the fault can be laid at the doorstep of the citizen, who has not usually bestirred himself about such matters unless and until the tax cost became unbearable, or he himself had a specific interest. Every concerned city official can describe the "average citizen" who complains bitterly about inadequate service, demands service regardless of cost, and then cries to heaven when his taxes are increased to pay for the new services. And this same citizen is one who often will not go out of his way to help get the job done. One must remember that it is not usually the parks department that litters the playgrounds.

One need not be indulgently pessimistic to foresee that the result of this ever-increasing gap between expectation and realization will be more and more a sociopolitical strain on our cities. The question is, "what can be done about it"; and the obvious answer is that "*they* must do something about it." But the "they" is always the same group—the great anonymous mass of public employees who supposedly can reverse this deterioration by becoming interested in their jobs. Unhappily that group is often composed of people who are quite inured to the situation and who have long since adopted an occupational perspective that fails to see any problem. Even worse—with particular regard to the police and other uniformed or hierarchical services—the leadership for these groups will be drawn from the ranks.

This is the greatest problem, in my opinion. The public employee group, especially police, seem to respond best to their own internal leaders, and that leadership is almost always drawn from the ranks by some method that includes seniority as a major criterion. It is a sad commentary that seniority often implies that the leader has "outlived the competition." Sadder yet, his outlook will assume acceptance of old practices of the past, since it was "mastery" of those practices which brought him to his present position.

I believe that one of the things we must do, particularly with the police, is install some mechanism for quickly spotting young entrants into the service who have true leadership and executive potential, test them in a planned program of progressively more responsible and challenging assignments (challenging their mettle, as it were), and create a program whereby the successful candidates are deliberately advanced over contemporaries who lack such attributes. What, then, is to be done with the rest of the police group, the noncandidates? There are many ways to reward their service—differential pay grades, a complete revision of the benefits scale, etc. There are perils and obstacles, but they are not insurmountable. The biggest problem today is to get the idea started, overcoming the inertia of existing groups that have an interest in retaining the personnel *status quo*. These include civil service agencies, employee organizations; indeed, the police career group themselves.

The leadership candidates are today entering every calling and vocation *except* the police. One of the principal reasons for rejecting that career is their unwillingness to be caught in the grind of seniority, longevity, tortuous rank climbing that the hierarchy implies. A shift from tenure to internship would generate new career interest in a group that is desperately needed in law enforcement. We have nothing to lose by the "experiment," which can be controlled to prevent neophytes from disrupting recognized effective procedures.

Many continental police systems encourage "lateral entry" into the force, finding it quite effective. It exists in this country in the training of military officers. Perhaps some funds made available by the Crime Act of 1968 can be directed toward testing the innovation.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 482)*

such as your editorial on the incredible Mr. Garrison of New Orleans, and the excellent analysis "Democracy and the Curriculum" by Carl Cohen. I have brought this article to the attention of my colleagues and students, because it is so free from bias and so full of hard thinking and useful distinctions which should help those engaged seriously with the problems he discusses.

Milton Hindus, Brandeis University

politics of pot

Corinth Vt.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial about a recent marijuana conviction in Florida ["Crackdown," Mar. 10] you do not mention what is by far the most ominous aspect of marijuana arrests: their use for political intimidation. Marijuana use is so common these days that there are probably many millions of people liable to arrest on these grounds. We know that many otherwise well-behaved affluent squares smoke marijuana, yet they rarely show up in court. . . . By and large, people are not arrested for marijuana offenses: that is the excuse given for harassing people who are troublesome in other ways. . . .

Virginia Barlow

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Crimes and Criminality

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT. *By Karl Menninger, M.D. Viking Press. 305 pp. $8.95.*

THE LIMITS OF THE CRIMINAL SANCTION. *By Herbert L. Packer. Stanford University Press. 385 pp. $8.95.*

CHRISTOPHER D. STONE
Mr. Stone is associate professor of law at the University of Southern California.

Our politicians have so long been setting up a brouhaha about "crime in the streets," and the whole clamor is so easily drawn into the din of racism, that we ought not to become deadened to the fact that one serious crime problem *is* developing—one having to do with the public's perceptions.

For whether or not, when all the statistical haggling is done, crime is becoming more frequent, urban, violent and irrational, the country is playing it up as such, provoking itself into further edginess.

The fears produced are linked with the white exodus from our cities. We are politicizing our police forces and arming them with Buck Rogers-type gadgetry, a development particularly ominous to those who have supposed that, in the long run, the inefficiencies of police forces may prove a firmer basis for our liberties than the Bill of Rights. Our new Attorney General Mitchell has made a suggestion, as yet left unclear, that a part of the burden of crime control be turned over to "volunteers" and "the private sector." The President himself has hinted at instituting "preventive detention." And it may be that the more apprehensive the public gets about crime, the more enticing will criminal provocations become.

Thus one of the first tasks of any book about "the crime problem" should be to invite a more heightened and empathic awareness of what criminal behavior and our responses to it involve. To do so, one might risk appearing too casual about matters like knifings, that are nothing to be casual about. But one ought not to be insensitive, either, to the suggestion that all societies actually need some measure of criminality and chaos.

In no other way can we really explain the fact that we have always managed to turn out a display of murderers, dramatists, cutpurses, madmen and some species of hippie. Having produced them, we must both contain them and contain the angers we tap in containing them. Their free range works at odds with strong cultural forces that must ultimately prevail. But the process of producing and consuming those "responsible" for the disorders engages the society in a sort of continuous self-diagnosis and repair, pointing up weaknesses to be healed and fiber to be developed. Besides, there is involved a dimly visible economy of tolerance and persecution, in which loves and hatreds must be managed, traded and stored.

The costs of crime do, indeed, sound high for all this. The human toll is undeniably dreadful, as must be the monetary cost. But the sum of over $30 billion annually that is being bruited about is a peculiar figure having to do largely with transfers of wealth achieved in ways the society condemns as criminal (as opposed, say, to transfers of wealth occasioned through a hike in auto prices). Stolen jewelry and stolen televisions do not up and vanish from the economy. What comes about is a tacit understanding that there are costs of crime more to be confided to the bosoms of the insurance companies than of the clergy. Moreover, however the "costs" are calculated, we seemingly have become able to spread and absorb the larger costs of wars, floods and highway carnage, which hint at only similar or lesser benefits.

Considering Karl Menninger's background in psychiatry, we might have hoped that *The Crime of Punishment* would guide us to a systematic and sober accounting of the deeper gains and losses of the ways in which we handle criminality. The book does touch on some of the hidden factors at play. But in many ways it is a disappointment.

The hope that Menninger can confront our legal processes with psychiatric theory is rewarded by a sustained reexamination only in the area of the insanity defense. There he stresses that the mental states of which the criminal law speaks have not been checked against psychiatric theory for so long that the possibility of psychiatrists making valuable contributions in court has come into doubt. He puts his weight behind the growing movement whereby psychiatrists simply refuse to testify so long as they are faced with the prospects of either making the bogus noises the law wants to hear, or else being torn apart on cross-examination for "ignorance." Menninger's call for a general strike may gain support in the wake of the Sirhan Sirhan trial—as a reaction to the atmosphere of public carnival that accompanied that peculiar marriage of law and psychiatry, as well as to the professional compromises that were so clearly being made.

> I suspect that all the crimes committed by all the jailed criminals do not equal in total social damage that of the crimes committed against them.
>
> —Dr. Karl Menninger
> *The Crime of Punishment*

But there is something else to be regretted about the insanity defense. Too much of what psychiatry could offer law has been drawn into disproportionate focus on one small patch of concern. Not merely that fragment but the entire legal system is uneasily buttressed upon "states of mind"—recklessness, malice, willfulness, specific intent—terms that are good enough for everyday discourse, but that suggest a science at its more groping stages.

We need psychiatry to add consideration to the social and individual processes that are made and masked by our legal system from "states of mind" to the concepts of harm, of responsibility, of the practice of calling upon one man to judge another.

Menninger's failure to push more systematically into these other areas is disappointing, for he is certainly among those who feel that one of the prime tasks of psychiatry is to undertake just the sort of review of our institutions that aims at bringing into life—through law—a deeper understanding and decency. But he is apparently humbled—overwhelmed, really—by the recognition of what is involved.

In the criminal law the job is not only to replace our primitive and tired fundamental concepts by designing a theoretical justification for punishment. No less formidably, the lack of theoretical design has carried over to leave us aimless or at odds with ourselves on every level of the implementation of the law, from our slowly shifting designation of "crimes" to our handling of arrests, our training and abusing of police, our trials, court administration, prisons and post-release procedures. What is more, each of these practices is manacled in its own historical shackles, with its own peculiar imperviousness to public inspection, and with its own peculiar guardians (each with their own peculiar inertias).

In the face of the enormous task of connecting all these diverse materials, Dr. Menninger too often chooses just to ride *over* them on the strong swells of his indignation.

Menninger is indignant at the onset that we should label certain behavior (of which, he does well to remind us, we are all quite capable) as "criminal." He then proceeds, however, to look at our entire system of criminal justice, which is bad, and label *it* "criminal," which does little to advance our improving it, but unfortunately sets the tone for the whole book as the title indicates.

He laments the unresponsiveness of the law to change, the apparent apathy of the public, the indignities of police station inquisitions. These are only several marks of Dr. Menninger's humanism which runs throughout. But the way one searches out his ideas is to track a path through myriad clippings from the Kansas City *Star*, personal anecdotes, reports of what has just come over the radio, and sudden quotations that one often feels are partly gestures to the various eminent friends Menninger has made throughout his long career. These items are fenced apart from one another with thickets of question marks and exclamation points, maudlin direction signs ("Read this and weep!": "Mark these fateful words!") and stacks of little italicized fragments that are alternately plaintive and pulpit thumping, but seldom very adequate as bridges.

In fact, in the final analysis what Dr. Menninger has made for us is not so much a book as a sermon—and, as with any sermon, it goes more to remind us of our many sins than to show, in any satisfactory detail, the way.

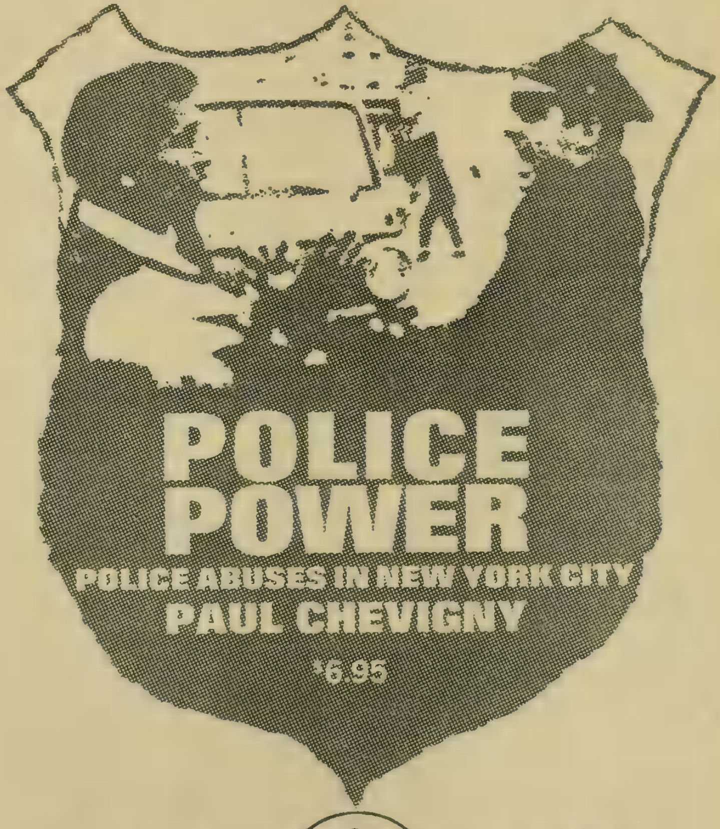
Herbert L. Packer's problems are of a different sort. To begin with, he has not lost patience and the hope that something good will come of careful reasoned analysis. His is a quieter book than Menninger's, and heavier, but one senses that it is no less moved by the moral dilemmas. But in Professor Packer (who teaches law at Stanford), the moral distress is translated into the painstakingness of a monk, and a concern not to demean the task by moving on the surface of things. The effect is to mark the book with a fundamental honesty and openness. For all these virtues, it is re-

DEFY THE POLICE AND WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE ARRESTED!

As *Police Power* shows, the chances are nothing can help you—even if you've been framed, harassed, or the object of perjury. Paul Chevigny's "important and systematic"* book has already been praised as "one of the best books yet on the subject, a stellar entry... and a permanently valuable source"** because it shows you exactly, case by fascinating case, how all this happens and who is at fault. Not some sadistic cop, but the role our police have come to play. Caught, as Chevigny concludes, "between what society pretends it wants and what it really wants... So long as society desires oppression, the police will be oppressors. So long as society denies that it desires oppression, the police will lie."

"A book that one can scarcely put down, once started, is Paul Chevigny's, recently published, reporting the findings of a Police Practices Project 'to study police abuses, particularly police brutality, in New York City during the years 1966 and 1967, and to try to find remedies.' Rarely has a report struck me as so deeply soul searching, so haunting, as this."***

**Book Week*
***The Kirkus Reviews*
***DOROTHY KENYON, *Chelsea Clinton News*



Pantheon

THE POLICEMAN AND THE DRUNK

If it is snowing, it is to cover him in white.

He belongs to someone else tonight. He walks
his beat like a cat or a stranger in his own town.
He never understood the weather, coming down
on him for no reason; or his wife who sleeps alone.

Everyone's light goes out. There is no one
to be seen, at least not in great detail.
He knows he would walk all night
across the city to find a friend.

He turns the man over with his club.
Bored, but certain as a wife, he rubs
the stubble on the cheek as if it were
his own face waking in the afternoon.

He looks closer. Has he grown older, now?
The grey buildings press on him. Cold and shapeless,
he lets his arms fall, his body bend down
toward the man. He wants to be cared for.

He would kiss him, he thinks, if he were not a man.
The drunk stirs, stares up, and wonders
if this is not his wife, or death, kneeling over,
as always frowning, uttering strange cooing sounds.

STEVEN ORLEN

markable how little of his book, when all is done, actually comes to grips with the fundamental awarenesses that are called for.

Packer signals one basic shortcoming of his book in the introduction, where he observes that "Some people argue that we ought never subject lawbreakers to criminal punishment. . . . Others argue that any act treated by the law of God or Man as immoral may be properly subject to the criminal sanction. I think both are wrong. . . . Both errors need to be combatted." Packer does, as he says, undertake to combat "both errors," but in what halls are such extreme and unsubtle views seriously held today?

This is not an isolated instance. If a single word could be said to dominate Packer's work, it would be "tension." He is forever referring to the tensions between this "model" and that, between deterrence and retribution, between compensation and punishment, between the due process model of criminal procedure (which has as its aim minimizing unfairness and error) and the crime-control model (which has as its aim the reduction of crime). But that is what one must be wary of in the building of intellectual models. Tensions may appear, but not by fault of the universe outside our minds so much as because the models, which are but constructs of our own creation, were simply too gross to begin with. It is then, of course, no trick to demonstrate the need to make the "reconciliations" of the "dilemmas" Packer is so concerned with: but they are often reconciliations which never would have been demanded by a more straight-forward assault on the real problems.

Then, too, Packer, for all the patience that marks his book generally, abandons it at regrettable moments. His treatment of "The Question of Alternatives," which is rich in suggestions that should be basic to his study, is less than 10 pages.

There he puts forward, for example, some perfectly plausible suggestions about compensating crime victims in a way ordinarily associated with tort and contract actions. If A runs into B's car on the highway, we are ordinarily satisfied to put the courts at B's disposal only so far as is necessary to get A to make him whole in money damages, trusting to rebukeful toots and frowns for any extra measure of deterrence that may be needed to keep A in his lane in the future. In like vein, we do not invoke criminal sanctions against A for breaking his promise to deliver the car to B, even though we regard the breaking of promises as immoral, and the widespread breaking of commercial promises is undoubtedly a social cost. It is not self-evident, then, why when A takes B's car without permission, we need make it a "crime" by insisting that A be "treated" and/or punished rather than (or over and above) his having to make B whole for any damages suffered.

Why should we not extend compensation into at least some areas now covered by crime? Packer too quickly drops the idea because "we have no reason to think that it would have anything but the most oblique and marginal effect," since "our primary objective" would be to afford compensation, rather than discourage conduct.

This is hardly satisfying as a rejection, but it is much like Packer's response to the possibility of supplanting some criminal systems of control with preventive-type regulatory schemes, such as the registration and testing we demand of our car drivers and meat packers, though not of our gunmen. "Unfortunately," he remarks, in putting aside such reforms in the area of drunken driving control, "we have no assurance that license suspension or revocation would be an effective sanction." True. But our present reliance on civil and criminal remedies is obviously not a wholly effective sanction either. In the absence of more, Packer seems to be asking that we take his pessimism on faith.

But all this fails to fix on the most important problems, anyway. Indeed, Packer almost guarantees such a misfocus by his introductory promise to look at the criminal law as would "a rational lawmaker—a man who stops, looks and listens before he legislates." By so spiriting the enterprise, Packer is landed, for example, in the position of labeling incest "an imaginary crime"—meaning that statutory rape could cover it—and therefore it is superfluous (brushing aside the function of the law to make dramatic presentation of our totems and taboos).

Now, what is valuable in Menninger is precisely that he would never find himself beating about, as Packer proposes, for "rational arguments that rational men can respond to rationally." Menninger may not know what to make of the irrational and the arational (who does?) but he respects them, and has no illusions about the likelihood of tidying up the corners of the criminal law with the society's ever altering vision of "reason." Thus, Menninger can suggest that, whether it be "reasonable" or not, we want criminals as people who are willing to do the things we cannot allow ourselves to do; he sees in the institutions of punishment (not in spite of but because of their medievalisms) an arena in which we can recognize and cope with our unconscious yearnings by watching them safely acted out and contained in those on whom we displace our guilts.

What is indicated is that our response to criminality is at once marked by and goes into making our attitudes toward ourselves. As a result, the possibility of gradual increases in our own capacities for joy is linked with our tolerances to witness greater freedom and disorder in others. Both the capacities and the tolerances have to be worked out by our readying ourselves to withdraw from the area of crimes such things as consensual sexual acts and marijuana. As Freud early intimated, if we can establish some harmony with the conditions of life—the way in which we perceive our need to balance production, labor and leisure—the strictures the culture presently imposes on the fullest experiencing of the body can be relaxed, and we may yet be able to draw on our acceptance of the abnormal and irrational as a positive source for growth through constructive regression. The contribution of the criminal law in this should be to strike a better and better balance between the management of our own violences and the containing of what is "really"—at different stages of possibility—objectionable behavior.

Finally, if we can bring under control our perceptions of and responses to behavior for which tangible individuals can be blamed, we may be able to move successfully into the areas where far greater anti-social costs are being wrought or threatened: areas in which our present concepts of responsibility do not readily pin down an identifiable actor, and where we vaguely attribute the ills to corporations, or bureaus, or feel that they "just happen." Drugs that do no good, or kill; the pollution of the atmosphere; the destruction of genetic material; the preparation of minds and machines for large-scale violence—why are newspaper stories about these phenomena crowded from the imagination by stories about the Boston Strangler?

To explain this strange blindness to the larger menaces, it does not seem adequate to cite either the ready neo-Marxist responses about domination of the press and so forth, or the criminal law's historical preoccupation with states of mind (which corporations traditionally did not have).

Here, too, part of the answer must lie in the literature which suggests that there is something *sexier* about crimes involving aggression by tangible individuals, even when they are not, strictly speaking, crimes of sex.

If so, we have new depths of sensing and reflecting to do, each of us as individuals as well as collectively, before we can take a "sensible" appraisal of crime and criminality. We must be grateful to Dr. Menninger and Professor Packer for suggesting, each in his own way, some of the deep-flowing forces that we are going to have to confront, with understanding as well as threat, stage by stage.

The Trouble With Muckraking

THE TROUBLE WITH LAWYERS. *By Murray Teigh Bloom. Simon & Schuster. 351 pp. $6.50.*

FRANK DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Mr. Bloom's book is a collection of horror stories about what's wrong with lawyers. We meet the deviant practitioners who appropriate their clients' money, the lazy and incompetent lawyer, the politically appointed "special guardians," the lawyers who collect bad debts and buy in the debtor's property at sheriffs' sales, the big-time personal injury lawyers who rely on ambulance chasers and connive with insurance adjusters, the lawyers who pluck domestic relations cases for exorbitant fees, the probate leeches. There is a scattered account of the unavailability or ineffectiveness of mechanisms for protecting clients against thieving or incompetent lawyers: client indemnity funds (provided for in twenty-seven states), malpractice insurance and personal indemnity bonds.

The author's most deadly shafts are directed at the organized bar's failure to police its unprofessional and deviant members, the abdication of its independence in the face of judicial corruption, and its attempt to monopolize employment opportunities at the expense of realtors, title companies, notaries and self-representation.

The root problems confronting the legal profession include the need to socialize the risks of personal injury and property damage resulting from automobile accidents, to remove routine matrimonial cases from an adversary context, to establish a separate fee scale for small transactions or routine controversies that can be handled in quantity, and to provide adequate legal services for the disadvantaged and oppressed. The author's treatment of the bar's obstructive response to these problems is deplorably shallow.

The problems of deviance, unethical conduct and sharp practice raise institutional and cultural questions which haunt

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our entire society. Lawyers are scapegoats for the guilt of a profit-motivated, conflict-oriented society. We subsidize the lawyer's aggressions and his rule-bending skills—sharpened in an adversary legal system—to coerce a result demanded by economic or emotional self-interest. But the corruption of the lawyer cannot be isolated from the corrupt relationships out of which a legal controversy is born, processed and resolved. And, if lawyers do overreach by making themselves their clients' partners, the client can rarely complain, not merely because in order to increase his recovery he hires a lawyer to overreach his adversary but also because in every field of practice where there are institutionalized abuses (personal injury, domestic relations, the administration of decedents' estates) the client characteristically encourages, collaborates or acquiesces in chicanery, blackmail and overreaching.

Mr. Bloom's book is more notable for its unintended revelations about the trouble with contemporary muckraking as a genre than for its treatment of a claimed social evil. An important channel of social protest (and, in the view of some students, of democratic political change) has degenerated into a formula for producing a best seller. The formula requires a "good subject," an evil which is national in scope but which is treated colorfully and in isolation from its social causes. The target must not only be highly visible but confined in number to a few "bad apples." As Dr. Lawrence K. Frank noted (in *The Society As Patient*) more than three decades ago:

> This assumption of individual depravity or perversity gives a comfortable feeling that all is well socially but that certain individuals are outrageously violating the laws and customs that all decent people uphold. . . . In every department and aspect of our social life we find that same pattern of thought about our society: that our social ills come from individual misconduct that must be corrected and punished so that these supposed underlying social forces and social laws can operate without hindrance, thereby solving our social problems. . . .
>
> We see then, that continued faith in the myths regarding an underlying social system come from a need to cling to something that offers some sense and meaning in the social confusion and keeps alive the hope that things may be better. Cynicism is, of course, the refuge of the majority of successful men, especially professional men, who shrug their shoulders, acknowledge the decay of their professional scruples, but go on "getting theirs." There is, apparently, no profession or occupation that has not succumbed to the current practice of racketeering, which means that the traditional ethics and sense of responsibility are breaking down, leaving each one to pursue his own personal ends.

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The formula assumes the reader to be an innocent, unwary victim set upon in paradise by a serpent. It promises the reader that he will be "shocked," "scorched," "terrified" by "revealing," "explosive," "sensational" disclosures which "blow the lid off," etc. The blurbs and advertisements for Bloom's book are all in that vein. Faithful to the formula, his book begins:

> My main purpose is to show how the American middle class is victimized by the American legal profession. . . . [It] has become the number one victim and target because it has money and property and lacks, generally, group power in state legislatures.

He dismisses the legal problems of minorities and the poor as already solved, thus by-passing the abuses of criminal lawyers who prey upon these groups. And as for the rich, they have captive salaried corporate lawyers who handle their personal matters without fee. That leaves "you and me," the left-outs, who stand naked to the legal vultures. Since the "middle class" is nowhere defined and much of the material is based on the experiences of the poor and the rich, the "middle-class" thesis seems to have been embraced because it invites as wide a readership as possible to identify with the subject. (The poor don't buy books.) And it is the same need to tailor his treatment to his market that leads Bloom to force it into a "consumerist" mold. Lawyers are bad because they rob and overcharge the middle class ("you, the reader"). The shoe that was dropped on the first page is echoed in the fall of its mate on the last page. "We need our lawyers. . . . But we need them on fairer terms." What could be simpler? If we curb the greed of lawyers, we can cure a social evil and save money at the same time. The fact that the legal professional reflects and acts out the values of the middle class, that the middle class is both the object and the subject of the book, is either suppressed or ignored.

SPRING, 1969

The sky
is as blue
as policemen's helmets.

EVE MERRIAM

We have traveled a long way from the Lincoln Steffens who wrote (in *Shame of the Cities*) that "the corruption that shocks us in public affairs we practice in our private concerns . . . it's all a moral weakness. The spirit of graft and lawlessness is the American spirit."

Since the current formula sacrifices analysis and organization to anecdote and the rhetorical flogging of the "bad apples," oversimplification is inevitable. Bloom pushes the formula so hard that his book—considered as a plea for change—is counterproductive. His talent for excess ultimately stirs mistrust in his readers and diverts attention from the real "trouble with lawyers." There are too many irrelevant anecdotes, too many acrobatic extrapolations which distort the income of lawyers, too much huffing and puffing about trivia, too much digressive self-preening and too much troweling of "human interest" and color. (Dr. Corinne L. Gilb is described as an "attractive, dark-haired" researcher. Would her insights be less welcome if she were unattractive and blonde?)

The formula's pandering to a mass market plays havoc with the exposé's internal economy and results in distortions in scale—here almost comical. No less than four chapters (almost 100 pages, more than a quarter of the whole) are devoted to the exotic "special guardian" abuse, but only 31 pages to the varied abuses of personal injury litigation. There are two chapters (25 pages) on foreclosure chicanery—hardly a major problem—and an unenlightening 18-page chapter on the vastly more important field of domestic relations.

The heart of the muckraking formula is the proposed cure, the last chapter which tucks in all the odds and ends left over from the book's inevitably haphazard structure and outlines "what we can do." This "positive program" helps sales—the handy, instant guide to consumer protection—and is as obligatory in an exposé as are fourteen lines in a sonnet.

But these potted wrap-ups are characteristically soggy, leaving the reader bewildered and cheated in the wake of the author's angry text. This letdown is, of course, inevitable: since the formula banishes a consideration of causes, it excludes meaningful cures.

The therapies required by the formula are of the bootstrap variety ("we must refuse to cooperate with the blind forces leading us to destruction") or "there ought to be a law" or an investigation or more exposés like the author's. Bloom's offerings in his what-we-can-do are of a piece with these tired models: more digging by the press, public identification of patronage appointees, periodic surveys of the bar by state government commissions.

Muckraking flourishes in the topical climate of the magazine but tends to be withered by the commercialism of book publishing. What is useful and informative in a periodical is converted into yet another device for mythologizing the *status quo.* Exposés emerge in hard covers as tracts, full of the manipulative ploys perfected by Madison Avenue to channel fear into consumption and of synthetic uplift, *Reader's Digest* style.

For the huckstering best-seller formula which now produces and promotes muckraking for the mass market frequently, in its own sphere, exemplifies the thing criticized and has itself become a good subject for muckraking. More seriously, I wonder how long this ritualistic scenario of a healthy, intact society in conflict with a handful of deviants can continue to delude readers, saturated by the imagination of our time with the awareness of both societal decay and their own complicity and guilt.

The trouble with muckraking is that for so many of us nowadays the medium is no longer the message.

Scholarly Cop Watching

BEHIND THE SHIELD: The Police in Urban Society. *By Arthur Niederhoffer. Doubleday & Co. 253 pp. $5.95.*

VARIETIES OF POLICE BEHAVIOR: The Management of Law and Order in Eight Communities. *By James Q. Wilson. Harvard University Press. 309 pp. $6.50.*

MINORITIES AND THE POLICE: Confrontation in America. *By David H. Bayley and Harold Mendelsohn. The Free Press. 209 pp. $6.95.*

POLICE POWER: Police Abuses in New York City. *By Paul Chevigny. Pantheon Books. 298 pp. $6.95.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

It is so easy to loathe the cop.

The enlightened liberal deplores his "excesses" and regards him as a necessary evil. The politician scorns him as small-time. The storekeeper pays tribute to him in small favors. The youthful radical delights in calling him names. And the ghetto dweller hates him as the soldier of an occupying army.

He seems a prime target but—and this is the salient conclusion of a spate of scholarly cop watchers—he may be, in fact, no more than a decoy. Analyzed in detail the cop, in his ideals, his life style, his adoration of the conventional and his horror of the odd, is a quite accurate reflection of the American majority.

Arthur Niederhoffer, who served on the New York City police force for twenty years before becoming a professor of sociology, writes in his absorbing and authoritative study: "Although the typical policeman has a working-class background, the occupational role requires that he display a middle-class behavior and ideology partly because he is supposed to keep the public conduct as nearly conventional as possible."

And two professors from the University of Denver, David H. Bayley and Harold Mendelsohn note that ". . . what is unfamiliar and unconventional is disturbing to policemen."

The New York rookie on his days off must wear a business suit "with matching coat and trousers" according to the regulations. He must keep his hair trimmed, his sideburns short. His mission is to do the dirty work that a middle-class society shrinks from.

The cop shields the middle class from itself and allows it to live in its dream of decency. Paul Chevigny, attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union, writes:

"For legislators and judges, the police are a godsend, because all the acts of oppression that must be performed in this society to keep it running smoothly are pushed upon the police. The police get the blame, and the officials stay free of the stigma of approving their high-handed acts. The police have become the repository of all the illiberal impulses in this liberal society; they are under heavy

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fire because most of us no longer admit so readily to our illiberal impulses as we once did."

The four books listed here, all scholarly accounts of police forces in various parts of the country, unanimously join in demolishing the gentle myth of the cop as an even-handed enforcer of the law. When Mayor Lindsay allegedly asked cops to temper their enforcement of the law with something approaching common sense, by way of cooling the ghetto rebellions, John Cassese, head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, acted as if the Mayor had assaulted his virtue. He protested that all cops must go on enforcing all laws regardless of any orders to the contrary from their superiors. It was an astonishing statement to come from anyone faintly familiar with the police practice of selective enforcement.

Niederhoffer quotes Dan Dodson, director of the Center for Human Relations and Community Studies at New York University, who once declared: "No policeman enforces all the laws of a community. If he did we would all be in jail before the end of the first day. The laws which are selected for enforcement are those which the power structure of the community wants enforced. The police official's job is dependent upon his having radar-like equipment to sense what is the power structure and what it wants enforced as law."

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Niederhoffer also quotes Joseph Lohman, dean of the School of Criminology at the University of California in Berkeley, another ex-cop: "The police function is to support and enforce the interests of the dominant political, social and economic interests of the town, and only incidentally to enforce the law."

This is old hat to old radicals, of course, but not often stated so succinctly by old policemen.

To assail the cops then as if they were some special breed of animal—usually a pig, for some reason—is merely to substitute one myth for another. Instead of the cop as splendid knight we now have him as evil dragon. Both myths serve to becloud the issue and protect Americans from their own image. The devastating complication in the cop is that he is profoundly American, and to spit at him is to spit at the mirror.

Where does this suspicious, insecure, arrogant worshiper of all that is conventional come from? How is this handyman of society, this apotheosis of American morality chosen? Professor Niederhoffer describes the careful selectivity: "The end result of the process of elimination is to accentuate the medium and mediocre at the expense of the independent and exceptional. Working-class background, high-school education or less, average intelligence, cautious personality—these are the typical features of the modern police recruit. Only in his superior physical endowment does he stand above the crowd."

His primary motivation is simple, the scholars point out in these volumes: the slow but steady working-class lad needs a job with security and a suggestion of status. Psychologists have rated him on an "authoritarian index," and even on an F (for Fascist) index. The conclusion is that he was not that sort when he signed up with the force. The ugliness apparently grows on the job like a fungus, and is catching.

In New York City the recruit goes through the Police Academy which is run by a new breed of professional policeman thought by some liberals to be the solution for the corruption and the cynicism of police departments everywhere. Before he has a chance to graduate, however, the rookie patrols with the precinct veteran and is duly wised up as he picks up his petty tribute at the bars on his beat. He learns that no matter what the books say, the patrolman makes the law by choosing where to apply it.

Some of the guidelines are neatly delineated by James Q. Wilson, professor of government at Harvard, who studied the phenomenon in six New York State police departments, one in Illinois and one in California. Consistently Negro and Puerto Rican areas rate lesser law enforcement on the ground that the "standards" are different. If they want to kill themselves off it's quite all right as long as they don't disturb the peace of the whites nearby.

In upper-middle-class towns in New York, such as Brighton or Highland Park, Professor Wilson found the police diligently repressing all signs of vice and gambling. In working-class Amsterdam, however, gambling and bars flourished, presumably because this was the working-class standard. In Newburgh there had not been one arrest for prostitution in eight years when Professor Wilson's team investigated, though they located at least two brothels doing a thriving business and free lancers on duty at many of the city's thirty-three bars. The explanation was that Newburgh is a center for college boys and servicemen who spend their money freely and so keep green the shaded lawns of virtuous townsmen.

If one does not live in the sheltered places, how does one face the cop? Paul Chevigny's book offers a number of practical hints, illustrated by case after case of everyday humdrum unpublicized abuse. For example, when you are outraged by a cop's action, do not under any circumstances ask for his shield number or conspicuously take it down. No seasoned ghetto resident would try it. It is standard routine—almost obligatory on the cop—to arrest you if you do. It's the only way he can counter your complaint. Cops have admitted freely that they have no choice on such occasions but to frame some charge—and they do.

Being a cop's victim is doubly dangerous because if he wallops you over the head, he has to make out a case of self-defense. He has to charge you with assault or resisting arrest, and if you are resisting arrest, obviously you must have been arrested. So, he fabricates a charge. Mr. Chevigny documents this petty framing that is part of the cop's routine.

Mr. Chevigny travels the rocky road of the pure civil libertarian who will have no truck even with truth unless it meets the most rigorous legal standards of unimpeachable proof. For example, he considers only instances of police abuse for which there are disinterested witnesses willing to testify.

He comes into court or before review

boards with shining cases, all neatly documented, only to see them beaten at the hands of some aging, unimaginative lie. The exceptions, he notes, usually occur when the defendants or the witnesses are properly middle class, with oceans of time and money to spend on these meaningful but miniature crusades for justice to little people. Even then the blatant official lie occasionally makes respectability look like a bum. Forlornly and without much hope Chevigny asks society to transform itself and demand that the cops give up their "private code" of lying for one another to adopt a new concept—"the rule of law."

In Denver Professors Bayley and Mendelsohn approached the problem with surveying teams and questionnaires. They tallied the score on what the antagonists thought of each other: cops on one side and Negroes and the Mexican Americans on the other. They came up with as mournful a verdict as Chevigny's: "Police reform is not a substitute for social reform. Moreover, changes in police behavior may not even be able to produce a great deal of improvement in police-minority relations unless it is coupled with a program of social renovation so penetrating and effective that it shatters the barriers which make majority and minority communities coherent social groups."

Professor Wilson of Harvard is perhaps the most cautious of all the researchers into the cop subculture. In summing up the experiences of his research teams in eight cities and towns he still hedges the phrase, "police harassment," in apologetic quotes. Nonetheless, despite some inconclusive speculations about the nature of crime among Negroes, he, too, sees only frustration on the urban frontier where the cop and the slum dweller face each other. "The effort to manage the unmanageable," he writes, "leads both sides to define the conflict as one between competing rights, moralities and tests of manhood." The cop's *machismo* is also on the line.

Professor Niederhoffer has some hope for "professionalism" in the police force and for college-bred detectives, but he also declares: "As long as the Negroes comprise an alienated ghetto society, the police will symbolize to them all that is detestable in an oppressive white social system." And to explain why the cops strike out at the blacks in vengeance, fear and panic, he quotes James Baldwin: "There are few things under Heaven more unnerving than the silent, accumulating contempt and hatred of a people."

Often these books learnedly document what is painfully obvious. Professor Wilson, in one of his crisp opinionated footnotes, denies the applicability of the "adage that a sociologist is a man who

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"By choice I identify myself with workingmen and still belong to Local 2054, United Steel Workers of America,"* wrote David Smith in the early forties. "In this society I find little place to identify myself economically." Later in the forties he declared he belonged to "no party—no religion," and could write: "I feel no tradition. I feel great spaces." What had happened was that the workingman with whom an idealistic Communist could identify at the start of the decade was no longer an available model of virtue. In his place Smith proposed, as did other artists of his generation (he was born in 1906), the frontiersman. He regarded himself, if not exactly as a pioneer, at least as the descendant of pioneers. Hence his view that art was "raw stuff" was transferred to a new social landscape. These attachments of Smith's to work and workingmen and then to American frontier style were never formally revoked and they contribute a good deal to his later work.

The reason he gave, aggressively factual, for using iron was that "it is the cheapest metal." Later in his life, however, he was able to note that he had stockpiled 4x8 foot sheets of stainless steel, copper and aluminum, and that is not cheap. His early revolutionary impulses and ideas (present as imagery in his sculptures of those years) declined, to become no more than a residue in his personal style, pleasantly hard-nosed, amiably rough. In fact, Smith began to do his best work when he took his place as a sculptor in an affluent society. By this I don't mean that he found patronage but that he shrewdly benefited from an economy which made it possible for him to stockpile materials, on credit, no doubt, but its availability is the proof of affluence.

David Smith's retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, arranged and well catalogued by Edward Fry, confirms him as a copious artist. Clearly the taste for work and the expansionist ethic of the frontier came together in Smith's productivity. The important thing is that as his scale increased in the last two decades of his life, his output seems not to have slackened. This does not mean that Smith had a superhuman capacity for work. Rather he worked with materials that could be handled fast (welding is easy and direct as a technique) and he had great reserves of material, so he was never hung-up for want of an I-beam. Thus he was able to give to big iron sculpture an improvisatory ease, an elegance and fluidity that it had never had before. Smith took iron sculpture off its tentative and exploratory basis, in Picasso, Gonzalez and Gargalo, and turned it into a fleet of better made objects.

This does not lessen Smith's industry and ambition, which were certainly remarkable; but if he elaborated more than he discovered, that does suggest an explanation for his speed. Smith's sculpture has two basic formal themes: the vertical *Personnage* and the horizontal or flat table-landscape, derived in the first place from Giacometti. Since the thirties Smith had used the *Personnage* format, which confers totemic, ancestral or erotic intimations on any vertical form with subdivisions or ornaments that relate to the body. It amounted to little more than the geometrics of a basic-design course scattered within a human contour or stance. This weakest of all 20th-century conventions, which compromised both structural logic and the human presence, is the basis of Smith's single verticals, of which there is an army.

It was not until the fifties that Smith made his *Personnages* life size (the earliest in the show are "The Hero," 1951-52 and "Tanktotem III," 1953). These figures confront us in our own space and certainly represent the climax of the *Personnage* story. They are witty and resourceful in the play of formal bits, well made and polished. But in the end, the landscape-table theme delivered the best of Smith's work. Maybe the *Personnage* was collapsing as a usable theme even as Smith lovingly, or was it emptily, polished it? On the main floor of the museum are "Zig IV," 1961, and "Cubi XXVII," 1965, two of his best non-vertical pieces, as well as "Circles" 1, 2 and 3, 1962. What is new about these flat disks is not their relation to painting but the fact that never before had so much steel been used for such a slight purpose: an art of affluence.

A significant feature of the Smith show, from the point of view of the museum, is that, for the first time, the top one and a half rotations of the ramp spiral are in public use. Previously the top of the spiral had been used for storage and conservation, which services are now located in the cramped and fussy slab added to the back of the museum on the 89th Street side. The interior space has always been the main point of the building, not its bulgy exterior, and the gain is immense, not just as additional exhibit space, but in releasing Frank Lloyd Wright's design from expedient interruptions.

The spiral of the museum increases in size as it rises, so that the largest bays, in depth, width and height, are on top, a kind of spatial crown. In the final bays the ramp approaches very close to the dome over the central void and this has the effect of suddenly pinching shut the expanded space. In view of the low caliber of two other changes to the interior of the museum, this completion of Wright's plan is very welcome. Down below, however, the Tannhauser Wing, entered through an arch screwed into a curved wall, is as tawdry in decoration and as mediocre in quality (except for the marvelous early Pissarro) as ever. A couple of years ago, a ceramic mural by Miró and Artigas was set into the first bay as a memorial to the wife of the president of the museum. One can understand the commemorative impulse while deploring the form that it took; as a result, every Guggenheim Museum show on the lower ramps has to have a Miró in it.

---

*All quotations from *David Smith on David Smith.* Edited by Cleve Gray. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $22.95.

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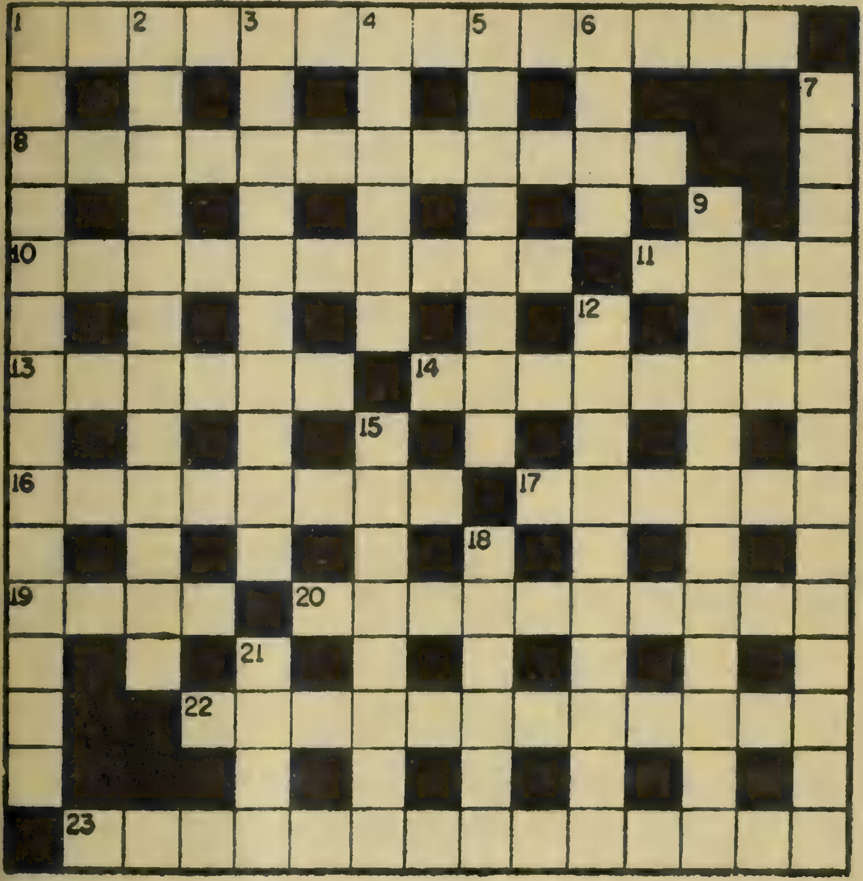
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 After what might take a second, imagines the result being entertainment. (6,8)
8 No other epics might demand more than one speaker so! (12)
10 The rings at this? Order for order! (10)
11 He might prove that America could do without the doctor's lobby. (4)
13 Flag officer—or one who hopes to be? (6)
14 See 4 down
16 Learned to make such a guess? (8)
17 How one might make a new production about Theda Bara, for example? (6)
19 The main part used to be thrown overboard! (4)
20 Watch for this—one notes how long the work is. (10)
22 Was Beethoven's act of crossing out Napoleon's name on "Eroica"? (12)
23 Very quiet, literally, but still could be a very busy place. (8,6)

DOWN

1 Lee, in mysteries, was found on Broadway. (2,6,6)
2 Doesn't the right man justify things so? (2,3,2,5)
3 How the season might begin. (7,3)
4 and 14 across Suit pressers might, to imply a soft drink problem. (3,3,8)
5 Doesn't win as a trophy entrant, as one does to shop in the evening. (6,2)
6 One rule of voting undergoing scrutiny.
7 One might 19, or be 19. (7,7)
9 Where one is expected to come to a competitor's way of thinking, by the sound of it. (7,5)
12 One reputedly not very bright always dined here, as one might certainly say. (10)
15 The sort of bribe associated with mounting rage and serious trouble. (8)
18 We rise to make music about the bee's association, possibly. (6)
21 Gather material about one of the most common articles. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1293

ACROSS: 1 and 13 Sound the retreat; 5 Mastic; 10 Ticks; 12 and 11 Reverse the charge; 14 Trusts; 15 Pasteur; 18 Redwood; 21 Towhee; 24 Machete; 26 Windrow; 27 Sapodilla; 28 Light; 29 Steers; 30 and 19 The Witch of Endor. DOWN: 1 Saturn; 2 Uncovered; 3 Deserts; 6 Achates; 7 Three; [illegible] Creature; 9 Bear up; 16 Eyebright; 17 Promises; 20 Dwells; 21 Towpath; 22 Winslow; 23 and 4 Switch hitters; 25 Copse.

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The gift of today is the litter of tomorrow.

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The athlete who trains defeat disdains; the idler reaps nought, and is nothing taught.

These are platitudes, aren't they?

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LETTERS

missile math

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: It is unfortunate that the colorful and eloquent arguments of Milton J. Rosenberg should be so frequently undermined by inaccurate and incomplete information ["Blind Strategy of Missile Defense," *The Nation*, Feb. 10].

For example, he repeats again and again without substantiation that an ABM system won't work, yet McNamara testified in February 1967 before the House Armed Services Committee that a heavy U.S. ABM deployment costing about $22 billion would cut the U.S. fatalities from a mid-1970 Soviet attack on our cities from 100 million to about 20 million, and that the Soviet Union could *partially* offset this reduction in fatalities by increasing their offensive force at a fraction of the cost of our ABM, but they could not *completely* offset this reduction without spending *more* on offensive capability than the cost of our ABM. . . .

Mr. Rosenberg states that "shelters will not adequately protect the sheltered, particularly when they emerge into a poisoned devastation." Shelters have a capability for saving lives which may well take the teeth out of our policy of deterrence by Assured Destruction, if the recently stepped-up Soviet civil defense program of strategic evacuation of cities is effective.

For example, if the populace of Moscow were distributed over a circular area of 50 miles radius and protected by fallout shelters with a capability of withstanding 15 pounds per square inch overpressure, it would require almost 700 air bursts, or about 1,200 surface bursts, each of one megaton, requiring virtually the entire U.S. ICBM force, to destroy these 6 to 8 million people by blast and shock alone. In the case of an air burst attack, there will be little fallout. In the case of a surface burst attack, the "poisoned devastation" would cover several thousand square miles, but after two weeks any survivors from the blast or shock could undertake a safe evacuation by special vehicles on land and by boats along the waterways. Such an evacuation from a contaminated area is apparently part of the Soviet plan for civil defense. Without any civil defense plans or ABM, the entire city of Moscow, populace and property, would be completely destroyed by at most three one-megaton bombs. . . .

Mr. Rosenberg mentions a number of effects on cities if Sprints are used to defend them. Outside of the fact that he has grossly exaggerated these effects, Rosenberg neglects to mention that if the situation arises wherein the Sprint missiles must be used, they will be attacking warheads which are probably several hundred times more powerful, and designed specifically to destroy the cities. . . .

Carsten M. Haaland, Physicist

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Haaland's information is as arguable and as incomplete as his logic is elusive. The assertion that an "ABM system won't work" to save lives is hardly, as he suggests it is, lacking in substantiation. Virtually all relevant scientists outside the Defense establishment, and many within it, have rendered the same judgment that I did.

Mr. Haaland himself gives the game away when he acknowledges that the Soviets could "completely offset" any reduction in American fatalities if they were willing to spend "more on offensive capability than the cost of our ABM." The preponderant extrapolative evidence is that it would *not* cost them that much. But, at any rate, the point is that an ABM city defense can be overwhelmed and its life-saving power totally negated. Since Mr. Haaland wrote his letter the President himself has announced that

(Continued on page 541)

EDITORIALS

Pretty Thin

After keeping us on tippy-toes for ninety days, the President, under growing Congressional pressure from both parties and from a section of the press, has presented the country with a ten-point domestic program embellished with the rhetoric of "new programs," "retooling," "new delivery systems," etc. Granted that peace in Southeast Asia is the problem of first priority, granted too that inflation is a serious problem and that more explication will be coming along in due course, still this shapes up as a very thin program—scarcely even minimal in its scope.

Stylistically, the Nixon Administration has made clear that it wants to play it cool and to avoid the overpromise of its predecessors. It is not a bad idea, but this latest message falls into the opposite error of failing to convey the sense of urgency which a precarious situation calls for. One might infer that the President is looking forward to the coming summer not so much with coolness as with complacency.

The PR tone is disquieting. Recently Mr. Nixon managed to scrape up $200 million—somehow, from somewhere—to tidy the burnt-out sections of the riot-devastated slums. He notes (so have we) that after "two, three and even four years nothing has been done," and he cites this as evidence of "the growing impotence of government." But gilding the ghetto, in Philip Meyer's phrase, does not solve its problems. As Mr. Meyer, a member of the Washington bureau of the Knight newspapers, points out, we must choose between gilding the slums and dispersing them. One is left with the feeling that dispersal is the last thing this Administration will consider.

The bit about "new delivery systems" is appropriated from the speeches of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Administration's leading "urbanologist." Mr. Moynihan finds it difficult to understand why our present delivery systems are working so badly. Presumably, when he gets around to basic causes, he will find them in bureaucracy, red tape, local incompetence, and other old standbys, but the measure of truth in this explanation ignores the fact that in several equally difficult fields—urban renewal, for instance—the delivery systems work just fine. Thomas I. Atkins, a Negro member of the Boston City Council, said recently (*New York Times*, April 13) that there has been "far more physical destruction and far more lives have been beat, twisted and wrecked in Boston by urban renewal than by rioting." Nor is Boston unique.

Or what about the farm subsidy program? Has there been any failure of this machinery to deliver the gravy to the big growers, year after year? Or is the Department of Defense unable to deliver the wherewithal to its contractors? The checks go out with the utmost promptness and efficiency, and the hardware comes in.

In the food stamp program, on the other hand, snafu follows on snafu. The reason is that those with real power don't want that program to work. A lot of local administration is involved in the farm subsidy program, but it

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does not block delivery of funds to those rightfully entitled to them. Checks to big growers and food stamps for the rural poor seem to obey different social laws.

Another means by which Mr. Nixon is gilding the ghetto is "black capitalism." It makes sense from his inveterately political viewpoint. He knows he has no chance of winning the Negro masses, but if he can reduce the Negro Democratic vote by 10 or 15 per cent, his position will be favorable enough. For the present at least, he need not concern himself with the devastating rate of failure in small businesses, of which 450,000 to 500,000 will be launched this year. The government has been encouraging such enterprises, especially among Negroes, some of whom are no more averse to taking a chance with government money than are the aerospace companies. But neither the successes nor the failures will solve the problems of the ghetto.

The one thing that emerges from the Nixon message and that might work is the proposal by Ben Heineman, president of Northwest Industries and head of the President's Commission on Income Maintenance. Heineman would substitute graduated subsidies for the poor for the hodgepodge of welfare measures now in use. The corporate world is becoming seriously worried about the welfare problem, and politicians note with misgivings the escalating Black Power in the Northern ghettos as Southern Negroes are given the choice between migrating or starving where they are. It is becoming clear, also, that the states and cities can no longer carry the relief load. Consequently something may happen because the power centers want it to happen, but it cannot be said that Mr. Nixon has moved such a development along with the vigor that one would expect of a President who is a leader as well as a politician.

Why Spy?

The EC-121 "intelligence" plane, shot down by a North Korean MIG, was the aerial equivalent of the *Pueblo*. That Navy spy ship was probably outside the 12-mile limit, but the North Koreans saw a chance to take her as a prize and gave themselves the benefit of the doubt by a mile or two. In the aerial encounter the probability is that the American aircraft was well out to sea and did not violate North Korean airspace, but what it was doing was just as objectionable to the "enemy" as if it had been circling over Pyongyang. Again they saw an opening, and again they did the shooting.

The fact is that this whole business of international waters and national airspace is a holdover from the early years of the century, before there were aircraft and while Britannia still ruled the waves. Since Nationalist China and the United States have been allies, Nationalist intelligence aircraft have sometimes invaded Red Chinese airspace, but on more numerous occasions they have photographed Red Chinese installations from the Taiwan Strait at slant range and without violating international law. Nor, if the EC-121 was 60 miles off the coast of North Korea, was it violating international law. It was

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NATION *Volume 208* *No. 17*

only gathering electronic intelligence in a manner heretofore regarded as allowable. In both the *Pueblo* and the EC-121 cases the North Koreans were, one might say, ruthlessly and unilaterally updating international law to bring it abreast of technological reality.

Obviously, we can no longer rely on respect for the old system of law on the part of Communist nations with regimes like that of North Korea. Therefore, if it is imperative that such missions be continued, our vessels and aircraft must be protected as in a theatre of war—which this in effect is. There are dangers in such a course, but the admirals and generals (and the CIA) cannot continue to plan missions on the assumption that the enemy will behave chivalrously.

A further and even more cogent question is what purpose such missions actually serve. How does detailed knowledge of North Korean radar frequencies, etc., enhance the security of the United States? The Joint Chiefs of Staff, and others responsible, right up to the President, are morally obligated to explain that to the public.

Second Lap

Cleveland

Carl Stokes is going to run for a second term as the first black mayor of Cleveland. He made his announcement April 9, almost on the stroke of midnight, to a weary but roaring crowd of 2,100 faithful come to pay him homage at $100 a plate. Newscasts and papers the next day called his decision a surprise, though the civic dinner had obviously been undertaken to raise a war chest.

The evening was in trouble from the start. The local Democratic machine, run by grim-jawed Bert Porter, declared there was a "conflict of interests" among the sponsors; several utility officials and labor leaders promptly resigned from the committee. Half the city councilmen regretted that they would be busy that night. A right-wing white leader announced that he was requesting the Ford Foundation to fund a voter registration drive among ethnic groups, coyly reminding Clevelanders that a 1967 Ford grant paid for the big Negro registration that is credited with Stokes's close victory.

Robert Morse, president of Case Western Reserve University and chairman of the dinner, stuck it out. He and Stokes's aides put together a speakers' list of bright Democratic lights: Mayors Alioto of San Francisco, Cavanagh of Detroit, Hatcher of Gary, Allen of Atlanta, Maier of Milwaukee, D'Alesandro of Baltimore, White of Boston, Washington of the District of Columbia, and for clinchers, Ed Muskie as the main speaker and Bill Cosby as master of ceremonies. One after another the Mayors—except for White and Washington, who sent remorseful telegrams—clambered up to the lectern to joke about the folly of trying to run a city and to praise Stokes for doing just that.

As the city settled down after its Big Night, Stokes's fun was just beginning. Boss Porter let it be known that he hasn't yet decided to endorse the Mayor's candidacy. Even with a healthy campaign fund (the dinner netted close to $150,000), Stokes faces jealous opposition from within the Democratic Party and, probably, from the only Republican, County Auditor Ralph Park, who can bite deeply into the Democratic-registered ethnic minorities. Stokes's effort to put low-cost housing into the middle-class Lee-Seville area has hit stubborn resistance from resident blacks, who don't want any poor folks pulling down their new-found property values. Besides the usual cutbacks, his welfare program faces Republican Governor James Rhodes, who won't fork over state money due to Cleveland and now has his cold eye fixed on a 1970 run for the Senate.

What Stokes has going for him is faith—his faith in the system and the faith that most blacks and many whites have invested in him. His first two-year term needs a second to get its programs working. ADELE Z. SILVER

Into the Center Ring

The showdown between the academic generations, begun at Berkeley in 1964 and since re-enacted endlessly, has finally spilled out into the center ring of the academic world with the violent seizure of University Hall at Harvard. A certain sense of awe invades the accounts of this event, a tacit acceptance that here, at last, has been joined a climactic battle in a long, discordant and confused war.

There are good reasons for such a feeling. Never before has the central conflict been so purely isolated; always previously the battleground has been muddied by issues or circumstances extraneous to the central question. Columbia had its real estate issue and California, as always, its right-wing politics; and in this country always and ever —at San Jose, Wayne State, Queens, Brandeis—the very special, enormously pressing, assertive needs of black students and black studies. While the central question was everywhere at issue, at Harvard it is substantially the only issue: What is the proper purpose of a university? Does it have a true purpose unrelated to the needs of its faculty and students?

Harvard, it was assumed, was the one campus where this sort of confrontation could never occur. Free speech, for instance, could never become an issue at the institution which had nurtured Thoreau and John Reed. Harvard has maintained a long tradition, not of granting but of *demanding*, a higher degree of student freedom than students elsewhere had been moved to demand for themselves. This, indeed, was the college's special claim and source of pride. How, then, and against what, were its students to rebel?

The rebellion came, perhaps, simply because Harvard is there. Its extraordinarily high visibility might have made it inevitable that an irresponsible or violence-minded group of SDSers would hit out at the university—from resentment of the arrogant attitude (surely present) of intellectual immunity—or, perhaps, just to say it had been done, by God! And certainly there are many, the president of Harvard included, who give the impression that they think this is all that has happened.

But the protest cannot be so easily dismissed. It was not directed simply at involvement with the Defense establishment, as was, for instance, the protest at Pennsylvania a year ago. Harvard has never undertaken any secret research or classified work for the government. And, earlier than many and as soon as most, Harvard had engaged to eliminate ROTC credit from the curriculum and its instructors from the faculty. It was on this issue that the militants struck, but behind it was the feeling that the world is horribly out of sorts, and that Harvard should somehow be made to feel the distemper.

There can be little doubt that the initial violent action of the militant group failed to receive broad support from faculty and student body. And had the president read campus opinion aright, he might have solidified support for the administration in this crisis. The ill-considered acts of the militants in invading University Hall and laying hands on deans had placed the advantage squarely in his court. But with exquisite clumsiness, Pusey threw it away by calling in the police. The consensus (however reluctant in some cases) is now strongly with the rebels. Even the moderates, to whom the occupation action was inexcusable, have found the call for police action even worse.

Why did Pusey, hitherto an apostle of tolerance and patience, so misread his script? His loyalty to Harvard is beyond question. Indeed, it is entirely probable that, feeling Harvard threatened, he acted with insufficient consultation. It was the act of a stubborn, angry, and essentially lonely man. But the principal failure was the inability to assess properly the true urgency of the situation, and of the feelings involved. The anti-war sentiment is no weaker at Harvard than it is elsewhere, and it demanded expression. While Harvard may be less vulnerable on these issues than are other campuses, an occasion for action was desired. But ROTC did not really fill the bill, and had the police not been called in, there the matter would probably have ended.

Harvard will survive; so, probably, will its president—if only for the reason that it will seem important not to have it appear that the rebels won. Nor did they: the university was attacked at its absolutely strongest point. Always a community of scholars, the concept of "service" to community or government takes a decidedly subordinate place at Harvard, and it is simply not vulnerable to those wishing to raise an anti-war protest on its premises.

University policies of this order will not change. There is almost nowhere to go in that direction; Harvard is already wholly there. Cries for "restructuring the university" are being heard, and may in time bear good fruit. But the wave of protest, directed elsewhere at weaknesses, has here found strength. While it is deplorable that the initial response was both ill-judged and badly timed, stability and balance will be restored. What is really to be regretted is that the attack did not occur some years earlier; for at Harvard, if anywhere, this illness will find its antidote.

Place in History

In the obituaries for Dwight D. Eisenhower the deed most often recalled from his years in the White House was his final one—the farewell address in which he warned the country of "the military-industrial complex." The phrase rang at the moment when he uttered it, because the President was himself a military man. And the reverberations from it were strong at the moment of his death because of the controversy over the ABM and the mired peace talks in Paris. It is quite possibly an immortal remark, as inevitably associated with Mr. Eisenhower as the advice of George Washington (also in a farewell address) to "steer clear of permanent alliances" is welded to his name.

It is in the interest of historical justice, therefore, to point out that Malcolm Moos, president of the University of Minnesota, wrote the major part of Mr. Eisenhower's valedictory and coined the famous phrase. At least, he believes he coined it. Interviewed by Robert Donovan of the *Los Angeles Times*, Dr. Moos recalled that he was lecturing at Johns Hopkins at the time and was much concerned by the very large federal research grants being received by that university, among others. He thought it a matter on which the President might well want to comment, and the phrase appeared in his notes on the subject. He might, he says, have read it somewhere, though a Library of Congress search has uncovered no previous reference. He might also have picked it up from Bryce N. Harlow, then as now a Presidential aide in a Republican administration. Mr. Harlow was also deeply concerned about the growing industrial reliance on military expenditures, and expressed himself at considerable length on the subject to Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News*, saying among other things that "the militarist-industrialists are pretty well running our lives." [See "Munitions: A Way of Life," *The Nation*, March 4, 1961—but at that time Harlow could not be quoted by name.]

Questioned on the phone last week, Mr. Harlow said: "I have an ardent admiration for Malcolm Moos and would not think of contradicting anything he said in the public prints." Credit for using the phrase belongs in any case to Mr. Eisenhower: he gave it world renown (it is possible that Hamilton may have written much of Washington's farewell). But Mr. Harlow's comment has a somewhat Delphic ring, and if he and Mr. Moos could resolve this point between them, history would be their debtor.

And Now Onassis

A few weeks ago Premier George Papadopoulos graciously returned to the Greek people some of the civil rights which he and his brother colonels had taken from them. At least that was the announcement, timed to muffle criticism of the Greek military regime at the NATO ministers' meeting in Washington. Of course there is no prospect of libertarian government in Greece as long as the colonels remain in power. The psychology of the rulers is illustrated by a sage observation attributed (*Time*, April 18) to Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Pattankos: "Christians behave themselves because they are afraid of going to hell. . . . Likewise, under our regime, Greeks behave because they are afraid. *Only the bad people are going to be punished.*" (Italics added.) The bad Greeks are those who want to govern themselves.

The antics of the current rulers of Greece are related to their origins. Their successful coup was engineered not by Athenians, or cosmopolites of any description, but by military men who were born and raised in small towns or villages and who are still steeped in rural morality—which in Greece is not of this century. Depriving Greeks of such freedoms as they possessed under the monarchy seems to the colonels desirable in itself, since these freedoms were practiced mainly in the cities, which the colonels despise.

Such notions do not make for academic excellence, and in Athens the colonels are referred to as *stenokephalos*—narrow heads. A standing metropolitan joke is that Nikolaos Makarezos was selected as overseer of the economy because he was the colonel who knew how to add and subtract. In the mountain villages, however, the intellectual limitations of the colonels are regarded more indulgently. After all, these are country boys who made good in the city—in one sense at least.

The Greek poet George Seferis, a Nobel laureate, has referred to Greek literature under the colonels as a "stagnant swamp." The regime has countered with its idea of a positive contribution to national culture. By a document dated April 7 and signed by the Prime Minister personally, all newspapers and magazines of any importance are instructed to begin reprinting immediately a weekly selection from the "State Anthology of Modern Greek Literature." Newspapers must run this masterpiece on page 3, magazines across their center spreads.

Government-supplied "culture" will not, however, solve the country's economic woes. Litton Industries, one of the largest U.S. conglomerates, appears to be falling down on its contract to secure foreign capital for Greece, and tourism is lagging. Hope lies in only one direction, where stands the world's foremost entrepreneur, Aristotle Onassis. The junta is reported to be calling on Mr. Onassis to rescue Greece, which will make him even richer than he is now. "Aristotle and the Colonels"—it sounds like the second play in a sequence of Greek tragedy.

FRENCH REFERENDUM

THE MASK OF DE GAULLE

CLAUDE BOURDET

Paris

On Sunday, April 27, the French will vote once more in a nation-wide referendum. The issue, or rather issues, at stake look so technical that one would expect them to be treated dispassionately, and that indeed is the mood for which the government hopes. There have been a lot of surprised and pained statements, by ministers and the like, saying in effect, "Why all the hullabaloo? This is not a party-political issue; let's all get together and decide rationally." The opposition, refusing to comply, has countered such "defusing" attempts with a strong wave of anti-Gaullist propaganda. Government ranks are uneasy; opinion polls give the Yes votes a very slight edge, with a huge percentage of abstentions.

The matters at issue are the future regional structure of France and the role of its Senate. The referendum is allegedly intended to provide France with a less centralized form of administration, giving more initiative and power to provincial authorities. If it were indeed that, in fact, I doubt that 5 per cent of the French people would disagree, however strong the opposition propaganda.

Indeed, one can say that the overcentralized structure of France, a legacy of centuries, was—in an indirect, devious way, of course—one of the main explanations for the May 1968 "revolution." Three factors coincide and overlap to make centralization peculiarly unbearable in France. There is, as in every industrial country, the "globalizing" trend, which tends to make corporations bigger, state intervention more necessary, intercorporation and interstate decisions more frequent, and thus pushes upward—to the national capital, to the government, or even to some seat of an international organization, private or public—more and more of the decisions that affect people's work and lives.

The second phenomenon is purely French: in their fight against feudal aristocracy, the French kings developed a highly centralized system, drawn from the much admired example of the Roman Empire and from the intellectual heritage of Rome (the top decides, the middle implements, the bottom executes). That Roman heritage, the requirements of a Paris-led revolution, suspicion of the conservative provinces, led the revolutionaries of 1793 to follow the same line, after some Federalist tendencies had been crushed. Then Napoleon, a military man and dictator, established his police-state against both Right and Left, pushing centralization even further and setting the structure under which France has lived for a century and a half. Elected town authorities have less power in France than in any other civilized country; the ninety regional subdivisions (*départements*), too small to be economically viable by themselves, are administered by a government representative (*préfet*) with the help of an elected body (*Conseil Général*) which has little more than advisory powers, except on the few financial matters that the central state has not retained for itself. The French universities represent the acme of centralization. Until this year's attempt to reform them, one could say that there was in fact only one huge French university, of which the Minister of Education was the rector, and of which all French universities, technical institutes, colleges, etc., were mere local branches.

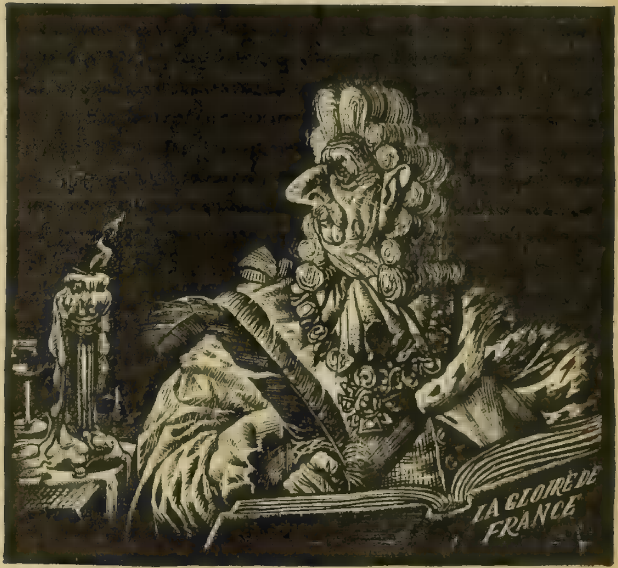
The third development is both French and modern, though traditional: General de Gaulle has established a new kind of autocratic state, with power vested at the absolute summit in a way to make all previous French autocracies look slack and loose. It is a one-man regime. Parliament is largely a rubber stamp, and machinery has been built into the Constitution to deal with any possible Parliamentary rebellion. Ministers are the President's secretaries, as in America, but wield definitely less power than their American counterparts. Government by decree has been established as a habit; it is used in all "exceptional" circumstances, including any the Chief of State wishes to describe as such. Local authorities have seen their limited power still further diminished. The President has seen fit to intervene in incredibly parochial matters: for example, he forced a decision to his liking on the blueprint for Paris urban development, because the Paris city council, Gaullist members included, was at the time preparing to reject unanimously the government's (i.e., de Gaulle's) absurd project for Paris, year 2000.

Those three trends, mammoth globalism, traditional French centralism and the gravitational pull of de Gaulle's ego, have a multiplying effect. The May revolution was partly ignited by the frustrations of the French university —and, of course, of the modern world. It was also caused by the mad brutality of the Paris police, which is in any real sense directly controlled by the state, that is by de Gaulle, and in no way restrained by the elected city council, a sadly powerless institution. It is bad enough when a city's police is in the hands of a local boss (see Daley in Chicago), but I will argue that the same police in the hands of a dictator, supremely indifferent to any local reaction, is still worse.

Well, "things being as they are," as the old General likes to say (*"Les choses étant comme elles sont"*: a Gaullist idiotism which sends a large grin over any Frenchman's face, wherever you murmur it), anybody should welcome any effort toward decentralization. The new scheme for the university proposed by Minister of Education Edgar Faure, although it doesn't satisfy the leftist radicals, was considered an improvement by all "sober" people on the Left, including the Communists. (The leftist radicals' strongest point against it is precisely that by improving things it tends to remove "contradictions," to make the French universities workable, and thus destroys the chances of "revolution.") But then Faure is almost the only man in the cabinet who has a brain of his own (and who is consequently more respected by de Gaulle than are the benign and obedient menials).

However, the April 27 referendum is far less honest than Faure's university reform. It does indeed propose a remodeling of provincial structures, a regrouping of the *départements* into a number of larger provinces, or regions; and that is long overdue. It delivers to the new regions a few of the prerogatives and financial powers which can enable them to make some of their own decisions, and not await a nod from Paris for even the smallest project. But it fails completely to provide an outlet for the energy of enterprising citizens, or a framework for new regional freedom. The masters of the new regional structures will be the new *Préfets régionaux*, some twenty of them, officials nominated by de Gaulle, responsible only to him and endowed with immense power. They are a kind of viceroys or colonial governors.

Technically, this can be called decentralization, but politically, the system will be more strongly centralized than ever. The traditional locally elected bodies, the town municipalities and the *Conseils Généraux* in the smaller territorial units, will lose a large part of their remaining power to the new regional monarch, himself an instrument of the monarch in the Elysée Palace. The only way to balance this huge regional administrative power would have been to create a regional elected assembly at the same level of authority, but that would have meant fostering democracy—i.e., the ability to oppose—which de Gaulle literally loathes.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

As something had to be done to make the new structure *look* somewhat democratic, lest the plan for strengthening the national autocracy with a regional one be too blatantly obvious, "regional councils" are provided in the new project. But instead of being directly elected by the people, they are a weird cocktail of delegates designated by a majority vote of the *Conseils Généraux* (the Left being nearly always a minority in these councils, this two-stage vote in practice insures its elimination) and of "professionally competent persons," some chosen by the labor unions, but most by the farmers, by employer organizations and others—a carefully calculated balance that guarantees a "professional" group as safe, pro-Establishment and pro-de Gaulle as the political delegates. A Paris regional district council, concocted in a somewhat similar way, has existed for a number of years: it has proved perfectly harmless, and has been a useful claque for the Paris regional viceroy, M. Delouvrier.

France does not have a Supreme Court, but at least it has a High Court on Law and Administration, the Council of State. It is a respected advisory body, instituted by Napoleon, whose main job is to see that laws and government decisions are legally correct. According to the Constitution, de Gaulle had to ask the Council's advice about the referendum, and the Council has answered bluntly that in many places it violates the Constitution. The annoyed minister who received this opinion replied that the Council was after all "just another administrative body," and not to be pitted against the people's will. Imagine the President of the United States saying that the Justices of the Supreme Court are, after all, "just civil servants," and you'll get a feeling of what this dismissal meant in France.

The first point made in the Council's report was that Article 72 of the Constitution (de Gaulle's own homemade 1958 Constitution) provides that "*territorial communities*" (towns, all regional areas small or large) "*administer themselves freely through elected councils*"—a provision which clearly prohibits the weird Salazar-type contraption from being put forward as a regional council. A number of other points dealt with an even stranger aspect of the referendum, the reform of the Senate. The French Senate has little in common with its American namesake. During the Third Republic it was, as it still is, elected by the local city councils and by specially elected delegates; as usual, the double-stage vote made it a strongly conservative assembly, largely representing the local urban and rural establishments.

It had more power then, and often managed to block progressive legislation; the Left consistently threatened to abolish it. In 1945-46, though not abolished, it lost a lot of power, including the ability to kill legislation, which it could now only delay for some time. Up to 1958, its main function was to provide the political parties with soft berths for those of their leaders or prominent members who had failed in the direct Parliamentary election. Michel Debré, the first Gaullist Prime Minister after 1958 and today Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a Senator for many years.

But after the 1958 *coup d'état*, something curious happened. Although conservative, the Senate had always been a strong supporter of democratic traditions. It was also less dependent on popular sentiment than the directly elected National Assembly. The two-stage vote, the influence of thousands of town councils and village councils, whose Gaullism has always been weaker than that of the masses, have made the Senate a stronghold of non-Gaullism, if not anti-Gaullism. Thus the Senate gradually became a not very efficient but often vocal defender of democracy, while the National Assembly became more and more the "streamlined" and subservient instrument of the ego-state.

As a result, the Senate turned into a real pain in the neck for the aging autocrat; the more so as the 1958 Constitution took from its predecessors the provision that, in case of the President's death or resignation, the powers pro tem of the Chief of State (including preparations for the next Presidential election) should be held by the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate was, up to the last Senatorial election, a colored member of Caribbean origin, Gaston Monnerville, a staunch Republican, an opponent of all forms of dictatorship, and a man hated by all Gaullists, big and small. They find the new Senate President, Alain Poher, a Christian Democrat, only slightly more palatable.

But it is not only a question of compatibility; a big political issue is here at stake. As long as de Gaulle is alive, Gaullism works; as soon as he dies, the system will collapse—and with it will go a lot of vested interests, political and financial, unless some more brutal dictatorship, perhaps military rule, can be quickly established. It is therefore vital for the Gaullists that the man in charge of the country, in the period immediately after de Gaulle's death, should be a Gaullist, *not* a democratically minded President of the Senate.

That is why the second main question in the April 27 referendum is the "Reform of the Senate," and the essential point here (carefully hidden in a mass of detail) is that in the new scheme the Prime Minister, of course a true Gaullist and not the President of the Senate, succeeds the deceased or resigned President as a "caretaker" Chief of State. And as if that were not enough, de Gaulle's resentment against ten years of Senatorial hostility has led him to deprive that venerable institution of the last traces of power it still enjoyed. As the referendum would have it, the Senate could not even delay any legislation; it would become a purely consultative Assembly—and, so de Gaulle proposes, one in which "professional" Senators would be added to the political Senators, in the manner of the regional delegates. Theoretically this would "modernize" the Senate; actually it is an attempt to break its spirit of opposition.

Here again, the Council of State spoke against the project. *It is unconstitutional* to reform the Senate by way of a referendum, when there is a normal way of changing the Constitution through the two houses of Parliament; *it is unconstitutional* to deprive one of the two houses of Parliament of all legislative power, since it then ceases to be a part of Parliament; moreover the "professional" delegates, not being regularly elected, *cannot be considered* members of Parliament and cannot be legally protected as such.

If anyone had been in doubt about de Gaulle's intentions with regard to the regional part of the referendum, the Senatorial part would have cleared his mind. Once again, the old gentleman is attempting to by-pass his own Constitution in order to increase the authoritarianism of his regime and to rid himself of people or institutions that irritate him. In this light, the government's concern with decentralization, or with "modernization," amounts, if not to mere pretense, at best to a preoccupation with nonessentials. It is characteristic of Gaullism that a project should always be quite different from what it is alleged to be. (That may be true of all governments, but hardly to this extent.) "*Larvatus prodeo*"—"*I move forward under a mask*"—was the motto of Descartes, the father of French logic. It's an even better motto for President de Gaulle.

However, it is possible he may have overdone it this time. By clouding the political issues to make everything seem "technical," he has made it awkward to use his long effective blackmail: "Vote for me, or I'll let you drop back into revolution and chaos." Since there is a real possibility that the referendum will fail, the President on April 10, and contrary to an earlier promise, did wave his old resignation bludgeon. This time, however, it may prove ineffectual, producing only the slimmest of victories and leaving the regime weaker than before. That is why many of the government's friends think the old man has shown useless obstinacy on this matter, despite contrary advice from some of his ministers. The referendum could have been written otherwise, the Council of State could have been consulted beforehand, the National Assembly, instead of being by-passed, could have taken up the issue in a first stage. And it is such a tail-wagging puppy of an Assembly that it would have twisted itself into a loop to please de Gaulle—even if the Senate had been surly when it willy-nilly followed suit.

But de Gaulle does not like any Assembly, even a thoroughly Gaullist one. And de Gaulle, like God, does not take advice.

WEST VIRGINIA MIRACLE

THE BLACK LUNG REBELLION

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

One chilly morning in the middle of last February a miner at the Winding Gulf District Mine in Raleigh County, W.Va., decided he was fed up and made the simple gesture that is dreaded by mine owners. He dumped his water on the ground.

It is the traditional act of rebellion. Since no miner would think of going below without water, dumping it means he is personally on strike and is appealing to his comrades to join him. They always do. Coal miners, because they are both rural people and industrial workers, combine perfectly the elements of Populism that leads to an easy, willing militancy. They stick together and they are infinitely loyal to their own totems.

So when one man dumped, they all dumped, and within a week the coal fields of West Virginia were awash with rebellion, linking more than 40,000 miners in the biggest wildcat strike of modern times. It closed the industry.

It stayed closed for three weeks, opening again only after something of a miracle had been achieved. That is, the West Virginia legislature passed a law providing for the payment of compensation to workers whose lungs are permanently damaged by coal dust. The payment itself, however, is not the unique feature of this act. The thing that sets it apart from any previous reforms of this kind is that the payment is promised on terms that—at this time—do not require conclusive scientific evidence of disability.

Elsewhere coal miners receive compensation for crippled lungs only if they prove their case with X-rays. Alternative tests will now be accepted in West Virginia—balloon tests and treadmill tests and the like, none of them providing irrefutable evidence of the disease. Only in West Virginia do coal miners qualify by the *performance*, as well as by the *appearance*, of their lungs. X-ray evidence—the new law says—"shall not necessarily be conclusive" in the diagnosis of lung disease.

Equally important, the law says that a coal miner with crippled lungs can be *presumed* to have come by his ailment in the mines, if he has been working there for ten years. I am told that presumptive clauses of such generosity can be found outside of West Virginia only in the gold mines of South Africa and in the coal mines of Australia.

Speaking in terms of corporate resistance to change, it is no exaggeration to call this law a miracle. About a month ago West Virginia coal miners had no economic protection against losing their livelihood to "CWP" (coal workers pneumoconiosis) or, as it is popularly labeled in the headlines nowadays, "black lung." Today they are protected by the best workmen's compensation law in the world (if it is administered correctly, which many fear it will not be).

Thus there is a new precedent for helping those who succumb to industry's worst crippler. The United States Public Health Service admits that at least one of every ten active miners and one of every five retired miners have black lung to some extent; some doctors believe the incidence rate may be as high as 70 or 80 per cent. Until now, only Pennsylvania, Virginia and Alabama have had compensation laws to help them. Pennsylvania's is more generous, but it is not as loose (it demands X-ray proof) as West Virginia's, and at this stage of the scientific game it is this looseness that will help the miners most. Why this should be so will become evident from the details of the medical feud to be described in a moment.

The Leaderless Vanguard

The ferment within the coal fields that went into achieving the new legislation did not subside with the victory; it is spreading into other states and there is every indication that, after a long period of dormancy, the country's 150,000 miners are about to take a big step forward. Miners have always been the most militant and advanced section of the industrial working class—when they had leadership. But the United Mine Workers is in limbo these days, and has been for a decade or more. In recent years no leadership has come from John L. Lewis' hand-picked successor, W. A. (Tony) Boyle; when there has been any significant leadership at all, it has come from the local presidents, who have the least power in the UMW hierarchy but draw the most loyalty from the men who go into the mines. The wildcat that started the present rumble was led all the way by the local presidents; it was discouraged by Boyle and by his district officers, who are not elected but are chosen by him.

This is not to say that Boyle is a bad man. He is an antiquated man, who is confused when the rank and file show that they are no longer satisfied merely with a wage increase. Last year he bargained into existence the biggest pay raise (up $7 a day over a three-year period) that the UMW had ever won. What more do the men want?

For one thing, they want more assurance that they will come out of the mines alive and in one piece. Ninety per cent of workmen's compensation injury cases in West Virginia are coal miners. One of every ten men who go into the mines can expect to be hurt. The miners also want to be able to breathe. In the nation as a whole, the death rate from chronic lung diseases is four times higher among coal miners than among other American males. They want the UMW officials at the top to stop playing footsie with the mine owners and with the owner-dominated Bureau of Mines, which has been notoriously lax in enforcing federal safety standards. As for dust standards, the federal government has none, and the UMW did not ask for any until this year.

When some of the striking miners denounced Boyle for giving them no support in their push for black lung legislation, he shouted them down. But when the revolt continued to spread, Boyle panicked and resorted to some of the most embarrassing appeals for sympathy that have been heard in Washington for some time. He told how, like Caesar, he had refused a lifetime election to the UMW presidency because he wanted to pursue the democratic process (a bold pitch in what is perhaps the least democratic major union in existence). And how he was grievously hurt by the suggestion that he was callous to safety standards. He claimed that his grandfather and two uncles and his father had all died from black lung and, in testimony before the House Labor Committee, he told how "I held my dying father in my arms and cried like a baby, though I was a grown man." This touching display would have been more relevant if Boyle had led the fight for black lung legislation, instead of riding in on its tailgate.

And when Rep. Ken Hechler of West Virginia began hounding him with criticism, Boyle (addressing a group of miners) held up a foot-long roll of bologna and said he would "shove it up . . . I mean shove it down Hechler's throat." There has been a tasteless desperation about Boyle's recent statements that betrays the uneasiness now vexing the UMW brass. It prompted Justin McCarthy, editor of the United Mine Workers *Journal* (which makes him the UMW's top public relations man), to concede recently: "We're not without fault. The UMW is a big outfit and it sometimes has the same kind of inertia that afflicts any bureaucracy." UMW officials display modesty only in moments of extreme crisis.

Even more significantly, Boyle recently admitted that the UMW erred in permitting the owners to mechanize the mines, as they have been doing since the early 1950s, without forcing them at the same time to deal with the coal dust churned into the air by these machines. "But," protested Boyle, in an excuse that is scarcely convincing after almost twenty years of machine operation, "who could have foreseen what the machines would do?"

History of Black Lung

The final statement of desperation was made recently by Justin McCarthy, in an interview for this article, when he explained that the UMW had not until this year sought to force compensation for black lung, and an end to the causes of it, because "we didn't know the disease existed."

That makes no sense. Communications between the United States and Britain, where black lung has been recognized as an occupational disease since 1943 and compensated for with money since 1948, are simply not that tenuous. Alabama has had a law calling for pneumoconiosis compensation since 1952, which means that for seventeen years the disease has been officially recognized in this country. And as early as 1956 Dr. Lorin E. Kerr, assistant to the executive medical officer of the UMW's own welfare and retirement fund, was publishing well-researched articles on the ailment. Thirteeen years ago he wrote: "Coal workers' pneumoconiosis is recognized legally and medically in Britain and medically in some other countries. The disease is reported to occur in the United States but the prevalence is unknown." Last year at the UMW's constitutional convention in Denver, Dr. Kerr declared that "coal workers' pneumoconiosis is the most important occupational dust disease occurring in the United States today. . . . It is safe to conclude from all available information that in the United States at least 125,000 miners have coal workers' pneumoconiosis. Since 1930 it has constituted the greatest medical and social problem in all industry." Still, the leadership of the UMW showed little interest in a full-scale assault on the problem until six months later, when the massive wildcat hit West Virginia.

The strike also hit the UMW brass, but it will probably turn out to have been a glancing blow. There is some talk among miners of demanding more autonomy for the locals, and two opposition candidates have already announced that they will run against Boyle in the next election. But these are mild tremors, not earthquakes. Miners are for the most part deeply loyal to the traditions of the UMW, which is a singularly monolithic union. It has never fostered democracy, and for a reason of which miners are proud. When John L. Lewis and the other creators of the modern UMW began organizing, the company towns were, literally, concentration camps. To keep organizers out, the towns were often surrounded by barbed wire, with deputy sheriffs and yellow dogs at the gates. A worker needed a pass to go in and out. The counties paid for the goons. The operators brought in Negroes, Italians, Poles to break strikes—men of different nationalities were taught to hate one another. It was a brutal, nightmare situation, and to survive in it the union organizers and leaders had to dispense with the luxury of majority rule. Democracy might allow a company fink to slip in, get elected and destroy the shaky beginning. It happened again and again. The fears and suspicions that guided the union in those days are still present, and most UMW members, if only instinctively, still respect them. Neither democracy, nor escape from union autocracy, is uppermost in the minds of the rank and file, and the present stirrings should not be interpreted as insurrection.

Three-Man Circus

Nor should it be assumed that the working miners were the sole, or even crucial, force producing the recent changes. While it is true that they applied the economic pressure needed to make the industry-dominated West Virginia legislature pass the black lung compensation law, they were not the conscious fomenters of the rebellion. Mostly they acted from instinct and emotion, responding to an anger that had been deliberately drummed into them over a period of several months by nonunion outsiders.

West Virginia miners lead a mean existence. They earn rather good wages as industrial jobs go—$30 a day or so—but they do not live pleasantly in a green and pleasant land. The coal industry has torn up the state and torn up the lives of its residents. (Which is why young people are not turning to mining as they once did. The industry has appealed to the U.S. Department of Education to recruit and train 50,000 young miners in the next decade, to head off what otherwise will be a certain shortage.) Coal mining, still the state's second most important industry, was for most of West Virginia's history the leader with all the bullying prerogatives that pre-eminence claims in a poor and backward state. West Virginia's highly corrupt election practices were sufficiently salted with the money of the coal industry to permit it free reign. Paul Kaufmann, one of the state's best politicians and counsel for the Black Lung Association, puts it this way: "The coal mining industry has left a legacy of dirt and filth and orphans and crippled miners. It's very terrifying what an industry like this can do to a state. The slag heaps from the mines are continuously burning. The skies of southern West Virginia are overcast by a gray pall. Our streams are black. The countryside where this industry operates is ugly and, worst of all, the people are beginning to reflect the countryside. The industry has literally raped the state."

Having become accustomed to that treatment in that environment the miners would never have rebelled against it in a purposeful way if several influences had not worked on them concurrently. First of all, there was a mine explosion at Farmington on November 20. This was important only as a fuse for emotions—as mine disasters go, it was not much: seventy-eight dead. (History's most impressive mine explosion, in 1907, killed 367.) But the season was right for bringing in the drama-hunting cameras of national television. Thanksgiving was a week away, with Christmas not far beyond; and there were weeping wives and smudged-faced children aplenty to satisfy the nation's need for year-end sentiment. Day after day (as the argument continued over whether or not to seal the mine and thereby put an end to any hope for the trapped men) miners saw themselves and their occupation assume new dimensions of importance in the nation's eyes. All of a sudden they found themselves being fought over: Tony Boyle in a shouting match with critical reporters and Congressmen; the Department of Interior's Bureau of Mines being denounced in and out of Congress as a tool of the coal industry and criminally indifferent to the safety of the miners. Not for years had the miners been given so much attention. It made them see themselves differently. They began to rouse.

And rousing, they were ready for a more important force that was about to appear among them—a traveling lecture conducted by three physicians. "The Circus" was the name—meant as a slur, but also apt—given by some West Virginians to the show put on by Drs. I. E. Buff, Donald Rasmussen and Hawey Wells, Jr. If anyone is to be credited with the black lung rebellion that seems to be reshaping the coal industry, it is these three men, and especially Dr. Buff.

While the battle was conducted by the rules of politics and within the political arena, it was strictly a fight between opposing medical groups. The shame of the black lung record in industry is almost altogether a shame that attaches to the medical community. As the UMW's Dr. Kerr accurately put it, "The failure to take earlier action constitutes what may be labeled in the future as the greatest disgrace in the history of American medicine."

Medicine for the Companies

The UMW may have been too reluctant to press the industry for protection of the workers, but many physicians aided industry by downright fraud and deceit. According to Dr. Kerr, many death certificates of miners were inaccurately or incompletely made out to disguise the fact that they died from dust inhalation. "Some medical leaders claimed that coal dust was not only harmless but possibly beneficial," he says. "This medical denial of the existence or danger of coal dust has continued to be the position throughout the years of company-oriented physicians motivated by enlightened self-interest and a desire to save money for industry." The coal fields are full of such physicians. And the sympathetic ties they have always had with the wider medical establishment was demonstrated in 1956 when an article by Dr. Kerr on pneumoconiosis was blocked from publication in a national medical journal.

To break through this wall of "scientific" opposition required brains, courage and a degree of gall. Buff, Rasmussen and Wells have all three. Dr. Wells, with extensive Public Health Service experience, is the son-in-law of Congressman Harley Staggers of West Virginia and reportedly has political ambitions of his own. He is a spellbinder, given to effective gimmickry (as when he crumples a piece of blackened lung in his hand and declares to a miner audience, "You're crazy if you let them do this to you"). Rasmussen, young and quiet spoken, with a red beard, has the most impressive credentials and experience of the three. For the past five years he has been director of the Pulmonary Laboratory at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley, W.Va., where he has conducted physiological studies of more than 3,000 coal miners to become recognized as one of the world's experts on the industry's diseases. Buff, the most dedicated of the trio, a man possessed of a mission, has been practicing as a heart specialist in Charleston for thirty-two years, during which time he has gone out of his way to bait the medical establishment, becoming so effective at it that the local medical society's grievance committee recommended that he be kicked out of the organization after he charged that the pathologists were doing very little except "collect their money."

Many people, especially coal industrialists, find Buff highly offensive. And some doctors, including Dr. Keith Morgan, head of the Appalachian Laboratories for Occupational Respiratory Diseases (ALFORD) at the University of West Virginia, and others who represent the conservative point of view, have stopped just short of calling him a charlatan. "I know they think I'm a nut," he says, "but I don't care."

But even his enemies agree that Buff is a genius at arousing crowds and organizing social crusades. Which means he is a specialist at propaganda overkill. In the style of all good zealots, he credits the enemy with no kindness or good intentions. Although most miners earn between $7,000 and $10,000 a year, he insists that the coal companies force them to "live in outhouses, like animals," and he discounts their income as a trap: "For $28 to $32 a day the companies are buying bodies. That's economic slavery."

Buff had been hacking away, trying to stir up public indignation over air pollution in and out of the mines for months, but without much success. Then came the Farmington mine explosion and death of the seventy-eight men, and he saw it as a chance to tie his crusade onto the tail of the kite. Starting with an attack on the indifference of the Bureau of Mines and of the UMW to all safety factors, he then focused on the dust aspect and stuck with it. Manipulating an explosion into a lung problem takes talent, but Buff has it.

Although he had never before met Dr. Rasmussen, and had met Dr. Wells only once, he recruited them to his platform within a matter of weeks, and the show was on the road. As they carried their circus successfully into the back roads areas, demanding that the miners and the newspapers wake up and view the problem in a new critical light, the medical establishment felt itself more and more on the defensive. If the miners were truly victims of bad diagnosis and indifference, the doctors of the area obviously must carry most of the blame. If autopsies had showed that 85 per cent of the miners were suffering from serious pneumoconiosis, as Buff claimed, why hadn't they spoken out years ago?

A Nice, Healthy Disease

Inevitably the establishment struck back. Several county medical societies passed resolutions insinuating that Buff, Rasmussen and Wells were unscientific rabble rousers and should be ignored. Dr. Roland Burns, who has represented coal companies in compensation cases—as have many of the leading physicians in the state—damned Buff for "spreading alarming publicity" with "exaggerative claims," aimed only at "inciting the coal miners." Burns and two other doctors persuaded the Cabell County Medical Society to pass a resolution which scoffed at the dangers of black lung, even judged black lung to be a healthy condition, and denounced the Buff-Rasmussen-Wells program as downright dangerous.

After dismissing the whole problem as nothing more than a traditional part of a coal miner's life (". . . retained dust in the lungs has been present in coal workers of the state of West Virginia for as long as coal has been mined"), the Cabell County Medical Society flatly stated that "a consensus of medical authority" considers "simple uncomplicated and uninfected Coal Worker's Pneumoconiosis a condition compatible with reasonable health and not associated with significant disabling diseases." Closing with an oblique charge of quackery on the part of Buff, Rasmussen and Wells, the society warned that "exaggerated claims not founded upon reproducible scientific medical facts can eventually produce harmful effects upon the coal worker. . . ." Since the three members of the circus were the only doctors making loud claims to the contrary, there was little doubt about whom the society was referring to.

This county medical society was not unusually panicky; in fact, its resolution pretty accurately reflected the opinion of most doctors in the state. But the most significant opposition came from the University of West Virginia and the U.S. Public Health Service, both at Morgantown, where most of the official research into the problem of miners' pulmonary diseases is supposed to be under way. Dr. Morgan, director of ALFORD, said of Buff: "I really don't think the man knows what 'black lung' is. I don't think he would recognize it if he saw it. He must think he's a knight in shining armor."

Involved here is an understandable rivalry. Until a few years ago the center of the U.S. Public Health Service's pulmonary studies in West Virginia was at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley and the leadership was in the hands of Rasmussen. Then Sen. Robert Byrd persuaded the federal government to shift the studies' headquarters to the university center. The motivation for the move was political but theoretically it was still a good idea since it would link the respiratory researchers more closely with the university medical school. The only trouble is, the research has never really got started.

Doctors at the university say privately that the Beckley research was "dedicated but inept." Buff and Rasmussen do not credit their rivals with being dedicated, but certainly accuse them of ineptness and a startling degree of sluggishness. As Buff puts it: "ALFORD has got $3.5 million from the federal government in three years and has examined only eighty-seven people. What they did the rest of the time, I don't know. The man who leads ALFORD, the people who head it, are pro-industry. The university itself is corporate-oriented. The ALFORD lab has done a great disservice to the coal miners."

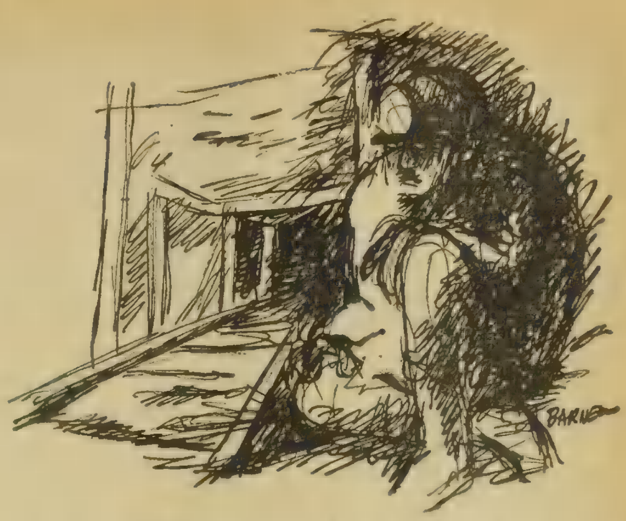
Matter of Proof

But the rivalry goes beyond name calling. The Buff-Rasmussen-Wells vs. ALFORD dispute embodies the crucial points on which the entire argument will ultimately turn. It is the argument over detection, over whether or not black lung must be seen on X-ray to be judged a compensable disease. The Buff clique says it does not have to be seen; ALFORD disagrees. Many millions of dollars ride on the outcome.

Even laymen can understand that it is not an easy issue to decide. Say a miner comes into the hospital because he is having trouble breathing, but his X-rays do not show the kind of massive fibrosis of the lungs that would unchallengeably indicate pneumoconiosis. Even when he is given basic respiratory tests nothing conclusive shows up. Yet you know the man is no slacker. You know he is a proud man who is not trying to cheat the state out of compensation money. He has worked in the mines, say, more than fifteen years and it would seem certain that the ailment now making him breathless is connected with that work. But you can point to absolutely no concrete evidence of it. So how would you, if you were a doctor, rule on his case?

Buff and Rasmussen and Wells would give the man a pension on the ground (or theory) that if no obstruction of the air passages in the lungs is detectable on X-ray, the obstruction must be in the blood passages of the lungs—obstruction of a nature that cannot, as yet, be detected by X-ray.

Rasmussen explains: "In any kind of lung disease you have a combination of blood vessel abnormalities and breathing passage abnormalities. In those miners I have studied who were significantly impaired, whose capacity to work has been way, way cut down, probably two-thirds of them have normal ability to blow air in and out through the lungs, but at the same time there is clear evidence of resistance to getting oxygen through to the blood. We are not sure how to explain these abnormalities. We can only say that something is wrong with the blood vessels in the lung. They must be diminished or obstructed or something, or we wouldn't get this change. We think it comes about from coal dust. Of course, without having a piece of the fellow's lung to look at, we couldn't rule out other diseases or blood clots."



Because the coal-blackened areas of the lungs do not tell a consistent tale on the X-rays, Buff, Rasmussen and Wells are further convinced that they are on the right track when they blame the blood vessels rather than the air passages. Some miners whose lungs show little damage are critically breathless, while others whose lungs are pictured on X-rays as being heavily clogged have no trouble breathing.

Several hundred autopsies have confirmed that many miners die of heart failure when coal dust clamps the small arteries in their lungs in a stiff, unyielding cast which eventually puts a critical load on their hearts. Few of these men had lungs which indicated a dangerous level of pneumoconiosis, but they had the disease.

Though these arguments as yet fall short of solidity, the counterproposals of the establishment doctors are still flimsier. Even such a respected physician as Charles Andrews, provost for health sciences at the University of West Virginia, claims that "most authorities feel that cigarette smoking is the most important factor" in the development of black lung. This weird opinion was topped only by the director of ALFORD, who is reported to have said privately that he never knew of a case of black lung except in a miner who smoked heavily.

Actually—as the most meager investigation would have shown these doctors—many miners stricken with black lung do not smoke at all and never have, some of them refraining because they are members of fundamentalist sects, common in West Virginia, which forbid smoking.

Diagnosis by Legislation

In any event, these were the two medical forces that came to the legislature this year: the Buff brigade who were willing to find proof of disease via a mixture of intelligent guesswork and science, and the university crowd which insisted the legislature could not logically go beyond Britain, which is twenty-five years ahead of the United States in its research and yet still requires X-ray proof of lung disease for compensation.

The attitude of the latter group was summed up in the statement of Dr. Andrews: "The idea of a person having coal pneumoconiosis without X-ray evidence is somewhat like a person having a common cold without a runny nose, without sneezing and without congestion of the nasal passages." The university doctors may or may not have offered more scientific testimony, but they most certainly offered what the coal operators want most of all —a reason to delay. With its present equipment and staff, ALFORD has been plodding along at the rate of two miners a week. It now proposes studies that could stretch out for five years.

If the West Virginia legislature had been allowed to decide between the Buff crowd and the university crowd, without interference or outside pressure, it undoubtedly would have sided with the argument for delay. But pressure and demagogy made the legislature swing against its normal inclinations—the pressure coming from the strike, the demagogy coming from the miners who paraded in and around the capitol with bogus coffins.

Having waited twenty-seven years since black lung was first officially identified by British scientists, the West Virginia miners decided they were in no mood to let university doctors play around any longer on behalf of the coal industry's pocketbook. Only four cases of pneumoconiosis had ever won workmen's compensation in the history of West Virginia, and one of these cases required a five-year court battle.

Aside from establishing the unique precedent of diagnosing disease by legislation, the black lung confrontation will have other far-reaching effects, both in the state and nationally. Most important, UMW officials will be forced to improve the humanitarian side of their activities. Is the UMW's Pension and Welfare Fund operated primarily for the good of the rank and file, or is it a slick, profit-making enterprise? The present dispute has again pushed that question into the national press, with some reporters puzzling over the fact that $67 million of the fund is kept in a non-interest account at a UMW-owned national bank in Washington. And why does the fund invest so heavily in the enemy camp—buying stock in utility companies and railroads and the like?

At the grass roots other criticisms are heard. Not long ago the Morgantown *Dominion-Post* noted editorially: "Not even the staunchest friend of the mine union can argue successfully that the UMW has an unblemished record in regard to the health needs of its members. In 1963 the UMW's Welfare and Pension Fund unceremoniously dumped the coal field hospital chain on which its miners depended for health care because the hospitals proved costly to operate. A few months earlier the Fund cancelled all welfare benefits of miners employed by operators who had failed to pay the union's 40 cents a ton royalty, thus punishing its own members rather than the offending operators."

It will doubtless be the unhappy fate of the fund that as these criticisms grow louder people will forget that, for all its present defects, the UMW changed the character of medical care throughout Appalachia. It used to be that miners going into a hospital had to take their own linens and had to depend on members of their family for nursing care at night, under conditions so horrible that no board-certified surgeon would think of stepping over the doorsill. The UMW hospitals changed the tone of an entire region. And if some miners were unfairly lopped off the medical program, the ones who remained shared the best group medical program in the country. But the UMW's health record has been riding on the fund's heroic beginnings for too long; now it will have to catch up or suffer in the headlines.

Profits and Politics

The UMW hierarchy may also be shaken out of the rut of pretending that the coal industry must be coddled through a treacherous economy. Fearing that the coal industry would collapse if the union didn't help it along, President John L. Lewis made a strangely close alliance with the owners in the early 1950s. It was an alliance that subsequently resulted in one conviction for illegal conspiracy to create a monopoly. Some officials of the UMW act as though the hard times of the 1950s are still with them and that industry still needs a helping hand. Nothing could be further from the truth. The electric utility industry, for example, depends on coal for half its energy, and predictions are that it will double its consumption every ten years. Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates, one of the larger coal producers, recently stated that "the industry has made a complete turn around in recent years and now looks forward to its greatest period of sustained growth in the next twenty years."

Some coal companies still pretend that if taxes are raised or if miners demand the installation of costly safety features, the industry will just have to close down or move its operations. So far this campaign has been successful in a poor state like West Virginia, where the industry enjoys a tax rate twice as low as tax experts say should be assessed. If the legislature forces safety standards, it may eventually work up the courage to force a tax increase.

Already the industry is hinting that one more strike for health may be the last straw. *The Wall Street Journal* of April 1 reported: "Some coal executives warn that further coalfield unrest could deal the heaviest blow to the coal industry since it lost the home heating market to oil. During the West Virginia strike, coal supplies fell to the danger point at several utilities, steel plants and other big users. With stockpiles severely depleted, and summer mine vacations coming, users aren't in a position to weather persistent coal strikes, coal executives say. One says more strikes could 'force utilities to consider alternative' fuels, such as atomic energy, natural gas or oil."

Except for the fact that the miners might take that yarn seriously and ease back, it's good for a laugh. In the first place, nearly all major power companies buy coal on long-term contracts, up to thirty-year contracts, and a strike or two isn't going to interrupt that program. Second, most of the big coal companies are either owned by big oil companies or are tied with them closely in interlocks; those smart oil operators aren't going to pull up stakes and waste their 3.2 trillion tons of extractable coal. The answer to these scare tactics was best expressed by a state Senator who asked, "Where else they going to mine West Virginia coal but in West Virginia?"

And the miners may even become politically conscious. Buff thinks they will. "I think there is going to be an entire change in the state. For the first time the ordinary coal miner is free. Now he knows what he can do when he joins with other miners. I think they'll hold together. Of course the politicians pray that they won't. The miners have vowed that twenty-nine of the thirty-four Senators won't come back. The House passed a satisfactory compensation bill and the Senate knifed it. The miners know who did it. They know every member who voted against it. Nowadays when they greet one another they'll say 'Senator so-and-so, he's not coming back.' That is a greeting, just as one says 'hello.' "

These signs of political life have made a number of the state's leaders more respectful. This includes Secretary of State John D. Rockefeller IV, the most promising politician in West Virginia. He's modest (despite the fact that he pays $23,000 out of his own pocket for a press aide) and smart and, until the black lung episode, he didn't have a smudge on his record. He has pushed election reforms, though not very radical ones, and he has shown what seemed to be a deep feeling for the plight of the hillbillies. But, like a lot of other politicians, he failed to interpret correctly what was happening in the ranks of coal miners. He attended some of their black lung meetings, but he really didn't think they meant what they said. So when the big push came, he was missing. If it is true, as one state Senator said, that "From now on the question will be, 'Where were you when the miners went out?' and anyone who doesn't have a good answer will be in trouble," then Rockefeller is in trouble, because he was home and he was silent.

However, it isn't likely that his popularity, which is impressive, has been permanently reduced. It only means that whereas before he had dodged the family stigma, now he must cope with it. To many residents of the state, he will always be thought of as a member of the family that holds a large share of Consolidation Coal Co., which owns the disaster mine at Farmington. Actually, the closest his family comes to owning that company is that the Rockefeller Foundation has about $20 million worth of stock in Continental Oil, which in turn controls Consolidation Coal. Those intricacies are hard to get across to the mass of men, who find it much easier to understand the insinuations of Buff: "Sometimes men are so rich they don't know what they own, and no matter how rich you are you never bite the hand that feeds you."

Already the miners are preparing more pressure and more demonstrations for the special session of the legislature in July. For one thing, some of them fear that the black lung legislation has too many loopholes or that it won't be administered honestly. Again, Buff is the spokesman for this point of view: "The law is window dressing. It is not even a halfway measure. Until you separate completely the domination of the coal operator over the state compensation commission you'll never get anything. The presumptive clause is a lot of words, and all it has done is create a lot of work for lawyers. We want the lawyers to get out of the compensation department. About 30 per cent of the money given out of the compensation department that's supposed to go to men, goes to lawyers."

So the fight goes on. As long as it does, there's hope for the miner; there's no hope if he sinks back into an apathetic acceptance of hard luck. Nonminers who wonder how so much conflict can be stirred up over merely some dust, may have a better idea from this description, by Dr. Kerr, of what dust means in a miner's life:

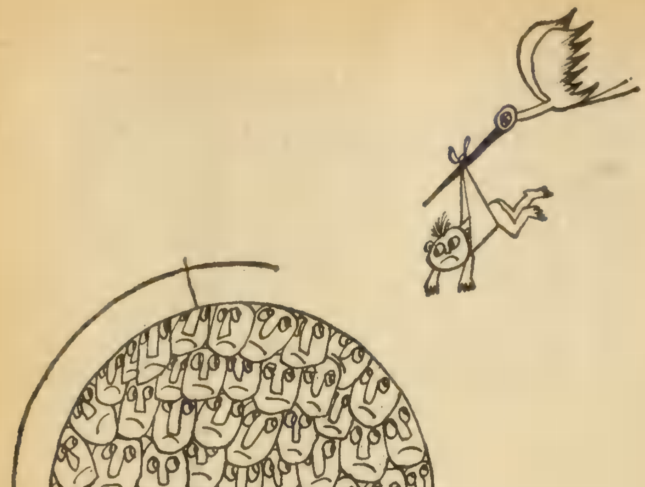
"At work you are covered with dust. It's in your hair, your clothes and your skin. The rims of your eyes are coated with it. It gets between your teeth and you swallow it. You suck so much of it into your lungs that until you die you never stop spitting up coal dust. Sometimes you cough so hard that you wonder if you have a lung left. Slowly you notice you are getting short of breath when you walk up a hill. Finally, just walking across the room at home is an effort."

THE BLACKS CRY GENOCIDE

RALPH Z. HALLOW
Mr. Hallow is an editorial writer for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Not long ago a family planning center in Cleveland was burned to the ground after militant Negroes had labeled its activities "black genocide." More recently, the antipoverty board of Pittsburgh became the first in the nation to vote down OEO appropriations to continue Planned Parenthood clinics in six of the city's eight poverty neighborhoods. The move resulted from intense pressure and threats of violence by blacks—all males—who have kept the genocide issue boiling since one of the clinics was threatened with fire bombing last fall. Although a coalition of women, black and white, has succeeded in rescuing the program, national officers of Planned Parenthood-World Population fear the Pittsburgh example may encourage black opponents to lay siege to similar programs in other cities. Organized opposition can be found in cities from California to New York, and summer could bring the violence which militant critics of the clinics have threatened.

Although concerted opposition to the Planned Parenthood Association (PPA) programs in the ghettos has centered in Pittsburgh, the issue has been gaining national currency through articles published in *Muhammad Speaks*, the newspaper of the Black Muslims. The author of the articles is Dr. Charles Greenlee, a respected black physician in Pittsburgh who first raised the issue nearly two years ago. Dr. Greenlee contends that the birth control information and "propaganda" of federally financed family planning programs are carried into the homes of poor blacks by "home visitors" and public assistance workers, who allegedly coerce indigent black women into



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visiting the clinics. Greenlee says, and welfare officials deny, that the intimidation takes the form of implicit or explicit threats that welfare payments will be cut off if the recipient has more children. Thus it is argued, the free clinics constitute "genocide," a conscious conspiracy by whites to effect a kind of Hitlerian solution to the "black problem" in the United States.

Dr. Greenlee's formula for leading his people out of white America's cul-de-sac is: black babies equal black votes equal Black Power. Recognizing this logic, he said recently on a local television panel discussion, the white power structure is using the neighborhood clinics to "decimate the black population in America within a generation." The Planned Parenthood national office sent a black representative to sit on the panel. The two top white executives of PPA in Pittsburgh decided their presence on the panel would only lend credence to Dr. Greenlee's charges. But, they point out, the neighborhood community action committees have representatives, including blacks, on the local PPA board.

Also arguing PPA's side of the question was Mrs. Frankie Pace, a resident of the city's largest black ghetto, the Hill District, where most of the "action" occurred during the civil disorders last April. Mrs. Pace believes that most black women in poor neighborhoods not only want the clinics but also desperately need such help because they are often ignorant of scientific methods of birth control. (Health department and welfare workers in nearly every U.S. city report that they still occasionally encounter indigent women who believe that urinating after intercourse prevents conception.)

The television panel illustrated the new alliances that have grown up over the "black genocide" issue. Seated next to Dr. Greenlee was Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, who for more than thirty years has enjoyed the reputation of being the liberal's liberal. Always a champion of the cause of labor and more recently of peace and an end to the war in Vietnam, he has nevertheless enunciated a position on birth control that is closer to that of the Vatican than to the more liberal one held by a significant number of priests and lay Catholics in America. He said during the panel discussion that the term "black genocide" is not too strong; for, he observed, it is "passing strange" that no clinics exist in the city's two mostly white poverty neighborhoods. Local PPA officials point out, however, that the predominantly Catholic populations in those neighborhoods have rejected the establishment of clinics in their communities.

PPA supporters also suggest it was no accident that William "Bouie" Haden was the only black leader to whom the Catholic diocese of Pittsburgh recently gave a $10,000 annual grant—to help run the United Movement for Progress, Haden's black self-help group. Haden, a fiery though not so young militant, was quick to pick up Dr. Greenlee's charges of "black genocide" and to force the temporary closing last summer of one of the clinics on his "turf," the city's Homewood-Brushton district. Although about seventy irate black women forced Haden to back off from the issue for a time, in early February he led the forces which, through skillful parliamentary maneuvering, got a divided and confused anti-poverty board to vote down an appropriation to continue the clinics. Although Haden's enemies flaunt his long criminal record, most observers recognize him as a sincere and effective leader who did much to keep Homewood-Brushton cool during the disorders last April.

In spite of his leadership abilities, Haden has only piecemeal support for his "black genocide" charges. Family planning supporters point out that it was the black women in the poverty neighborhoods who demanded that PPA set up a network of neighborhood clinics under the hegemony of the city's anti-poverty board. The women claimed that the PPA center in the downtown area was inaccessible to the indigent whose welfare allowances made no provision for baby-sitting fees and bus fares.

To complicate the issue still further, supporters of family planning programs in the ghettos include such eminent black men of the Left as Bayard Rustin and Dr. Nathan Wright, Jr., who was chairman of the Black Power conference. Writing on "Sexual Liberation" in the Newark *Star-Ledger*, Dr. Wright said the poor—both black and white—are discriminated against sexually and should seek the help of Planned Parenthood.

The term "family planning" is slightly euphemistic; except in the states where it is prohibited, birth control counseling is offered even to unmarried girls under 18, provided there is parental consent and usually if the girl has had one child. Women in the 15-to-19-year age group account for the highest percentage of illegitimate births (40.2 per cent for whites and 41.9 for blacks), according to U.S. Public Health Service figures for 1964.

Here again, defenders of birth control argue that the clinics help to alleviate one of the grossest hypocrisies practiced by our male-dominated legislatures. Lawmakers, they say, hand down so-called moral standards for American women in defiance of the sexual practices actually prevailing in the society. If young women from enlightened middle-class families are still undergoing unwanted pregnancies and are forced to seek expensive or dangerous abortions, how much worse must it be for the teen-age daughters of the indigent?

Everywhere the statistics are on the side of family planning—at least for those who view them in unideological terms. In New Orleans, for example, where the largest family planning program in the United States has been operating, an indigent female population of 26 per cent accounted for 56 per cent of all births, 88 per cent of illegitimate births and 72 per cent of stillbirths. Nationally, the infant mortality rate of blacks is twice that of whites. The United States ranks fifteenth in the world in infant mortality, and there is a surfeit of evidence relating the problem directly to poverty. A study by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare found that the most effective way to reduce infant mortality is to offer family planning. Finally, of the 5.3 million indigent women in the United States, only 850,000 receive family planning services, and only 30 per cent of those who do are nonwhite.

All this, however, means nothing to the black militant and his white allies who believe that Black Power and "poor" power (and the consequent redistribution of wealth they would bring) are threatened by free family planning clinics whose representatives actively seek out black women. Caught in the middle is the indigent American woman who wishes to have the same freedom to choose sex without conception that her middle-class counterpart enjoys.

REBELLION AS EDUCATION

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, professor of English at San Diego State College, is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.*

We need not be at one with current campus rebels to give them sympathy and support. Granted, their rhetoric often comes out raspy, their tactics Pyrrhic and their programs simplex. All decent citizens decry the rebel's arrogant dogmatism, even when it matches official obtuseness; all deplore calling policemen "pigs," even if they do behave bestially; and all disapprove of erratic violence, even if provoked by systematic force. At worst, we may be evoking the style of revolt that we as a society deserve. History can judge the quality of a civilization by its rebels as well as by its official heroes, and that may shame us. Though good Americans all, our rebels might, and perhaps will, learn to do better if they continue their education in rebellion.

Among their present limitations one must include the current curriculum of insurrection, which is not altogether of their choosing. They seem to be as much chosen by, victimized by, as choosers of such basic issues as subordination to the military-industrial order, the structural exclusion of minorities, and the fatuous ideologies of autocratic elites. These academic side-washes of a competitively bureaucratic, militarily aggressive and smugly unjust society rarely appear evident to those who never touch them. One must, as do our militant students, wade into attempts at change, or get splashed with typical American righteousness, to realize how rough and bitter can be our social and political waters.

But, goes the stock "liberal" retort, why should the campuses of higher education be the scenes for these rough confrontations? Why don't the deprived blacks assault the business and union leaders instead of the academic administrators; why don't the draftable young men fight the government instead of the campus police, or the leftist students attack the corporate offices instead of the university halls? Probably they would if they could. But because academic institutions half fraudulently claim to be sanctuaries from the worst aspects of this society, they become especially and justifiably vulnerable. Throughout history, revolutions have occurred more often among the half-free than among the fully oppressed. The minorities in our universities, including the few from the underclasses, the dissident middle-class students and the radical-intellectual teachers, are sufficiently well placed to revolt, though certainly not to carry out revolutionary action in the society at large. If much of this insurgency could move from the campuses and ghettos to the headquarters of power and the suburban shopping centers, this would already be a quite different society. We must understand, and critically support, dissent and protest and rebellion where we find them.

At this moment, they rightly arise in and against academic society. Ambitious efforts at higher education long ago claimed to go beyond antiquarianism and specialism to social pertinence. Now at last, in insurgency and disruption, the academies do become relevant. Student revolt as education may be epitomized in the remark of a young lady on an urban university campus: "I learned and felt more about American society in the few days of the student strike than in four years of taking courses." In our higher education it is an achievement to fuse, even briefly, social role and individual intelligence and feeling. Such responsive experience, rather than the sometimes *outré* styles and superrevolutionary mannerisms, should be the abrasive to bring out the grain of our responses. It takes rebellion, if not some official beatings, to learn many of the realities of our social order and civilization.

In and of itself, today's higher education demands its troubles and deserves its disruptions—most of which can only improve it. But even the rebellious only reluctantly learn this lesson. They, too, are compulsively entrapped in the American religiosity about education. When I taught in, and attended meetings with, the student administrators of a "free university," or listened to an SDS chapter I was advising on "university reform" (now Maoistically out of fashion), or joined debates in and on the "New Student Left," or discussed polemical targets with the editors of an "underground" newspaper, or sat through interminable quasi-therapeutic sessions of a "Student-Faculty Committee for Change," or chaired protest rallies, I often cringed at what most of the rebels thought was relevant and tough criticism of the Hired Learning. Classroom habit tempted me to rush to a blackboard and list satiric novels about academic absurdity for them to read, or to quote the lovely aphorisms, from Diogenes through Veblen to Goodman, of biting contempt for official education, or to start telling personal anecdotes of the pathology of half a dozen universities. Only as the rebels literally dramatize their yearnings for more authentic education do they discover the dishonesty and intransigence of the authorities, the selfishness and cowardice of much of the faculty, and the arbitrariness and falsity of much of academic life.

Many of the rebellious poignantly suffer shock from the lack of humane sympathy for their efforts and the righteous refusal of demands for adequate changes. Hence the increasingly disenchanted and belligerent styles of campus insurrection. Their liberal professors, the students discover, all too often provide melancholy confirmation of the usual truths about sophists, mandarins, clerics, technologues and other orthodox rationalizers. Baroque professorial ways hardly obscure the primary drive of the hirelings to self-perpetuation and self-justification. In answer to student complaints about the usual mediocre teaching and mendacious programs, my colleagues fall back on one or another appeal to "our scientific and humanistic traditions." It is disingenuous and comic, for tradition in America is like instant beverage: the bland result of a little synthetic dust and a lot of hot water. Academicians sound more sincere, I suppose, when they speak of defending from disruption universities as sanctuaries for the pursuit of truth and art and dissent in a hostile and corrupting society. Logically enough, rebellious students begin to wonder why they and their suppporters can't get amnesty, much less sanctuary, when the crunch comes. Rather more than the mainline faculties, the dissidents want to create autonomous places of order and joy within America's repressive fragmentation.

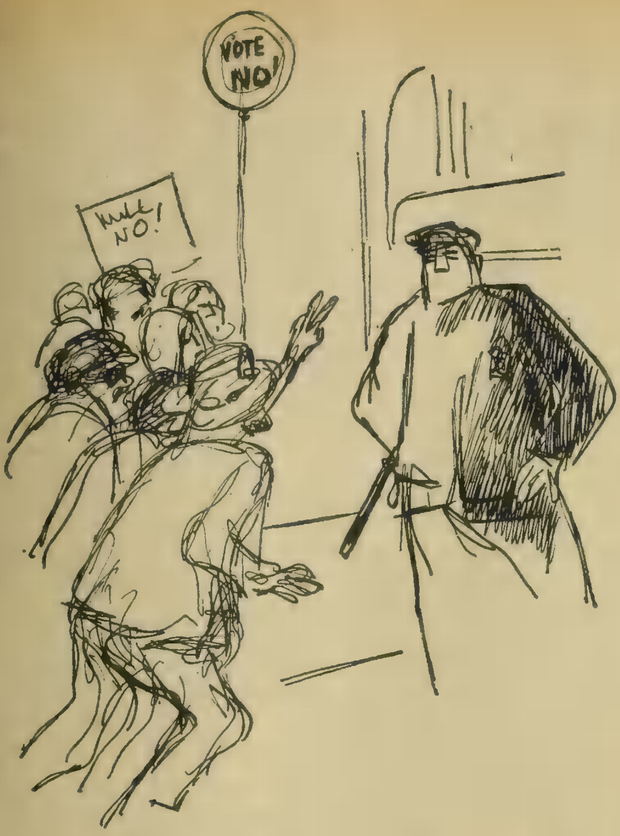
The aggrandizing of institutions of higher education within the past generation obscures for the rebels what restrictive places universities have been and continue to be. The real academic tradition is that of keeping out, or only tolerating, not only the poets and saints but most of the original and critical minds. Most significant intellectual and moral work remains peripheral to formalized education or in subversion of its orderings. Though academics claim large roles for their disciplines, they tend to operate as technicians of them, and even more so these days in a society that glorifies technique. To be concerned about authentic intellectual experience still, as always, includes assaulting traditional learned disciplines, accepted and honored views and official higher education.

The odds oppose most of the academic caste doing this barnyard labor. While professors currently confuse their trade with civilization itself, most vocally in the humanities, their narrow and fearful tones belie such pretensions. There is nothing mysterious about it. Academicians are the victims of one of the most elaborate processes for inculcating subservient responses: it takes about thirty years of formalized indenture, from nursery school through assistant professorship, to become a full member. Especially these days, selection is mostly by institutional conformity rather than by any autonomous achievement.

No wonder universities suffer from ornate law-and-order arbitrariness and that so many of their members feel threatened by any criticism and disruption. Next thing you know, someone will question academic hierarchy. Are most full professors (I am one) 100 to 500 per cent more competent and harder working than assistant professors? A joke! The percentages, except for salaries and similar prerogatives, usually run the other way. However, the spread in salaries has for some years been growing even faster than the excessive general increases in academic compensation. With justice, younger faculty tend resentfully to support rebellious students. And with good reason, much of the public suspects all of us of crass self-interest. The step-by-crawling fraudulence of licking and booting one's way up the crypto-military ranks—and up the crypto-theocratic path from the provincial animal farms to the "big twenty" zoos—takes a considerable human toll. Internal exploitation creates the proper atmosphere for internal rebellion.

From their captive clientele (students) through their indentured servants (teaching assistants) into their arbitrary hierarchy (professional as well as institutional) to their dubious packaging ("sciences" and "liberal" education), the universities illustrate, as much of American advertising and foreign policy illustrate, grievous mislabeling of an ideology of competitive aggrandizement. As might therefore be expected, academic hiring exhibits all the ethical delicacy of, say, real estate brokerage. Sycophantic salesmanship controls not only the acquiring of prestigious jobs, awards and publications but reaches right down to the often miserable junior colleges and their petty prerogatives. In the current expansion of higher education, the traditional elitist and paternal (master-protégé) placement system becomes a manipulation of "connections" and "professional" images. The appropriate morals and manners for all this racketeering help determine what happens in the classrooms—and, now, on the steps of the embattled administration buildings.

Behind the rhetoric of student rebels lies the awareness that when one speaks of a "power elite" or an "authoritarian bureaucracy" or "corporate liberalism," or more generally of competitive and exploitative and unjust order, one is not referring to something "out there" but to conditions right on campus. Even when the militant focus seems mainly political, as with "student power" struggles against "militarism" and "racism," it is also a protest against faculty subservience to such order. Because of



Barnell

decades of institutional indoctrination and corrupt recruitment and hierarchy and production, we hardly notice the lack of an autonomous community of scholars until the students rebel in its name. They teach us what we should be teaching them.

Most of us serve large, mediocre undergraduate state institutions. (Perhaps the problems presented by the "very best" colleges and universities would require a different emphasis but, having taught in several which claim such distinction, I doubt it.) In social function, these educational bureaucracies serve to indoctrinate what used to be called the lower-middle class, now relatively affluent, in the techniques and attitudes necessary for submissive service in the middle ranges of corporate and public bureaucracies. Split between the purposes and functions of the institutions and our claims to separate moral and intellectual values, we end nastily ambivalent. Only thus can one explain some of the weird and even hysterical faculty responses to rebellious demands for clear moral choices. It is hard altogether to blame dedicated little scholars, after years of institutional processing, for themselves becoming bureaucratic devices. At our best, I suppose, many of us secretly believe that we can provide some counter-education, some involvement, for example, in literature and thought, which will work against the restricted indoctrination which the students and schools officially pursue. We fall back on such wheezing rationalizations of our roles as staying neutrally "Socratic," i.e., playing question games as a substitute for a sustained view (and as a device to avoid class preparation). But methodological excuses only midwife the rebelliousness which justly threatens to put us down and out.

For most students these days, interesting educational experience comes in inverse proportion to what passes for a "professional" or scholarly (usually meaning a technical) emphasis. But, some of my colleagues will reply, that is because the students came to college for the wrong reasons. A better case might be made that their professors, employed in one of the more lavish industries, stay in universities for the wrong reasons. Students, of course, are drawn to campuses by all sorts of motives: to remain adolescent a while longer, to look for sex, to acquire a trade the slow way, to avoid the draft, to gain social status, to play games, to join the rebellious communities, or just because they have been drilled to believe they ought to be there. Probably many students should not at their age be involved in higher education, at least in the traditional scholarly and intellectual senses. A later time of life would be much better.

The resentment of many young students, who endure years of inappropriate academicism warps the universities into doing all sorts of anti-scholarly things and the students into rebellions which reveal an unpleasant anti-intellectual element. Those colleagues who piously assume that years of submission to bureaucratic education produces socially liberal and psychologically liberating benefits reveal themselves as quacks of educationism. College may well be a net loss for many, including some who don't disgustedly drop out or arbitrarily get pushed out. Students who don't develop some resistance and some confidence in their dissatisfaction, who don't autonomously turn hip or radical, must find the processing an anxiously competitive and morally degrading effort to become less truly responsive and integral human beings. Professorial self-interest has been used to deny these students both candor and compassion.

The colleges serve partly as custodial institutions for many who lack adequate place and role in an amorphously restrictive society. Periodically, those treated as inmates do naturally rebel. Professors are well paid for their institutionalization; students are not (though they should be) and therefore feel freer to express their discontent than do the custodians. As one finds in reading most of the apologies for higher education, the basic ideology glorifies the custodial separation of knowing and doing, of culture and living. Campus rebellions, no matter what the immediate generous "cause," must be partly understood as defiance of that moral schizophrenia, which the students vehemently attempt to bridge by moral activism and lashing out against custodial treatment.

Whatever many of my colleagues might claim in scholarly allegiances, their devotion to busy work, to arbitrary requirements, to competitive procedures, to specialist propaganda, to punitive grading and to professional-class decorum reveals them as primarily keepers. The horrendous processing—requirements, courses, tests, majors, minors, patterns, units, grades, averages, honors, etc.—is even more stupid than vicious. Even at its best it rests on the fallacy that repetitive accumulation is learning. Students, unless they take to conning the mechanism as most of their professors did, can Schweikishly soldier or collectively disrupt. The white students' current enthusiastic support for the black students' autonomous control of ethnic studies programs goes beyond racist guilt and political principle to tell us something of their own longings. That rebellious students also display notable disrepect for our "scholarly" justifications means that they see them, too, as just more of the processing. Rightly enough.

In my own field of "literary scholar-criticism," in which I'm sufficiently published to confess rather than complain sourly, most of the production is hobbyism: the overelaborate doctoring of texts, the compulsive collection of historical trivia, and the willful interpretation of interpretations. I don't mean to attack this hobbyism as such, for it is a pleasant pastime which merits gracious support; but it should not be confused with the need for responsive teaching and critical intelligence. Turned into professionalist ideology and institutional aggrandizement, however, scholarship provides trivial and inhumane molds for much of teaching and thinking, and deserves to be broken. Nor am I arguing for the reduction of faculties to mere pedagogues and intellectual scoutmasters, which often seems to be the position of the "anti-publication" faction in academic departments. (In some institutions these people protectively align themselves with the milder student rebels.) Actively cultivated and contentious people—those with something to say—should be recognized as a good in themselves. Given the lack of other harboring institutions in this society, they should be a major part of higher education, rather more so than the sinecured scholar-researchers and the bureaucratic technicians. Sartre once commented that to be a teacher was to be an intellectual monk. I don't care for the desexed metaphor but the quality of intellectual commitment may be hard to describe in a post-religious way. Certainly it provides a proper contrast to our hired education, in which business and bureaucratic production, if not racketeering, replace true vocation. A seasoning of critical intellectuals among teacher-students and student-teachers suggests the best possibilities for a community of learning and change.

Otherwise we can expect rebellions to increase against faculties as well as officials. In past years, campus revolt aimed mostly at the administrators, especially when they asserted parental and police powers. The super-janitors who now administer most academic institutions often deserve and incite rebellions. On good Jeffersonian principles, one can agree that there should be student disruptions of power every generation (academically, every four or five years). However, the old rebellions simply wanted to dethrone the administrations and then carry on much as before, like the liberal theologians who admit that God is dead but want to keep the old show going. Those rebellions of the middle sixties brought some changes, which now look extreme only in their moderation. But other failures appeared. The changes didn't develop community and autonomy in education, partly because it wasn't really allowed and partly because American capacities for full participation have been deeply eroded, not least by years of phony play-yard democracy in schools and other institutions. Fighting the administration does not create sufficient conditions for change, both because the universities are subordinate to the state and because the faculties are loaded with mediocre bureaucrats. The demands then enlarge. The style of rebellion exacerbates until it fractions the faculty and incites government and public. The education in rebellion has now reached the intermediate level at which both new styles of insurgency and increased repression may be expected. An end to it would require major internal changes in universities as well as a move to other arenas for the drastic contentions all too necessary in this society.

As the student *enragés* keep trying to tell us, intellectual commitment can no longer be kept separate from moral passion. Modern academic humanism long ago settled, though not very successfully it becomes evident, for freedom from interference rather than freedom for innovation. We regular academicians may be justly accused of denaturing the professor, who no longer professes anything but a supposedly neutral methodology and submissive ideology for technicians. That may no longer get by. Students should rebel against us as well as against the administrators and the power forces in the larger society. Almost any critical éclat in the academy becomes self-justifying as a means to break the narcissistic routines and institutional denaturing. It may well be true that nothing less than disruption, however messy, will bring most of us to the perplexity and passion of a larger reality.

Can the universities bear the disruption? More grandiloquently, can our liberal humanism endure such uncouth assaults? If the institutions are so brittle, and our culture so anemic, that they can maintain themselves only by huddling in fearful unchange behind massed troopers, then there is little to be lost and, as the militants chant, "Shut it down!"

No historical evidence suggests that a culture dominated by bureaucratized intellectuals retains much vitality in the long run. We dissident professors, also quite likely warped by decades of institutionalization and excessive engagement to official culture, must make conscious efforts to support the rebellions. That does not mean forgoing criticism: black demands sometimes contain a second-rate nationalism and chauvinism; New Leftism, especially some current trends in SDS, desperately moves into a doctrinaire abstraction of reality and a destructive super-militancy; such socio-cultural rebellions as hippiedom, though delightfully realizing in a dreary academic context what Fourier called the "butterfly instinct," contains a mindless mystagogy and cultism. Discrimination is our obligation, but it should be part of a continuing radical critique to achieve the disequilibrium that allows rebellion

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to surface and change to come about. Academic resistance may, and must at times, take forms other than overt rebellion. However, professors cannot claim privileged sanctuary from the essential struggles of the society of which they are all too obviously an exploitative part and dishonest parcel. Only when we resist do we truly teach, turning topsy-turvy accepted values and transforming ways of life. We cannot do this by playing professional hacks and academic custodians. Nor do we really profess any humanism or science by mainly channeling students into more bureaucratic education and corporate elites and the nondimensional sensibility of the hired learning for a counterfeit society. The most distasteful deceit of professors these days comes out in those who demand intellectual and social and political change, but always somewhere else. The overwhelming majority of liberal-radical academicians, and not least the Neo-Marxists, have come out against rebellions on campus. It is sheer hypocrisy. The current rebellions should educate us, not just the students, into seeing education as rebellion.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 522)

he finds ABM city defense unworkable and illogical and has opted for deployment at ICBM sites. (That the new "hard-point" defense is equally illogical and extremely dangerous is another point.)

Mr. Haaland's Moscow fantasy is a classic illustration of the maddening and perversely incomplete analyses that have been put forward by shelter enthusiasts since 1961. The shelters he describes would be incredibly costly (6 to 8 million people to be housed underground behind thick steel and concrete and to be fed and otherwise maintained for two weeks!). Even if these shelters could be built, how could the population of Moscow be moved into them in the twenty minutes between radar location of attacking ICBMs and their detonation? And if three such missiles would be enough to destroy all of Moscow (including, one assumes, all available transport vehicles in that city and on its waterways) how could the sheltered emerge and travel through the delightfully light radioactivity to a benign and welcoming countryside?

Incidentally, one wonders whether the news has reached Oak Ridge that nuclear explosions (including air bursts) have *thermal* effects. Mr. Haaland mentions only "shock and blast," but the fire storms that would be generated by the sort of assault he assumes would guarantee the total destruction not only of everything above the ground but of much below it.

As I suggested in my article, what is most perverse about the kind of thinking about the unthinkable done by Defense scientists and strategists is their blindness to elementary "second-order effects." In the present instance, and whether thinking about Moscow or New York after a thermonuclear assault, it is obvious that the sheltered survivors, if there were any sizable number of them, would soon be killing one another in the competition for very limited, and largely poisoned, above-ground food stores and in the competition for egress from a totally destroyed city piled high with festering corpses and rank with pestilence. . . .

In all, I can only feel grateful to Mr. Haaland for an unexpected boon. When I wrote of the intellectual dereliction of what passes for strategic analysis within our arms establishment, I hardly dared hope that a made-to-order illustration of my point would be so generously offered up for these pages. *Milton J. Rosenberg*

peace no panacea

Longview, Wash.

Dear Sirs: Your Mar. 24 editorial, "The Key Issue," was excellent. A reassessment of national and individual goals and priorities is certainly overdue. But as a member of the Socialist Labor Party I contend that it is an oversimplification to think that great results will follow from an assault on the military-industrial complex. . . .

Curtailment or even termination of the war offers no guarantee that the savings would be diverted to useful and peaceful pursuits. The military might assume, with an unfortunate amount of logic and history to back their assumption, that peace is merely an appropriate interlude for increasing arms spending for the next war.

Much of the trouble that afflicts this non-egalitarian country today . . . [is] directly traceable to the profit motive which is inherent in the outmoded capitalist system. Therefore, the SLP argument is for the replacement of capitalism by Marxian socialism. Our argument is against such diversionary procedures as trying to pull the feathers out of the military-industrial complex. *Henry R. Korman*

sordid ordeal

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: As one who has lived in and studied Haiti, may I congratulate you on Raymond Alcide Joseph's lucid, well-written and highly informative article, "Haiti: Ripe for the Marines?" [Mar. 31]. I doubt that any better piece on Haiti's ordeal under the sordid dictatorship of François Duvalier has appeared within the past four years.

As long as our government, however unobtrusively, continues its support of the Duvalier regime, we can expect a commensurate and ever increasing reaction of anti-Americanism from the Haitians who will count in the future.

The Haitian Coalition, and Mr. Joseph in particular, are doing this country and Haiti a service in keeping Duvalier's malefactions advertised and, more important, in holding out a progressive, centrist, non-Communist alternative alive for Haiti after nemesis finally catches up with Papa Doc.

R. D. Heinl, Jr.

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Huling, who was well known over a period of many years to readers, contributors and staff members of *The New Republic* and *The Nation*, died, after a long illness, on March 2, 1969.

Since no surviving members of her family were able to be here at the time of her death, friends made the necessary arrangements for her cremation and interment in the Huling family plot at Old Bennington, Vt., as directed by her in her last will and testament.

Most of her friends know of Betty's devotion to the island of Martha's Vineyard, where for many summers she passed perhaps the happiest times of her life. It is therefore proposed by the undersigned that there be created an Elizabeth Huling Fund in favor of Martha's Vineyard Hospital as a part of the already established Mayhew-Nevin Fund, which will go toward the endowment of a free bed for one year for indigent patients of the hospital. Checks or money orders should be made payable to the Elizabeth Huling Fund—Mayhew-Nevin Fund, and mailed to Martha's Vineyard Hospital, Oak Bluffs, Mass.

John Gude
Robert Hatch
Quincy Howe
Peter S. McGhee
Carey McWilliams
Thomas Whiteside

BOOKS & THE ARTS

William Blake and Nonviolence

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Mr. Sutherland teaches English at Colby College. He is the author of Mr. Spectator's London *(D. C. Heath).*

The poet William Blake wrestled all his life with a very modern dilemma: how to be true to both revolutionary and nonviolent ideals. He sympathized deeply with American and French revolutionaries, feared that their ideals would be subverted and betrayed by their violence, and lived to see his fears realized.

Many of Blake's words still speak directly to a modern world which seems to be caught in a series of vicious cycles of revolution and repression. I listened a year or two ago to what then seemed a surprising number of idealistic college students who spoke their minds at a panel discussion on Vietnam. Their innocent good will, and their incredulity at the limited vision of the militarists, made them sound almost as if they had come in response to Blake's appeal in his "Preface" to *Milton*: "Rouze up, O Young Men of the New Age! set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court & the University who would, if they could, for ever depress Mental & prolong Corporeal War. . . . believe Christ & his Apostles that there is a Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying. . . ." (It is ironic, yet indicative of the problem posed by the apparent inadequacy of nonviolent techniques, that some of these same students now admire as a romantic ideal the militant image of Che Guevara.)

Consider the extent to which the present situation of the United States is similar to the situation of England at the time of the American and French Revolutions. Our society is said to be dominated by members of an "establishment," many of whom, like Whig oligarchs, made their fortunes either from the vast trading companies of our commercial empire, or from a domestic economy dependably supported and subsidized by military contracts and foreign concessions. The powers of our President seem in many ways close to those of an 18th-century limited monarch like George III. England at the close of the 18th century was struggling to contain by force of arms dangerous "democratical" and "Jacobin" ideas; the United States is now struggling to contain dangerous "socialistic" and "Communist" ideas. The Communists, like the Jacobins, have adopted in many instances such violent means that they may have entirely betrayed their purportedly idealistic ends. American generals' use of conventional "big-war" tactics against the guerrilla opposition is uncomfortably reminiscent of the English redcoat generals' efforts to make formal European battlefield tactics work against American guerrillas. And so forth.

To the fearful, selfish ego—which Blake called the "spectre" in man—all revolutionary energy looks dangerous, and all liberal, humanistic hopes for peace seem mere cowardly delusions. Thus President Johnson and his advisers—ruled by their "spectres"—looked cynically and fearfully at revolution and threats of revolution in the Dominican Republic, Vietnam and elsewhere. Simultaneously, revolutionaries—ruled by their own "spectres"—feared that it would be sentimental foolishness to appeal nonviolently to their brothers, their oppressors. Both groups may have been right—and may still be right. Yet, in a stanza probably written a little after the turn of the 19th century, Blake had the courage to affirm:

Each man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his own Spectre into the Lake.

Throughout his adult life, Blake was suspicious of the efficacy of violence in revolutionary situations. He composed the ballad "Gwin, King of Norway" early in his career (probably in 1778—it was printed in 1783). The poem tells how a tyrant king, Gwin, is defeated in battle by the giant Gordred—the latter a symbolic figure of wrath roused from his slumbers by the cries and protests of the exploited common people:

"The land is desolate; our wives
"And children cry for bread;
"Arise, and pull the tyrant down!
"Let Gwin be humbled!"

In subsequent stanzas, great numbers of people are described as flocking to fight under the banner of Gordred. Others rally to Gwin's banner. The tone throughout is one of compassion for the people caught up and possessed by forces beyond their control. The poet-prophet sees no heroism on either side, only limitless suffering:

Earth smokes with blood, and groans, and shakes
To drink her children's gore,
A sea of blood; nor can the eye
See to the trembling shore!

Although the revolution is successful, and the tyrant overthrown, the ballad concludes with an image of flood, suggesting catastrophe, perhaps punishment—not triumph:

The river Dorman roll'd their blood
Into the northern sea,
Who mourn'd his sons, and overwhelm'd
The pleasant south country.

Blake's first reaction to the French Revolution was enthusiastically hopeful. In "A Song of Liberty" he wrote: "Shadows of Prophesy shiver along by the lakes and rivers, and mutter across the ocean: France, rend down thy dungeon!" In grimly amusing verses committed to the privacy of his notebook because of the fear of prosecution, he dramatized the hypocrisy of priest and king, and the cruelty of their god.

The he [*the king*] *swore a great and solemn oath*
"To kill the people I am loth
"But if they rebel, they must go to hell:
"They shall have a Priest & a passing bell."

Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belched & cough'd,
And said, "I love hanging & drawing & quartering
"Every bit as well as War & slaughtering.
"Damn praying & singing,
"Unless they bring in
"The blood of ten thousand by fighting or swinging."

At this time Blake seemed to attribute all lust for violence to the counter-revolutionaries, and to feel scornful of would-be moderates like Lafayette:

Fayette beheld the King & Queen
In tears & iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear,
And guarded them around.

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow.

Blake's attitude here is at least consistent. To pity kings (or *generalissimos* or shahs) more than their victims is indeed likely to lead to the selling out of opportunities to build that "great society" or "happy morrow" for which Lafayette and other liberals have struggled more or less sincerely. Nonetheless, kings, et al., are human, and doubtless deserve pity. And Blake was soon to find that he had much to reconsider as the revolution itself became more and more ruthless.

A later poem, one version of which is entitled "The Grey Monk," seems in part to be a reworking of "Gwin, King of Norway." The "grey monk" speaks for Blake, and (as David Erdman has demonstrated in *Blake: Prophet Against Empire*) the monk's plight allegorically represents Blake's fears after he was indicted for allegedly uttering treasonous sentiments. The stanzas which follow are from an expanded version in Blake's notebook:

> *"Seditious Monk," said Charlemaine,*
> *"The Glory of War thou condemnst in vain*
> *"And in thy Cell thou shalt ever dwell.*
> *"Rise, War, & bind him in his Cell!"*

Although Blake escaped conviction and literal imprisonment, Pitt's crusade against revolutionary France confined him to a larger cell. Subject to a warfare state, he could not travel abroad—as he greatly wished—to see the art treasures of Paris; and he was impoverished and alienated at home. Yet imperial England forced many of its superfluous subjects into far greater poverty and alienation than that of a marginally employed engraver and artist. Blake (or the grey monk) was tortured by the sounds of human suffering in the streets of London:

> *"My brother starv'd between two walls,*
> *"His children's cry my soul appalls:*
> *"But I mock'd at the wrack & griding chain,*
> *"My bent body mocks at their torturing pain."*

The relationship between this poem and "Gwin, King of Norway" becomes apparent as the grey monk goes on to explore the self-defeating nature of revolutionary violence:

> *"Thy father drew his sword in the north,*
> *"With his thousands strong he is marched forth,*
> *"Thy brother has armed himself in steel*
> *"To revenge the wrongs thy Children feel."*
>
> *"But vain the sword & vain the bow,*
> *"They never can work war's overthrow,*
> *"The Hermit's prayer & widow's tear*
> *"Alone can free the world from fear."*
>
> *"The hand of vengeance sought the bed*
> *"To which the purple tyrant fled;*
> *"The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head*
> *"And became a tyrant in his stead."*

In "Gwin, King of Norway," Gordred attempted to save the people from tyranny; in fact he led them to a meaningless, self-defeating blood bath. In "The Grey Monk" the cycle of revolution and reaction is completed, as the champion of the people is seen to be corrupted by the ruthless methods of war which brought him to power.

But since we have not yet, as a nation, abandoned belief that the vigorous use of "sword" and "bow" may provide a path to lasting peace, Blake's contention that only selfless love and pity can provide such a path may seem sentimental and unrealistic. Yet the "Hermit's prayer" and "widow's tear" *are* selfless, because both hermits and widows have (at least as symbols) abandoned all personal desires. Thus their prayers and tears are not only not weapons—they are not even techniques of aggressive nonviolence.

Next, the grey monk makes what seems to me a key suggestion in terms of our present predicament in Southeast Asia, and elsewhere:

> *"Unless the Tyrant himself relent,*
> *"The Tyrant who first the black bow bent,*
> *"Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain:*
> *"Resistance & war is the Tyrant's gain."*

The "black bow" is the weapon of "old Nobodaddy up aloft"—the conventional god of church and state; it is the musket carried by redcoat troops against American colonists; it is tanks in Budapest and Prague; it is helicopters and napalm in Vietnam. Blake's point is obvious, but deserves emphasis: we cannot expect the victims of imperialism to be the first to draw back from combat.

In subsequent stanzas, the grey monk discusses the possibilities of love and pity:

> *"But the Tear of Love & foregiveness sweet*
> *"And submission to death beneath his feet,*
> *"The tear shall melt the sword of steel,*
> *"And every wound it has made shall heal."*
>
> *"For the tear is an intellectual thing,*
> *"And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,*
> *"And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe*
> *"Is an arrow from the Almightie's bow."*

By the time he composed this poem (a few years after the turn of the century) Blake had lost most of his earlier high hopes for the French Revolution. He still wished to remain loyal to his revolutionary principles, yet he had come to believe that the Revolution had been betrayed by violent ideas as well as by violent deeds. In particular, he believed that those same *philosophes* and deists whose writings had helped bring on the struggle (and for whose work he had such instinctive sympathy) were at fault for trying to usher in an age of potential brotherhood by means of arguments conducive to violence and hatred, not love:

> *The wheel of Voltaire whirl'd on high.*
> *Gibbon aloud his lash does ply*
> *Charlemaine & his clouds of War*
> *Muster around the Polar Star.*
>
> *A Grecian Scoff is a wracking wheel*
> *The Roman pride is a sword of steel*
> *Glory & Victory a Phallic Whip. . . .*

Our present situation is at least partially parallel to that described in these lines. Some militant "liberals" are still in league with the modern Charlemagnes of the Pentagon. Others, disillusioned by the apparent failure of peaceful protest to significantly mitigate the plight of the Negro ghettos or end the war in Vietnam, seem to suggest that the only alternative to resistance is despair.

The word "Phallic" in the last line quoted above was first transcribed from Blake's notebook by David Erdman. His comment (in *Prophet Against Empire*) is illuminating: "From his earliest interest in kings as accusers of adultery Blake looked upon psychology as a phase of politics and upon politics as an acting-out of mental strife. He saw revolution freeing infinite desire. He saw the code of War & Lust perverting the phallus into a 'whip' of separation. . . ." Nowadays we have caught up with Blake on one point: we are accustomed to see-

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ing phallic symbolism in the weapons of war. It is interesting to reflect that some of the weapons of intellectual warfare may also represent a perversion of "phallic" energy.

Blake surely preferred "Mental" to "Corporeal War"; indeed, he affirms in the last stanza of the well-known song in the "Preface" to *Milton*:

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor will my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.

The problem, apparently, is to find mental weapons which will expand the perceptions and sympathies of men—not rouse their indignation, hatred and fear. Blake's weapon was his art. And, in spite of its initial failure to find a large public, it may yet make more impression on human history than the polemics of Voltaire and Gibbon.

He called his ideal city Jerusalem, and argued that it must be built on mutual human love and the continuous forgiveness of sins—or not at all. Unfortunately, the minds of most men still seem to work like that of the "perturbed Man" in Blake's last great prophetic poem, *Jerusalem*:

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark:
"Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!
"Seeking to keep my soul a victim of thy Love! which binds
"Man, the enemy of man, into deceitful friendships,
"Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:
"By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
"My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
"The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon
"Are mine: here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue.
"Humanity shall be no more, but war & princedom & victory!"

Blake also expressed, in "Auguries of Innocence," the deep natural antagonism between dreams of a great society and the realities of a warfare state:

The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air
Does to Rags the Heavens tear.
The Soldier, arm'd with Sword & Gun,
Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
. . . .
Nought can deform the Human Race
Like to the Armour's iron brace.

The second couplet, above, expresses the fundamental helplessness of military "power." If a man arm himself with "Sword & Gun," rocket and bomb, he can kill his neighbor and brutalize himself. However, he cannot repress the human energy which flares like "the Summer's Sun," perhaps constructively, perhaps—if opposed by violence—in violent revolution.

Blake's early, optimistic answer to the human predicament was that liberation would come through expanded consciousness—including sexual emancipation. He expressed it thus in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*:

> *. . . the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.*
>
> *This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.*
>
> *But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged. . . .*
>
> *If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.*
>
> *For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.*

The first part of this prophecy may remind readers of the famous conclusion to *Civilization and Its Discontents*, in which Freud acknowledges man's "dejection" and "apprehension" at the apparent ascendancy of the death wish in human affairs. Then he affirms: "And now it may be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly forces,' eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary." However, Freud foresaw no apocalypse. At most he hoped that mankind might partially redress the balance, yet continue to endure enough in the way of repression and deprivation to keep "civilization" going.

When Blake came to write *Jerusalem*, he turned his emphasis from sexual liberation and consciousness expansion to what he came to feel was the overwhelming need for mutual love and the continuous mutual forgiveness of sins:

" . . . . . . for Man is Love
"As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
"In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood."

True kindness, Blake believed, demands apparent sacrifice—a "little death"—from the selfish ego. However, he did not deceive himself as to how rare such kindness is. He described the exploitative and ego-building charity of the society around him in these terms:

"They mock at the Labourer's limbs: they mock at his starv'd Children:
"They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:
"They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:
"They reduce the Man to want, then give with pomp & ceremony."

Blake envisioned no alternative but to struggle on with art and argument—struggle through "Mental Fight" to enlarge men's sympathies and perceptions until they dare to love their own humanity and that of their fellows—until they can relish without guilt or fear the "soft, moony pleasure" of sexual love—until they can face the fierce fires of creativity, and the eternity from which these fires spring.

His radical, youthful recipe for apocalypse by "the improvement of sensual enjoyment" still appeals to the young who are challenging some of the taboos of sex. His subsequent vision of the delights of expanded consciousness in eternity does not betray his early libertarian principles. However, the vision is more complex, and seems to reflect a greater appreciation of the variety of human possibilities. In the following passage from the last plates of *Jerusalem*, the four basic aspects of the human psyche—the personified archetypes of reason, emotion, sensation and intuition (I simplify)—are reconciled at last in eternity:

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty in Visions
In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect,
Creating Space, Creating Time, according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination throughout all Three Regions immense
Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age. . . .
All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth, & Stone: all
Human Forms identified, living, going forth & returning wearied
Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days, & Hours; reposing,
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

This is a vision of mankind, as it were, "risen"—that is, sensitively aware of the unity of all life and the illusory nature of the ego—full of joy in action, artistic creativity, sensual pleasure, love and compassion for all living things. It is a vision of mankind at long last mature—sane and balanced—healed of all neuroses—hence gloriously aware and gloriously joyous and unafraid. It is a vision of the Millennium, and may seem to unregenerate readers entirely too fanciful to be of service in the emergencies which assault us in this fallen world from day to day.

But fancy can be transformed into fact too quickly in today's world for it to be safe to leave all far-out speculation to those practical people who are ruled entirely by their spectres. We must propose our own utopias, or our children may inhabit one of those interplanetary warfare infernos currently being designed by writers of science fiction.

View from the Crumpetty Tree

EDWARD LEAR: The Life of a Wanderer. *By Vivien Noakes. Houghton Mifflin Co. 359 pp. $8.95.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College at Hayward and the author of The Making of a Counter Culture, *to be published by Doubleday in September.*

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty
    Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from
    gay!"
        Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Like all good humorists, Edward Lear was not a happy man. An unwanted child whose rearing was left to a spinster sister (it was no wonder: he was one of twenty-one children his mother bore), physically repulsive (or so he regarded himself), guilt ridden by homosexual inclinations he could never understand or acknowledge (nor apparently ever put into practice), and the lifelong victim of severe epileptic seizures, Lear seemed from childhood marked out for an existence of solitude and secret suffering. Saddest of all, he was to waste the hope and substance of his days vainly pursuing the ideal of becoming a great painter, an ambition that was doubly pathetic: first of all because of Lear's own artistic limitations which would never allow him to become more than a nondescript landscape painter, but even more so because of the paltry standard of excellence that he, along with his society, chose to honor. The Victorian English may have produced a magnificent literature; but when it came to painting, it was the likes of John Millais and William Holman Hunt who monopolized their critical acclaim, deservedly forgotten academicians whose work rarely rose above the level of *The Saturday Evening Post* covers of the 1930s and 1940s and which, except for its frequently cloying religiosity, might still qualify for admission to Soviet galleries.

And yet, poor Lear! It was toward such mediocrity that he aspired, toiling away dutifully at one enormous, uninspired canvas after another, waiting in vain each year for a buyer to select his work from among the wretched hundreds in the Royal Academy's annual exhibition, enduring the condescending advice and instruction of more celebrated colleagues and then, inevitably, returning to the hack work at which he was forced to grind out his always meager living: lithograph illustrations for travel books and mass-produced water-color landscapes—precisely the sort of fill-in and background decoration that was, even in his own day, giving place to the photograph and the reproduced masterpiece. The most his work was ever to gain him in the way of prestigious recognition came early and passed rapidly when, still in his 30s, he was appointed drawing master to the young Queen Victoria. He provided her with twelve lessons, and thereafter whenever the Queen saw landscapes, she thought of Mr. Lear.

In her biography, Vivien Noakes has chosen to emphasize the nearly obsessive wanderlust which took the ever restive Lear away from England almost every year of his adult life—to Rome, to the Greek islands, to Egypt, to India. Clearly these endless arrivals and departures were for Lear a means of avoiding the anguish of close personal commitments, as well as a way to collect the material for his art. With the exception of a few affectionate but unfulfilled relationships with male traveling companions, Lear was never to gain a greater intimacy with anyone in his life than that of being house guest or host, dinner partner or casual visitor: forever the bird of passage, well liked by all, well known by none.

Miss Noakes has stitched together Lear's globe-trotting notes into a skillful narrative, managing to convey much of the adventure of an age that predates the packaged tour, when even the ordinary traveler was forced to rough it in his travels, arranging his own lodgings with peasants as he hiked the wilds of Arcadia, riding the Palestinian deserts camelback and bargaining with Arab bandits along the way, putting up for an overnight beside the Nile in the Temple of Isis.

But more important, she has drawn the pathos of Lear's life with great delicacy, allowing us to grasp the terrible estrangement that would allow this wounded spirit to confess its sorrows only by way of such comic riddles as the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo and the Dong with a Luminous Nose. Above all, she delineates the essential innocence of this man in whom, apparently, there never dwelt a single mean thought. It is little wonder that Lear was capable of such remarkable rapport with children, and found his highest success (though not one he sufficiently appreciated) in the nonsense literature he produced for them. Perhaps because his sexual gowth remained so stunted (sturdy Victorian that he was, he seems even to have regarded masturbation as an unthinkable vice), Lear never managed to "grow up" in many of the worst senses of the term. For he harbored none of the spites or envies, vindictive intrigues or embittered egotism that one might have expected in a man who had so crushingly failed in the grand designs of his life. Instead, as he grew old he became like a sensitive child, full of whimsy and tenderness.

The bleakest aspect of Lear's story surely lies in his failure to take proper pride in his own best talents. These include not only his now classic and still unsurpassed nonsense verse but also (and it is one point Miss Noakes neglects to emphasize) his superb cartooning. Art in the 19th century was far too lofty a vocation to admit the lowly cartoon into its province. Yet, Lear's brightly absurd little doodles preserve more vitality today than all the ponderous homilies of the Victorian genre painters. Nowadays we can only laugh *at* the lugubrious efforts of Ford Madox Brown, Augustus Leopold Egg and Alma-Tadema; but we can still laugh *with* Lear and his collection of bizarre beasties, loony birds, and frenetic homunculi. They might easily take their place beside the work of a Saul Steinberg in next week's edition of *The New Yorker*, or even—at their most

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Nonsense verse and cartooning: minor talents perhaps—but in Lear's hands, honest and enduring ones still capable of winning our respect in an age that has delved deeply into the absurdity of human existence only to find the terrors that hide beneath. Who among us, then, would be surprised to learn that the man who discovered the land where the Jumblies live also wrote, in one of his many spells of killing despair, "I have come to the conclusion that nobody ought ever to marry at all, & that no more people ought ever to be born, & so we should be gradually extinguished, & the world be left to triumphant chimpanzees, gorillas, cockroaches & crocodiles."

The English Way of Life

I WANT IT NOW. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. 255 pp. $5.75.*

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS. *By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown & Co. 244 pp. $4.95.*

THE SLEEP OF REASON. *By C. P. Snow. Charles Scribner's Sons. 483 pp. $6.95.*

SOMETHING TO ANSWER FOR. *By P. H. Newby. J. B. Lippincott Co. 285 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press) and is working on a book about the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

In his admirable study of the modern English and American novel Walter Allen writes that "the great theme [for English novelists] has been man's life in society; more precisely, the education of men and women, in the sense of their learning to distinguish, through their inescapable involvement in society, the true from the false both in themselves and in the world about them." Four recent works, different though they are in setting, range, style, tone and technique, not only fall within the broad field of Allen's critical vision but occupy a very special corner of it. For each is to some degree concerned with the question of responsibility: perhaps much less with the *ways* of being educated to the true and the false than with the increasing and obsessive *need* for it in a world grown (on a comparatively harmless level) crass, stodgy and hypocritical, and (on the more dangerous one) nihilistic and self-destructive.

Kingsley Amis' *I Want It Now*, a satire on the British and American Establishments, the rich, the television industry, and varieties of human- and subhumankind moves on the first of these levels.

The title is replete with innuendoes. What the hero, Ronnie Appleyard, wants is "fame and money with a giant's helping of sex thrown in," preferably accompanied by sensitivity, appreciation and understanding, peace of mind, altruism and humanity. In short—and in view of the name Appleyard wafting faint scents of symbolism—paradise now. Who would seek less or ask for more? Yet though we all know that love is really better than mere sex, happiness superior to fame, health dearer than money, and inner serenity alpine compared to weekly sessions with shrinks, we are also probably Faustian enough to choose the second half of the equation at the expense of the first.

That Ronnie gives over his ambitions and learns that "when you fall back into the ranks of the failed shits or amateur shits or incidental shits you start taking on responsibility for other people" is ambiguous even in terms of the fairy-tale finale. Like Lucky Jim he can remain an endearing fraud sniping at repugnant frauds, and like the rest of us unluckies await a *deus ex machina* to rescue him from the bores that plague, the media that stultify, the institutions that manipulate. But it may take more than a leap of faith to believe that Ronnie, beginning as a kind of Satan in the modern Eden of Success, can wind up like Adam, shuffling "arms about shoulders" with Eve toward a paradise regained. If the happy ending seems possible it is because pompousness, sham and self-aggrandizement are never pushed to the point of danger.

The Military Philosophers moves a little closer to this point of danger. The third novel in Anthony Powell's war trilogy (and the ninth in the grand design of "A Dance to the Music of Time" sequence) introduces us—in the words of one English reviewer—to a world of "secrecy, obsession and sorrow." As in all the novels from *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* on, tragic restraint and comic relief are held in delicate balance. But progressively the dance of life has been superseded by the dance of death, and in war, particularly, the men of (not necessarily good) will—as much as "the winged and naked greybeard" Time—are directing the antic steps danced to a dark passacaglia of human decline and fall.

In *The Military Philosophers* we are back under the "Rules and Discipline of War," drafted and administered by mandarins like Col. Kenneth Widmerpool who has almost monolithic authority, and whose responsibility is first to number one, then to "the big picture," and only incidentally to those over whom he commands life and death. It is more than gratuitous irony that Powell has Peter Templer tell hero-narrator Nicholas Jenkins early on: "A Military Assistant Secretary, like Kenneth, can have quite an influence on policy—in a sense on the whole course of the war—if he plays his hand well."

Obliquely, Powell foreshadows the novel's theme with one of its substantial images. The art of war is, for the military philosophers at the top, an intellectual game of bluff and gamble, and Widmerpool holds all the aces. Literally, too, Widmerpool's hands, "small, gnarled, with cracked nails," are everywhere: saluting, waving, shuffling, prodding, dialing, nudging the hand of fate and time. It was his signing of an order (in *The Soldier's Art*) that posted Charles Stringham to the Far East, and it is his "[putting] up a paper" here that strands Templer without supplies while aiding a leftist resistance movement that has ceased to interest the War Office. Two of the original quartet of schoolmates are now dead; and through one of those incredibly fertile Powellian ironies, Widmerpool, by marrying the appalling and highly sexual Pamela Flitton (Stringham's niece and quondam mistress of Templer), inherits Stringham's money. The man of power has evened old scores with the men of imagination.

Nick, of course, still endures, at times coolly distant and impartial, but always questioning, always fully and sadly human. He is as much hypnotized as horrified by the idiocy of bureaucracy, the cold-bloodedness and casuistry of the Widmerpools, the dehumanization of men at war, and the grimness of war itself. At the end of the war, he is no longer the person he once had been. To slough off his major's costume, "to give up the Stage [of war] and find something else to do" in peacetime demands that he outfit himself with a new dress and a new set of personal and social responsibilities. Under such circumstances perhaps this is all one can ask of any man.

I say "perhaps" because C. P. Snow, in his "Strangers and Brothers" series, obviously asks more: asks, in fact, that the story be true in the literal sense, asks that his heroes—the "new men"—not pay even a shilling for clothes that stamp them oddly but insulate themselves in the going social fabric or, lacking it, career nakedly toward madness, anarchy and the grave. Between Nick Jenkins and Lewis Eliot (Snow's narrator) lies the gulf between a David Copperfield or a "Marcel," say, and a social conscience. Whereas the character of Jenkins has dramatically advanced, that of Eliot has drastically receded, becoming nearly indistinct.

On its periphery *The Sleep of Reason* reflects the uneasiness accruing from such problems as the generation gap, student freedom and power politics in academe, and the general muddle of the welfare state; but its center concerns the sadistic slaying of a young boy by two Lesbians (a kind of parody or transcript of the moor murders), and long trial scenes which directly or indirectly explore the book's principal theme: man's historic, societal, personal, moral, even existential, responsibilities in a world that must be controlled by reason if the world is to survive. Put reason to sleep, let instinct run rampant, and we are plunged into the "aboriginal sea out of which we had all climbed. . . . The sleep of reason brings forth monsters."

Instinct in ascendancy over reason is in part the theme of P. H. Newby's fine novel, *Something To Answer For*, written at times in a highly textured poetic prose that never interferes with action often carried on at white heat. The protagonist, Jack Townrow, while hardly monstrous, is nevertheless something of a pariah, an incredibly inept, rootless, but sympathetic Artful Dodger who returns to Egypt shortly before the Suez crisis both to help and defraud the widow of an old friend, and ends as a man instead. Like other Newby settings, Port Said in 1956 is less realistic than mythic, at times reminiscent of Conrad's inscrutable sea- and landscapes or the even stranger fissures of Graham Greeneland.

Suspected of being a Jewish agent by the police and an Egyptian sympathizer by gun-running revolutionaries, involved in a painful love affair with the enigmatic Egyptian Jewess, Leah Strauss, and nearly shot by invading paratroopers—one of the best scenes in the book—Townrow inadvertently becomes a critical link on the chain of responsibilities connecting past, present and future.

As his "grip on reality" grows more and more tenuous, reason and caution are thrown to the winds, and he is left to shift as best he can by instinct alone. He realizes that you "can't answer for anything outside your own personal experience," but that "[remembering] experiences wrong you didn't count at all. You weren't human." Part scapegoat, part pawn in the movement of history, and part mover, Townrow is all too human. His quest for stability in a mad world, for identity and individuality—is he ex-Sergeant Townrow, or his aliases, Captain Ferris and Major Bray? or is he the imperfect anagram of one of his names: wornout?—is in a way everyone's search for self-knowledge, for an end to illusion and innocence, and finally for responsibility to oneself before (to reiterate Walter Allen's phrase) "inescapable involvement in society."

Indeed, if the societal code is wrong, why become involved at all? Townrow apparently doesn't. Alone, he takes to sea in a small boat, having "no option but [to] hang on and hope the dreaming would stop," protecting his "light," struck with a "damp match," against the wind. What Townrow learns, and what is learned through different means by Appleyard, Jenkins and Eliot, is nearly the same in the end. That a man must "decide, absolutely, to answer for himself" is not merely something, but perhaps the hardest thing.

Fun in Words

THE BODY. *By Michael Benedikt. Wesleyan University Press. 77 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

TIMOTHY BALAND

Mr. Baland is a poet and farmer from Wisconsin.

In Michael Benedikt's new book, sometimes the humor is playful and affectionate, bringing out the fun in things. One poem tries to figure out a symbol for a girl friend. He begins thinking it might be a tendril, and winds up declaring it "was actually something like hogwort/or liverwurst!"

Besides the humor, there are poems that move about on the edge of some hidden, spiritual life, making sudden thrusts down deep, but seldom staying long. The poem "Thoughts" goes:

Excuse me, isn't that you I see concealed underneath there
Inside the shield, or conning tower, of your head,
Your eyes looking out of the perforations in your flesh?
How can you think you can see from out of liquid, anyway?
Are rain puddles watching me even now,
And can ducts which punctuate the underground of a field
Examine it at will for buried treasure?
Is the rain outside
your window a voyeur, then? Deep down under all that, though,
Underneath the liquids and the various unobservant stuffs,
There is a spirit, shifting around from foot to foot.

To get to that spirit down there, "underneath," he proposes change. "Time passes/and all things that we love must change." Or in another poem, "I myself begin to feel that we must retire from our previous enthusiasms." But there is always a hesitation (thus the "must"), a feeling of "how do I go about it?" a sense of a long way left to go. He is determined to go on, yet Benedikt realizes that inward life will be hard to come by. "The Way Things Settle" ends:

Things are forming a configuration
That will be hard to break.

The poems in the book are not often moving. Instead, there is dissonance in them, aside-like remarks. The images come out of a fantastic geometry, the thoughts tilted to meet at jazzy angles. Preposterous lines float gaily off into space.

But the book has problems. There are nonsense poems, that don't work as joke poems or as oracles. "Some Litanies" goes on for four pages like this:

During the lapse of several years, during which I spent most
of my time in Barcelona, was the magazine published?

Yes.

During the lapse of several years, during which I spent most
of my time in Barcelona, was the magazine published?

No.

The Body also reveals an inability on Benedikt's part to describe simple scenes of ordinary life in a convincing, heartfelt way. Not many poems attempt this; "Observation Tower" does, and also "Some Old Men," which opens:

Nobody understands the reason for these indigent sweepers being here
And coming by every evening at the edge of Tuileries
Sweeping the garden with sweeping equipment of past days

The lines are awfully stiff!

Finally, we cannot take all the sporty, talkative, seemingly joyful poems at face value. The poem "Joy" consists of things done at moments of *restlessness*: going bicycling, helping others across streets, "kayaking at mid-Atlantic," etc. The poem describes activity to get rid of restlessness, rather than joy.

The strong thing about the book is Benedikt's imagination. There is a lot of outlandish, nervous stuff that, like Pop art, gets us nowhere. But there are also several poems where the imagination jumps about, and then suddenly leaps deeper. Most often, he heads into himself. "There I was at thirty/a blur on the horizon," is the ending to his Gemini poem. We can hope these downward, inward leaps show Michael Benedikt's true colors.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

If I am not mistaken, Lorraine Hansberry is the first American Negro playwright to have written an effective play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, about her people. It was a simple and thoroughly honest play in the naturalistic vein. She died in 1965 at the age of 34. Her husband, Robert Nemiroff, has composed a stage testimonial to her life and work which he calls, quoting a speech she made at the presentation of an award given to new Negro writers, *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*. The evening is comprised of excerpts from letters, public addresses, diaries and several scenes from her two produced plays, *A Raisin in the Sun* and *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* (about white and black folk in Greenwich Village) together with a brief passage from *Les Blancs*, a play to be given next season about African blacks, and one or two other theatre pieces with which I am not acquainted.

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To Be Young, Gifted and Black has been running at the Cherry Lane Theatre since January. I came to it belatedly, not merely because of the pressure of other duties but because I am reluctant to judge a writer from bits and pieces of her work, much of which do not fall into the category of "theatre" but of "readings." I am glad now that I did not miss it: it constitutes a touching event and provided me with a special insight into the signally honorable personality of its author.

Miss Hansberry's outstanding qualities are sweetness and balance, a healthy intelligence, a secure spirit. She is perceptive, dignified, clear. These are attributes rare in recent Negro writing. Much of the drama written nowadays either by blacks or by white champions of the black "cause" tends to be melodramatic, hysterical or grotesque. It is understandable, perhaps justified, but frequently self-defeating. Miss Hansberry's statements are not soft; they are firmly tempered. In a beautiful letter written in answer to one from a Southern white "fan," she says that the black people must do everything to create a normal situation for themselves by every means from prayer to violent activism in defense of their persons and rights.

She views the crisis of the black man in the white community (or in the community of colonial powers where the black majority dominates the white minority) in the broadest human and historical context. In a brief dialogue from *Les Blancs* the black leader says that it would be simple if he could hate all whites on the ground that they hate all blacks, but having seen how many white hegemonies brutally mistreat their own poor he has come to realize that they have no more love for the white population than for the black. Hansberry's feeling for all people is intimate, rational, compassionate. Because of this her "propaganda" takes on a special forcefulness.

Not all of the original cast is now appearing in *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*, but despite occasional overstress—more often for laughs than from conviction—the performances are good enough, and in the case of Stephen Strimpell better than that.

I appreciate another facet of the evening's experience. At one point the author acknowledges a debt to O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* as an influence on *Raisin in the Sun*. (A similar influence is that of Odets' *Awake and Sing* on Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*.) There is a kinship in the "melody" of these plays though the key is different. But they all aspire to the same end: an understanding embrace of our fellow men.

Maupassant's famous short story, "A Piece of String," has apparently inspired Alice Childress' *String* which opens "An Evening of One Acts" by the Negro Ensemble (St. Marks Playhouse). It is an agreeable piece but Ted Shine's *Contribution* is the best of the three. (The third play is *Mal Cochon* by Dominick Walcot.)

This tells of a black woman in her 70s who has served as a cook and maid-of-all-work to sundry Negro-hating "worthies" in a small Southern town. She is cherished by her employers because her behavior is always "exemplary" in its patient subservience. Her college graduate grandson Eugene, who has been educated in the North, returns home to take part in a sit-in demonstration at the opening of a new drugstore which the town blacks are determined to have "integrated."

At first, there seems to be no special tension in the situation apart from the anticipation of trouble with the sheriff and his cohorts. Eugene patronizes his kindly forebear, but is scornful of her passivity. He talks about the "generation gap." He is shocked when the old lady indulges in hip vocabulary, but this is nothing compared to the horrified astonishment that overcomes him when he learns that she has poisoned the corn bread she has baked for the sheriff, as years earlier she did away with a doctor, a genteel savage who refused to treat her sick husband. As the play ends she is off on a trip to Mississippi where she has been told the governor is being mean to the black citizens. She will bake bread for him too.

Contribution is very funny. Since its joke is the wrapping for an act of vengeance which appeals to us as a sadistic wish fulfillment of an almost infantile sort, it is a wonder that we can still enjoy it. In part, the wryly flippant writing does the trick, giving the piece a peculiar innocence like those cartoons which depict mayhem; but even more it is accomplished by the acting of Clarice Taylor whose gently acid tone, her unquestioning self-assurance that what she is doing is natural and right, creates in the viewer a sense of satisfaction and delight.

An Evening with Max Morath (Jan Hus Theatre) is a one-man exhibit of songs, quotations, anecdotes, colored photos about America at the turn of the century. To be more exact, the period covered runs from approximately 1890 to the mid-twenties.

It is a thoroughly pleasant little show; it is also history. Morath plays the piano well, furnishes appropriate commentary, and generally strikes the exactly fitting note of easy sportiness. His agate blue eyes, his sharp nose, reddish brown hair, shrewd friendly look and snappy suits make you feel that you are *there*.

And where is that? It is the time when the farm boy has become the city slicker and rejoices in his newly acquired dash. The cozy cracker-barrel comic has stepped out of the general store and rides merrily atwinkle on the Broadway electric car, blissfully aware that he is a big boy now amid blazing wonders.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

At his final concerts with the New York Philharmonic (April 3-7), Pierre Boulez directed performances of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Webern's Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6, that considerably surpassed most of his prior achievements with that orchestra. Indeed, no other performance of the Stravinsky classic that I have heard preserved such a consistent transparency of texture, so that all the metrical components of even the most complex pages (notably the *Cortège du Sage* near the end of Part I) came clean and the chord structures were clearly audible in even the most ostensibly percussive passages. When conducted in the usual fashion of flat-out brute force, a certain noisy, barbaric power is certain to emanate from the *Rite*, but its stature as a musical monument is certainly dependent on the kind of clarity that resulted from Boulez's careful attention to the exact character of the instrumental sound at every point.

The opposite pole of Boulez as conductor was, regrettably, equally visible during the four-week Philharmonic stint (I did not hear the Haydn-Bartók programs of March 20-24), most conspicuously in a metronomically featureless reading of Haydn's Symphony No. 91, almost devoid of attention to any harmonic, melodic or rhythmic event from beginning to end. That the orchestra played poorly here (as elsewhere during the series) did not account for this kind of deficiency; I do not know how often Boulez has conducted this symphony, but it certainly sounded as if only the time signature and the number of measures in each movement were of interest to him.

It is impossible for the outsider to speculate on some of the reasons for Boulez's varying success with his programs, although shrewd guesses about which works on each program had received the most rehearsal would probably turn out to be correct. Some works presumably "standard" in his repertory turned up in decidedly unkempt form: Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Winds* and Debussy's *Jeux* were perceptibly inferior to his recordings, and the Schoenberg Five Orchestral Pieces hardly matched his performance here four years ago with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; the Berg Violin Concerto suffered from a wayward soloist and was distinctly less successful than last fall's Grumiaux-Leinsdorf version. Hardly any of the music was "standard" in the repertory of the orchestra, which is probably the better for having renewed acquaintance, even if imperfectly, with what should by now be its bread and butter.

Even with allowance for these difficulties, the Philharmonic series and the "triple-threat" (composer-conductor-pianist) Boulez evening at Hunter College (March 7) tended to reinforce the impression of certain limitations. In his fully realized performances, the main stock in trade is rhythmic exactitude and sonic clarity, and for some music this is enough: where these categories define a work's major structural connections, the Boulez approach is likely to be successful. But where a high degree of point-to-point flexibility, particularly in such matters as agogic and stress accents, is necessary to define and structure the relationships among successive events, his readings tend to miss the point. In this respect, the Hunter College performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* was particularly instructive, for despite some inequalities in the ensemble it contrasted a transparent, generally neutral instrumental background with Bethany Beardslee's highly profiled *Sprechstimme*. (The use of Miss Beardslee, and of Judith Raskin to sing Ravel's Shéhérazade with the Philharmonic, constituted a welcome reversal of Boulez's notorious indifference to vocal standards, as evidenced by such past examples as the *Wozzeck* recording.) To insist on Boulez's limitations is not to detract from his very real achievements, including that

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of exposing rather large audiences to a significant quantity of 20th-century music, and doing this in a serious and thoroughly professional way.

Before leaving the subject of Boulez, I must mention the inaccurate and somewhat inflammatory interview that was carried by *The New York Times* after the Hunter concert. As a sociological document embodying some regrettably typical European attitudes about music in America, this could be considered merely curious, but as a source of information for the readers of the *Times* it had serious limitations. Since no letters of comment have been published by the newspaper (whose music correspondence columns are currently seized with the burning question of whether music in New York can survive Birgit Nilsson's curtailment of her Met season), it seems appropriate to comment here on some of the misapprehensions propagated by Boulez and/or his interlocutor. The statement that in 1945 Schoenberg's "influence was still limited to Vienna and Berlin" overlooks the fact that Schoenberg was then alive and well and living in California—and, not so incidentally, teaching and composing; it was, in fact, the works of Schoenberg's American period that exerted the most profound influence on serial composition in this country, while in Europe this music was hardly known before the Webern craze took over.

But then M. Boulez clearly doesn't think much of serial, or any other kind of composition over here: "They have no one in America as good as Hans Werner Henze, and that is not setting your sights very high." (It seems possible that a misquotation is involved here, for an interview in the Philharmonic program did include a mildly favorable remark about Elliott Carter.) Yet how can one take such an opinion seriously from a man who, a few lines earlier, has equated American composition for electronic instruments with "playing Bach on the computer"—which can only refer to the "Switched-On Bach" record, a phenomenon of the entertainment industry, not of the world of music? And this willingness to make judgments on the basis of faulty information extends to proclaiming a concert series as "the best in New York" even though he has never attended a single one of its concerts or the concerts of the other series that he denigrates by implication.

Many American musicians are conscious of deficiencies in our musical life, but they are unlikely to find Boulez's analysis of its defects very convincing in view of his misinformation about it. Unfortunately, most readers of the interview were probably not sufficiently informed to detect the evidence of his ignorance.

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

The two-headed monster you saw from your window yesterday—
Only a man carrying a boy on his shoulders.
When you saw them again today
It gobbled you up.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It puzzles me that Hollywood films of social comment like *Goodbye, Columbus* (or like *The Graduate* and *Pretty Poison*), which strive so hard for accuracy of detail and exactness of nuance, nevertheless come off the screen as Pop-art distortions of contemporary life. In part it may be the color, which is not used creatively, as in stage lighting, but is an approximation of natural hues just sufficiently awry to call persistent attention to its dyes. (The "color" in black and white films, supplied from the viewer's memory bank, is always superior to prismatic nature faking.)

But beyond that, I think, is a nervousness on the part of the proprietors that impels them to tick off their sociological data with the insistence of a television commercial making its sales points. *Goodbye, Columbus* seems to pause for an instant each time an item is scored, as though the director (Larry Peerce) had an ear cocked for the appropriate audience response. It is not a very obtrusive mannerism, but cumulatively it bends a dramatic performance toward a pitchman's demonstration.

In the dramatization of Philip Roth's story, the social medium is, of course, Jewish upward mobility and the items proliferate: Bennington is good but Radcliffe is better; food is for stuffing; rich women have golden hair and raucous voices; their daughters have their noses fixed; a proliferation of telephones is a sign of domestic elegance; men are wolves at work and slobs at home, and so on. Since the intent is satire within the "family," the signal flashers are, I think without exception, gently (and not always so gently) pejorative. Somewhat to my surprise, no mention was made of medicine as a prestigious career.

Much of this is funny, but much of it is self-conscious and gives the picture a case of the gulps. For all that, it is a much better than average movie. There is a lot of humanity in it and it is particularly well served by Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw in the poor boy-rich girl core of the story. Benjamin, playing what I assume to be Roth's alter ego, is quietly impressive as the bright, quick-witted but awkward young man who is fascinated, a little overawed and yearning toward a world he despises—and thus in the end more cruel than all those others he sees as the tramplers. *Goodbye, Columbus* is an adaptation of one of Roth's finest works, and much of the virtue comes through.

Moreover, the picture is evidence, I think, that anti-Semitism is at last behind us. Even five years ago, I would guess, it would have sent B'nai B'rith marching through the streets—now there seems no poison in it. Some day a similar picture will be made about the blacks, and we will know that another corner of tolerance and understanding has been turned. But not yet awhile.

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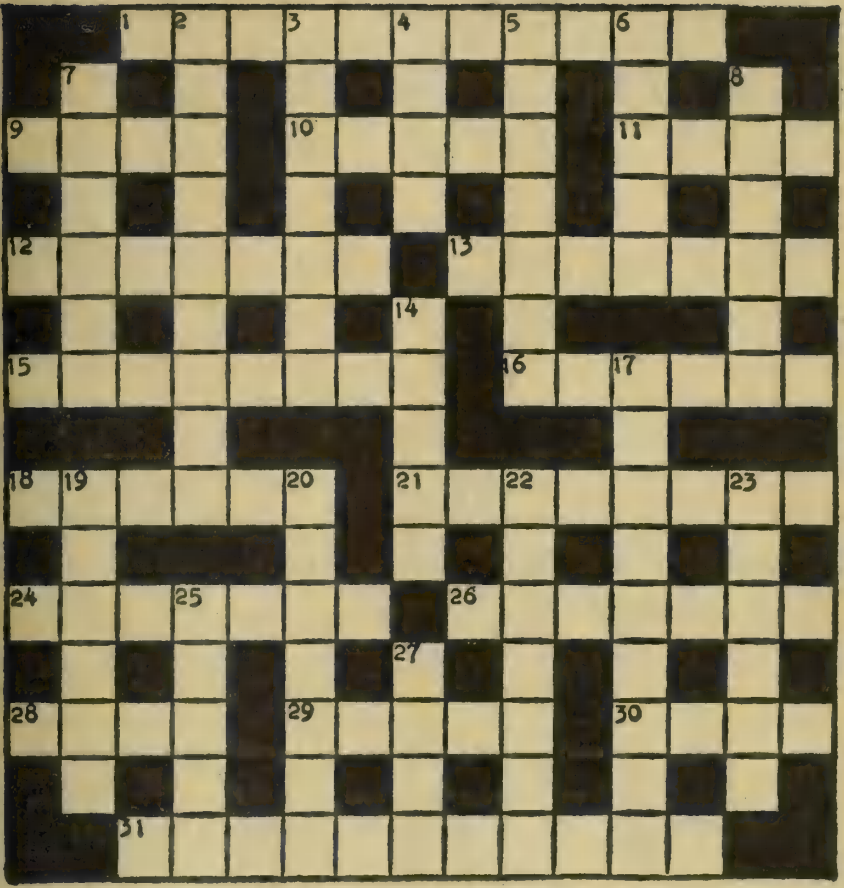
Crossword Puzzle No. 1295

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In entrances, one gets left with fencing, perhaps. (6,5)
9 It might be a liquid container in Delancy Street. (4)
10 and 28 One needs a little space to push aside part of the house. (5,4)
11 See 15 across
12 Nathan Bedford, perhaps, and how he used his pallet. (7)
13 See 7 down
15 and 11 across One might be 31 with it, but the left hands aren't necessarily boney. (8,4)
16 A number might require backing, and it's about time! (6)
18 Did something associated with love and honor? (6)
21 A whale of a story! (4,4)
24 Artists in the cabinet, perhaps. (7)
26 The fine points of military duty. (7)
28 See 10 across
29 and 17 down To bring things up, such as "What Linemen Are Supposed To Do"? (5,3,6)
30 See 25 down
31 The pitch might be foul! (11)

DOWN

2 Without pretense, a relative confusion at the big meeting? (9)
3 Too much of the type with [redacted] physical disorder? (7)
4 One might be all wrapped up in the head of 28 and half of 18. (4)
5 Studied intensively about us, with the force available. (7)
6 One the track of a snake? (5)
7 and 13 across How a fisherman or shepherd makes his living, one way or another? (2,4,2,5)
8 About a speck a long way off? (6)
14 One is bound to be on the other side. (5)
17 See 29 across
19 Legal argument pushed by many? (6)
20 One might find such things last. (7)
22 One might legally do it to his own car, but not someone else's. (5,2)
23 They have their points as South American money-makers. (6)
25 and 30 In two words, what George Wither hoped to find, or just females collectively? (9)
27 Barbarian New York, the morning after! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1294

ACROSS: 1 Motion pictures; 8 Stereophonic; 10 Straighten; 11 Eric; 13 Ensign; 16 Educated; 17 Revamp; 19 Lead; 20 Timekeeper; 22 Rededication; 23 Shopping center. DOWN: 1 My Sister Eileen; 2 To err is human; 3 Opening day; 4 and 14 Pop the question; 5 Closes up; 6 Unit; 7 Dancing partner; 9 Arrival point; 12 Asseverate; 15 Beriberi; 18 Sewing; 21 Reap.

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LETTERS

curious

Metairie, La.

DEAR SIRS: I wish to take exception to Robert Hatch's opinionated idiocies concerning Sjoman's *I Am Curious (Yellow)* [*The Nation*, Mar. 24]. He asks, rhetorically, it seems, "Are one's friends enigmas because one has never watched them in bed?" . . . But, in fact, presuming the sexual act to be the most important social action we are called upon to participate in . . . it may be possible that in a way, the answer to his question is yes—perhaps not literally, but given the above mentioned postulate might it not be impossible to fully know your friends without knowing their attitudes toward sex?

It is possible that the more important a role sex plays in a given individual's personality make-up, the greater the sexual knowledge which might be required in order to know that person. If we accept Hatch's rather dirty minded notion that Lena "is shown to be a nymphomaniac," then sex is presumably pretty important to her (and we know from Sjoman's diary that this latter idea was one of his intentions in making the film), and Mr. Hatch's argument loses its validity. Without showing sex, how are we to know, given the cinema as a visual medium, that Lena is sexually oriented? . . .

"I oppose showing it because it is not shown in real life," continues Hatch. I'd like to know his opinions on poisoning, fire-bomb raids, stabbing, Indian massacres, machine-gunning, or, if you like, taking baths, changing underwear, safe burglaries, or, to take another tack, flying chimney sweeps, dancing and singing poltergeists, and, perhaps best of all, humanly endowed Volkswagens (surely a contradiction in terms).

Is all that shown in real life? Surely Mr. Hatch jests. . . .

Dennis J. Cipnic

DEAR SIRS: I find I learn a good deal about my friends' attitudes toward sex from what they say to me; if Mr. Cipnic prefers to place his eye to a non-literal keyhole, that is ingenious of him. I don't know why he should call me dirty minded; probably because my review made him so cross. However, the suggestion that the only way to indicate that a character is "sexually oriented" is to show her actually coupling is too foolish to discuss. Has Mr. Cipnic been under the impression that Shakespeare's Cleopatra led a life of sexual abnegation?

As for the list of activities not usually seen in life, I have witnessed fire-bomb raids and machine-gunning in documentaries and would probably have similarly seen Indian massacres, if there had been any in my time. I can't say whether or not I've seen someone poisoned; how would you know unless the donor leered conspicuously? A safe burglary is a matter of opening a safe (which I have seen) under poor lighting conditions. I have seen a knife drawn in rage, but not plunged. Mixed bathing in the nude is not unknown to me, so I think I may say I have seen baths taken and underwear donned. The other items mentioned are matters of fantasy, which *I Am Curious* is not.

Robert Hatch

price

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: We were very pleased to see Joan Simon's review of *The Cry of Vietnam* by Thich Nhat Hanh in the Mar. 24 issue of *The Nation*.

I would like, however, to make one minor correction: the price of the cloth-bound edition is $5, not $4 as the review stated.

Alan Brilliant, Director, Unicorn Press

EDITORIALS

Tax Trade-Off

Ever shrewd, Mr. Nixon has submitted a tax proposal to the Congress which is in effect a double trade-off with a strong public relations flavor. It is worth analyzing, both for what it tells about the President's operating techniques and for its intrinsic importance.

Mr. Nixon definitely and specifically linked cutting in half, as of next January, the existing 10 per cent income tax surcharge with the repeal of the 7 per cent tax credit on business investment. He recommended the first only on condition that the Congress also enact the second. The neat feature of this linkage is that the tax receipts the government would lose in the 1970 fiscal year, beginning next July 1, as a result of reduction of the surcharge, would be almost exactly offset by the receipts it would gain from repeal of the investment tax credit. The reduction would amount to $1.9 billion, the gain to $1.8 billion, which is about as close as one can come in forecasts of this kind. If the Congress consents to Mr. Nixon's proposals without introducing changes of its own, the budget would remain unaffected.

There is also a poor-rich trade-off. The poor who pay taxes are to be relieved of part of their burden; the rich are not to be soaked, exactly, but those who now contribute nothing at all on large incomes, through income on tax-exempt bonds, for instance, or by taking advantage of other legal loopholes, are to be required to pay some tax. The effect will be morale lifting rather than bringing in large amounts of revenue, because relatively few millionaires are in the happy position of paying no income tax at all, or so little that they hardly feel the bite. The morale to be lifted is that of the medium-income taxpayer, who now scrutinizes his exemptions with the eye of a hungry chicken hawk, and even cheats a bit if he thinks he can get away with it. The manner in which the rich are to be gently mulcted is not spelled out in the President's message, but it may be by some disallowance of heretofore sacred depletion allowances, and the setting of a minimum tax for those with substantial incomes.

The poor are to be favored by a higher cutoff on net income. Some 2 million individuals or families would be relieved of liability entirely. Having no compensating exemptions, these taxpayers now pay what are substantial sums—for them—on small earnings. Examples cited by Eileen Shanahan in *The New York Times* (April 22) include young persons who on taxable income of $1,700 now pay $117 in federal income tax; married couples, such as students, with incomes of $2,300 who pay $100; these would be relieved of all liability. Similarly, the present $3,000 cutoff for a family of four would be raised to $3,500. The young, the elderly, the disadvantaged and the handicapped would benefit. And again the gains and losses to the federal government balance. The poverty-level earners would get an approximate $1.1 billion tax break; the proposed "minimum income tax" on large incomes might yield $1.2 billion.

What reveals Mr. Nixon's political astuteness is that it leaves unimpaired his claim to having achieved a budgetary surplus, and relieves him of the need to embark on some difficult and politically dangerous cuts in the budget. Nobody is going to be hurt very much, at least for the present. The 7 per cent investment credit, for instance, has been dear to the heart of the business community. It is argued that nothing has contributed more to prosperity and the ability of U.S. business to compete abroad. In the last six or eight years American business has invested almost $400 billion in new plant and equipment. But this inflationary influence must now be curbed and removal of the investment credit will curb it—but not abruptly. The credit will still apply to equipment ordered prior to the date of the Presidential message, nor will new investment be by any means completely choked off. If a company sees a sizable profit in putting new equipment into production, the loss of the tax credit will not discourage it.

The timing of Mr. Nixon's proposals may be wrong. The surtax is to be reduced by January 1970. Judging by the Administration's maneuvers in Vietnam, there is no assurance that the war will be over by then, or that the economy will not still be in an inflationary phase. Such a recommendation might better have been deferred till late fall. Moveover, the receipts from the surtax will be needed for backlog social programs, anti-poverty, etc. The developments of the coming summer, which may be hot despite the Administration's anti-crime measures, will be a factor in deciding whether this recommendation was wise. Of course, keeping the surtax and stopping the investment credit would have involved the kind of political uproar which Mr. Nixon deplores.

Mr. Nixon's only partially concealed hawkish tendencies also show up in his tax recommendations. He has done all this balancing and trading off with hardly more than a token cut in the military budget, which constitutes more than half of the total. The *Congressional Quarterly* estimated last year that the defense budget could be trimmed by at least $10.8 billion without diminishing the nation's defense capability. But to espouse any such course would bring down on the Presidential head the wrath of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Secretary of Defense Laird, the President's own choice for what is probably the most important job in the Cabinet. The President opted for an era of good feeling between the White House and the Pentagon.

The Mobile Poor

Once the President had put himself on record as wishing to give the taxpaying poor a break, it would seem that he was obligated to extend the solicitude of the federal government to the non-taxpaying poor at the bottom of the heap. And it happens that the obligation he thus assumed, perhaps unwittingly, synchronizes neatly with the Supreme Court's 6-to-3 decision outlawing state residency requirements for welfare benefits. Mitchell Ginsberg, director of New York City's Human Resources Agency and a brilliant technician in his field, hails the decision as "a major step forward in the rights of the poor." It is not an exaggeration and it will probably force the federal govern-

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ment to establish national and livable standards of welfare assistance.

In the decades when the country still had a frontier, the freedom of the poor to travel was regarded not only as a right but as a contribution to the national welfare. A man could always go West and carve a homestead for himself out of the wilderness. The modern counterpart, with some stretch of the imagination, is the corporation nomad who, with his family, color TV and other chattels, goes where advancement in the corporate hierarchy leads him—naturally at company expense. As the working-class phrase has it, he goes "to better himself." But if this is sound practice for the executive, why isn't it sound for the welfare recipient? The majority opinion by Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. states that it is "constitutionally impermissible" for a state to enforce a waiting period "for the purpose of inhibiting migration by needy persons into the state," in that this would inhibit the liberty of all citizens to travel for whatever lawful purpose, even if the purpose is to "better themselves" on welfare. This, obviously, makes welfare a national issue and will lead eventually to "federalization" of the program.

Welfare Secretary Finch estimates that invalidation of the residency laws will require additional payments of about $140 million. It will not, as some groundlessly fear, cause a pell-mell rush to states like New York, where urban benefits are relatively high. Since 1940, around 22 million Americans have moved off the land, but for the last two years the migration has subsided. Actually, the poor have not moved in very large numbers to enjoy the luxury of welfare; they have been driven out by the starvation promised them in the areas where once they worked the land. The gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual realization that their plight is a national responsibility, is one of the few good auguries to be discerned in present-day American society.

The Easy Job

To put it very bluntly, the war in Vietnam is worse than ever, and there seems no reason to believe—on the basis of the public record—that Washington has lost its desire for a military victory.

Having just returned from talks with the NLF and Hanoi delegations in Paris, I know nothing that a careful reader of the American press doesn't know: since November, General Abrams has been under orders to press the air and ground war in the South; this directive was repeated in February by Secretary Laird; American ground offensives increased from November through January, while those of "the other side" diminished; B-52 raids—hundreds, sometimes thousands, of tons per day—have rained on South Vietnam and Laos; American planes have often bombed *North* Vietnam since Mr. Nixon's inauguration, the excuse being that North Vietnamese antiaircraft guns impudently shoot down our reconnaissance aircraft. Finally, the recent enemy offensive, resulting in greatly increased American deaths, was explained by Ambassador Harriman as a response to American pressure, and not as attempts to "torpedo the talks."

Almost no one in Washington believes James Reston's recent inside scoop on Nixon's intent to withdraw, and few in Paris take seriously Secretary Rogers' claims of secret talks. All the evidence, the 10 per cent reduction notwithstanding, points to undiminished American ambition for a military or diplomatic victory.

The Vietnamese, however, continue to talk in historical, legal and moral terms: of their 2,000-year struggle against foreigners, of their betrayal at Geneva, and of the right of all peoples to independence. Madame Binh, Deputy Leader of the NLF delegation, pointed out to us that Americans have an *obligation*—in view of their own tradition—to support the NLF. When my wife and I expressed skepticism about the sympathies of Americans for contemporary revolutions, Madame Binh, rather wistfully we thought, added: "We have to believe in your good intentions—even if we are wrong."

Therefore it is painful for the Vietnamese to observe the maneuverings of Lodge, Bunker and Laird, who speak in manipulative metaphors of "force levels," "strengthening the Saigon government," "helping the ARVN shoulder the burden," and "token de-escalation."

When we left the NLF residence, I expressed to Madame Binh a common sentiment of many visitors from America to "the other side": the desperate inadequacy of the peace movement in the face of the decades of Vietnamese loss and suffering. "Ah, no, Professor Mirsky," she replied, "our job is the easy one. We have only 550,000 Americans in our country, and we know how to deal with them. But *you* have 200 million. . . ."

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Who Says It's Safe?

In view of the large numbers of scientists, engineers and administrators who have dedicated themselves to the development of nuclear weapons, it was inevitable that when testing in the atmosphere was banned in 1963, the Atomic Energy Commission would increase its activities underground. Underground explosions have in fact increased both in frequency and power, the latter rising into the megaton range.

The possibility that these tremendous explosions may involve risks to the civilian populations in the vicinity of the test sites came to the fore when, a few weeks ago, the Howard Hughes organization, which has bought up much of Las Vegas and vicinity, threatened to bring legal action to block tests of large-caliber bombs at the Nevada test site (see editorial, "Odds on the Croupier," *The Nation*, April 14). That there may be actual danger in such tests has been confirmed more recently by Dr. Kenneth S. Pitzer, president of Stanford University, formerly director of research for the AEC and until last January a member of the President's Science Advisory Committee. It would be difficult to find anyone less likely to take an alarmist view.

In a recent address before the American Chemical Society's 157th national meeting, where he received the Priestly medal, the society's highest award, Dr. Pitzer pointed out that both Nevada and the Aleutians (where

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a second AEC test site is projected) are active seismic regions. Further, two moderately large underground nuclear explosions at the Nevada site last year triggered a series of small earthquakes. What concerns Dr. Pitzer and parties at interest is that the next detonation might set off an earthquake severe enough to menace life and property.

Recognizing the possibility of trouble, the AEC recently sponsored a conference in Las Vegas on off-site safety precautions and issued a report which Dr. Pitzer terms "inadequate." The weakness is that the possible risks have been examined primarily in what Dr. Pitzer calls "closed circles, with the effective judgment rendered by officials committed to the test program," and with much of the relevant data classified. Other than the design of the weapons under test, there is no need for classification, and all data should be evaluated by experts not connected with the government agency. They should then be discussed with Congressmen, governors and other public officials, as well as the public, so that balanced judgments can be arrived at without suspicion as to conflict of interest.

In a broader survey, Dr. Pitzer observed that the dangers and difficulties arising from new technologies "are forcing us to abandon the laissez-faire viewpoint that the natural result of scientific discoveries will be desirable improvements in our conditions of life." He cited the proposed supersonic transport as an example. If this general caution had been heeded a few decades ago, we would not now find ourselves so deep in environmental difficulties.

Rolfe Humphries

It is fitting that Rolfe Humphries' latest book published before his death is a translation which superbly combines his scholarly gifts as a classicist with his love for the natural and contemporary—*The De Rerum Natura of Titus Lucretius Carus*, called in Humphries' translation, *The Way Things Are* (Indiana University Press). Between 1929 and 1965 he recorded his sense of the way things were for him in eight books of poetry, while also translating Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Martial and Garcia Lorca's "Poet in New York" and "Gypsy Ballads." Over the years, he wrote, taught and picked up more than the usual share of awards and fellowships. His long association with *The Nation* as a poet and reviewer reflects his charmingly diverse interests, from his 1937 review of Garcia Lorca's "Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter" to his 1967 review of three books on baseball and football. The last poem we received from him arrived with a characteristic note scrawled across the bottom of the page: "No excuse in the world for this, except the fatuous delight in one's own idiotic brand of humor." It appears on page 574 of this issue and will be included in a new collection of Humphries' poems to be published by Indiana in the fall.

Big Picture

It is a business axiom that big executives concern themselves with the big picture, leaving details to underlings. Let us, then, look at the scandalous housing situation in the cities—and spilling over into the suburbs—with this thought in mind.

The hideous mess in the City of New York was exposed once more, even more graphically, in a series by Donald Singleton in the *Daily News*, starting April 22. The *News* depends for its enormous circulation mainly on the working class and those of the poor who are able to afford a paper. They buy it even though it does not normally exert itself unduly on their behalf. But policy aside, the *News* is got out by some of the ablest journalists in the business (a few of them also contribute to *The Nation*), and Singleton's series is right up to its standards of force and clarity.

He starts off with the statement that New York is at the threshold of the greatest housing crisis ever seen in any modern Western city not wrecked by war. It affects not only the 8 million people in the city but also the millions in the suburbs. The poorest live in "crumbling tenements which equal the hovels of the Middle Ages," and even the relatively prosperous are squeezed by a shortage of decent housing and zooming rents. But, says Singleton, if the present situation is serious, the future is "absolutely terrifying." Residential housing is being built on an entirely inadequate scale and what there is of it is in the luxury class. The outlook is that people will be pitching tents in the streets and vacant lots, and squatting in empty apartments—and rioting.

Yet, walking about the financial district and midtown, one sees skyscrapers going up on block after block. Ada Louise Huxtable, the brilliant architecture critic of *The New York Times*, comments on this phenomenon in the April 21 issue. Oblivious of the housing crisis, the "space-hungry, cost-no-object corporations" are moving from one new, luxurious office building into another even newer and more luxurious. Such labor and materials as are left over go into luxury housing. In the line of housing amenities, whether for living or for working, the poor are getting poorer and the rich are getting richer.

The big picture is that, under our present arrangements, it cannot be otherwise. There just is no money in moderate-priced residential housing in the big cities; in the suburbs, also, builders are gravitating toward homes in the $40,000-and-up class, some of them second homes for people who own or rent luxury apartments in the city. The 1968 Federal Housing and Urban Development Act calls for 26 million new and rehabilitated housing units over the next ten years. These units are not being built. The program is a pipe dream, on which an able man like George Romney should not be wasting his time. It is a pipe dream because it depends, as Miss Huxtable writes, on "funds that are not available, construction techniques and practices that hold down productivity and a lobster quadrille of bureaucratic buck-passing from Federal, to state, to local levels."

In Europe the abolition of antiquated building codes and medieval union practices have achieved considerable success in solving housing crises as bad as ours. But the richest country in the world disdains such efforts. As long as business is business, and profit is the motivating force of construction, funds for housing will flow into commercial and luxury construction, where the returns are high and the risk low. As long as the motto is each for himself and the devil take the hindmost, the housing crisis can only grow worse. That is the big picture, and the refusal to look at it becomes increasingly perilous.

PANTHERS & TRIBESMEN

BLACK GUNS ON CAMPUS

RAY ROGERS

Mr. Rogers is a staff writer on the Los Angeles Times.

Los Angeles

In the black liberation movement, where relationships and alliances change from issue to issue, militant advocates of the seizure of power have literally fought and killed one another for control. Ideological imperatives may be claimed, but behind these is the fact that whoever controls this movement will participate in the direction of millions of dollars worth of black programs that are now being situated on college campuses everywhere in the country. And anyone, or any black nationalist organization for that matter, threatening to expose or interfere with this power move may expect to suffer dire consequences.

At UCLA, two of California's most militant factions—the Black Panther Party and Maulana Ron Karenga's US organization—were brought together in the choosing of a director for the school's newly founded Afro-American Studies Center. The leaders of the Black Students Union (BSU) had hoped that their presence would help "keep the school's administration honest." However, everyone overlooked one potential source of trouble: the Panthers and US have been archenemies for a long time. While the Panthers like to be known as super-black-revolutionaries, US, a tightly knit cultural nationalist organization, has demonstrated an ability to overwhelm if not usurp other black nationalist organizations. And as a result, Panthers John Jerome Huggins and Alprentice (Bunchy) Carter were shot to death by members of US.

During the weeks before the shooting, a good deal of anxiety had built up because a number of other "students" were toting guns around campus. Consequently, some leaders in the BSU thought it would be wise to invite a black "coalition" on campus to tranquilize the situation. This coalition consisted of local community leaders, in addition to a member of the UCLA faculty and Karenga himself. Some of the members were not completely awake to the urgent need for this coalition, and participated lethargically.

Consequently, Karenga and the coalition's organizers more and more controlled the direction of the group. It was supposed to be acting in an advisory capacity, but when it stepped into the situation, the coalition brought its own candidate for the job of director, and insisted that he was so highly qualified that he must be paid $23,000, the salary of a full professor, and several thousand dollars more than the school had expected to pay. The administration was disposed to hire the coalition's nominee, but negotiations hung fire on the matter of salary, Chancellor Charles Young feeling that the man did not have the academic credentials to warrant the sum asked.

While these talks were going on, some factions became highly suspicious of the coalition's motives for insisting that their candidate should get the job. It was suggested that through him the coalition expected to control the millions of dollars that would be directed into the program.

Huggins and Carter were UCLA students, as well as Panthers, and immensely popular on campus. They were loud in their opposition to the coalition nominee, and many black students sided with them. They were opposed by a minority who were adamant supporters of US. At a meeting off-campus, Karenga is purported to have told the students that if the administration did not accept the coalition's candidate, they should "investigate" the possibilities of "disrupting the school."

Meek in the face of this hostility, the students maintained that they should have more time to study other candidates. On top of their other suspicions, they doubted that the man being pushed was sufficiently "community conscious" for the job. As late as the day of the shooting, January 17, the students were still hassling over the qualifications they expected the director to possess. On a Campbell Hall bulletin board they had outlined these qualifications: "Academic: political science; Ph.D. Emotional (soul): student interest, community commitment."

Later in the day, a meeting agreed on these qualifications, and after it the students were filing out, laughing and talking. Then without warning the gunfire broke out and Huggins and Carter fell dead. After secret, two-day Los Angeles County grand jury hearings, tightly guarded and designed to eliminate any possibility of retaliation against witnesses, five high-ranking members of US were indicted on charges of conspiracy and murder of the two Panthers. The conspiracy charge stems from testimony that the assassinations were planned well in advance. Of the five men named in the grand jury indictment, the police so far have been successful in arresting only two, George (Ali Sultani) Stiner, and his brother, Larry (Sakia) Stiner. Larry, according to the police, had a bullet wound in his right shoulder when he surrendered to the police three days after the shooting, and it is believed that Carter pulled a gun and fired just before he was hit.

The fear that swept the campus after the shooting still hangs in the air. One young woman who was outspoken against the intrusion of Karenga and the coalition has had to change her address. At first the shooting stalled efforts to establish the Afro-American Studies Center, at a time when similar programs for other minorities were well on their way to becoming part of the university's American Cultures Institute for Research and Community Action.

Since the UCLA assassinations there have been several more shootings, one of which was almost fatal to another Panther. It has been established that US was also behind these attacks. Police say that they are hindered in their attempts to stop the assaults by interference from Mayor Yorty's staff. On several occasions this interference has come on the heels of a "good arrest," the US member being out of jail shortly after he was booked. The Stiner brothers were booked late last year for a $4,000 Santa Ana armed robbery, felonious assault and kidnap, but when the UCLA shooting occurred they were loose on $31,250 bail provided by a left-wing organization. On March 21, they were convicted of the Santa Ana charges and sentenced to from fifteen years to life.

If it is true that Yorty's office is solicitous of the welfare of US members, there are probably two reasons. Karenga is adamantly anti-Communist, as is the Mayor, and his organization, though not large (perhaps 200 members), is tightly disciplined and capable of providing Yorty with a political wedge into the black community. Karenga was known as Ron Everett when he graduated *cum laude* from UCLA a few years ago. He flirted for a time with the Muslims while employed by the county as a welfare case worker (there are Muslim overtones to his demands upon his followers for self-sacrificing and unquestioning loyalty, and in some of the cultural aspirations of his creed). Shortly after the 1965 Watts riots, US and Karenga won national attention with a *Life* cover story.

Although the Panthers have achieved much notoriety as perhaps the best armed black nationalist organization in America, police say that US is as formidable. Karenga, however, claims to deplore violence:

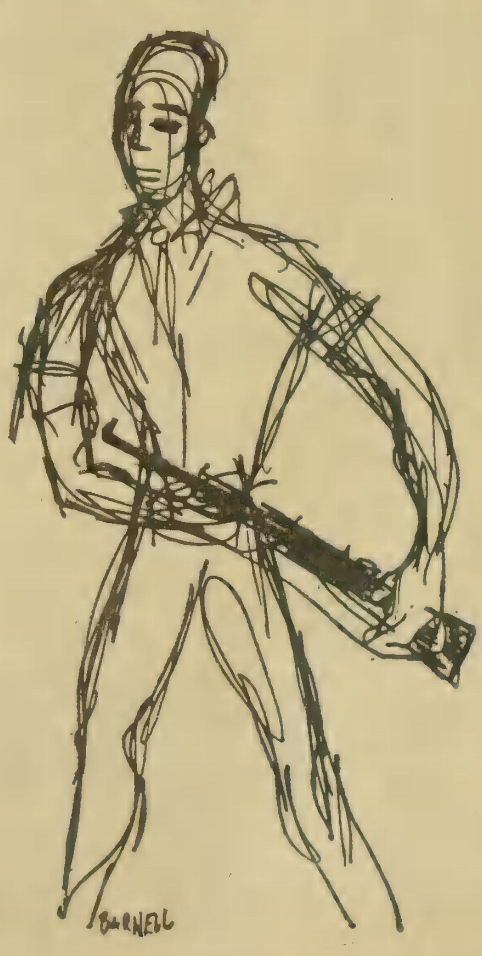
> Sometimes brothers get so hung up in the myth of revolution that they talk about bringing America to her knees, and they can't even wipe out one police station.
>
> A lot of brothers play revolutionary; they read a little Fanon, a little Mao and some Marx. Although this information is neoessary, it is not sufficient, for we must develop a new play of revolution for black people here in America.

US members are divided into "tribes" and given Swahili names. They are instructed to live by the tenets of *The Quotable Karenga* (their leader has also read a little Mao) which directs them along a "Path of Blackness," an alternative to the standards of the white society. "The sevenfold path of blackness is think black, talk black, act black, create black, buy black, vote black and live black."

(As for voting black, it was reported that during the weeks before the Los Angeles mayoral primary, Karenga was approached by a Yorty staff member and asked to support the Mayor over Thomas Bradley, a black candidate. Karenga turned him down.)

The first serious clash with the Panthers occurred in 1967 on a Los Angeles street. Guns were drawn but the somewhat mysterious confrontation ended without a major incident. The second clash was no mystery; it came about over a difference of strategy. During the planning of a fund-raising rally for Huey P. Newton at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, the Panthers insisted that the police should not be allowed in the building, since this would be an affront to the major figures in the black liberation movement who would be present—Stokely Carmichael, James Forman and Rap Brown, as well as Reies Tijerina of the Federal Alliance of Land Grants movement. Eldridge Cleaver, minister of Panther information, asked Karenga to intercede with the police on behalf of the Panthers, but Karenga refused. This made Cleaver and the Panthers angry. Apparently, they had been under the impression that they could get anything they wanted from any organization in the movement.

The next evening some 200 black people gathered in the basement of a Baptist church to hear Carmichael and Tijerina recite the plight of the black and brown peoples. While Carmichael, honorary prime minister of the Pan-



thers, was speaking, Karenga and some of his followers entered the auditorium. The Panthers bristled. A Panther official approached the stage and whispered something in Carmichael's ear. The speaker tried to brush aside the interference, but the man persisted. He took Carmichael by the arm and gently pulled him off the stage. Later, it was learned that the Panthers had refused to allow the meeting to proceed while Karenga and his lieutenants were in the auditorium.

There is no discernible difference of ideology or goals between these two organizations; the "sevenfold path of blackness" can be walked as readily by a Panther as by one of Karenga's tribesmen. Nor does either group have a solid footing in the black community, though both claim to be working for its good. So they are testing each other to see which shall seize the power, and they have the guns with which to make the tests terribly rigorous. As of now, neither the Panthers nor US (nor for that matter any other organization) has come up with satisfactory answers to all the existing problems. And until they settle the pecking order among themselves, they are not apt to provide them. Karenga, an articulate and eloquent man, says that black people must banish the white frame of reference from their minds because it excludes the concept of blackness. But that, clearly, is too simple a prescription for the social and political complexities of black liberation.

POWER OVER KNOWLEDGE

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

RONALD SAMPSON

Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is The Psychology of Power *(Pantheon).*

Bristol, England

When a culture betrays unmistakable signs of loss of confidence, it would be very odd if the universities were not swift to register symptoms of the change: they are after all the most significant organized seismographs of cultural tremors. The recent and continuing disturbances and unrest in the universities have reverberated through four continents, from San Francisco to Nairobi, from Tokyo to Rome, from New York to London, Paris and Prague. That the forms of protest, the dialectics of rebellion and repression and belated negotiation, should resemble one another is not surprising. What is striking is the resemblance of the causes of the unrest, as judged by analyses made in different countries. Compare, for example, the two following diagnoses, one summarized from a report in *Le Monde* during Paris' May days last year, the other from a *Fortune* magazine survey of student unrest in America, based on evidence collected from forty college campuses, published in January. For convenience of exposition I group the different issues under three separate if overlapping heads, the political, sociological and metaphysical.

Politically speaking, both American and French students were primarily incensed by the war in Vietnam and were militantly opposed to all forms of imperialism. Since the Americans, unlike the French, are directly involved in Vietnam, draft resistance and a belief in principled civil disobedience as a method have been specific features of the American scene. American hostility to what has traditionally been called "democratic politics" is matched by French hostility to organization as such. In sociological terms, both alike share a deep and conscious hostility to hierarchical structures of power and competitive institutions, beginning in the university itself with the classificatory examination system. While Americans are described as rejecting the authority of the "authorities" in universities, in business, in government, the French are seen to be essentially afraid of finding themselves caught up and absorbed in a struggle to climb the social ladder, fearful that they are predestined to fill a role assigned to them as *chiens de garde* of bourgeois society. The one thing all the American dissidents had in common was a total lack of interest in making money. Raised in affluence, they not only scorned the values on which wealth rested but saw in it the essential reason for the moral compromise or betrayal of the liberalism which the older generation ostensibly stood for. The Americans' hostility to war as such was particularly marked and comprehensive. More than half would refuse to go to war to protect the "national interest," "our allies," "our honor." As few as 14 per cent would be willing to go to war to honor existing commitments. While the French appear not so candid in public discussion in this highly sensitive area, there is no reason to suppose that dissident French youth are substantially more inclined to tolerate chauvinism than are their American counterparts. In psychological terms, while it was suggested that Americans are less inhibited and more difficult to intimidate, having been reared in liberal family households, where the mother no longer plays an aggressively dominant role vis-à-vis her son, the French emphasized a conscious dissatisfaction with the parent-child relationship in existing family mores, seeing the authoritarianism of teacher to pupil, of official to citizen as a reflection of the earlier pattern within the family.

These issues, which I have labeled the political and sociological, have been well ventilated in the press, although the discussion concerning hierarchical power and "anarchy" is often merely scathing and is rarely permitted to search below the surface. The third category of questions which comes up when student unrest is under the microscope—what I term the metaphysical—has received only the scantiest mention, partly, perhaps, because it does not lend itself so readily to journalistic treatment. Yet the issue is absolutely fundamental, and references to it, although sparse and fragmentary, persist. *Le Monde* lists as high among French student grievances anxiety about the curriculum, a preoccupation with what shall be taught and how, a widespread conviction that the claim of the sciences to objectivity will not withstand close scrutiny, that positivism as a philosophy is less than honest, that sociologists, claiming to speak of society without a political standpoint, claim the impossible and are thereby guilty of deceit. On the American side, though again the references are skimpy, the following significant suggestions have been thrown out as characteristic of student dissatisfactions: the belief that science rests on a degree of specialization that leads inevitably to the fragmentation and consequent distortion of reality, that science is pursued increasingly for ends which have become more and more divorced from genuine human needs, that the dominance of positivistic assumptions in both philosophy and literature has led to sterility, that in economics the positivist concept of "economic man" has twisted the science to suit the demands of capital, that positivism in psychology has produced a behaviorist methodology fruitful at best for the study of rats, hamsters and apes, but mutilating and severely inhibiting in its effects on the study of man.

What I wish to suggest here is that, while the political grievances have naturally been more urgent and have furnished an immediate motivation for the minority of activists, those militants and political sophisticates have been able to enlist a much wider, normally more docile, section of the student body, because of a deep-seated frustration and resentment mixed with confusion on the metaphysical issue. For it is that issue which not only determines the meaning the individual gives to his life but which also ultimately determines the shape of the academic curricula, the organization of knowledge, the choice of subject matter and the styles and methods of teaching.

Indeed in France that kind of concern would appear to have been uppermost in the minds of dissident students. The rebellion at Nantes was launched when students plastered the walls with notices attacking "psychology"; similarly at Nanterre the 22nd March Movement was initiated by students of social psychology who boycotted examinations and issued a leaflet, headed, "Why do we need sociologists?" Psychology was indicted at Nantes on the grounds that it systematically aims at subordinating individual behavior to false social values, specifically by conditioning the workers to consume trash and acquiesce in exploitation, and so to undermine their will to resist; and that many students are successfully taken in by a glamorous pseudo-scientific cloak, which conceals an assault upon liberty with intent to subvert the workers, and deliberately blurs the monstrous gap between the reality of the system and the immense creativity of human potential. Modern psychology, associated in particular with American sociological jargon, was explicitly rejected *in toto* in favor of the values of personal freedom, creativity, the "innocence of desire" and happiness.

The sociologists of Nanterre drew up a parallel indictment of the methods, concepts and fundamental aims of social psychology as now taught. Methodologically, the science rests on a false claim to impartial, value-free procedures; its techniques of investigation produce an excessive specialization whereby an organically unified reality is subjected to interdisciplinary fragmentation. The concepts of social psychology are primarily concerned with technical means of securing social adaptation and resolving social conflict. Similarly, political sociology concerns itself exclusively with man in his role as voter, as though existing electoral "choices" exhausted the available rational alternatives. The fundamental aims and unstated presuppositions of sociology are the acceptance of the present economic system as rational, the acceptance of its own role to help "rationalize" that system—without ever questioning its axioms or endangering its stability or its profits, now euphemistically referred to as "economic growth," and quietly substituting for the traditional class struggle a routine acceptance of struggle for personal status.

In short, student unrest reflects a fundamental questioning of and dissatisfaction with the very philosophy of knowledge on which the university as an institution is ultimately based. All human institutions, although limited by the physical environment and laws of the physical world, necessarily reflect, insofar as they are malleable, the existing condition of human consciousness. When the institutions show signs of breaking down and failing to meet elemental human needs, the inference will rapidly be drawn that the existing culture rests on a false condition of human consciousness. More and more people become aware of Blake's "mind-forged manacles." Since universities are by definition directly concerned with the critical review and dissemination of the ideas which determine consciousness, a cultural crisis is bound to express itself first and most dramatically in our society in the universities; and that is what is now happening.

Given the gravity and far-reaching nature of the crisis, it is odd that it has inspired so little literature. I know of only one attempt to examine the problem in any real depth in recent times, and that is Sir Walter Moberly's *The Crisis in the University*, published twenty years ago. Moberly presents an able statement of the problem, but the recommendations suffer from the fact that, while the author identifies himself as a "Christian," he resignedly accepts the reality that Christianity cannot form the metaphysical basis of a university in a decidedly post-Christian world. In short, Moberly is a liberal, believing not so much in Christianity as in tolerance, a value that is precious but itself susceptible of widely differing interpretations, and in any event not adequate to cope with a crisis of the present dimensions.

By far the most authoritative document that we possess in this field is John Henry Newman's *The Idea of a University,* originally published in 1852. After more than a century, it still towers above everything else that has been written in this field. For although Newman's religious insight may have been limited, partial, even esoteric, it was genuine at root and stemmed from the authentic religious tradition of the West. His was an exceptionally eloquent plea for freedom to study and teach, not in order to impart knowledge of a specialism or skill in a specific sphere but to enlarge understanding of the whole of reality and man's place within it. Reality was an ordered, unitary whole emanating from the creative will of its divine Author; and therefore the mind of man could receive illumination only by mastering, as well as some aspect of reality, some knowledge of its relations to other, associated aspects. Truth consists of a myriad of facts and their interrelations; knowledge is an apprehension of such facts and the conditions of their relatedness. All taken together constitute an integrated whole; but the human mind, though richly endowed, cannot assimilate the whole at a glance. We must view reality partially or under abstractions; and these one-sided, one-dimensional views, concerned more with relations than with things themselves, we call sciences.

The sciences by definition never tell us all that can be said about a thing. They aim rather to arrange and classify facts according to specific attributes relevant to a given context, to relate effects to causes, to subsume separate phenomena under general laws or hypotheses, wherewith to attempt predictions, susceptible to verification or at least repudiation. They aim to extend knowledge with a view to enlarging the possibilities of human control over otherwise random phenomena. In short, science has a common subject matter, which it views under many different aspects; its results are true so far as they go, but separate, partial, incomplete, dependent upon their interrelatedness with all the other aspects under which any given phenomenon may be viewed and examined by other similarly partial, one-sided scientists. To imagine that any single science can exhaust reality from its own viewpoint would be to create a new "reality" which would in fact be "a portentous unreality."

Newman designed this analysis of the role of science in the universe of knowledge to lead to the conclusion that no single science can be self-sufficient, but must take account of the findings of all the other sciences, pre-eminent among which, according to him, is theology or the science of God—an invisible, intelligent Being, absolutely distinct from the world but acting on and through it. His method of demonstration is the common one of reasoning by analogy. Supposing, he says, a professor were to construct a world of sciences from which psychology, or the entire realm of human volition, were to be excluded, on the ground that it was not a legitimate part of the corpus of knowledge. What a grotesque world would then appear as the object of knowledge! There is no suggestion that Newman was being consciously prophetic; rather his intent was to introduce an example so obviously outrageous as to permit our reason to follow by analogy the less obvious irrationality of excluding theology. The irony lies in the fact that Newman was describing as absurd hypothesis what a later generation was to grow accustomed to accepting as normal. Newman states the case for the absurdity of behaviorism so eloquently that it is worth quoting liberally from his argument:

> Let us imagine a project for organizing a system of scientific teaching, in which the agency of man in the material world cannot allowably be recognized, and may allowably be denied. Physical and mechanical causes are exclusively to be treated of; volition is a forbidden subject. A prospectus is put out, with a list of sciences . . . but not a word about the mind and its powers, except what is said in explanation of the omission . . . what sort of exactness or trustworthiness, what philosophical largeness, will attach to views formed in an intellectual atmosphere thus deprived of some of the constituent elements of daylight? . . . Here are professors . . . free to scoff at the action of the mind upon matter, or the claims of mutual justice and charity. Common sense and indeed public opinion set bounds at first to so intolerable a licence; yet as time goes on, an omission which was originally but a matter of expedience, commends itself to the reason; and at length a professor is found, more hardy than his brethren . . . who takes on him to deny psychology *in toto*, to pronounce the influence of mind in the visible world a superstition, and to account for every effect which is found in the world by the operation of physical causes. . . .
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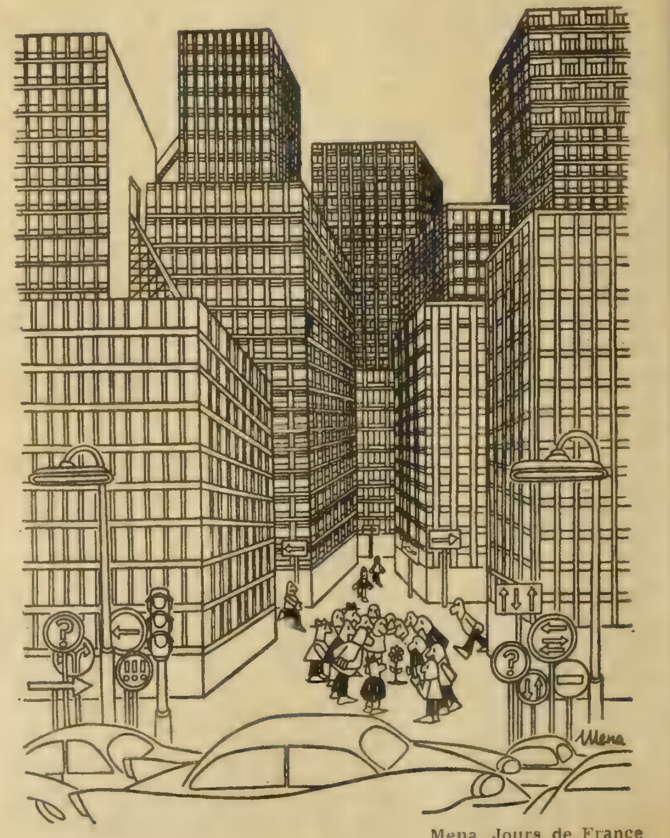
> Human exploits, human devices, human deeds, human productions, all that comes under scholastic terms of "genius" and "art," and the metaphysical ideas of "duty," "right" and "heroism," it is his office to contemplate all these merely in their place in the eternal system of physical cause and effect. . . .
>
> I do but say this: that, man existing, no University Professor, who had suppressed in physical lectures the idea of volition, who did not take volition for granted, could escape a one-sided, a radically false view of the things which he discussed; not indeed that his own definitions, principles, and laws would be wrong, or his abstract statements, but his considering his own study to be the key of everything that takes place on the face of the earth, and his passing over anthropology, this would be his error.

Prophetic as this passage proved to be, it is doubtful that Newman himself foresaw the rapidity with which such a contingency, invoked merely for the purposes of argument, would actually be realized. By the turn of the



Mena, Jours de France

century, the behaviorist revolution in what was still politely termed "psychology" was under way. In 1906, in an address delivered in honor of Thomas Huxley, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov stated: "Mankind will possess incalculable advantages and extraordinary control over human behavior when the scientific investigator will be able to subject his fellow men to the same external analysis as he would employ for any natural object and when the human mind will contemplate itself not from within but from without." The passage, short as it is, reveals the obsession which was to dominate academic psychology down to our time. Since science has demonstrated such formidable power in its investigation of the physical world, and if the only way whereby corresponding power can be obtained and exerted over the human world is to reduce human souls to the status of animate objects, then that must be done. The passion to predict, to control by means of laws induced from observed uniformities of behavior, dominates every other aspect of the quest for knowledge. Every other value yields before the inexhaustible craving for scientific status, prestige and power.

In the writings of John B. Watson, who if a lesser figure than Pavlov has exercised much influence in the West, the obsessive partiality of Pavlov to a single aspect of reality attained a new level of arrogance. All that was essentially human was ruthlessly discarded in an effort to master the laws of man's being, shrunk to the level of an organism, responding to external stimuli, the sole test of adequacy being that of a state of equilibrium with the environment. Watson was at pains to emphasize that the methods appropriate to the investigation of the birds of Tortugas were wholly adequate for the investigation of natives of Australian tribes and of educated Europeans. In the latter case, he conceded, several lifetimes might be necessary to conduct the research adequately, because the number of effective stimuli might be expected to be larger, the types of response more varied than in the case of the aborigines and still more than in the case of the birds. The information so acquired would no doubt be correct, but what are we to say in the presence of a brashness that concocts so portentous an unreality? As Newman anticipated: "I say, it would not be his science which was untrue, but his so-called knowledge which was unreal." Such a teacher would be "no longer a teacher of liberal knowledge, but a narrow-minded bigot." But bigoted or not, unreal or not, this is the established tradition which constitutes the core of our academic psychological teaching, while Freud with his immense wealth of insight into the whole realm of human fear, repression, censorship and inhibition, with consequences of incalculable importance to mankind, remains studiously and deliberately neglected outside a comparatively small number of private or specialist institutions.

When one turns from psychology to social psychology or sociology, the story is essentially the same. Science, purporting to be value-free, seeks knowledge of a kind which will enable it to classify and predict, in short, to enlarge the area of control, and thus give power. Since the spiritual life of man is immaterial, immeasurable, nonempirical, spontaneous and free, it is not susceptible to such treatment and is therefore declared to fall outside the proper scope of the science in question. The subject matter left to sociology is that capable of comparative measurement, namely the external behavior of men. Sociology is a behavioral science, dedicated to the enlargement of the sphere of possible behavioral control. Because that is all that science can do, it is taken for granted that that is what we ought to do. As a result, sociology, in common with positivist philosophy, ignores questions of right or wrong as such. Displaying the "modesty" of science, it confines itself to the "facts." It is accordingly preoccupied with the actual behavior of men, with their actual institutions, status relations, class loyalties, hierarchical roles, voting patterns, consumer choices and so forth. And it follows that we implicitly accept as a criterion of significance the actual practices of the majority of men. "Values" are studied purely descriptively or statistically; while the content discovered to be comparatively stable in a given culture is referred to as "the normative order." And this, scientifically speaking, is the only way that we can discuss values. The normative order is what actually obtains over a wide area at a given time. God's "normative order" is simply a dimension that does not exist. A few scientists, a declining minority, might still shrink from so direct and explicit an avowal. For reasons of prudence or caution, they sometimes suggest that they are not theologians, that *qua* scientists they are not competent to pronounce upon such questions as "absolute values." But their practice affirms their genuine belief that God, if He ever did exist, does so no longer; that God was abolished when man entered upon the positivist stage of his evolution.

My metaphysical presuppositions in this essay are very simple, and may be stated in the form of a familiar antithesis: The kingdom of this world is the kingdom of power, whereas the kingdom of God is animated solely by love. It is, accordingly, the duty of each of us to do what he can to transform the former into the latter. My concern here is not to argue this fundamental metaphysical issue but to take an example of how it is treated by contemporary value-free social science. I accordingly turned to a recent work by a leading sociologist, Prof. Talcott Parsons, who has chapters entitled "On the Concept of Political Power" and on "Christianity." The following brief quotes must suffice to indicate the style of treatment. Power is defined: "Power then is generalized capacity to secure the performance of binding obligations by units in a system of collective organization when the obligations are legitimized with reference to their bearing on collective goals and where in case of recalcitrance there is a presumption of enforcement by negative situational sanctions—whatever the actual agency of that enforcement." When rendered into plain English, this might be supposed to mean: "Power means being compelled to do what you ought to do by those who also define what you ought to do." But we would be mistaken if we supposed this to be the meaning, for the author continues: "It will be noted that I have used the conceptions of generalization and of legitimation in defining power. . . . By my definition securing compliance with a wish, whether it be defined as an obligation of the object or not, simply by threat of superior force, is not an exercise of power." (*Sociological Theory and*

Modern Society, 1967, p. 308.) In short, if someone by pointing a loaded gun at your head simply compels you to "stand and deliver," this is not an instance of "power." In this way, the reader is thrown into a state of mystification and confusion at the very outset of the discussion. The ordinary everyday logic of common sense is stood on its head, and the whole crucial question of what, if anything, can legitimize power, is begged. And it is difficult to believe that that was not the actual intention.

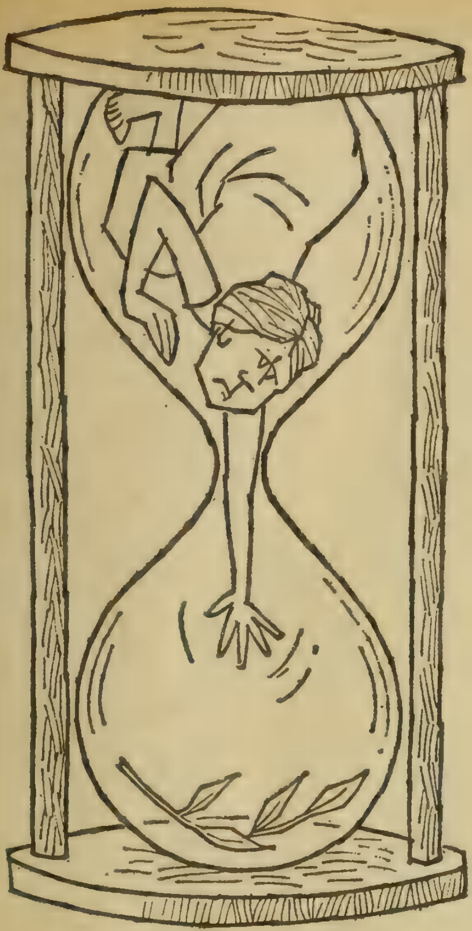
Turning to the discussion of Christianity, we are met at the outset with this disavowal: "The ethical component which is so prominent in Christianity generally" takes the form of "altruistic love, of pure personal selfless acts of love by individuals." The author continues: "In this discussion I would like to differentiate this form of altruism from the *institutionalization* of Christian ethics to become part of the structure of the society itself. It is the latter with which my analysis will be concerned." (*Ibid.*, p.388.) And so the real issue posed by the teaching of Jesus: how can an individual obey the will of God that he should love his neighbor as himself, when he is taught that it is his duty to obey "Authority" resting on armed violence, is never permitted to emerge. It is precisely the institutionalization of Christianity that led inevitably to the compromise with powerful institutions, with which the early Christians' refusal to compromise had constituted the secret of their unique strength. To announce in a lecture on Christianity that you intend to confine yourself to its institutionalization is analogous to a lecturer on the cow declaring that he will confine himself to roast beef.

The truth of the matter is that the new generation, from which the students are drawn, can see clearly enough that the world directed by their elders, themselves burdened by an evil past legacy, is headed for disaster. They naturally feel an urgent need to understand the causes of what has gone wrong, and a very human and laudable desire to mitigate the terrible suffering which has ensued—particularly for people in Vietnam, Biafra, Algeria, Palestine, Latin America, South Africa, but also for the hosts of poor and deprived people in the Western industrial heartlands themselves. As the natural sciences offer them no means of understanding what are essentially human problems, as these disciplines are indeed directly implicated in the production of some of the worst evils from which escape is sought (atomic weapons, biological, chemical warfare), students increasingly seek entry into the frequently overcrowded lecture halls and libraries of the humanities and social sciences. What then must be their frustration and disillusion when all too frequently they are proffered, in the name of science, not ruthlessly honest analysis of existing social evils but a framework in which problems are defined in terms of the existing culture whose presuppositions are never called in question? Moreover, the presuppositions never can be called in question, since to do so is to be ruled out of order on the ground that one is appealing to a metaphysical dimension of experience, the existence of which is excluded by the rules of positivistic science.

"Man," wrote William Blake, "must and will have some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan and will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God, destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God." We have neglected this truth at our ever increasing peril; and today as a consequence the young are in open revolt, openly contemptuous of the values of their elders. Our universities are temples of science, not true, humanly oriented and concerned science but science perverted to the service of false values. The young feel a keen sense of frustration and anger, knowing something is radically wrong, but confused and unsure as to the correct diagnosis of the malaise. They have inherited a cultural world in which they are being suffocated from an almost total absence of spiritual or religious truth, as it was understood and acted upon by men like Bunyan and Richardson and Blake, Schiller, Proudhon and Tolstoy.

By which I am far from meaning a reversion to a mystical view of life, but a rational view of the unity and equality of all men, bound to the universe out of which they emerge and to which they return in a common way. We urgently need a renewal of a common purpose based on an authentic religious vision of the true nature and role of knowledge in the service of the community, where the university is seen as a genuine means of transmitting the best in our cultural heritage to the next generation. It was well enough to begin with Newman. But Newman will no longer serve as a sufficient touchstone. His view of the universe of knowledge, profound though it was, rested on a religious revelation which accepted without criticism the notion that God intervened directly in human affairs in such "historically authenticated" events as the Flood, as well as on equally irrational but more grave aberrations in the "normative order" ranging from "the just war" to the legitimacy of privilege and elitism.

The difficulty with Newman's idea of a university was that it never succeeded in escaping from a contradiction which beset and continues to beset the surrounding culture which nurtures the university. I refer to the acceptance and simultaneous rejection of the idea of equality. On the one hand, the university is rightly defined as "an Alma Mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill." The principle of equality and reciprocity is thus regarded as axiomatic for all those *within* the university. On the other hand, Newman makes it quite plain, as he distinguishes the function of a "liberal education" from mere technical or vocational instruction, that he conceives the central role of the university as being to select and train a supposedly natural elite, scheduled to undertake the governing responsibilities of tomorrow. A democrat *inside* the university, Newman is the bluest of blue-blooded aristocrats as soon as he emerges from the rarefied air of the academic cloister into the distinctly more fetid atmosphere of the market place. And in Europe, at any rate, we have never succeeded in overcoming this evil legacy, this dreadful superstition that while humanity at large may be fitted for primary and even secondary education, it is certainly not competent, by nature, to undertake the esoteric mysteries of a higher education. And it is this assumption that powerfully colors, shapes and distorts the content and organization of virtually all university teaching.



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

The existing situation, although possibly trembling on the verge of necessary revolutionary changes, is still not vitally different from the situation vividly caught and impressed upon the imagination by Thomas Hardy in 1895. Jude Fawley, a stonemason by trade, like many before him had allowed his imagination to be captivated by the romantic vision of Oxford's "dreaming spires" and "the streets where the great men go." Poor Jude! Of the reality behind the façade he had no idea, and naturally assumed that "Christminster" was an indispensable gateway through which all aspirants to knowledge and learning must pass. He accordingly had the temerity to apply for admission; and one head of house, the Master of Biblioll, was courteous enough to reply: ". . . judging from your description of yourself as a working-man, I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade than by adopting any other course." The direct connection between the class structure and educational provision was self-evident to the Master of Biblioll, and he saw no reason for beating about the bush. Stonemasons do not go to universities—as they are still conceived—unless it is to learn how to equip themselves for some form of managerial role incompatible with any further deployment of a manual skill. The university which teaches intellectuals to be "stonemasons" and "stonemasons" to be intellectuals, in short to rear the whole man instead of a mutilated half man, does not yet exist. The role of the universities is still to select out and equip an elite which will govern and administer tomorrow's generation and refurbish a supply of future leaders. And since this is the essential inegalitarian function of the university, however much it talks of equality within the university, however much it boasts of a value-free, scientific pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, its entire curricula, its organization of the corpus of knowledge, its selection of significant teaching material, its teaching methods cannot fail to be influenced by the elitist, inegalitarian premise.

The truth is that the claim of positivist neutrality, of being bound only by the "facts," has always been bogus. In order to carve out any subject, in order to pursue any discipline, give a lecture or write a book, subjects, topics, facts, contexts must be selected or chaos will follow. Since selection involves omission, it automatically endows that which is selected with tacit significance or value. If the criteria of significance or value do not flow spontaneously from a sincere love of and desire to serve humanity, and especially suffering humanity, the decisive, animating values will necessarily be dictated either by the idle curiosity of the bored and privileged, or by the desire to ingratiate the powerful and dispensers of patronage, or at the very least not to offend them. Selection and treatment of subjects is a matter of great importance. If the motivation of the interest is not determined by a love of significant knowledge, where significance is related to actual human problems, it must flow from a love of self, with an appetite for distraction, promotion or prestige. And those who dispense promotion and prestige, research grants and publication subsidies will assuredly not dispense them readily, if at all, to those whose work is motivated by the desire to reduce the world's inequalities in the interests of justice.

When science devotes itself to methods of resolving conflicts within a larger social framework of domination and injustice; when it engages in "pacification" experiments in Vietnam or Camelot projects in Latin America; when it collaborates in state "defence" projects; when it measures IQs for hierarchical or promotional grading purposes, neutrality is seen for what it is, a mask which conceals the features of power. Science in our culture has come more and more to prostitute its prodigious talents to the service of power, with frightening consequences to mankind. When science seeks to grow a human fetus in artificial laboratory conditions or experiments with animals to produce monsters, to cite recent examples, we may well feel that the limits of perversion are being reached. Certainly the agency which provides work for idle hands to do is well known. The demand that is increasingly being heard that all scientists and engineers, social as well as physical, should be asked to take some kind of Hippocratic oath may not admit of formal fulfillment; but it is a long-awaited sign of a rising awareness that all workers, and especially scientists, need to dedicate their work and talents by the light of a true metaphysic. A true metaphysic makes explicit the human obligation to mitigate and reduce suffering, to strengthen the unity and freedom of mankind—without violence—in a world surfeited and nauseated by violence.

ALBANIAN DEMONOLOGY

ANNE TUCKERMAN

At a time when Washington and Moscow are moving closer together in fields of common interest, and when any progress in this direction is hailed by many in the United Nations as a promise of a more stable world, a voice of dissent is heard to denounce this development as a "collusion of imperialists bound on dominating the world and dividing it between them."

Albania has been a member of the United Nations since 1955 and, in the absence of Peking, is usually referred to as "the voice of China"; indeed the People's Republic of China has no stauncher defender or supporter in the world organization. But in this twenty-fifth year of Albania's liberation—proclaimed a jubilee year by its Communist leader, Enver Hoxha—its representatives sound most of all like spokesmen of the Stalin era. In a time when ideology plays a steadily dwindling role in the foreign policy of the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries, little Albania—a country scarcely larger than Maryland—stands as the self-proclaimed guardian of the purity of "Marxist-Leninist" doctrine of world revolution and class struggle. On the basis of common ideology, Albania has found a powerful friend in the Chinese leadership, with which it has signed numerous trade agreements. From China, it receives large credit aid, interest free, for its development plans, especially the present five-year plan designed to advance the country's industrialization and mechanization of agriculture.

At the same time, Albania has trade relations with a number of West European countries and is steadily lifting itself out of its prewar and immediate postwar status of underdevelopment. According to official statistics, Albania's industrial production, supported by large mineral resources and oil deposits, has increased fifty-five times since 1938, and the electrification of all its villages is predicted by 1971. More than 80 per cent of the populace was illiterate in 1938; now almost every Albanian under the age of 55 is literate, and one-fourth of the 2 million people attend school.

Descendants of the ancient Illyrians, the people of Albania call their country Shqiperia which means "the land of the eagle." Under Turkish rule for 500 years until 1912, they are intensely patriotic and their leaders are supremely confident of the country's future and the stability of the regime, despite the isolation in which Albania stands since the break with the Soviet Union in 1961 over Nikita Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence and his relations with China.

Following the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, Albania renounced its formal membership in the Warsaw Pact and received reassurances from the Chinese leaders that "they would stand in all circumstances steadfastly at the side of the fraternal Albanian people"; and that, "if the American imperialists, the modern Soviet revisionists and their servants dare to touch even a single hair of Albania, they can only expect a shameful, total and inevitable defeat." This pledge of assistance is welcomed by the Albanians, but they claim that, even without it, their survival in their present position is assured because military aggression would be very costly for any attacker, Albania being militarily well prepared and its fiercely independent population being determined to resist.

On the other hand, a disguised intervention would not work, Albanian officials say, in a country where the Communist party has remained completely monolithic and "ideologically pure," unsullied by the "revisionist" tendencies which have attacked the core of the party leadership and cadres in the Soviet Union and the Socialist countries of Eastern Europe. At the same time, Albania reproaches the Czechoslovak Government and people for their lack of armed resistance to the Soviet occupation.

From their elevated moral position, the UN representatives of Albania see major political events as a race between the two superpowers aimed at world domination. Thus Mr. Halim Budo, the deputy foreign minister of Albania, denounced the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact forces as "an act of Fascist-like banditry," but also noted that American outcries at the new rape of Czechoslovakia were not followed by any action, and that American representatives benevolently and significantly "forgot" the deed.

In Vietnam, Mr. Budo sees the United States continuing its "imperialist aggression," with the complicity of the Soviet Union, which "preaches shameful capitulation to North Vietnam to reward American imperialism for its tacit approval of their aggression in Czechoslovakia." Concerning the Middle East, Mr. Budo remarked that "the Glassboro meeting between Johnson and Kosygin took place on the very day after the Israeli aggression against the Arab countries," and that the Soviet Union, while pretending to assist the Arab peoples, failed to help them in the war, and is now trying "to trick them into negotiations." The Russians, he added, "are conniving with the American imperialists to put a brake on the revolutionary impetus of the Arab peoples," while the navies of the two powers in the Mediterranean "are the watchdogs to insure the successful execution of these plans."

In Latin America, "the Soviet revisionists and their local lackeys advocate coexistence with the cliques in power, while American imperialism strikes with weapons of war against the revolution which bubbles everywhere." The United Nations itself, in the eyes of the Albanians, is "dominated by the imperialists of the United States and the Soviet Union up to the top floor of the glass palace" (where Secretary-General U Thant has his office, and is blamed for his appeals in favor of big-power diplomacy.)

For the analysts in Tirana, the natural target of this "great conspiracy" is the People's Republic of China, which "represents the most powerful obstacle to the plans for counterrevolution and world hegemony." The recent Soviet-Chinese clashes on the Ussuri River are, in their view, the result of Soviet provocations, with the acquiescence of Washington, in order to increase tension at the Chinese border, while providing an excuse for Moscow to "let down" its East German ally in the latest Berlin crisis, and diverting attention from difficulties in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union itself. On the other hand, the Russian overtures to Peking are seen as propaganda in preparation for an all-Communist Party Congress.

Albania is not alone in thinking that the treaty on nonproliferation of nuclear weapons "tends in fact to consolidate the nuclear monopoly of the two superpowers by forcing the nonatomic countries to recognize this monopoly and to accept a 'protected' status"; but it also sees the treaty as part of a strategic encirclement of China, "by offering a nuclear umbrella to India, which has put itself in tow with the imperialists."

Naturally, the current plans for the construction of an ABM "Sentinel" or "Safeguard" system, directed mainly against China, and the astute indiscretion of President Nixon to the effect that Moscow has added to its Western-oriented radar an Eastern-oriented one brings Albanian demonology closer to reality. The willing cooperation of the Soviet navy in the search for survivors of the spy plane downed off the North Korean coast was eloquent evidence in this direction. In their theoretical analysis of this "conspiracy," the Albanian Marxists find that innumerable "contradictions" have been added to the "inherent contradictions of the capitalist system." "Not only does the increasing collaboration of the zone of the dollar and the zone of the ruble produce another big element in the world capitalist competition, with accompanying political crises and tensions," says Party Secretary Enver Hoxha, "but the alliance itself, aiming at determining zones of influence for the two partners, does not exclude blows and counterblows to each other, when contradictions between them reach their climax."

Albania, however, does not accept the view that the *Götterdämmerung* it predicts for the unholy alliance might reflect the contradictions of the Communist, as well as the capitalist, system, or that "revisionism" might be the ineluctable consequence of a more affluent society in Socialist countries. It ascribes the "degeneresence of Soviet revisionism" solely to the abandonment by Khrushchev and his successors of the concept of world revolution, and the creation of a new class of bureaucrats and technocrats. This double "treason," which the Albanians condemn with the particular emotional hatred felt by those who once revered the Soviet Union, results, in their view, from a basic "mistake" in the education of the Communist cadres, which became alienated from the rest of the people and thus subject to "revisionism" and the rekindling of bourgeois mentality. They see similar developments in the other Socialist countries, each one following a distinct pattern according to its past history and traditions. Moreover, they think that the "exploiting nature" of Soviet hegemony contributed to counterrevolutionary trends. They make an exception for Romania, because the Romanian leaders are resisting Soviet domination, and probably also because they chart a cautious course between Moscow and Peking.

The Albanian leadership is determined not to repeat the "mistakes" of the Soviet Union and is convinced that it can succeed by means of a vast program of popular education, wherein the students of all ages and both sexes combine academic and strongly ideological instruction with work contributing directly to national production. They have also instituted a salary scale that places technicians, intellectuals and government officials in the same brackets as workers and farmers. These practices are similar to much in the Chinese system but, unlike China, Albania has no communes, seeing no need for them in so small a country. Tirana tries to magnify its ideological role in the Communist world by serving as publishing house for Marxist-Leninist literature in all languages and broadcasting political programs through one of the most powerful transmitters in Europe.

The Albanian leaders accept no compromise and foresee a long and violent struggle to "eradicate" bourgeois tendencies at home and imperialism abroad. In this, they consider as their natural allies the "liberation movements" in the developing countries, the youth revolt against the Establishment, and black militancy in the United States. They predict also that the people in "decadent" Socialist countries will rise in a new revolution of the Left. The Albanians see themselves as priests of the true faith, and they are convinced that together with the new forces they can build a "new world," and a "new man."

FRATRICIDE IN THE SIERRA CLUB

ROBERT A. JONES

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San Francisco

I first heard of David Brower in the early 1960s. I was supposed to be restacking picture books in a college library in New York, but most of the time I thumbed idly through their pages. I sat down, safely buried in the long rows of stacks, and picked up a large picture book called *The Eloquent Light.* I went through the book once, then again. The photographs of the Sierra Nevada had been taken by a man named Ansel Adams and edited by David Brower at the Sierra Club. I had heard of neither the men nor the Sierra Club, and for a few months the book was a secret.

Then one day I saw *The Eloquent Light* in a college bookstore, and soon it was in every bookstore. The design, the beauty of the photographs, the plea for the preservation of the land the photographs described were contagious. The book, and others that followed it, were expensive, but for every person who bought the book, at least a hundred must have read it in the store. After several black-and-white books, the Sierra Club began publishing in color. Then posters appeared, huge things with color reprints from the books; then paperbacks; then wall calendars; then stationery. It seemed, by 1968, that the Sierra Club had a talent second only to *Peanuts* for glutting the bookstore market. Behind them all was the name of David Brower.

In San Francisco, seven years after I saw *The Eloquent Light*, I watched Brower and Adams at a Sierra Club board meeting in October 1968. Brower sat at one end of a long directors' table, his head bent over almost to his knees and moving slowly back and forth. At the table, Ansel Adams was demanding that Brower be fired as executive director of the Sierra Club.

In the years between the first publishing of *The Eloquent Light* and the confrontation at the board meeting, the Sierra Club had become a particular success. After he was appointed the club's executive director in 1952, Brower began, slowly at first, to promulgate the club's conservationist-preservationist ideas through books. He was, after all, a former editor of the University of California Press. The idea was new to conservation and, at the first try, it worked with a book in 1954 titled *This Is Dinosaur*, a plea for the establishment of Dinosaur National Monument. But outside California the club remained relatively unknown until the publishing of *The Eloquent Light* began the series of large-format picture books in 1960.

Brower had managed to move conservation from garden clubs to the college campus and to large-scale publishing; in doing so he was to catch the scent of the sixties. Many of the thousands of volunteers the club attracted to testify at government hearings and to stuff envelopes and to write letters to Congressmen had first learned of the club from seeing its books in their college bookstores. Brower's use of the books, his films, and his promotion advertising appealed to the growing activism of the decade, and his outrage at the rape of the land by big government and big business dovetailed nicely with its morality.

By 1966 the club had become large, powerful, but unwieldy. Using full-page advertisements in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other newspapers, it had led, and would soon win, campaigns for a Redwood National Park and a North Cascade National Park. Fighting back from the destruction of Glen Canyon, flooded by the Army Corps of Engineers, it prevented a similar dam in the Grand Canyon. Although the club, and all conservationists, were still losing more bouts than they were winning, the gap was closing. After the Redwood National Park was gerrymandered by the logging companies of Northern California, the Arcata Redwood Company, one of the largest, announced that it would go out of business in five years. "But didn't you manage to keep most of your land *out* of the park?" asked a member of the press. "Do you really believe Brower's people won't come back next year and get it all?" the company official shot back.

But as the Sierra Club grew it became infinitely difficult to manage. It was a hybrid of the professional and the amateur, and the path of a conservation idea from birth to execution led from committee to committee to board of directors to president to executive director. Sometimes ideas could be lost for years. One of Brower's last schemes for the club, a book series dealing with international environment problems, was originally proposed five years before the first book was published.

To compound the difficulties, the two segments of the club had grown suspicious of each other's power. The volunteer and amateur board of directors ceaselessly reminded the professional Brower that he had been hired only to execute their policies, not to create policies of his own. Brower would shrug consent, return to work, and ignore the pleas of the board.

Brower's drive to innovate, to change, to surprise, and to do it all quickly could not be held in check by the board. When one club publication, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, was taken from his control, he invented another, the *Sierra Club Explorer*. When he believed that club procedure would interfere with the timing of a $20,000 advertisement in *The New York Times,* he ignored protocol and bought the advertisement in secret. "They want," he said with disdain, "to run this place like a bank."

As Brower's plans for the future increased, so did the apprehensions of other leaders of the club. One of the board members told me: "There's a recklessness to Dave that's terrifying. It's like driving down a city street with a man who's going 90 miles an hour. For a couple of blocks you may be O.K., but pretty soon you're gonna hit something. Well, that scares the hell out of me. But you know what? I think Dave likes it."

Those who opposed Brower were, above all, reasonable men. They are doctors and lawyers from San Francisco's financial district, scientists from Berkeley and a judge from Oakland, men who have lived their lives in the spirit of compromise, not confrontation. They are men who ask, "How much does it cost?" and "How much will it buy?" They would never have created the exciting and compelling picture but neither would they bankrupt the club. They were not young men, they did not burn with Brower's self-righteous fire; they were careful, sure and sophisticated.

Members like Richard Leonard, a San Francisco corporate lawyer, Paul Brooks, vice president of Houghton Mifflin in Boston, or Edgar Wayburn, a San Francisco doctor, could not understand a man whose publishing program had lost almost $300,000 and who yet proposed to expand it in such a way that it would lose millions. They admitted that they feared a man who could propose not only the expanded book program but a television series, film documentaries and advertising campaigns.

For Brower, the plans for the future of the Sierra Club were like a vision, and his confidence in his own abilities to bring it off approached religious faith. Once I spent an afternoon discussing the vision with him, and his enthusiasm was so contagious that I left feeling that it could all very well happen.

The vision was a complex, coordinated network of conservation propaganda that would, Brower felt, eventually equal the propaganda of the dam builders, the loggers, the highway engineers, and the infinite variety of their species. The books would discuss not only the problems of the United States but of the whole world. (The unauthorized

New York Times advertisement proposed an "Earth National Park.") The movements and plans of business and governments would be watched by teams of field representatives that could also coordinate local resistance. Brower had already approached Time-Life, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Xerox, and other large corporations to help finance television documentaries, and movie-house shorts on crises that could not wait for books. Brower's contact with the corporations termed their reaction "very enthusiastic."

Not even the most conservative members of the club's board could help but feel the temptation of such a vision. The power and glory that it would bring were titillating. But the old jealousies prevailed. What, they asked, would happen to the volunteers in such a program? William Siri, a member of the American Mount Everest expedition and club director, said: "We believe what Brower is doing, whether it makes money or not, is heading the club toward disaster. Brower's ideas leave no place for the amateur, and the Sierra Club is unique because it is an amateur, a volunteer organization."

When the attack was mounted against the vision, Brower was impaled on charges other than his threat to the amateurs. Obviously believing that personal charges against Brower would be more effective than attacks on his ideas, his enemies gathered an impressive list of misuse of funds. The most serious, they said, occurred in 1968 when Brower signed contracts that would have paid him 10 per cent of the 8 per cent total royalties from three Sierra Club books. The leaders of the club, all once close friends, had seen their mutual respect and shared concern deteriorate to such an extent that they could now only shout at one another in rage. The following accounts of a closed meeting has been verified by several directors:

President Edgar Wayburn: Dave, the chairman of the Legal Committee reports to me that . . . to his surprise he finds that 10 per cent of the gross royalty is to you. What is your explanation?

Brower: The royalty is for creativity. It takes a great deal of skill to make those books as successful as they have been.

Wayburn: Well, you are paid for that. It is part of your job.

Brower: I am not paid for it! I am badly underpaid.

Wayburn: Your action is unilateral. Neither the president nor the board of directors has heard of this. Mr. Treasurer, were you consulted?

Treasurer: No.

Wayburn: I agree that salary readjustments for fine work should be . . . reviewed frequently, but that is an entirely different matter from this unilateral action.

Brower: It is not extra pay! Every one of those royalty checks will be paid back to the Sierra Club.

Director Richard Leonard: But then you are going in a circle. If the Sierra Club pays it to you and you pay it back, what is the purpose?

Brower: The purpose is to provide a discretionary fund for the use of the executive director.

Treasurer: But you already have a discretionary fund of $25,000. . . .

Brower reacted furiously to the attack. He countercharged that Wayburn and Leonard were jealous of his talents and success, and even hinted that they might be in the pay of the lumber companies or big utilities.

Neither side would recognize how badly they needed the other. The doctors and lawyers needed, and would always need, the ideas and the style of a man like Brower. Instead of making that admission, they rationalized that a "time for a change" had come within the club. Maynard Munger, a long-time club leader in Oakland, even theorized on the club's development: "From 1952, when Dave took over, until now, the club has been a charismatic organization. It operated on the spirit and impetus of one man. But now, in order to return the club to the idea on which it was founded, that is, a volunteer club, it must become a rational organization, and the charisma of the one-man leadership must disappear."

Blind as the opposition directors were to their needs, Brower was worse. As a visionary he could not accept serious criticism, and as the administrative conservation leader he could not accept even a small defeat by the board. In the modern corporate life, when every presiding genius needs a good accountant behind him, Brower's greatest failing was his refusal to be financially controlled. Films and books were contracted for that no one but Brower had considered. Donations were made to other organizations without explanation. When the club feared revocation of its tax-exempt status because of its legislative activities, it formed a separate Sierra Club Foundation, also tax exempt, to minimize the loss. Because he failed to consult the club's own legal advisers, Brower later jeopardized this safety move by including the foundation's name in a strongly worded advertisement that appeared in *The New York Times*.

Throughout the battle, which lasted for more than three years, there were few differences between Brower and his opponents over conservation policy itself. Although his opponents feared that Brower's vision might eventually run the club to bankruptcy, none of them questioned its potential scope or power. And Brower, who reminds reporters that he "was a volunteer for almost twenty years," claimed he had always supported the volunteer phases of the club.

But the battle had become a personal one between proud men, none of whom could lose gracefully. In January, when Brower placed a $20,000 advertisement in *The New York Times* without approval from the board or the president of the club, he was both precipitating a crisis that would leave no hope of compromise and rallying his supporters. When Wayburn suspended him the next day, the dare had been taken. The coming elections of the board of directors would decide whether Brower would rule with almost no support from thousands of Sierra Club volunteers, or whether the volunteers would control an organization deprived of the directing skill that had made it famous.

Because Brower's campaign within the club carried the same self-righteous tone that characterized his campaigns against government and business, and because the accumulated charges against his years of free spending could not be well defended, Brower lost badly. Of five positions open on the board, Brower lost all five to men who vehemently opposed him. The day after the election results were announced, I called Richard Leonard, a director of the opposition, and asked him what he thought would be done with Brower. "Dave Brower," he said, "will be fired at the May 3 meeting of the board of directors for his gross crimes against the Sierra Club."

What will thus be lost is not so much the "policies" of David Brower as the spirit he infused into the offices of the club. Maynard Munger's prediction will have become a fact: the Sierra Club will cease to be a charismatic organization and will become a rational one, but to have rationality at the total expense of vision and drive is a tragedy that should never have happened.

When the press writes of the Sierra Club, it usually feels an obligation to tack an adjective ahead of its name, as "prestigious" or "abrasive" or just "powerful." The Sierra Club, throughout its history, has not always been granted such respect and the question is whether it will continue to do so now. It will not become, as Brower predicts, a "hiking club." It will remain extremely active. But much more than activity is required to maintain an institution that fights for the faith and ideals of many people. The press rarely refers to an "abrasive" Audubon Society or a "powerful" Izaak Walton League.

The real question is whether the club will be able to sustain the force and clarity, the feeling of being so recklessly right in spite of all odds that Brower gave it. The men who won the election seem willing to chance it. But to those who snuck back in the stacks for one more look at *The Eloquent Light*, the odds seem long.

ERNEST GRUENING

It is, and for some time has been, obvious that the most important issue facing our nation is to get out of the war in Southeast Asia. All our other issues and problems are slighted, impaired and unresolved until we halt the fighting, stop the concomitant continuing drain of blood and treasure, and turn to the long-neglected and pressing needs at home.

During his election campaign Richard Nixon told the American people that he had a plan to end the war, but did not want to disclose it for fear of interfering with the negotiations in Paris. After three months in office President Nixon gives us no indication of any formula or proposal for achieving that widely desired objective.

On the contrary, draft calls are undiminished, casualties mount and we continue, as we have for the last five years, to be winning the war only in the optimistic pronouncements of our military leaders and their supporting newspaper columnists. The President has shown a commendable restraint in not re-escalating the battlefield activity, having no doubt learned that every time our military propose just one more upmanship we get in that much deeper. But the prospect is for continued warfare.

A new approach is desperately needed, and I offer it in the fervent hope that President Nixon who, I doubt not, would like to rid his Administration of the albatross bequeathed him by President Johnson, will lay aside his preconceptions and the assumptions that have underlain our policies to date. For that purpose a review of what has happened is appropriate.

Five years ago, on March 10, 1964, I delivered the first major opposition speech on this issue made in Congress. It was entitled, "The United States Should Get Out of Vietnam." With exhibits, it occupied 30 pages in the *Congressional Record*. It would have been easy for President Johnson to accept that counsel and to withdraw at that time, since no United States units had been committed to combat, and the casualties had been very few.

The opening sentence of that March 10 address was: "The mess in Vietnam was inherited by President Johnson." That holds true for President Nixon today; he is under no more obligation than was President Johnson to perpetuate his predecessor's policies.

That we have lost some 34,000 young Americans killed in action, several thousand more through other causes, more than a quarter of a million wounded, some horribly crippled for life, have killed tens of thousands of innocent noncombatants, created more than a million homeless refugees, sunk in excess of $125 billion unrecoverably in the Asian quagmire, and sacrificed our moral standards before the conscience of mankind, does not lessen but increases the need for an alternative course. To continue to permit our men to die in vain—as they all have died in this war—is not short of criminal.

The extent of our folly, despite official propaganda and the ever optimistic and misleading reports of military and diplomatic experts in the scene, has dawned increasingly on the American people. The desire and need to disentangle ourselves have been widely expressed, and as widely countered with the hopeless and unimaginative retort: "Well, maybe we shouldn't have gone in but we're *there* now," with the accent on the "there," implying that we have to keep on with what we have been doing.

More recently, this has been refined by acknowledgments that, while we must find a way out, it must be an "honorable" way—which can be translated to mean victory for our position. The "unthinkable" proposal that we withdraw unilaterally (why not, since we barged in unilaterally and in violation of all our treaty commitments?) is met with the loaded cliché, "You wouldn't scuttle and run, would you?" I'll examine that in a moment.

Let me urge that *any* way out would be more honorable than to continue the needless slaughter, and the ever deepening submergence of our nation's interests and values. But actually the most honorable way out would be to repudiate the whole dishonorable episode (made even more demonstrably so, since the Fulbright committee hearings last year revealed that the Tonkin Gulf incident was spurious), to make an "agonizing reappraisal" and confess error.

Defense Secretary Laird has recently revived the shopworn proposal that we strengthen the South Vietnamese army and turn the war over to it—Congress to appropriate additional millions of dollars for that purpose. This would mean merely further subsidy to the corrupt and dictatorial Saigon regimes which have been successively self-imposed by military coups or by electoral fraud, thereby justifying the struggles of the anti-Communist opposition, as well as of the Vietcong against puppet regimes which have no popular support and are maintained solely by American armed might and financial aid.

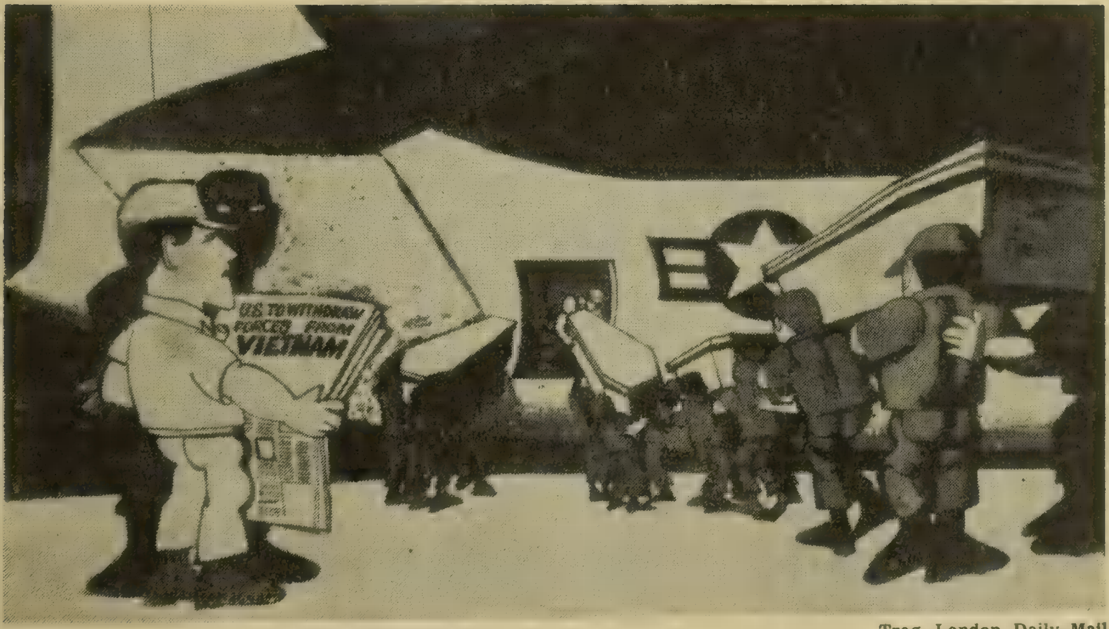
On February 26 of last year, addressing the Senate shortly after the rigged South Vietnamese elections and the sentencing to years at hard labor of the defeated non-Communist opponents of the Thieu-Ky ticket (it was as if President Nixon after his victory had ordered Mr. Johnson and Mr. Humphrey to the chain gang!), I made a specific recommendation to the President. It appeared in the *Congressional Record* under the heading, "One Possible Solution to the Vietnam Dilemma," and follows:

Recommendations for extrication of the United States from its Vietnamese folly are not the responsibility of those who for years have dissented from United States policy in Vietnam. It is the responsibility of those who got us into the Southeast Asia mess.

However, if President Johnson really wants to get the United States out of the morass in Vietnam, and save us from ever-mounting and ever-deepening disaster and the increasing slaughter of the flower of our youth and of thousands of Vietnamese noncombatants, his opportunity is here and now.

He could go on nationwide radio and television and, in effect, say to the American people:

> My fellow citizens, I have tried for four years and my predecessors have tried for a decade previously to bring a semblance of self-government and democracy to the people of South Vietnam. It has become clear beyond peradventure that it is not their desire, and that the United States, despite its prodigious efforts in manpower and money, and the sacrifice of thousands of American lives, cannot achieve these desired results for them.
>
> I have today ordered the unconditional cessation of all bombing of North Vietnam and of all offensive


US TO WITHDRAW FORCES FROM VIETNAM

Trog, London Daily Mail

"I Sure Hope They Find Another Way of Doing It."

operations in South Vietnam. In addition, I have directed there be an immediate in-place cease-fire in South Vietnam on the part of the United States and I have requested the South Vietnamese Armed Forces to do likewise, with only defensive action authorized. I have called upon the forces of the National Liberation Front and of North Vietnam in South Vietnam to do the same. It is my purpose, which I now declare, to initiate a phased military withdrawal which should be completed within a year. In the meantime, behind the shield of American military forces with the leverage afforded by U.S. military and economic aid, U.S. representatives in South Vietnam will insist that the Thieu-Ky government broaden the base of its government to include their non-Communist opponents, represented in large measure by those whom they have now jailed and put in protective custody, and that this broadened South Vietnamese Government begin immediate negotiations with the National Liberation Front so that all these Vietnamese components can work out their own destinies.

In addition, I have directed our Ambassador to the United Nations to work with other nations there to find places of refuge in other lands for those who would not want to live in South Vietnam under the new regime which will be formed and I will ask the Congress for such additional authority as may be needed to admit such refugees to the United States and to assist in their resettlement elsewhere.

Further, I have instructed our Ambassadors to Great Britain, the Soviet Union, Canada, India and Poland to propose a greatly strengthened International Control Commission to supervise any elections to be held in South Vietnam to obtain an expression of the people's will.

The United States will assist in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the burned villages, destroyed buildings and defoliated fields, and give suitable fiscal assistance to economic development. But our military efforts will cease. We will make every effort to assist the people of both North and South Vietnam to establish whatever form of government they can develop.

Here lies a solution which both Americans and Vietnamese, I am confident, will welcome.

This proposal in substance—with a few minor emendations because of changed conditions and its enunciation by a different President—is as valid for President Nixon today as when I proposed it to President Johnson fourteen months ago. President Johnson, of course, turned a deaf ear to it as to all other proposals for U.S. extrication. Instead, he extricated himself by announcing his withdrawal from office, a move which averted his certain defeat at the November elections.

This withdrawal was a confession of error even if he could not bring himself to admit such. He was lucky to have escaped impeachment proceedings which might have been his not undeserved fate, because of his betrayal of his campaign pledges, but was never a possibility because a supine Congress with its Democratic majority was a *particeps criminis* in the whole Southeast Asian affair.

Johnson's withdrawal, however, diminished the tension at home and allayed the mounting opposition to the war based on the hope that the "peace talks" in Paris could bring peace. This is an utterly vain hope because the premises of the two adversaries are diametrically opposed and irreconcilable. We have proceeded on the premise that we are there to repel aggression. Our adversaries maintain that the United States is the aggressor—a view substantiated by an objective review of the facts, many of them kept from the American people. That being so, our adversaries will naturally insist that we withdraw from Asia and let Asians settle their own problems. I doubt whether this proposition is negotiable and that peace by negotiation will be achieved. We should ask ourselves by what right we are there; what we have to gain by maintaining that presence, and whether the price is worth the costs—human, material and spiritual—which will haunt us for generations.

As for the secondary justification for our military intrusion to Southeast Asia—we must halt communism—it should be clear by now that we are actually aiding communism; that if the rulers of Communist Russia and Communist China desire our nation's debilitation and downfall, they could not devise a policy more likely to achieve that objective than the one our country is pursuing. To date, neither the Russians nor the Chinese have committed a single soldier to combat. And if our aim was to prevent the southward expansion of mainland China we have pursued the worst possible policy: we have weakened and sought to destroy Vietnam, which has been hostile to the Chinese for centuries and would fight their aggression as it has successively fought that of the French, the Japanese and the Americans.

What would be the consequences of a unilateral American withdrawal? It would not be "scuttle and run." A phased withdrawal would require months and could be replaced by a nation-wide coalition government more responsive to the Vietnamese Nationalist aspirations.

Would there be a blood bath? One is going on now and it will continue as long as the United States clings to its present policies. We can be confident that long before our withdrawal was far advanced the few hundred corrupt Vietnamese officials would have retired to Paris or the Riviera, to enjoy in luxury and ease the fortunes they have filched from our bounty. If some thousands of others would prefer to leave Vietnam, it would pay handsomely to arrange for their relocation and sustenance, if necessary for life, in other climes. It would be far less costly and more humane than the present $3 billion monthly military bill.

The others—the peasantry—would be absorbed and return to the life they had anticipated in the independent countries of Laos, Cambodia, and reunited Vietnam which the Geneva Agreements predicated and we had agreed to support.

President Nixon has the opportunity to end the war and end it honorably by readherence to principles upon which our nation was founded and through which it grew to greatness until a faulty leadership began to abandon them and got us into the present tragic disaster. That disaster—already great—will only be magnified and intensified unless President Nixon reverses the policy that has brought our nation to unfathomable depths. The Congress, too, has a responsibility to change its course and stop voting the military authorization and appropriations which have supported Presidential misleadership.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Mailer and Amis: The New Conservatism

MARTIN GREEN

Mr. Green is an English writer, teaching at present at Tufts University. He is the author of Re-Appraisals: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature, The Problem of Boston, Mirror for Anglo-Saxons *and* Yeats's Blessings on von Hugel *(all Norton).*

This March 19, Kingsley Amis introduced himself to England in a new role: as the regular columnist of *The Daily Express*, a very Conservative, Beaverbrook paper, with a circulation of more than 4 million. He promises to "sound off" against "left-wing idiocy," such as disarmament, progressive education and the encroachments of planning. We are used to this set of opinions from him. He has long been famous for his support of American policy in Vietnam. But it still infuriates and disturbs liberal Englishmen that anyone should say such things, and that of all people it should be the author of *Lucky Jim* (1954), a book of so much human warmth and gaiety and so crisply and pungently anti-Establishment in its political implications. The author of *The Anti-Death League* (1966) sees life from the verandah of the officers' mess. His favorite characters talk in a mixture of military inarticulateness and prep-school patois, and their virtues are those of the heroes of late Evelyn Waugh, or late Hemingway. Amis is not merely conservative these days; he is perversely so, but without the perversity's being whimsical, without its admitting naughtiness, amounting to a twinkle in the eye.

Consciously or unconsciously, most Englishmen connect this political disreputableness in him with sexual delinquency; with, as middle terms, his much advertised taste for high living, for cigars and snuff and wines and clothes, and with that willingness to insult or offend that always goes with the grand style. He has long given scandal in liberal and radical groups in England, for all these things together, and the legends of his sexual escapades are recounted in significant proximity to those of his political errors, though today, even in England, no one dares draw an explicit connection between the two.

But such a connection surely does exist. It is of the kind that Norman Mailer points to in *Armies of the Night*, when he describes how different he felt himself to be from both the academic liberals involved in the march, and the young people inspired by Paul Goodman. He locates the source of that difference in sex-and-sin. For him sex and sin are inseparable; for them there is no connection. ". . . sex to Mailer's idea of it was better off dirty, damned, even slavish! than clean, and without guilt. For guilt was the existential edge of sex. Without guilt, sex was meaningless." This is easily said, and easily read as just Norman, but in fact it is of enormous significance.

Nothing is more crucial to every kind of liberalism and radicalism today than the idea that sex must be made to seem innocent and clean. Of the millions who read *Armies of the Night* with enthusiasm, not one in a thousand would *consider* teaching his child that sex can ever be sinful. But anyone who has read *An American Dream* or "The Time of Her Time" knows how seriously Mailer means it. This is Mailer's *experience*, and if anyone's philosophy derives its validity from his experience, his does. No wonder he felt himself profoundly unlike all the other people on the march. And when he met, in Robert Lowell, another man who preferred "posh evil social affairs" (". . . a party lacked flavor for him unless someone very rich or social was present") no wonder he felt they were both *"grands conservateurs"* and *"émigré* princes." They did not belong there with their liberal companions. They believed in other values. Just how conservative those are in Mailer's case became clear in *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, where his sympathies went—wistfully, romantically—to the Nixons and the Republicans, to small-town Protestant decency, to old-style Americanism. His feelings about the Democrats, even about embattled youth, even about the blacks, were much more equivocal.

The word "conservative" brings us back to Amis. Mailer tells us that for him, "An evening without a wicked lady in the room was like an opera company without a large voice." This theme runs implicitly through all of Amis' fiction, and is central to *That Uncertain Feeling*. The problem of John Lewis, perhaps the most autobiographical of all Amis' heroes, is that for him, too, wicked ladies are more attractive than innocent ones. Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams, who gives "posh evil social affairs," nearly breaks up his marriage with Jean, whom he likes much better, and loves. His solution, at the book's climax, is the resolve that since he has "piloted" himself into "the position of being moral and immoral at the same time, the thing was to keep trying not to be immoral, and then to keep trying might turn into a habit." And in the final scene, he runs away from a party where he is accosted by another wicked lady, and he and his wife fade out into a montage of miners and Welsh pubs and working-class domesticity. But that was Amis' second novel, written some time ago. What has happened to him since can be summed up, *should* be summed up, by saying that he has changed his mind, has chosen the wicked lady and the posh evil social affair, and has given up innocence and his wife and socialism.

Both Amis and Mailer are then conservatives of the same kind, and this is very interesting, because the left of Center bias of our intellectual culture is getting so pronounced these days that everyone except extremists is looking anxiously for some counterbalance on the Right. (This anxiety has several sources. One, which infects even unequivocal radicals, is the fear that the reaction which must come might be utterly unprincipled and anti-intellectual.) Amis and Mailer are conservatives primarily in that they are anti-liberal, but to say this is not to dismiss them. That left of Center bias operates to make every alternative ideology, at first, only a reaction against liberalism. Amis and Mailer do not have political policies to offer which I at least find impressive, but they have a recognizable intellectual position which affords them political insights. Their point of view derives, and derives authentically, from a body of experience and from intellectual and moral virtues which we cannot afford to neglect; the experience of evil, of shame, of guilt, and the virtues of courage, and honesty and purpose. They see unpopular truths.

Their point of view also derives from, and gives voice to, a temperament; a highly sexed, highly aggressive, irritable, responsible, power-oriented, "masculine" temperament, which rarely finds expression in our intellectual culture. People of that kind wield a great deal of economic and political power in our society, but in the world of ideas a different temperament is dominant; hence the rather ludicrous contrast between the faces and the speeches of some of our statesmen. Our own period has been marked by a resurgence of respect among the liberal and the literate for this temperament, but that respect has perhaps remained largely theoretical. With reason, indeed, for by its effects on both ideas and style, this temperament suffers from certain inherent disadvantages in the realm of the mind. It is so self-affirming that it rebels against all discipline and system.

It is even in the very greatest writers of this kind, Tolstoy and Lawrence, that the unfortunate effects of this can be seen, and more typically "masculine" writers like Hemingway and Faulkner are notoriously prone to self-parody. It is surely true of Amis and Mailer, too, that neither writes as well as he might. There are vulgarities of language in Amis, *longueurs* in Mailer, that any schoolboy could correct; and the characters and events in their fiction have glaring implausibilities and fantasy functions, which the author leaves there because he doesn't *want* to write as well as he could. Or only as *he* could: that is, "as well as" is still compatible with continually asserting his own individuality, faults and all. It is typically the liberal (asexual) mind that schools itself to write and to think only well; to assert only those qualities in itself which it approves of, and to offer simulacra of those virtues it knows it should possess.

Today perhaps more than at any time since the Renaissance, the masculine temperament, for all its defects, is itself a source of ideas. This can be seen in the work of Leslie Fiedler, for instance. The most interesting aspect of *Love and Death in the American Novel*—and it is a very interesting book—is the genesis of this cultural historiography in the personal experience behind it, the relation of the voice to the theories, the relation of the sex to the scholarship. I mean that the book doesn't ask to be taken with the same *kind* of seriousness as the conventional history of literature. But also that it is a reappropriation of all those books and all that learning for the proudly phallic consciousness, a reinterpretation, a reclamation of them away from all feminine-genteel, or eunochoid-factual, versions of the past. And, above all, that this resexualizing of knowledge is offered as an intellectual enterprise of the first dignity. Surely it is only today that that could have happened.

Tolstoy and Lawrence shared this temperament in full measure. But they included also a large share of the feminine, and—perhaps because of this—they are much larger figures all round. Hemingway and Faulkner (and Evelyn Waugh) were just as "masculine," but I cannot persuade myself that they had as much intelligence to direct on the world outside their fiction. Amis and Mailer seem to me more interesting minds. And the figure out of the past I associate them with most is Byron. It is, I think, no coincidence that Byron hit the headlines with the same flamboyance as they do. All three have been public figures, even public images, in the way most intellectuals eschew. Can one doubt that if Byron were alive he would be writing a popular column, appearing on TV, or starring in his own movies—indeed the three faces have a lot in common.

In Byron one finds the same fulgurous sexual temperament and scandalous career, the same contempt for the liberal-genteel virtues, the same aristocratic and defiant attitudes, and the same political activism as both revolutionary and conservative. "If we must have a tyrant, let him at least be a gentleman who has been bred to the business, and let us fall by the axe and not by the butcher's cleaver." He re-enacted, in the intellectual culture of his time, the career of the Napoleon he so much admired. And, to pass to literary matters, don't we find in *Don Juan* the same predilection for literary vulgarity as in Amis, and in *Childe Harold* the same rhetoric of self-dramatization as in Mailer? Above all, who loved a wicked lady—half fearfully, half hoping to be delivered from her—like Byron?

We usually think of Burke rather than Byron as the originator of 19th-century conservatism; and it is true that Byron's role was very non-ideological; also that Amis and Mailer will need a Burke to complete their 20th-century version. But it is possible that their contribution has already more ideological resonance than Byron's, just because in our age everything is sexual.

In his first column for *The Daily Express*, Amis discusses Orwell, as he did in his early Fabian pamphlet. Orwell has always been the political figure in terms of whom he defined his own position. Nowadays, of course, he sees him as "a thorn in the side of the Left." And it is true that Orwell, like Amis (and Mailer), has both left- and right-wing elements. But there is an interesting contrast between Orwell and Amis (and Mailer) in that one cannot imagine Orwell with a glamorous sexual career. His politics lacks a sexual character. His virility of mind and style is heroic, not voluptuary. And this is what has made him seem, recently, out of date. It is what irritated Mary McCarthy in her recent essay on him in *The New York Review of Books*. She could not discover his love life, even in his letters, and he therefore seemed to her somehow unauthentic. She herself has done political reporting close to what Orwell did in *Homage to Catalonia*, but her authenticity as a sexual sensibility has of course been publicly demonstrated (in her fiction). To claim the same virtues without admitting the same weaknesses, without a similar self-exposure, obviously seemed to her like cheating. And Mailer's is an even more vivid case of such self-authentication. Orwell's style of personality, which for so long inspired so many politically minded Americans, is out of date, perhaps even in England. The new conservatism, the whole new range of political dissent, will derive from the more flamboyant sexuality of Amis and Mailer.

(An interesting possibility—just as a footnote—is suggested by Susan Sontag's recent reactions to her visits to North Vietnam and Cuba. She has been brilliantly lecturing the New Left and herself on their previous confusion of political with sexual radicalism, their bourgeois-individualist search for personal freedom at any cost to public values. For her, to separate the two now, and even put them in opposition to each other, could well lead her and her readers back to something much more like Orwell's style.)

THE SCREAMING MEEMIES

The Screaming Meemies is a term
For one of man's worst diseases.
But how does he catch it? From a germ?
A virus? Insufficient sperm?
Nobody knows, by Jesus.

What does the patient do, undone
By this infection? Must it run
On a fixed course, or can it be
Reversible? Its pathology
Is marked by what stigmata? Clot,
Bleb, canker, cyst? Or is there not
One plainer sign, whereby to trace
The morbid aspects of each case?

Well, let's see what he does: he jumps
High as he can; does grinds and bumps;
Sings dirty songs off-key; and whistles
Hymns from his church's latest missals;
He makes himself extremely nervous
By memorizing Poems of Service.

Fatigue sets in at last; he crawls
Back through a cranny in the walls
To spend the remnant of his night
In most unedifying fright.
"Have mercy on him, Lord!", we pray,
By Ember Day he'll be o. k.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Father and Son Destroyers

THE CONFLICT OF GENERATIONS: The Character and Significance of Student Movements. *By Lewis S. Feuer. Basic Books. 543 pp. $12.50.*

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, professor of English at San Diego State College, is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press) and of essays on student and other radical movements.*

The simple thesis of this ornate study: all student movements since the French Revolution are largely "irrational" and dominated by "demonry" because motivated by surrogate father killing. By the same logic, we could explain Lewis Feuer's quarter-million-word diatribe as motivated by surrogate son killing. But even in this, he protests too much such motifs as student desires to "emasculate" their elders; the reader becomes embarrassed at the pathos of the author's obsessions and unconscious castrating needs.

The irrationalities of the argument, which uses loose Freudian metaphors to explain away genuine grievances and to reductively sexualize complex social realities, often reaches comic excess. For example, we get, twice, the story of the student who assassinated the Austro-Hungarian Archduke in 1914. "No social scientist, of course, would suggest that Gavrilo Princip's deed was a sufficient condition for the outbreak of the First World War. Yet," this young nationalist "father-destroyer"—presented as representative student rebel—"upset the European balance of power and mind," and imposed "self-destruction on all Europe and most of the world," creating a "nightmare which has not yet lifted."

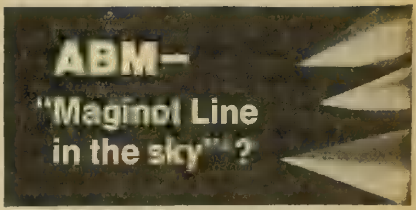
Professor Feuer's study claims to be sociology rather than history, in spite of its redundant summaries of other histories of student movements. It seeks jargonish legitimacy ("studentry," "intelligarchy," "juvenocracy") and includes charts of suicide rates to ostensibly prove that all student strife unconsciously furthers "suicidalism." More practically, it centers on the Berkeley Free Speech Movement of 1964 and its parallels and aftermath. The author, an active opponent of the movement at that time, here retaliates for the considerable contempt of many of his students and colleagues in his former university by nasty footnotes and such conclusions as that after the rebellion the "moral level of the University of California became the lowest in the history of American education among both the students and the faculty."

Even if we ignore the personal motivations which dominate so much of this ostensible social-psychological history of student movements, the turning of student nobility, however wise, tragic or foolish, into catalogues of symptoms just won't do. Generational psychologizing, also much favored by defensive students and smug journalists, obscures the worldwide role of, for example, "alienationist Marxism" as a response to objective social conditions. Whatever the signs of adolescent pathology, our ideologies and realities go beyond them. The many omissions will also puzzle any informed reader. Though highly detailed on American student protests, the peace movement gets ignored, perhaps because mostly peaceful and moral and right, or fatuously dismissed: "father favors a policy of war in Vietnam, therefore, the rebellious sons are for peace."

Other comments on the American scene seem equally simple-minded. He repeatedly insists on a traditional "generational equilibrium" all through American history. Patently, Feuer does not know much about Protestant family life or the rest of our social history of often overwhelming generational hostilities. His application of the extreme patterns of secret conspiracy and terrorism of the Eastern European nihilist movement of the 19th century to American universities, where they do not exist, requires a falsification of the social context. American history of the frontier and Indian wars, of slavery and later racism, of conquest and colonialism, of half a dozen wars, of labor struggles and industrial control, and of police and military powers, reveals our considerable violence and terrorism but, like our recent assassinations, relatively little of it by students. Modern destruction, immorality and terrorism, in America as in much of the rest of the world, does not come mainly from students because it is the prerogative and practice of the governments.

To discredit student movements, Feuer insists both on their universal violence and on its piddling effects. He attacks student rebels for pretentiously large political efforts but also for their "masochism" when they don't use violence, and for their selfishness when they merely seek the "advantages" of university reform. Yet he mirrors their greatest exaggerations in such claims as that the "paranoid psychology" of both Stalinism and czarism were largely responses to student rebels and terrorism. Stalin, he tells us, was becoming more liberal in the 1930s, until he found out that some students were talking of plots against him. Apparently, then, we should blame rebellious students for much of the police state, the murderous purges, the slave-labor camps, and the genesis of totalitarianism. (Hasn't such American paranoid logic, in which dissent engenders the worst horrors, increased markedly in recent years?) Feuer reinforces such interpretations by insisting on a universal pathology in student movements of "terrorism, amoralism, elitism, and suicidalism." In his account, all student movements on five continents display these tendencies as well as "contempt for rational democracy" and an irrational hatred of "liberalism."

In scattered comments we can gain some notion of what Feuer means by democratic liberalism: "The money-seeking of the scorned middle classes . . . has been in the long run the chief force for rationality and liberal values." (I suggest that charming statement as a corporate recruiting slogan.) His liberal suggestions include "the therapy" for student criticisms: economic deprivation to encourage submissive hard "work and discipline" as preparation for mature roles in a hierarchically competitive society. We must laugh at a professor of social philosophy who finds radical social critics "parasitic," and who righteously opposes support for students because,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*N.Y. Times Editorial, March 15, 1969

like "amnesty" for protesters, it constitutes the special treatment of anti-democratic "elitism." He favors students taking up engineering since such practicality avoids the "fantasy" of literary study and the "alienation" of philosophical study, both of which appeal to rebels "unable to adapt to prosaic vocations." Inability to make any real criticism of authorities seems essential since any "de-authoritization" of the elders in power provides the crucial condition for generational revolt. Thus elliptically, Feuer expresses the current conservative view that any revolt against any authority is irrational, and all dissent is dangerous.

What of nonstudent and senior-citizen radicals? Condemn them, too, because they are hopelessly and "permanently fixated in the stage of adolescent revolt." Those radicals who can claim some intellectual discipline, unlike the troublemaking "bohemian" hangers-on and too "comfortable" graduate students, must be seen as the most evil: "in the homosexual-power needs [of dissenting intellectuals] from Plato to Bakunin to Paul Goodman, one discerns the unconscious source of the fixated 'non-student' radical." (Feuer does not use the popular idiom, such as "dirty anarchist faggot," only the attitude.) He allows that student movements do provide a low level of "intellectual ferment" and express a wide-ranging "idealism" which masks their rebellious pathology, but they always fail (not only locally but in the revolutions of 1848, 1905, Paris in 1968, etc.) and make things worse ultimately (repressive Russia, immoral Berkeley, dictatorial Cuba, chaotic China, etc.), because of "political death worship, not of life."

Nightmare, indeed. But couldn't we make Feuer's argument more rational and subtle by removing the whole structure of psychologisms and renegade moralisms? Certainly some dubious characteristics of modern student rebels deserve criticism, including the transitory engagements and youthful contradictories and, in this society, somewhat synthetic style because of desperation amidst amorphous repressions. (We can ignore Feuer's disapproval of such disorderly tendencies as high spirits, indecorousness, communalism, varied eroticism and moral heroism.) Obviously, student rebelliousness and protest include irrational elements, a few of them "generational" projections of Oedipal problems. Each social form of thought and action has its peculiar madness.

But a generational conflict requires a repressive father, however genially disguised, as well as a rebellious son. And, contrary to such conservatives as Feuer, emasculation is not just a hobby of the young. In fact, and not just in Oedipal fantasy, Russian czars and commissars were vicious tyrants; in social reality, not just in adolescent psychodramas, American fathers maintain exploitative, militarized, unjust and increasingly meaningless institutions. On any balanced account, the sins of the fathers, and *their* generational irrationalities, provide more than half the story. "Projective politics," the ideological acting-out of psychological problems, spreads far beyond student movements. They may hold less of a monopoly on it than obsessionally fearful defenders of things-as-they-are. And the radical student sins? Relatively small. Their least pleasant characteristics, such as intolerance and dogmatism, are not at all generational. The professorate, in fact as well as motive, is far more guilty of "elitism." Most "terrorism" is official. American businessmen and bureaucrats show far more "amoralism" than American students. And a dehumanized responsiveness, including the anxious negation of dissent and rebelliousness, may be the greatest "suicidalism," though we have created a world in which no one is immune from "death-worship."

"Wisdom," Feuer assures us, is "what the old tell the young." That arrogance increasingly becomes fungoid knowledge, further exposed by recent rebels lifting a few of our painted rocks. Those of us no longer young may hope for a different wisdom which develops from the opposition of the young, from a critically open responsiveness, and from a sympathy with what we no longer are. We fathers, surrogate and actual, should less be propounding wisdom than engaging it, by understanding and loving rather than putting down sons and students, and the possibilities for a radically better society.

The Perils of Pragmatism

THE AGE OF DISCONTINUITY. *By Peter F. Drucker. Harper & Row. 394 pp. $7.95.*

ARTHUR S. MILLER

Mr. Miller is professor of law at George Washington University. He is the author of Racial Discrimination and Private Education *(University of North Carolina Press) and* The Supreme Court and American Capitalism *(Free Press).*

"'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone," lamented John Donne at the dawn of the scientific age. That prescient forecast is the theme of Peter F. Drucker's new book, *The Age of Discontinuity*. What the poet saw centuries ago the economist has now documented.

Drucker, professor of management at New York University's Graduate School of Business, concentrates on "discontinuities" he says are shaping tomorrow's society: new technologies, major changes in the world economy, growing distrust of large organizations (including government), and the "knowledge explosion." These, he suggests, have ended "the age of continuity" and have produced a pressing need for new theory and new constitutional law. The book is a largish smörgasbord, admittedly a surface skimming of some of the dominant trends of the age. What makes it interesting is not so much Drucker's delineation of the discontinuities. These, after all, are part of the growing accepted wisdom of the day. Rather, it is the insistence on a need for theory and new law: "Ultimately," he says, "we will need new political theory and probably very new constitutional law." Unhappily, however, he does not spell out, either in outline or in detail, what that theory or law might be.

Possibly, that is enough. Perhaps it is sufficient to add another voice to the very few who are crying out for standards to adhere to and philosophies to follow—for a contemporary, relevant ideology, in other words. A few years ago, Daniel Bell, among others, trumpeted an "end of ideology." But that is not the need: It is finally being recognized that any social order cannot be all sail and no rudder, that islands of stability must exist, that adherence must be made to some sort of external standard if a viable political order is to exist. There is, consequently, an incipient but growing demand, which Drucker joins, for ideological standards and for law that is openly and avowedly instrumental, for law, that is, that knows what it wants and is not a mere memorandum.

The recognition comes at a time when, as Yeats said, "the best lack all conviction," but "the worst are filled with passionate intensity." A failure of nerve (coupled, perhaps, with what David Riesman once called "the nerve of failure") has smashed the liberal dream. There should be no dancing in the streets at the spectacle, for the dream was a fine one: it posited that Man Thinking, in Emerson's term, could settle his problems through rational debate and discourse. Apparently, however, this no longer is believed (if, indeed, it ever was, save in the ideal). Ours is distinctly not the "civilization of the dialogue," at least not yet.

For Drucker is not the first, nor will he be the last, to state the need for something more than pragmatism in policy making. To be sure, pragmatism (that poor excuse for not having a philosophy) or the pragmatic attitude is a necessary and even desirable attribute—so far as it goes. The trouble is that it does not go very far, or not nearly far enough. In and of itself, it fails to provide for adequate goals and for standards by which alternative means of reaching them might be evaluated.

Almost a decade ago, Henry Kissinger (now a White House guru) in *The Necessity for Choice*, pointed up some of the shortcomings of the pragmatic approach in policy making. Maintaining that such an approach, as illustrated by official action in the federal government, involves a tendency to identify a policy issue with a search for empirical data, Kissinger asserted that this resulted in consensus being the test for validity. Policy making hence became a search for the common denominator. This type of pragmatism is more concerned with method than with judgment; it seeks to reduce judgment or to equate it with methodology. The result is a vicious circle: "As long as our high officials lack a framework of purpose, each problem becomes a special case. But the more fragmented the approach to policy becomes, the more difficult it is to act consistently and purposefully. The typical pattern of our governmental process is therefore endless debate over whether a given set of circumstances is a problem, until a crisis removes all doubts and also the possibility of effective action." One need only point to the Vietnamese quagmire to show how that type of policy making ends.

Others have echoed similar notions. For example, Hans Morgenthau, writing about "the perils of empiricism" in 1962, said that the terms "pragmatism" and "empiricism" were used with pride in Washington, "as though to be pragmatic and empirical when faced with a political problem were to be rational almost by definition." In the Kennedy era, one of the highest accolades an official could receive was to be called a "hard-headed pragmatist"; and it is revealing, and indeed sobering, that President Nixon when introducing his Cabinet saw fit to call them "pragmatic centrists." That *is* a dreary repetition of history.

Bernhard Bechhoefer's *Postwar Negotiations for Arms Control*, published in 1961, ought to be required reading by those pragmatic centrists. It is a detailed account of how the pragmatic attitude has permeated and plagued foreign policy

Poems by Paul Zweig

ON WILLPOWER

Ambush in peace
And you may destroy the shadow
That lies in ambush around you;

For only the animal
You are not hunting will be seen,
Though leaves shake with concealed life,

And only the unbaited hook
Is sweet for fish.

The shaken branch is hungry
For its own fruit.

TAKING OFF THE FACE

He lies near the tree with broad leaves,
Waiting for the soldiers to trudge noisily
Behind the hill, and the bodies of the dead
To gather silence over them.

The hunter leans against a birchtree
In the yellow afternoon.
His boots scar the moss-covered stones;
The quietness, sucked like a breath
Out of the broken-chested bird
At his feet.

I remember this face in the dirt,
And how I played with it, asking
It questions, unable
To pull the face off, because it fit.

DON'T WALK

It said don't walk.
I didn't walk.
It said lie down,
I opened my book, answering it:
"On my rights as a citizen of this book
I will not lie down. I will walk.
I will steal pears, even in the Garment District.
Even in New Jersey.
I will not confess that I am a man.
At the bloody games I will shout for blood,
Leaving my mother out of it,
Rubbing my eyes for sheer wonderment."

Images arise in me in pairs;
Yesterday they brought me a lump of fat;
With wrinkles I could read
DON'T WALK;
I didn't walk;
LIE DOWN;
And I opened my book.

THE PRAYER WHEEL

Let water lie flat between the trees,
And the wind blow endlessly toward us
From a place behind the sun.
Let my eyes see without holding on.

My sadness grows a body
As it hurries eastward along crowded roads,
Wobbling near me like a lost wheel.

making. Speaking of arms control, Bechhoefer said that by 1957 Secretary of State John Foster Dulles "had reached the situation where as a result of years of brilliantly executed tactical maneuvers to meet specific situations, United States foreign policy had become the sum of the tactics and the Secretary of State was imprisoned by it." (Does that suggest what happened in Vietnam? Indeed it does.)

Professor Drucker's call for new theory and new constitutional law thus faces heavy odds when cast against the background of the American tradition. His message that something more than pragmatism is needed (although he does not expressly use that term) is, in effect, a demand for an entirely new way of thinking and acting by Americans, including government officials—a staggering proposition.

Perhaps that new way of thinking will be forthcoming, simply because it is necessary. But it will take a lot of hard work, much more, for example, than went into the community action programs described by Daniel Moynihan in *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. Required also will be close and continuing attention to the values that should be preserved by the new theory and law. These cannot be left to chance, the accident of political personality, or the brutalities of politics. And that "new constitutional law" can only come about by greatly increased judicial activism, a controversial proposition at best, or by calling a constitutional convention—which could really open a Pandora's box.

In America, and elsewhere in much of the so-called "free world," government has never followed a thought-out ideology. Theory has come after, not before, the fact, and was produced by academics and other scribblers trying to find some order in a disordered universe. For example, American economic policy, as William Letwin has said, has been determined more by "political balance" than "economic consistency."

Today, even government officials are beginning to recognize the need for something more. In net effect, installing "program budgeting" by Robert McNamara in the Pentagon and throughout the Executive branch by President Johnson was predicated on a simple yet revolutionary thought—that it is better to know what one wants and is trying to do than to mill around in the dark without guidelines. That the McNamara revolution failed, at least partially, should not be taken to mean that it will not ultimately prevail. It probably is one of those ideas "whose time has come."

The problems Drucker discusses indicate that Americans, as a nation, had better know what they want, and soon, for they do not have much time. The very least that must be done is to eliminate what former Bureau of the Budget Director Charles Schulze called "adhocery" in governmental decision making. In short, the time has come to recognize the perils of pragmatism.

It is odd that in Drucker's chronicle of discontinuities he does not grapple with the problem of what ought to be, save in passing. He does call for "reprivatization," by which is meant "a systematic policy of using . . . the nongovernmental institutions of the society of organizations for the actual 'doing'" of governmental jobs. Political theory and social theory, he further maintains, must come together again after being separate for the last 250 years. The universities, business organizations and hospitals, to name only three examples, should be seen as organs for the accomplishment of governmental results.

That, of course, is what *is* being done (see, e.g., James Ridgeway's work, *The Closed Corporation*). Drucker's failure lies in not seeing that "reprivatization" ineluctably leads to a merger of political and economic power—which means, in briefest terms, that what is being built in the United States, not by design but by the slow accretion of myriad transactions between government and the various "private" associations, is the "corporate state, American style." If this form of social order is to protect traditional constitutional values, then we had better get on with the job of producing that new theory Drucker wants.

Criticism and Self-Criticism

OBSOLETE COMMUNISM: The Left-Wing Alternative. *By Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. Translated by Arnold Pomerans. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 256 pp. $5.95.*

LESLIE DERFLER

Mr. Derfler teaches at the University of Massachusetts. He is the author of The Third French Republic: 1870-1940 *(Princeton) and is at work on a biography of Alexandre Millerand.*

The French Communist party, or at least its Central Committee, has in recent years been the object of considerable criticism. The long history of subservience to Moscow and the gyrations that issued from it in the years 1935, 1939 and 1941 have been amply documented. In the postwar period, so has the party's unequivocal denunciation of the Titoist "heresy," its well-staged trials of such deviationists as André Marty and Charles Tillon, and its rejection of any active role in the Algerian War debate—the last largely a result of Russia's emphasis upon retaining the support of French nationalists opposed to German rearmament.

Despite the CPF's revisionist overtures to social democracy and current reassessment of its role as a political party, François Fejtö (*The French Communist Party and the Crisis of International Communism*, 1967) has stated flatly that if the CPF is no longer "the party of unconditional fidelity," no one is asking it to be. Revisionism notwithstanding, France's Communists have adjusted their position to a more comprehensive strategy, one still determined by the "general interests of the Soviet Union and the CPSU." The party executive's denunciation of Israel in 1967 and initial readiness to defend Russian policy in Czechoslovakia, tend to support that conclusion; although in both cases they were forced to retreat before the overwhelming opposition of party intellectuals and the rank and file.

Much of the reportage on last May's "revolution" (the work of a swarm of writers, politicians and activists setting forth their views in endless books, articles and pamphlets) has duly noted, on the one hand, the party's refusal to support rebellious students and striking workers and, on the other, its willingness to negotiate with the government to bring an end to the revolt. But it would be difficult to find an account as critical in its judgments and as ready to hang its criticisms on an all-enveloping analytical framework as that of Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit.

The Cohn-Bendits plainly state that they do not intend to write a history of *les événements* of last May. They have kept their word; one seeking a description of the student revolt and general strike will have to go elsewhere. The authors have instead analyzed the role of the participants, and examined the state's response in particular and the "Gaullist phenomenon" in general. They also detail the "Stalinist bureaucracy" of the French Communist party and how, in their opinion, it differed little from counterrevolutionary tendencies displayed by the Bolsheviks themselves after 1917.

The chapters covering the May events stress the democratic participation of students and workers and repeatedly place the blame for its outcome on an unholy alliance of "liberals, Stalinist bureaucrats, and reformists"—that is, on "all the bureaucrats, Right, Left, and Center, who sank their differences in order to eliminate a common danger to the power of each of them." The Grenelle Labor Agreement of May 27, providing the greatest working-class benefits since the Liberation, thus comes off as a sordid deal in which Pompidou saved the Communist party and its federation of unions and, in exchange, Georges Séguy, the Communist union leader, shored up the government. But it is the betrayal by the party that is stressed and documented; this is the message of the book. The spontaneity and revolutionary creativity of French students and workers, similar to that of Russian workers and soldiers after the October Revolution, was crushed by the defenders of "hideous bureaucratization," seen here as much a characteristic of communism as of Gaullism. The original German title, *Linksradikalismus, Gewaltkur gegen die Alterskrankheit des Kommunismus*, and the title of the French edition, *Le gauchisme, remède à la maladie séniale du communisme*, drive home the pathological quality of contemporary communism even more than does their English equivalent.

If this analysis of the student-workers' revolt assumes familiarity with the sequence of events, it also reaffirms points made elsewhere: the bleakness and overcrowding of Nanterre, the catalytic qualities of the Vietnamese War. The heavily analytical format doubtless was patterned after Marx's great histories of 19th-century French revolutionary upheavals; but it is unlikely that had Marx participated in any of them he could have displayed Daniel Cohn-Bendit's astonishing ability for almost total self-effacement. One would never know from this account that Daniel Cohn-Bendit was leader of the Nanterre March 22 Movement and was supported by the Trotskyist Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire, the most formidable student pressure group on the French Left. Nor does the book recount his vilification by both Communists and Gaullists. The reader cannot help looking for and missing the personal touches he alone could have provided.

Instead, we have endless demonstrations of the CPF's perfidy: On May 8, at the Place du Luxembourg, Communist lecturers called on students to disperse, an action which, if followed, "would have spelled the end of the movement before it had a chance to express its real demands." Less than two weeks later the party denounced the proposed May 16 march as provocative and, feeling isolated, student leaders called it off. It was a leader of the Revolutionary Communist Youth who, at the Place de l'Opéra the night of May 24, turned back to the Latin Quarter a crowd that had earlier set fire to the stock exchange. And it was the Communist-led CGT—described by its boss, Georges Séguy, as *"la grande force tranquille"*—that ordered its shop stewards to discourage workers from continuing the strike, and deliberately misled and demoralized them by spreading false reports, as in the case of the Paris transport workers, that fellow workers elsewhere had returned to their jobs. The CGT managed to regain control of its union membership, sued for peace and thus ended a strike of 10 million workers, something that the government had been unable to do.

That for the Cohn-Bendits the CGT action made all the difference was demonstrated by the Saint-Nazaire locals, more leftist than their national leadership, which continued to strike, but in hopeless isolation. It cannot be denied that there was a deadly consistency in all of this. Ever since its quest for respectability got under way in the Presidential election campaign of 1965, the party was striving to stop direct action and had paid the price of turning away an entire generation of radical youth—and most notably destroying its own student organization.

Two guiding principles for Communist party behavior are identified: (*1*) its model of society, hierarchical, machine-dominated, consumer-oriented and consequently, like the actual model, bureaucratic; (*2*) its residual subordination to the Soviet Union. An internal contradiction results: the party plays the reformist game, running candidates for office and entering into electoral alliances and, at the same time, remains revolutionary in theory. It rejected the revolutionary movement of May precisely because the uprising so violently exposed the contradiction.

The May experience, however, is valuable because it will have helped to shatter the myth identifying revolution as the work of a party committed to it. It is in an effort to demolish that myth in its greatest historical form that the Cohn-Bendits review the 1917 Revolution, when by Trotsky's admission the masses were to the left of the Bolshevik party. The authors introduce a variety of material, ranging from *What Is To Be Done?*—in order to demonstrate Lenin's lack of faith in the masses' ability to initiate revolutionary action and so justify the need for leadership—to revolutionary syndicalism's *Charter of Amiens*—to illuminate the workers' radical potential without the need of a party, and their ability to rise above a "trade union mentality" and to call for genuine and thoroughgoing revolution. the apostle of the revolutionary spontaneity of the masses, now the resurrected goddess of student revolt, Rosa Luxembourg. Cited as well is the counterrevolutionary behavior of the Bolshevik party in firing on the Kronstadt sailors and in destroying the Ukrainian Makhno movement.

One experiences a despairing *déjà*

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in all of this. It recalls the criticism made by Communists (revolutionary) against Social Democrats (counterrevolutionary). It was a French Communist, Maurice Thorez, who most loudly echoed his Comintern bosses in reserving the greatest criticism, not for reactionaries but for those other heirs of Marxism who continually "applied the brakes to mass action." The same charges of bureaucratic ossification were leveled by *minoritaires* against French Socialists fifty years ago, and similar tendencies on the part of German Social Democracy were amply analyzed by Robert Michels.

If this means the Left is able to renew itself continually, it also means that the critics have largely replaced the objects of their criticism, and in having adopted similar structures and behavior patterns, are now criticized in turn. Disappointed revolutionaries have accused the CPF of betraying the revolution—and doubtless there is a case to be made here. But one wishes they had expended half as much time and energy in exploring the possibility of an alternate explanation for its failure, namely that the great majority of workers—and perhaps even students—are more reformist, and the modern state less vulnerable, than the Cohn-Bendits suppose.

Salka's Incorrigible Heart

THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS. *By Salka Viertel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 338 pp. $6.95.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

One aspect of this book which it would please its publishers to have emphasized is that its author knew so many famous people—especially those Middle Europeans who from 1933 to the early fifties made Hollywood their home. Mrs. Viertel's residence in the Santa Monica canyon was the haven of all the luminaries who for at least a decade found themselves—as Brecht expressed it—"exiles in paradise." In this sense her book is history as well as biography.

In telling her life story at the age of 70 plus, Salomea Sara Viertel (née Steuermann), better known as Salka, has written a book of love. I designate it in this fashion not in reference to the pages which deal with her romance with the man she married but because of her capacity for love of children, friends, men and women of good will and talent.

This gift of love, this passion for life, is rarer than we suppose. It triumphs over age, adversity, ego. Because she was so endowed, all the "big names"—some of them monsters of egocentricity—clung to her for solace and for purification.

Born in Poland, Salka was the oldest of four children of a distinguished family. Her father was the first Jewish mayor in the town of her birth. The children were tutored at home and at an early age became fluent in German, French, Russian, as well as Polish. Her musician brother, Edward Steuermann, developed into a renowned pianist, teacher and, through performance, champion of Schoenberg, Webern, Berg. Enamored of the theatre, Salka became an actress.

She appeared in classic German and contemporary European drama in the leading theatrical centers of Germany. Her husband, Berthold Viertel, an Austrian, was not only a successful stage director in Vienna and Berlin but a film director in Hollywood and London, and perhaps most profoundly a poet. His fiery nature and embattled humanism so impressed Christopher Isherwood while they worked together in London that he made Viertel the central figure of his novel *Prater Violet.*

The Viertels came to this country and settled on the West Coast in 1928 because Berthold was engaged as a film director there. Limited by her ignorance of spoken English Salka began to collaborate—often with S. N. Behrman—in the writing of screenplays. Among the best known were the Garbo films, *Queen Christina* and *Anna Karenina.*

The descriptions in *The Kindness of Strangers* of her childhood and of the conditions and personalities of the German stage after the First World War—a most productive theatrical period—are charming, gay, sometimes touching, particularly at the moment when young Salka kisses the hand of the stage director who first consents to train her. But the drama of Salka's life takes on an especially glamorous aura when her home in Hollywood becomes the center of a vast circle of personalities who strive, suffer, celebrate, challenge, create on what I cannot forbear to call an exalted level.

Here Thomas and Heinrich Mann pay tribute to each other in long written addresses at the older brother's birthday. Here Malraux makes his appeal to the moneyed intelligentsia on behalf of Republican Spain. Here Schoenberg is nearly persuaded to consider an offer from MGM's Thalberg to write the score for *The Good Earth* and refuses it because to him the job means that he must control all the picture's sound—from the instrumental to the inflection of the actors' speech.

To the Viertel hearth come distressed messages from Eisenstein in Mexico protesting the massacre of his film by its backers. Salka attempts to come to Eisenstein's aid, and pleads that he be granted the funds needed to complete the enterprise.

One anecdote recounts Brecht's decision to compromise with the industry by writing a screenplay with Salka (to help her in a moment of financial drought), a real *commercial* film. But he insists that the heroine of the projected story be a Frenchwoman suspected of collaboration with the Nazis and thus has her head shorn. When Salka points out that no star would agree to appear in a role which demands her "baldness," Brecht remains adamant. Salka's explanation of the rules of the Hollywood game is a gem. It begins: "What producers want is an original but familiar, unusual but popular, moralistic but sexy, tender but violent, slick but highbrow masterpiece. . . ."

Still all this does not constitute the essence of her book. It lies elsewhere. Because Berthold was obliged to accept engagements to write pictures and plays abroad while Salka had to stay at home to care for her four children and to earn money at the studio—the Viertels were never overly affluent—their marital relationship suffered. After several prolonged absences Salka realized that she and her husband could no longer remain lovers. He became attached to another woman, she to another man. Not for a moment did Salka and Berthold lose their deep regard for and close association with each other. Never was there a word of recrimination between them. During their separation they wrote long letters to each other which are among the most genuinely moving love letters I have ever read. This was characteristic of all four people involved, all of whom remained lifetime friends.

When finally Salka (not without some trouble with the U.S. passport bureau in the days of our terror) returned to Europe, to Klosters, Switzerland, where she now resides, she once again became the "mother" of her grandchild after her son's divorce, a continued motherhood subsequent to her daughter-in-law's death.

Salka ends her book with a phrase about her "incorrigible heart." It is this quality which sustains and ennobles all the artistic, intellectual, social and political events which her book narrates.

It gives us a sense of what it is to be a true person. Without that core of warm humanity all the rest would be vanity. To be meaningfully cultured is to inform everything we think and do with that ingredient which the splendid woman who is Salka Viertel signally exemplifies.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

James Rosenquist has done another giant painting in sections: the first, in 1965, was "F-111"; the second, painted last year, was "Horse Blinders," recently on view at Leo Castelli's Gallery. The size of both paintings, about 10 feet high and something more than 80 feet long, is dictated by the dimensions of the gallery. The spectator, stepping into Castelli's second-floor front room, was walled in with huge images. The "F-111" had fifty-one sections and Rosenquist told G. R. Swenson that originally he expected it to be sold a piece at a time: each bit would be incomplete, a souvenir of the original. In the end the painting stayed together so that the radical idea of atomistic dispersal was lost. "Horse Blinders" has fewer sections (I counted fourteen vertical ones) and it looks as if Rosenquist has withdrawn from his distribution-by-fragmentation idea. These canvases are interspersed with aluminum sheets, which always occur at the corners of the rooms so that they reflect, in reverse and somewhat blurred, the painting at right angles to them. Breaking up the sequence, or even hanging "Horse Blinders" in another space, would reduce the changing reflections which are, I think, a part of its success.

Rosenquist's earlier work tends to fall short as color; his tonal handling of form (he was trained in the sky above Times Square) was expert and convincing, but his color was subservient to tonal values, that is to say to colors used one at a time. He established color zones: one would be all pink, another all gun-metal gray, another the orange of spaghetti. These zones have been intensifying in color lately but not until now has his color really become active, the equal, as a pictorial factor, of his tonal definition of form. The aluminum sheets, which in "F-111" were used to give what the artist called "a brittle feeling," in contrast to the canvas, contribute to his new vivid color. There is a full range over the spectrum: flaring orange, cloudy purple, pale blue, brilliant yellow, livid red. And the colors fuse with one another, overlap and infiltrate, with a coloristic resource not found in the earlier paintings.

What is the subject of "Horse Blinders"? The title refers to the apparatus worn by horses to block peripheral vision and thus reduce sources of sudden alarm, horses being nervous creatures. The connection of this to the painting isn't clear, though presumably the artist is either (*1*) freeing us of *our* blinders so we can see more widely, or (*2*) implying that the objects in his painting act like horse blinders on us, their users. In terms of object recognition, the picture is about kitchen technology. Reading from right to left, which is the way attention moved in the gallery, the following items are legible: a finger (like an image from an ad for touch control), an ATT cable, its color-coded wires opening out like a bouquet; a motion study of a spoon beating food in a bowl, followed by energy patterns in wave form; a block of butter melting in a pan over a glowing burner; finally a telephone cord (motion study again) and a blurred mass (flesh?).

Rosenquist's method of composition is that of montage, the photographic and figurative extension of collage. Whereas in Cubist collage separate bits of material are assembled in a mainly flat space, montage unites imagery from separate sources in a *scenic* way. It is the method of Soviet movies of the twenties, and of iconographically ambitious WPA murals in which allegorical figures, representative American types, and pylons mingle and interpenetrate. In Rosenquist's pictures slices of images, each one highly naturalistic in detail, are taken from half-legible sources. Forms are defined as obscure bosses of advancing detail or as amorphous surfaces that expand into what the artist once called "immediate infinity." The effect is of objects slipping out of focus, losing their boundaries. Enlargement and identity loss reinforce each other: the result of his giantism is doubt, not clarity. Often the transitions from one zone of a painting to another are more emphatic in their color change than in the objects defined internally in each zone.

Rosenquist explained the significance of a detail in the earlier big picture, which included an A-bomb mushroom, by saying: "Then next, that's an underwater swimmer wearing a helmet with an air bubble above his head, an exhaust air bubble that's related to the breath of the atomic bomb. His 'gulp' of breath is like the 'gulp' of the explosion. It's an unnatural force, man made." There is no doubt that the objects in their order in "Horse Blinders" could also be annotated in this way. However, just as his objects are painted in a way that makes them simultaneously explicit yet evasive, so the interjection of allegory is felt by the spectator, but without his becoming dependent on the artist's explanation. There is, I think, an inherent obscurity in Rosenquist's work, though I do not mean this in a derogatory sense. Indeed, the function of obscurity in his work is to protect him from the banal. The "F-111" is, in format, like a WPA mural; "Horse Blinders," except for its obscurity, could be a "Wonders of the Technical Age" mural or a fold-out in an encyclopedia. Undoubtedly, Rosenquist thinks in terms of objects with symbolic meanings and in terms of allegories about man's place in society, but his moralism, though articulate, is secretive.

Rosenquist's forms are all derived from recognizable objects split off from their familiar context. In this respect his practice resembles that of the Pop artists with whom he used to be associated. Pop art made a great play in the recontextualizing of common materials and unprocessed objects within the traditional field of art. Though highly aware of the sign systems they were using, Pop artists to a man refrained from assigning symbolic function to their forms. Rosenquist, though equally sensitive to the man-made landscape, seems always to have thought about it allegorically, in terms of what was good for man or what machines were doing to people. He has failed to materialize these Great Thoughts, but he has done something else infinitely more interesting.

Dutch artists of the 17th century

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could assign symbolic meaning to their realistic subjects without weakening the illusion of things seen, but Rosenquist cannot communicate with society in unshared symbols. What we can do, as spectators, however, is to view his art in relation to our common experience of objects, even if the system by which they are ordered is out of reach. Then we can see the brilliance of his achievement as, by means of a naturalistic technique, he presents us with de-realized objects. Rosenquist is the painter of the objects and spaces of our world, but as they slip out of focus, enormous but lost. It has been said that Pop art has shown us the art and objects of the city, bringing neglected aspects of life back into view. Rosenquist, who more than anybody else was responsible for realizing a realistic potential within Pop art, does the reverse. He paints the world in all those episodes in which we lose our grip on it.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

James Ivory draws his films from the shifting cultural forces of post-empire India. His *Shakespeare Wallah* was a gently melancholy, quietly funny, J.B. Priestley sort of piece about a British road company trying to hang on to the only life it knows in a time when the English are going home and the hitherto "assimilated" Indians are turning from Bardolatry to inspirations from their own aesthetic past.

His current *Guru* is a much sunnier picture, a sympathetically laughing study of Indian perplexity in the face of England's new youth. Utpal Dutt plays a musician of the stature, say, of Shankar. He has two British pupils—Rita Tushingham, an East-intoxicated girl of no discernible talent, and Michael York, a candid, tough-minded rock star who, perhaps with a side glance at the Beatles, has decided that some familiarity with the sitar will do his career no harm. Miss Tushingham is content to gaze up from the feet of her guru with enormous, unfocused eyes, which feeds the ego of the emotionally rather insecure master; York wants lessons at so much an hour, which provides no ego nourishment at all.

The key to the film's humane success is Dutt's role and performance. The guru is a multiply imperfect man, vain, self-indulgent, dictatorial, given to explosions of anger he lacks the courage to sustain. Nevertheless, he is seen to be a fine artist and a man whose instincts are greatly more decent than his impulses. York and Miss Tushingham are more one-dimensional; he colorfully entertaining, she more uninvolved than is her customary manner. True, she is supposed to be playing a misty-minded girl, but either that is a thing she cannot do or Ivory failed to make the part convincing to her. As a result she seems sometimes to be watching the action when she should be creating it.

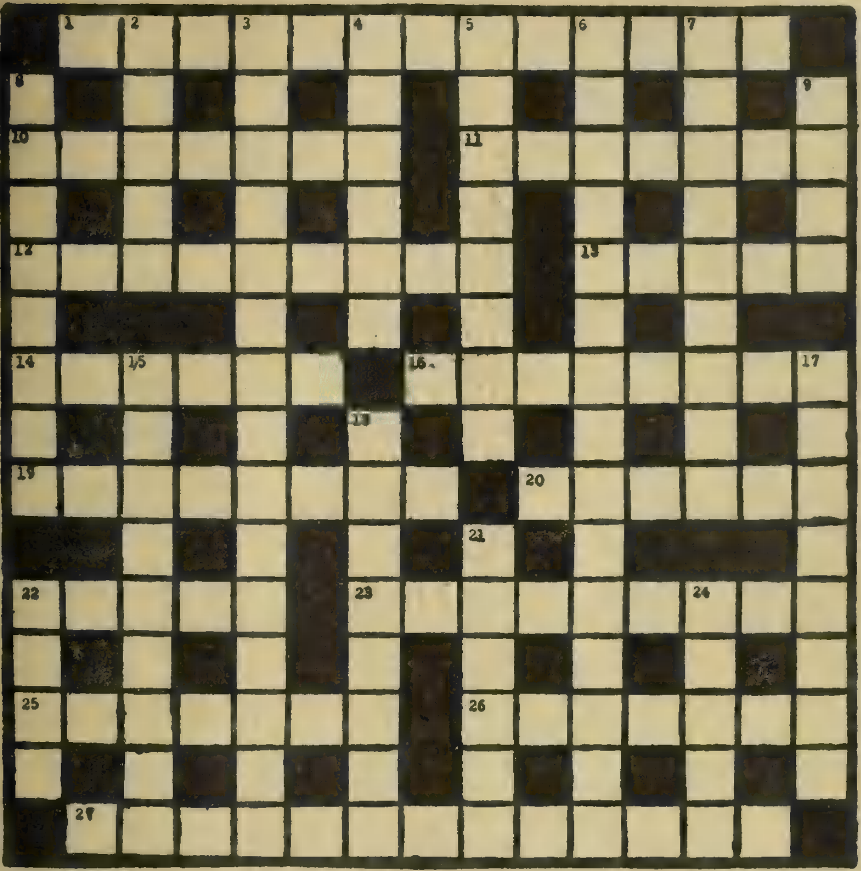
That and Ivory's generally slack timing are faults, but not fatal in a work so slight and modest. A love story develops sweetly between the two Westerners, thrown together by the menacing strangeness of India. And it is all worked out against an extraordinarily beautiful background of rivers, cities and coastal waters. Ivory, who has lived there for many years and worked under the great Indian director, Ray, has a superb eye for the visual glories of the land. It is, of course, a very partial impression that he gives, but the sores and torments of India would not have fitted his mood of gently satiric romance.

Pier Paolo Pasolini tells us that the Visitor (Terence Stamp) of his *Teorema* is not Christ, and invites us to decide whether he is god or devil. I'd say he was a rather debased (and certainly unanimated) Dionysus, who on this occasion moves in on one of those Milanese commercial families whom Italian directors enjoy transporting by limousine from one palatial residence to another. Stamp's influence is defined to be utterly inescapable; he emanates a power whose nature is suggested by close-up shots of his fly (a kind of male cheesecake that becomes distastefully funny with repetition), and by virtue of which he seduces everyone, young and old, male and female, in the household. This experience is implied to be transcendent, but it in no way enlarges or liberates the recipients. Instead, on the departure of the Visitor, they collapse into various forms of madness.

It may be Pasolini's lesson that the touch of a god is fatal to those who have already forsaken life, and it may be for that reason that, whereas the members of the family sink into self-destructive deterioration, the maid of all work is elevated to self-destructive saintliness (in one scene she levitates). But if that was the intention, I wonder why the teenage son and daughter were so afflicted; they appeared sufficiently avid for life. And in any case the melancholy history is carried out with a literalness—*Teorema* meaning "Theorem"—that required more suspension of belief than I could muster. Perhaps such visitations are more persuasive in Italy than they are here, though I should have thought Milan the least susceptible area. In any case, if a parable was intended, the execution seemed to me too automatic and mechanical to make it effective. Possession by an alien spirit will work as metaphor, but literal possession five times repeated with humorless efficiency becomes tedious puppetry. I recognize that Pasolini is trying to say something religiously significant about good and evil, but his didacticism stood between me and his vision.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1296

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Such retainers wouldn't insult one, but their system has merit, reputedly. (5,8)
10 How they used to dance a short distance away? (3-4)
11 Where one can shoot pictures associated with it........ (7)
12 ..... and they can shoot important players, as well. (9)
13 Scratch the record? It might take a long time to get the point. (5)
14 Wrap up, as the student might. (6)
16 Buster does, naturally! (8)
19 Does it contain the main course, with coasters alongside? (8)
20 and 24 down What makes things stiff and yellow? One might make an arbitrary decision! (4,7)
22 Parisian gold award? (5)
23 Descriptive of the sound of 9, with all we get out of it! (5,4)
25 Did little workers go off with it? (The association could be mine!) (5-2)
26 Quakers probably do. (7)
27 The force of atmospheric disturbance? (5,8)

DOWN

2 Powerless. (5)
3 A bare description might imply the heart line got the works. (2,3,10)
4 Infective. (6)
5 14 perhaps—soprano or tenor? (8)
6 Usually presented in a low 5, proving the depth of the nap. (6,2,3,4)
7 One might win the competition on points. (3-6)
8 Desserts should at last be sticky, reputedly. (8)
9 That old city fatigue, it seems! (4)
15 To gather the salient feature, as one might in returning to the office? (9)
17 Ill-gotten riches (about a couple of pounds) made by the poet? (8)
18 Inside murals shouldn't be, if the point is stretched. (5-3)
21 Bits or pieces of the tavern? (6)
22 Like a blonde with a modest make-up? (4)
24 See 20 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1295

ACROSS: 1 Indoor sport; 9 Cyst; 10 and 28 Elbow room; 12 Forrest; 15 and 11 Skeleton crew; 16 Deaden; 18 Obeyed; 21 Moby Dick; 24 Drawers; 26 Details; 29 and 17 Block and tackle; 31 Underhanded. DOWN: 2 Naturally; 3 Overset; 4 Robe; 5 Powered; 6 Racer; 7 and 13 By hook or crook; 8 Remote; 14 Enemy; 19 Barrow; 20 Durable; 22 Break in; 23 Colons; 25 and 30 Womankind; 27 Goth.

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Fred J. Cook

LETTERS

'Democracy and the Curriculum'

Lewisburg, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: As a student and a voting member of the Curriculum Committee of the College of Arts and Sciences at Bucknell University, I would like to take exception to several points in Carl Cohen's article, "Democracy and the Curriculum" [*The Nation*, Mar. 17].

First . . . the democracy he describes as appropriate for a college community is really oligarchy (rule by the select few) or at best the kind of "democracy" practiced in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which was in effect rule by the elect. If faculty should control curriculum because they are most experienced (despite the obvious vested interest of students), then shouldn't administrators have the sole power of hiring and firing (despite the faculty's interest)? This would surely be orderly; but it might not be pleasant.

Second, perhaps democracy is not the best way to run the world of academe. Perhaps we need be less formal than the political state. Perhaps we can recognize one another and our needs. The committee on which I serve has four students and nine teachers. I think Cohen is wrong in assuming students would want the balance reversed; we now have a meaningful voice, though, and that is important—for the faculty as well as for us.

Third, I accept Professor Cohen's evaluation of the competence of many faculty members. I reject categorically that they all possess it (even if they have taught for forty years), and that faculty possess it exclusively. Finally, I suggest he look also at the substantive issues. Students have not demanded a voice in institutional management solely because we are upset with procedures. Perhaps if students and faculty worked together on the procedures, some of the substantive problems in our nation's universities might begin to be cleared up. *Robert E. Feir*

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SIRS: The question of where to focus the major criticism on a debate as diverse as the validity of the American university or the relevancy of student protests seems to have come full circle in Carl Cohen's article.

These are exactly the things that American students today are seeing as *in*valid: the quality of selection and training of instructors, the paternalistic and condescending treatment of youth, and "rational" approach to protest or criticism of the American institutions as a viable means of change. Cohen seems to make the old traditional argument once again: "let's live with what we have because it's here and if we want to change its ills let's 'reason' together." His argument is invalid in full light of today's youthful critics. That's like arguing to not have a protest march on Saturday because of the World Series, when the march is for the increase in welfare benefits. *Richard L. Stevens*
Department of Sociology and Anthropology
Emory University

Syracuse, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Carl Cohen's defense of faculty control over the curriculum of the university is reasonable and temperate, but excessively conservative. Neither does it accord with tradition or present reality.

The tradition is that a great many curricular decisions appear to have been made by an independent faculty, but in fact that independence has been historically conditioned by interests outside the ivied walls. The undergraduate liberal arts curriculum is probably the most "independent" but even here every major course of study is shaped by the requirements for admission to graduate school, whether or not a substantial fraction of graduating seniors do continue to

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EDITORIALS

The ABM Blues

Only a few months ago anything the Pentagon asked for it was almost sure to get. Its principal opposition came from within: if Secretary of Defense McNamara thought a weapons system was not essential to the national defense, or not worth the cost, he could usually block its introduction. In the Congress, however, and around the country generally, opposition to military demands was feeble. The high command was regarded as close to infallible, despite plenty of evidence to the contrary.

Times have changed! Skepticism has superseded blind faith. The Nixon Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system, successor to the Johnson Sentinel, is an early victim of this reversal of mood. Its fate is unsettled, but the only true friends it seems to have are the President, Secretary Laird, and of course, Gerald R. Ford, the House Republican leader.

When the ABM was moved from the cities to the wide-open spaces the hope of its sponsors was that opposition would wither away. Indeed, in some sections the prospect of an influx of mammoth construction funds overrode all other considerations. Not in North Dakota, however. At Fargo, population 50,000, and regarded as a slightly overgrown country town, several hundred citizens gathered to hear Rep. George Brown of California, a member of the Science and Astronautics committee, and Dr. George Stanford, a nuclear physicist attached to the Argonne National Laboratory in Chicago, deliver scathing attacks on Safeguard. The meeting adopted a policy statement to the effect that fallout over the wheatlands was no more acceptable than fallout over the cities. There were also assertions that a series of Minuteman test firings had failed, and since Minuteman missiles are far simpler than ABMs, the latter could be more of a danger to the areas under defense than to the incoming missiles. North Dakota is said to have the highest concentration of nuclear weaponry per acre of any state; evidently some of the citizens want no more of it.

In a stinging letter to Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, North Dakota Governor William L. Guy repudiated the notion that he should support the ABM program as good for his state's economy, saying: "There are priority needs such as education, health services and reclamation projects that have a higher social priority and would be far better for this state's economy than the ABM system." Sen. Milton Young has given a measure of support to ABM sites in North Dakota, but Sen. Quentin Burdick has voiced opposition.

Meanwhile, scientists and students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose contracts with the Department of Defense have run close to $100 million a year, took part in the March 4 "research stoppage" and heard a widely quoted speech by Harvard's prize-winning biologist, George Wald. Dr. Wald lashed out at the draft, biological warfare, and Sen. Richard Russell's statement that if we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, he wanted them to be Americans. "Criminal insanity," Wald called it. The MIT linguist Noam Chomsky urged the audience to "keep knocking down the technical justifications for programs like ABM," warning at the same time that if resistance ever got off the ground, the government might take action against what it would term an illegal conspiracy.

The ABM may yet overcome opposition, but Mr. Nixon is not going to find it easy to obtain the $8 billion, or whatever will be needed to put it in operation—assuming it can be made to operate. He has admitted that he made a mistake in failing to appoint Franklin A. Long to the directorship of the National Science Foundation because, not at all vehemently, Dr. Long had opposed the ABM. Mr. Nixon may yet wish that he had jettisoned the whole ABM system as his first act on taking office.

Crackdown

Both President Nixon and Governor Reagan have upheld the principle of peaceful dissent in the universities and spoken in favor of a student voice in university affairs. By delivering themselves of these liberal sentiments, they may feel that they have cut the ground from under those students who go in for rough stuff on campus. No doubt the conservative public will agree; the applause which greeted the President's blast against student lawlessness in his speech before the Chamber of Commerce in Washington is an indication. He will also find widespread support for his contention that students should be limited to a consultant role in the affairs of the university, but one can predict with considerable assurance that this formula will not satisfy student militants, and that middle-of-the-road student bodies, while disapproving the tactics of the militants, will continue to display varying degrees of sympathy with their demands.

Among Mr. Nixon's strongest points as a lawyer and politician is forensic omission. By fluent and forceful enunciation of his own case, he can make the average audience forget that he has paid no attention to the opposition's case. What he is ignoring in the present situation is that a good deal of student disorder is the result of protracted indifference on the part of university and government officials to orderly petitions for relief. Apparently a majority of students are opposed to the Vietnamese War, but the war goes on and on. The Nixon Administration hopes to end it (so did the Johnson administration) but the end must be "honorable" from the American viewpoint, which means that a war which the United States should never have entered in the first place is to be settled on terms satisfactory to the hawks, so that Mr. Nixon can retain the desired image of a strong President.

Similarly, the presidents and deans of institutions of higher learning often stand pat on issues affecting the student body until the more rebellious students resort to force. Then the administrators raise a hue and cry against "revolutionaries" and the President of the United States comes to their aid, covering himself with simultaneous declarations of principle which leave actual power where

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it has been right along. The effect is to make administrators like President Perkins of Cornell, who try to rule by reason, appear lacking in the "backbone" which Mr. Nixon demands.

While Mr. Nixon was denouncing student revolutionaries before the Chamber of Commerce, a small group of student editors and campus leaders was meeting with Henry A. Kissinger, the President's national security adviser, and John Ehrlichman, the Presidential counsel. This meeting had been arranged in lieu of an audience the students had requested with the President. The students argued that the war was "dishonorable" from the start and remained so. Dr. Kissinger and Mr. Ehrlichman reportedly asked for patience, but the students pointed out that patience has its limits, especially for young men who are on the verge of being drafted for combat in a war they find loathsome.

This conference nevertheless was a move in the right direction. The wrong way to handle student dissenters is exemplified by an occurrence at Voorhees College, a "predominantly" Negro school in South Carolina supported by the Episcopal Church. Twenty-five armed Negroes, including five women students, seized two buildings. The president of the college, Dr. John F. Potts, worked out a settlement with the barricaded students. In the meantime, Gov. Robert E. McNair called the seizure "a crime that would not be tolerated" and at the request of the board of trustees sent heavily armed National Guardsmen and state police to the campus. The students came out, leaving their weapons behind, under the impression that the school would not press charges. But the trustees repudiated the agreement between the students and Dr. Potts and all twenty-five were arrested. Anyone who thinks that such episodes are conducive to academic peace must have lost all contact with reality.

Scenario

While recognizing that the basic issues often run deep, we have thought for some time that one of the immediate factors leading to the disruptions now proliferating on American campuses is the sphinxlike attitudes of those governing many of the institutions. Like other bureaucracies, college administrations like to look as formidable as they can and to say as little as possible. If you are young, and if it is spring, there is always the temptation to see how far you can twist the lion's tail before he springs.

This is not apt to be a motive at Yale, where President Kingman Brewster, Jr., has recently distributed to the entire student body a letter giving his views on dissent and disruption. As to the former, he says he will defend its expression no matter how extreme its views. More important in the present context, he affirms that when matters of Yale policy are at issue the university, faculty and administration alike, has an obligation to recognize and respond to the dissent.

As to disruption, he makes it equally clear that he will not tolerate it, and he outlines a series of steps he will take if it occurs. He would begin by inviting the disrupters to meet with him for an unrestricted discussion of unspecified duration; if they did not respond, he would warn them that continuation of the disruption would lead to suspension. If that did not work, he would pronounce the suspension and take steps to have the disrupters removed from the scene, first using such force as the university could command and then, as a very last resort, asking assistance from outside.

With candor unusual in a university president, Dr. Brewster acknowledges that this program demands from him a clarity of view and a resolution of purpose that he cannot in advance be certain of exercising. He is obviously worried by the prospect he outlines (he even fears that sketching the "scenario" may bring on the event). He views with real dismay the possibility that Yale might have to call in the police, and it is noteworthy that early in his communication he repudiates the legislation which would withdraw federal loans and grants from insurgent students—at Yale, he asserts, students will be disciplined according to their acts, not their finances.

There is nothing particularly adventurous about the social and political views of Kingman Brewster; in the past he has made clear that he could not endorse completely the views or tactics of William Sloane Coffin, Jr., but he has simply laughed when asked whether Yale might take steps to curb its fiery chaplain. What makes Brewster unusual in the present atmosphere of campus brinkmanship is that he is visible, modest and frank. It seems almost a miracle that Yale has not yet erupted, but perhaps the reason is nothing more abstruse than the homely, and now somewhat rare, virtues of its president.

Triumph of Irrelevance

Birth control is an issue of prime importance all over the world. When it is not applied, or fails for one reason or another, abortion is the last resort. Attitudes toward abortion are influenced by economic circumstance perhaps as much as by religious or moral considerations. In Japan unconditional abortion was made legal in 1948. The United Kingdom, Sweden and some other countries have liberal abortion laws. In the United States each state is the judge of when abortion is justified and when not.

In this situation a proposal for abortion reform in a key state is important internationally as well as nationally. New York has an eighty-six-year-old law which permits abortion only to save the mother's life. For three years Albert H. Blumenthal, a dedicated Manhattan Reform Democrat, has led the forces pressing for abortion reform, to the extent that pregnancy could be terminated when there is substantial risk that the fetus, if born, would be grossly malformed or, because of serious physical or mental abnormality, would be permanently incapable of caring for itself. Other grounds would be pregnancy resulting from rape or incest, or when the mother was no more than 15 years old and unmarried.

This year's bill had the support of Governor Rockefeller, the Joint Legislative Committee on Public Health, most medical associations and most Protestant and Jewish groups. The proponents of reform were sure they had the necessary votes. One Assemblyman who had promised to vote for it was Republican Martin Ginsberg of Nassau, a 38-year-old lawyer who was badly crippled by polio at the age of 13 months. However, in the debate Mr. Ginsberg declared that, though he favored reform, he could not support the provision for abortion in the event of the abnormalities specified in the measure. In a highly emotional speech he cited several persons who had been born with physical defects, among them the great electrical engineer-mathematician Charles P. Steinmetz. Concluding his speech, Mr. Ginsberg said: "I don't know why God saw fit to let me live in this form and condition. Perhaps it was so I could be here . . . to speak on this specific bill." Whereupon he received a standing ovation and fourteen Assemblymen switched their votes, defeating the bill for this session.

Legislators were also influenced by a letter from a crippled boy who said he wouldn't have wanted not to be born. This appeal reminds one of Charles Lamb's essay, "Dream Children," in which he lamented that because he had not married a certain young woman, their nonexistent children would be doomed to "wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name." The essay is moving, but it is nonsense in terms of actual life. There is no pool of pathetic children waiting to be conceived and born.

Mr. Ginsberg's argument would apply equally to some other legislator who might argue that if his mother had not been raped he would not be on hand to serve his constituency. And what about the children in underdeveloped countries who, if born, have nothing to look forward to but starvation?

Of course abortions will not cease because of the defeat of Mr. Blumenthal's bill, nor would births of malformed children (of whom Mr. Ginsberg was *not* one at birth) have stopped had the bill passed. Any mother who thinks she might be carrying another Steinmetz will be free to bring him into the world; or if she does not wish to be aborted of her possibly malformed child for reasons of conscience or religious belief she can go ahead and bear it. All Mr. Ginsberg accomplished was to help keep the abortion mills in business and to sign the death warrants of a certain number of unwilling mothers who would have survived legal abortions.

Cry Mercy

If capital punishment is a social evil—and that the American people so view it today can be clearly seen by the fact that it has been virtually abandoned and is legally banned in a number of states—then it is evil however eminent, admirable or beloved the murderer's victim. We would oppose it for the killer of Martin Luther King; we oppose it for the killer of Robert Kennedy.

In the case of Sirhan Sirhan, the jury's action is particularly distasteful because of the man's evident mental confusion. Legal insanity is a will o' the wisp, the despair of both lawyers and psychiatrists, but no reasonable man, reflecting on Sirhan's fantastic motivation and his frenzied courtroom behavior, would advocate putting this pathetic youth to death.

Judge Walker might be tactically well advised to reduce the sentence to life imprisonment, since the verdict could be reversed by a higher court on the ground that members of the panel who expressed convictions against capital punishment were excluded from the jury. He might show diplomatic wisdom by doing so, since the issue is a cause of passion in the Arab world, where our best interests are served by a reduction of passions.

But beyond all this, the extreme sentence is out of keeping with the character of the man who died. In the words of Jesse Unruh, Democratic Leader of the California Assembly and one of Robert Kennedy's most effective political supporters, it "is not the last chapter that ought to be written in the brilliant public record of a gentle man who bore hate for no man, woman or child and sought instead to eliminate violence and suffering from American society."

FRANCE WITHOUT FATHER

CLAUDE BOURDET

Paris.

General de Gaulle has been caught in his own trap. The blackmail did not work, the bluff was called, and history may well describe his departure from the scene not as death by accident but as political suicide, or perhaps as Russian roulette. However, let us be cautious with instant post mortems for the wily old gentleman could still have tricks in his bag; he might even stage a comeback. Nothing is politically impossible while he lives.

However, as of now the departure looks real, and the question on every tongue is, Why did he do it? Many rack their brains (the editor of *Figaro* keeps sadly shaking his head) and have given some reasons. The referendum of April 27 was not popular, but de Gaulle felt nevertheless that he had to put all his weight behind it, since its defeat meant defeat for him. You cannot establish the habit of government by blackmail and then suddenly let people decide for themselves.

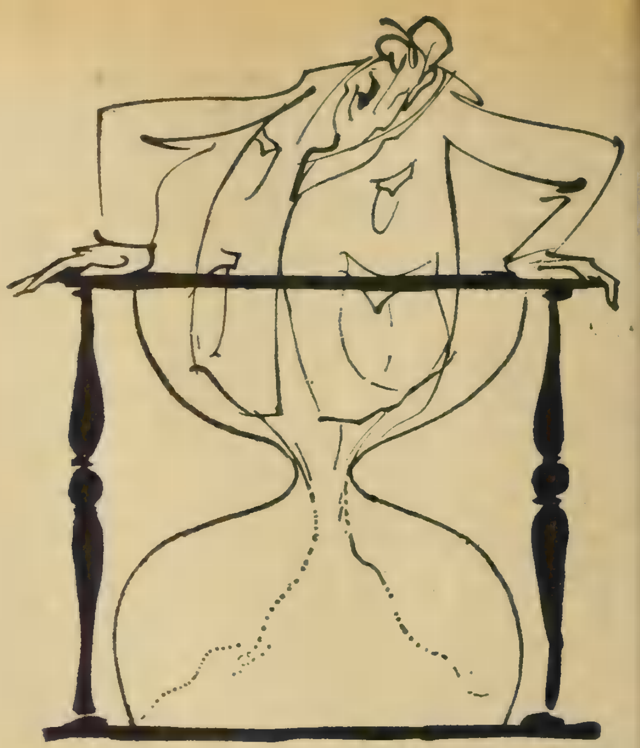
Deeper than this logical explanation is the psychological need de Gaulle felt periodically for some kind of reassurance—and which he felt especially after the staggering blow of the May "revolution." Friends at that time persuaded him to drop the idea of a referendum and hold elections instead. These produced a spectacular victory; but Gaullists were elected, not de Gaulle. Politically, of course, it was the same thing, but psychologically it was something quite different. Which raises the question of whether this apparently strong man did not hide an inner weakness that needed the comforting balm of sweet popular suffrage.

Why did the French call his bluff? I think that the substance of the referendum was generally disliked from the start but that with the increase of bullying from the Elysée it became simply a matter of voting for or against de Gaulle. It seems that the bogeys of communism and chaos have become unreal. People are also tired of the benign, imperious father figure. Too much father leads to father murder—especially since Pompidou, the slightly rebellious yet loyal heir, furnishes a safe alternative for the more timid "no" voters.

The first three days after the vote was passed very quietly. Everywhere business went on as usual (The traditional May 1 parade of the labor unions was called off by the Communist-led CGT because it feared disorders by the much more leftist student groups, and possible provocations by extreme Gaullist organizations.) The business world is not unhappy. It hopes to get rid of the the more progressive aspects of de Gaulle's policy—the independent foreign policy; workers' participation in management. It had also come to fear de Gaulle's obstinacy in financial matters: his refusal to devalue the grossly overvalued franc and the consequent savage deflation. Austerity taxes and the rarity of money choked the economy. Devaluation now seems inevitable soon after the Presidential vote, especially if re-evaluation of the German mark remains uncertain.

What happens now? The Presidential election is set for June 1, and until then the government remains unchanged under Couve de Murville, with President of the Senate Alain Poher as caretaker President. He is a middle-of-the-roader who has emerged during the last month as a potential leader of conservative anti-Gaullism. Poher, who will be in the public eye because of his pro tem position, is cannily delaying an announcement of his plans, but he will probably enter the elections. If so, he will rally many moderates who are tired of Gaullism. But as of now Pompidou is the much stronger candidate, particularly since he has received the reluctant backing of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who abandoned his own hopes after trying unsuccessfully for two days to rally convincing support from his Independent Republican party.

Pompidou is considered heir apparent by most Gaullists (their left wing does not so recognize him) even after his estrangement from de Gaulle following events of 1968. That came about because Pompidou's cool attitude during the crisis produced a severe irritation in de Gaulle. There are many signs that he is still unforgiving, but what can he do? There is no other heir. Observers for the most part believe Pompidou can collect most of the 47 per cent "yes" vote, but others point out that matters are not so simple. Pompidou is no de Gaulle. He is popular, but not charismatic. De Gaulle, himself, is probably sitting on the fence, a slightly sadistic grin on his face. One must also consider that a referendum, even when honest, is a special phenomenon in which the government in power is at an advantage. If you then add the effect of de Gaulle's blackmail you may come to the conclusion that the anti-Gaullist wave was actually more intense than the 53 per cent "noes" would indicate. Still, it is also true that a certain number of these "noes" were hoping to get Pompidou in exchange for de Gaulle. From his first declarations it appears that Pompidou would like to seem open and "democratic," thus collecting the middle vote. This is like the recent American election, where everyone was fishing in the other fellow's waters.


Wolf—Der Stern, Hamburg

What about the Left? Here, alas, a very dismal prospect is to be feared. At this time there is no unity. The May "revolution" eroded a hopeful trend in that direction and the electoral defeat of June battered it down. The Guy Mollet Socialists gently sacked Mitterrand, the Unity candidate. The absorption of the Federation of the Left into a new Socialist party appears to deliver not much more in structure and spirit than did the old SFIO, which still dominates it. Although the French Communists, considering their Stalinist past, behaved well during the Czech crisis, the Russian tanks rolling through Prague also left many scars here. Finally, perhaps the most important handicap is the lack of any outstanding popular leader of the Left, since Mendès-France refuses to participate in a game that is rigged both intrinsically and by the maneuvers of the leaders on the Left. Thus the Socialists have put forward Gaston Defferre, Mayor of Marseilles and a member of the Party's right wing. This means they also will try to get the middle votes, while forcing the Communists to vote for Defferre as the lesser evil. It is probable, however, that the Communists will react by designating their own candidate, that the PSU will do the same and that all Left candidates will get less votes than Pompidou or Poher. As a result, the Left will be eliminated from the second round, if one is necessary, on June 15.

LABOR IN THE VINEYARD

THE BOYCOTT AND THE NLRA

RONALD B. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.

Visalia, Calif.

While neither side of the California fresh-grape boycott can claim anything like a victory in the 1968-69 crop year, the union's economic pressure has caused a shift in the growers' position. Grape farmers still contend that the strike and the boycott by César Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) have not gained the support of local vineyard workers and have not halted the flow of fresh grapes to market. But through such champions as California Gov. Ronald Reagan, the farmers are saying that the *unsuccessful* Delano grape strikes and the *ineffective* boycotts are national problems requiring legislative remedies—outside the National Labor Relations Act. The American and California Farm Bureau Federations, the California Grape and Tree Fruit League and the Council of California Growers individually seek some form of protective legislation that would proscribe boycotts and outlaw strikes at critical growing times, or at harvest.

A telegram from Governor Reagan to President Nixon summed up the growers' position: "I believe that applying the principle of the National Labor Relations Act is unwise. Such factors as crop perishability and weather require an approach that will achieve a balance of union and farmer bargaining power so necessary to reach a fair decision and avoid loss of food and fiber, in the public interest." The telegram identified the basic issues as "social and labor management problems" and asked for a broad national study.

Strip away the bitter arguments—over wages or market prices or perishability of crops or church involvement in social crisis—and there is but one issue: Do farm workers have the right to organize and bargain collectively? If they have such a right, it is unprotected by law and is therefore practically beyond reach. The UFWOC rejects the idea that workers can bargain voluntarily at the sufferance of the grower, and is demanding that farm workers be given the same protection industrial unions received when the NLRA became law in 1935. To force collective bargaining, after traditional strike and picket-line activities failed to bring the growers to the table, the UFWOC switched to a nation-wide boycott. Chavez made the boycott announcement last May; it took several weeks to spread boycott pickets across the nation and to establish operating bases in friendly churches or sympathetic local unions. The UFWOC's first big break came early in the summer when New York City announced that it had stopped buying California grapes. Most of the markets in the city went along; this shut off 20 per cent of the national fresh-grape market and pushed the boycott into the spotlight.

Since then it has become a national topic, argued and debated in Presidential and Congressional campaigns, discussed in newspaper editorials, and presented on national and local television. Has the boycott been effective? Specific, demonstrable facts are hard to come by, but it is obvious that the boycott has had some significant effects.

Any attempt to measure what these effects have been must start in the market place. The total California 1968-69 grape crop—raisins, wine and fresh fruit—is estimated at 3.2 million tons, right on the five-year average. The quality is good; the flow to market has been average or a bit below. The total income to the farmers, as projected by the federal-state market news service, is expected to top the $166 million average. Fresh grapes make up $30 million to $40 million of this return and the same general market picture is true. An estimated 540,000 tons of fresh grapes were produced.

The market in fresh grapes started out strong, then sagged in late July and August. Growers deny the dip was caused by the boycott, claiming the price drop coincided with the peak harvest flow into the markets. On August 12, the market news service reported Thompson seedless grapes at $3 to $2.75 a 26-pound carton, and stated, "Some suppliers indicate that boycotts in certain terminals were having an adverse effect . . . ." The daily and weekly market reports showed a 25c-to-50c price decline through August and September and, as late as December 24, the market news service reported, "Trading was very slow, partly due to boycott action in some markets."

Boycott effects were sporadic; the New York and other markets were shut down, but only for a while; then they would open, at least partially. The result was a chaotic marketing process for the growers. They shipped more grapes on consignment—without a firm market price or destination—and, if the first market area was closed, the shipment would be diverted to another. Growers who, in years past, had established the reputation of brand names in a particular market and normally shipped F.O.B. at a known price, sometimes had to ship into unknown auction markets and take their chances. Emphasis was shifted from the Northeast to the South and Southwest, in an effort to develop "new markets." Shipping figures show that with this extra effort, the fresh fruit did get to *some* market.

American Farm Bureau President Charles Schuman, added to the picture in a widely distributed wire service story: "When grape pickers, after more than three years of harassment and intimidation by the union, resisted compulsory unionism, the boycott weapon was brought into action—recently the Chicago area felt the effect of the boycott when nearly all the chain stores caved in under pressure from labor unions, the church and left-wing social action groups."

While growers say that the boycott was little more than an inconvenience, the UFWOC contends it knocked $12 million to $15 million out of the market by depressing prices and diverting fresh fruit to wine or juice. The market reports do not support such a loss figure. (A $12 million loss would be equal to a price decline of 25c a box across the full market season.) Two independent sources outside the strike area, but thoroughly familiar with the grape markets, estimated that the August-September market sag *could* have resulted in losses to the growers of $5 million to $7 million. They could not—or would not—say what caused the decline.

Since the market process provides no specific boycott indicators—in terms of overall effect—the next best yardstick is the reaction of growers and their allies. Schuman has said, "Product boycotts should be prohibited and the National Labor Relations Board should be eliminated and its functions transferred to the courts. Our [farm bureau] policy calls for prohibition of strikes in agriculture during critical periods of production and harvesting." Other farm groups concur, and some have suggested compulsory arbitration in a federal labor act unique to farming.

Chavez, in a dramatic shift in his position on the NLRA, is demanding the same pro-union provisions the industrial unions had for the first twelve years of the NLRA. In announcing the shift last month, Chavez opposed the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin amendments that prohibit secondary boycotts and authorize injunctions against recognition picketing. He also seeks a new amendment that would make it an unfair labor practice to hire nonresident workers (Mexican nationals admitted on "green card" visas) during a strike or lockout.

Speaking specifically about grower proposals, Chavez says: "There is talk at both state and federal levels of farm labor legislation. If we [growers and the union] cannot agree on wages, hours and working conditions, then how are we ever to agree on legislation? The farmer will never be able to break our union, or stop our boycott."

The boycott efforts are being stepped up; there are now 150 full-time boycott workers, scattered from New York to California. The heaviest pressure is being applied at the major chain stores, especially the two big ones, Safeway and A&P. But here again, facts are hard to come by; each side issues its own brand of "truth." A New York executive of A&P, for example, denied a New York Congressman's story that the chain's Eastern Division had agreed to honor the boycott. When telephone checks of A&P stores in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore revealed that the Baltimore unit—150 to 200 stores in the Washington-Maryland-Delaware area—was not reordering California grapes, the New York executive conceded that the *unit* (but not the entire *division*) was taking the grapes off, but denied there was any *agreement*. He said the grapes weren't selling; however, individual stores reported that they were.

The growers call the boycott an immoral and illegal weapon. Grower organizations—while arguing that farm workers should not come under the NLRA—tried to use the NLRA to prove secondary boycott charges. Chavez, commenting on the expansion of the boycott, stated: "The appropriate method for a nonviolent union such as ours is a direct appeal to the conscience of the American people. Our right to make that appeal, and their right not to buy California grapes, are things the farmers cannot take away from us. The boycott is a revelation of the moral force behind our movement."

It is too simple to choose up sides and take emotional positions. The strike, the boycott, the diminishing number of small farmers, the increase in the size and scope of industrial farming are all symptoms of a much larger crisis. Agriculture is now going through the traumatic economic complexities of the industrial revolution. For many reasons, the family farm is disappearing, and with it a part of the American frontier tradition. The farmer is without question in an economic struggle for survival. The price of tractors, of building materials, of chemicals and other supplies continues to rise, while individual farmers still haul produce into auction markets, not knowing what price they will receive for a year's labor and investment.

Chavez and the UFWOC are an economic threat to the farmer who is already in a cost-cutting fight with an increasing number of industrialized neighbors. The UFWOC has a dozen field labor contracts with vintners and food processors like DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation, Schenley Industries and the wineries of Paul Masson, Almadén and Christian Brothers. These contracts set wage minimums at from $1.75 to $2.40 an hour, depending upon the contract and the job classification. The corporations report that the negotiated piece-rate system for the harvest of wine grapes brings the average picker's wage up to $3.30 an hour. In addition, the employer contributes 10c an hour to a health and welfare fund. The total package is a 40 to 50 per cent increase in labor costs.

Opponents of Chavez and the UFWOC contend that the union does not represent more than a "handful" of the table-grape workers. It is true that UFWOC contracts are primarily with wine-grape growers, the major exception being DiGiorgio. In August 1966, in a precedent-setting union recognition election on DiGiorgio's 4,400-acre Sierra Vista ranch near Delano, pickers chose the UFWOC (530 votes) over the Teamsters (331 votes). Only twelve voted for no union. This election, conducted by the American Arbitration Association, and closely observed by both unions and the company, is the only specific evidence of workers' feelings about unionization.

However, this UFWOC victory turned to ashes. A decade earlier, DiGiorgio had signed federal recordable contracts, promising to sell all lands in excess of 160 acres within ten years, in exchange for irrigation water delivered, at reasonable cost, by the Bureau of Reclamation's Central Valley Project. The Sierra Vista ranch has therefore been broken up and sold. Rumors have been circulated that the sale was caused by the unionization and that the UFWOC couldn't meet its contractual obligations here, or elsewhere. DiGiorgio officials, speaking about the Sierra Vista contract and the contract for the Arvin ranches, and spokesmen for the other vintners who have contracts, denied these stories. They report good labor relations with the UFWOC.

Now, in the Delano-Earlimart area, the South Central Farmers Committee states that it isn't opposed to "unions, per se," but specifically to César Chavez and the UFWOC. The farmer organization says the *real* grape workers have always been free to bargain voluntarily with growers in a close, friendly dialogue.

Its position paper concludes: "That these meetings have been fruitful is borne out by the fact the Delano grape pickers' earnings have regularly been the highest. . . . Despite intensive recruiting, the UFWOC has failed to attract more than a handful of the 5,000 workers who have regularly picked the entire crop in the Delano area." The grower estimate of harvest earnings, combining the $1.50-to-$1.65 hourly minimums and the piece rates, comes to an average $2.50 an hour.

On the basis of this harvest figure, plus $1.65 an hour for the rest of the working year, a fully employed grape worker could barely pull himself above the $3,000 a year poverty hurdle. Assuming that he worked 200 days a year —a state farm labor placement service figure—and figuring an average forty-four-hour week, also a state figure, a vineyard worker would earn $3,500.

How many of these workers are local to the strike area? No one, not even the farmer, knows. State figures show 2,000 migrants in Kern County on August 10, 1968, and officials conservatively placed 1,000 of them in the grape harvest. The federal immigration service reports more than 2,000 illegal Mexican aliens arrested in the strike area during harvest season. How many were working on farms? How many were repeaters, or just passing through? No one knows. Nor does anyone know how many Mexican nationals were here, legally, on "green card" permanent resident visas. The UFWOC charged that "green card" workers were being brought into the strike area as strike breakers. Chavez said that as UFWOC pickets talked workers out of the fields, scab crews were trucked in by the growers.

In the absence of any rules or regulations, or any democratic means to determine if workers do, in fact, want a union, there is no way to settle these arguments. That Chavez and the union exist is obvious, but counting the membership, or trying to ascertain UFWOC strength, is futile. The guesses as to membership run from 17,000 —a figure the union will not confirm or deny—down to the 2,000 the growers say are represented by contracts.

The union "employs" from fifty to 100 people in the dozen or so offices scattered throughout Delano's West Side, paying them subsistence wages. Boycott workers are volunteers. They receive transportation to the target area, but once there are expected to seek out local financial and physical support. Some boycott workers are Delano grape pickers and many have taken their families on the road with them.

Who supports Chavez and the UFWOC? Farm Bureau President Schuman says, "unions, church and left-wing social action groups." Delano farmers point out that Chavez took "organizational training under Saul Alinsky, the master activist." These same growers quickly add that they are not trying to pin any label on Chavez. The California state Senate un-American activities subcommittee, in 1967, found the union was "in no way connected with any New Left or subversive organizations that swarmed into Delano. . . . The concern of [the UFWOC] was, and is, to obtain better wages and working conditions."

Major UFWOC administrative support comes from the AFL-CIO, from the United Auto Workers and from individual members of the AFL-CIO, on a local and national scale. Support also comes from various national and local Catholic, Protestant and Jewish organizations, from the mayors of seventeen major cities, from several dozen federal and state legislators and at least two former Cabinet level officers.

The California Roman Catholic Bishops summed up for Chavez's supporters: "We insist again, there is a moral issue involved in this area of human relations. . . . There will be no peace in the fields, until we recognize the contradiction between [the] inherent dignity [of the human person] and the actual poor living conditions existing for many of these farm worker families."

The Bishops concluded: "The National Labor Relations Act could not only provide the necessary due process of law and procedures but also would make available trained personnel to see that both the farmer and the farm worker were protected and arrived at just solutions to their problems. We strongly feel that genuine, lasting peace will never come to farm management labor relations until farm workers are included under the NLRA."

EDUCATION FOR RELEVANCE

FIRST YEAR AT FEDERAL CITY

DAVID SWANSTON

Mr. Swanston, who formerly covered the University of California for the San Francisco Chronicle, *now lives in Washington. His "How to Wreck a Campus"—on San Francisco State —appeared in* The Nation, *January 8, 1968.*

Washington

Taped to the fuchsia-colored classroom wall is a sign: READING IS HIP! CAN YOU DIG IT?

That is hardly a typical message to encourage freshmen to use the library, but Federal City College is hardly a typical school. The nation's newest land-grant college, Federal City occupies a brightly painted cluster of castoff government buildings four blocks from the Capitol. It is, depending on whom you listen to, a hotbed of black revolution; an important key to District of Columbia self-rule; a super-imaginative new concept in urban involvement; a long-overdue opportunity for low-cost public higher education for Washington's 850,000 residents.

To some extent, Federal City College, now groping through its first academic year, is all these things. It is also an important prototype of the nearly all-black, publicly funded college of America's inner cities. Congress created it in November 1966 after three years of studies and hearings. Except for a teachers' college, the District had been for more than a century without public higher education, and Congressional bipartisan support for the college was considerable.

Sen. Robert F. Kennedy tagged the lack of a public college in the District a "national disgrace." And Texas Sen. Ralph Yarborough added, "Congress rules the District and it shouldn't be the most backward place educationally in the country." And Maine Republican Margaret Chase Smith said Washington students "merit opportunities for higher education comparable to those now available to young Americans in all our states, and in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico."

District private schools were difficult to get into and expensive. Tuition at American, Georgetown, Catholic and George Washington Universities is more than $1,500 a year—out of the question for the great majority of the District's families. Tuition at Howard University is considerably less—$400 a year—but limited space and stiff entrance requirements have been major obstacles.

Federal City is supposed to solve both tuition and admission problems. Tuition is low—$75 a year for District residents—and all local high school graduates are eligible for admission. Frank Farner, 40-year-old Dean of Graduate Studies at the University of Oregon, was hired as Federal City's first president, and the college began preparing for its first classes.

With a budget of $4.3 million and classrooms in remodeled World War II temporary buildings that had once housed the Securities and Exchange Commission, the college planned on an initial class of 1,800 students. More than 6,000 residents applied. The administration solved this problem with a lottery, admitting 2,400 full-time students for the classes that began last September. About 95 per cent of the students are black; their average age is 21; more than 20 per cent of them are over 30. Nearly all are attending college for the first time. The majority, college officials say, are interested in programs that will lead to employment in specific jobs.

"For better or worse, the students are interested in what they call a 'regular course,'" Provost David W. Dickson explained just before classes began. "The students' taste is more conservative than the faculty's."

The faculty—approximately half black, half white—was recruited from across the country, drawn by relatively high salaries ($7,125 to $21,000-plus a year) and the chance to "get in on the ground floor of a new college program." Some, like Kenneth Lynn, former chairman of the department of American Civilization at Harvard, were well-known scholars. Others, like James Garrett, the 26-year-old one-time leader of San Francisco State's Black Student Union, had done little or no college teaching. During the months of program planning, the faculty was often seriously divided between traditional education theories and radical ideas.

The radicals argued that the students would need a distinctly black faculty and a curriculum that drew little from the academic processes and standards of white America. "Black studies will take the position that the total liberation of people necessarily means that those people separate themselves in attitudes, social structures and technology from the forces which oppress them," Garrett said.

"Concurrent, then, with the liberation of African people must be the construction of a durable, productive and self-sufficient nation. The building of a lasting and meaningful African nation must be the end product of the Black Studies Program." Moderates countered that this heavy emphasis on blackness would topple academic standards and destroy the school.

Somewhere in between stood the students. "We recognize a need for educational opportunity and for the employment and life opportunities that success in college affords," the Student Government Association explained in a position statement. "However, we insist that the education given at FCC be relevant to the needs of the students, their families, their communities and the total District population."

For several months this argument—one of many about curricula and the direction of the college—boiled in offices, faculty meetings and planning sessions. Finally, in November, Provost Dickson violated a tacit agreement that internal faculty disagreements would not be publicized and leveled a stinging attack at the radicals, and the debate broke into the open.

"Racial tension, racial suspicion, and racial polarization have almost blasted our lovely spring buds," Dickson, who is responsible for academic affairs, told a meeting of the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges. The 48-year-old educator described a "well-disciplined and intense cadre of black separatists" who "neglect academic principles for revolutionary ends," and charged that white radicals "are mainly intent on using students as cannon fodder for their own wars on the Establishment."

The next day President Farner said that Dickson's description of the college "overstates the conflict," adding, "I think most of the faculty would agree" that the disagreement wasn't as bad as Dickson had made out. A college-wide advisory board did agree. The Interim College Commission reported that the fuss was "healthy ferment" and should not be considered a "sign of chaos and racial factionalism."

The tempest steamed for a few weeks, cooled and then heated up again when Lynn announced plans to leave Federal City. "The militants have won," he grumbled. "I just don't see that people with academic interests have much of a chance here."

Lynn's resignation and the public airing of the debate have had their effect on the college. For one thing, recruiting the new faculty of 180 has been made a little more difficult by the hassle. For another, any public flap makes Federal City administrators look anxiously toward Capitol Hill for signs of Congressional displeasure.

So far, Congress has ignored the trouble, and, Farner says, recruiting is "going along all right." Indeed, the college as a whole seems to be getting on with its business—encouraging the belief that the rhetoric of the debate and the disagreement in general were blown out of proportion. In addition, one college official observed, many faculty members have developed a real respect for the college and are willing to compromise to protect the school and insure that program proposals will be generally acceptable.

For example, a reasoned, detailed black studies program has been developed and its approval by the college's nine-member Board of Higher Education is expected. (As of now, Federal City teaches a range of lower-division classes and does not yet offer departmental majors.) The proposal, which calls for four years of black-oriented study, is innovative and radical in many ways, but contains none of the separatist rhetoric heard in the fall. According to Garrett, its director, it "focuses upon the realities and prospects of those of African origin where they exist on the continent of Africa, in the West Indies and in the Americas. In essence, the program is at once a cultural and educational vehicle for creative awareness, confidence and determination of black people."

According to the proposal, the first two years of the program will "focus primarily on channeling the student to a spirit of dedication and community work, and development of inter-operative skills"; the last two years will focus on one of three "curriculum cores"—technical, political or cultural. Included in the fourth year will be "extensive travel."

Curiously enough, at a time when students are demanding more and more say in what and how and under whom they study, the black studies proposal explains that "the Program will take total responsibility for the academic pursuits of students enrolled." A few students will allow their studies to be completely prescribed, others will ask for—and probably get—a larger number of choices for themselves, and the largest group, for a number of reasons, will major in something else and take black studies classes as electives.

Farner has from the start supported the concept of a significant black studies program: "One of the ways to address the problems of the inner city is to do it through a relevant black studies program." He notes with more than a touch of pride, "we have the largest black studies department in the country"; but adds, "not everyone has to be interested in black studies."

About 20 per cent of Federal City's students are enrolled in at least one of the black studies classes, which comprise about 20 per cent of the school's courses.

However, black studies are only one aspect of Federal City's attempt to be relevant to the community it was created to serve. Another—and in many ways more revolutionary—is its growing direct involvement in attempts to find solutions for Washington's problems. For example, the college conducts classes in proposal evaluation and community organization for the citizens board of a Washington Model Cities program. It created a program to train "para-professional nutritionists" to advise neighborhood women about cooking, shopping and homemaking, when a survey revealed the desperate need for better meals in ghetto homes. It conducts classes at the District's Lorton Reformatory so that inmates will be eligible for college when released. It is designing classes to prepare unemployed men and women for job openings that eight college investigators discovered in an employment survey of Washington. It conducts a year-long night class for suburbanites entitled "The Dilemma of White Americans," that will teach the thirty-five whites who take part to "deal with racism on an intellectual level."

The community involvement programs, the scope of the black studies, the overall direction of the college involve many new concepts and will probably continue to stir debate in the college community. So far, only the faculty and a few members of the administration have shown much propensity for serious wrangling. As important—and potentially more dangerous—are the two interested parties that thus far have stayed pretty well out of the controversies—the students and Congress.

Federal City's student population has shown itself to be interested primarily in studies and not at all interested in left-of-Center politics that are not connected with race. For example, when college officials agreed that the National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam could use the campus buildings for a conference last January 18 and 19, the student government said no, and permission was withdrawn.

"Suppose the peaceful meeting here was to be followed by violence on the streets afterward?" student president Cornelius Williams explained. "Then nation-wide attention would include the report that it all started here. And we don't want that.

"We know what the Peace and Freedom Party and the Students for a Democratic Society are after, and their goals are not the same as ours."

When black people are directly involved, Federal City students are a little more demonstrative. The school closed to observe Malcolm X's birthday and John Carols, the runner expelled from the Olympics at Mexico City, was given a hero's welcome by several thousand students at a campus rally.

The college administration has taken care to involve students in decision making and to avoid causing confrontations—such as the strike that kept neighboring Howard in turmoil most of the winter. The students have responded with nine months of campus peace. However, a militant Black People's Liberation Movement has formed on campus and has vowed to work for "black control of the school." Exactly what the movement has in mind and what tactics it will use are not known, but there is some worry among college administrators that it will attempt disruption. (However, several of the officials say privately that the student population at Federal City won't tolerate disruption.)

Student demonstrations are a double problem for Federal City, since the school's funds come from Congress and Congress has indicated it is in no mood to fool around with young radicals. And even if the campus remains calm, Federal City could have tough sledding getting further funds out of the legislators.

As of today, though, Federal City's future seems relatively bright, if not completely assured. The District's Advisory Council on Higher Education predicts that the college will have 20,000 students by 1975. Plans for a new permanent campus are under way. Farner has weathered the first year and seems like a good bet to stay on for a while longer. Eventually, the District will get self-government. The people will then have some control of their institutions, including the college, and one large worry will be eliminated.

If it does survive, Federal City College may well become a significant educational institution and an important factor in solving the problems of the nation's capital and sixteenth largest city. "The first graduating class from the college will be the best prepared to deal with [Washington's] problems of any graduating class in the country," student president Williams predicts. "Federal City College graduates will run this city and play a large part in running this country." If Federal City is given half a chance, Williams is probably right.

APARTHEID'S EMPIRE

IAN ROBERTSON

Mr. Robertson, a former president of the National Union of South African Students, was removed from the post and placed on a restricted status by the Prime Minister. At present he is at Harvard, studying for a doctorate. It was Mr. Robertson who first invited Sen. Robert Kennedy to visit Johannesburg.

"Draw a line from northern Mozambique on the east coast of Africa to northern Angola on the west," suggested the Johannesburg *Star* recently; "this is South Africa's co-prosperity sphere."

The newspaper was not engaged in wishful thinking. Along a jagged line marking the southern borders of the Congo, Zambia and Tanzania, the African continent is dividing into two hostile and armed camps, with all states south of the line being drawn inexorably into the new empire of the Republic of South Africa. Already Prime Minister Balthazzar Vorster speaks in the most proprietary terms on behalf of the whole subcontinent, and his behavior is not as presumptuous as it seems. Since 1966 South Africa has been quietly but steadily extending its diplomatic and economic influence through the region, irrespective of the political or racial complexion of the countries concerned, and the Republic now heads a strange fraternity of nine countries—South West Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, Lesotho, Botswana, Swaziland, Malawi and Malagasy. Only one ingredient of Mr. Vorster's grand design is missing—Zambia, whose recalcitrant determination to serve as a spearhead for wresting the south from the whites could plunge the whole region into racial warfare.

Pretoria has successfully switched from an attitude of contemptuous disregard for the new African states to one of ardent courtship, and the reasons for the change are not hard to find. The first is economic: South Africa is the industrial giant of the continent, producing 40 per cent of its manufacturing output and much more than half of its minerals and power. Although the per capita income of Africans in the Republic is estimated at just above $100 per annum, its whites now enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of white North Americans, and a continuing economic boom (the annual growth rate has averaged above 6 per cent for a decade) has made manufacturing the principal export activity and South Africa a capital-exporting country. South Africans are looking for fresh markets and investment opportunities, and the rich profits to be reaped from an economic penetration and domination of the region to the north are too good to be missed.

The second motive is the need to secure South Africa's northern borders from the danger of guerrilla invasion by creating an intricate system of buffer states. The prospect of infiltration from the north alarms Pretoria; the military budget has rocketed in six years from $62 million to $350 million, and a universal draft of young white males will soon be extended to selected females. Only by neutralizing at least the three independent black states which have borders contiguous with South Africa and by coordinating defense policy with other white-ruled states of the region can South Africa hope to protect its territory from large-scale infiltration and the insurrection which almost certainly would follow.

South Africa employs a varied offensive. It offers massive loans and grants, provides technical assistance, donates food supplies in time of famine. All the countries of the region are being linked in a common electricity supply grid, a team of 100 medical specialists stands ready to fly to any country which needs them, and discreet military aid is available. Strenuous efforts are being made to exchange diplomats with black African states, although this policy has been somewhat checked by the requirements of apartheid at home. (The Prime Minister of Lesotho, visiting South Africa, had his car ordered from its parking place by a policeman so that a white man could park there; the wife of a Zambian cabinet minister was mistaken for a local African, interrogated in her underclothes, flung into a truck, taken to a labor office to produce her work permit, and finally grilled by the security police before her identity was accepted; and a temporary black diplomat from Malawi, Joe Katchingwe, was isolated from the local African community and placed in a home in a white residential area—after a high wall had been constructed around the house and a separate private driveway built so as to prevent any communication, verbal or visual, with his apprehensive white neighbors. The Katchingwe experiment has not been repeated and Malawi today maintains an all-white mission in South Africa.)

But despite these difficulties, South Africa has already captured 76 per cent of the region's trade; even Zambia, desperately trying to reduce its dependence on the white South, imports more than $28 million in goods from South Africa each year. And the Republic's elaborate *cordon sanitaire* has now been completed.

The territory embraced most closely by the Republic is of course South West Africa, which since the World Court judgment has been treated even more than before as an integral part of South Africa. "Separate Development" is now being applied in earnest to the indigenous population, a new harbor is being built, communication links with South Africa and Angola are being extended, and South African industry is financing a series of major investment projects, particularly in mining.

Further north, the Portuguese are intent on entrenching their position in Angola, particularly now that a major coffee industry has developed and extensive reserves of iron and oil have been discovered. By the end of next year the oil is expected to exceed Portugal's total domestic demands; ultimately it should supply the whole of southern Africa, which until now has had no local reserves. Once that happens, effective sanctions will become almost impossible. A joint hydroelectric project on the Kunene River will link the economies of Angola and South West Africa. But South Africa's commitments go much further. Substantial parts of Angola are under the control of rebel forces, and it is taking all the efforts of 60,000 Portuguese troops to confine them to rural areas. South Africa has already supplied helicopters (they are used to napalm suspected guerrilla hide-outs), and the Portuguese are increasingly looking to South Africa for further aid, effectively pointing out to Pretoria the implications for South West African security of a total Angolan collapse.

Across the continent, in Mozambique, a similar military situation persists, with 45,000 troops attempting to confine insurgents to the northern parts of the territory. But South African involvement here is potentially far greater. By an agreement signed last October, Portugal and South Africa are to pool $550 million to build the largest hydroelectric dam in Africa. In the remote Cabora Bassa region, an artificial lake 150 miles long will force the Zambezi River through giant turbines, and most of this power will be conveyed 800 miles south to the Witwatersrand industrial complex of the Transvaal to meet the Republic's growing demands; by the early seventies the country will consume twice its present power output. Further Cabora power will be available to Rhodesia and, if it wants it, Zambia. The remainder will be employed around Cabora Bassa in an ambitious Portuguese plan to transform the region, which is rich in untapped mineral resources, into an industrial heartland populated by a million Portuguese immigrants.

This is one of the areas in which the guerrillas, operating from behind the Zambian border, are at their strongest, and they have made it clear that they give top priority to preventing the construction and operation of the dam. The implications for South African involvement, if there is the slightest possibility that the Republic's power supply is endangered, are obvious.

The last of the white-ruled territories is Rhodesia, which is dependent on South Africa for its very existence. Though Pretoria claims that it has only police units "assisting" Rhodesian forces operating against guerrillas near the northern border, several hundred regular soldiers are in fact helping the Rhodesians, and more will be supplied if needed. Under no circumstances can South Africa allow Rhodesia to fall. The beleaguered Rhodesian economy is entirely dependent on South African aid, trade and good will. In effect, Rhodesia is rapidly being reduced to the status of a fifth province of South Africa—a process which will be increasingly reflected in the development of Rhodesian constitutional and racial policies. With a white population no larger than that of a small Midwestern town, and a political leadership substantially less sophisticated

Hydroelectric Battle Plan

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a Canadian political journalist whose articles appear in North America, Africa and Asia as well as in Britain.

Lusaka, Zambia

A former Evangelical pastor brought to power by an assassin's bomb has suddenly found himself in charge of a crucial military operation against the combined strength of Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia, backed by Western capital. He is Uria Simàngo, the Acting President of the rebel organization Frente de Libertaçao de Moçambique (FRELIMO) which controls the northern regions of the Portuguese colony. With its founding president, Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, recently murdered, and its remaining leadership weakened by treason, FRELIMO must face today the gravest challenge in its five-year history.

That is the construction of the Cabora Bassa hydroelectric complex. In addition to providing tremendous reserves of electricity, the dam would create a lake for the irrigation of about 6 million acres of land and contribute to the exploitation of the immense mineral riches in the region. Part of the project is the creation of a controlled waterway along the violent Zambezi River to the Indian Ocean. Beyond these goals, a heavy concentration of alien population in the area can be reasonably expected to cause a serious setback for FRELIMO, which is in partial control of the Tete province. And a setback for FRELIMO may well influence events in neighboring Rhodesia which is also besieged by nationalist guerrillas.

That, at any rate, appears to be the master plan behind the Cabora Bassa project which was launched late last year and has attracted investment capital from twelve nations in Europe and North America. The project is underwritten by South Africa and partially guaranteed by Rhodesia, both of them future consumers of Mozambique electricity.

Another intending customer is Malawi. The political architects of the project have apparently tried to interest Zambia in Cabora Bassa electricity as well, but with little success. Nevertheless, they hope that landlocked Zambia will make use of the projected waterway in its essential copper exports, "considerably increasing the pressure" as the Johannesburg *Star* has put it, "which Portugal can bring to bear on President Kaunda. . . ."

Dr. Antonio de Oliviera Salazar fulfilled a long-term ambition in selling the Zambezi development idea to South Africa and the Western investors before relinquishing the premiership of Portugal late last year, but the probable determining factor in South Africa's decision to guarantee the project was FRELIMO's success and the attack on many fronts by African guerrillas.

FRELIMO is in firm control of two Mozambique provinces, Niassa and Cabo Delgado. Last year the Africans launched their military operations in the key Tete province with the obvious intention of joining forces with the Rhodesian guerrillas across the border. Against Portugal's sophisticated weapons supplied by Lisbon's NATO allies, the Mozambique Africans use arms from Russia and China. But their medical supplies come largely from Canada, the United States, Britain and Northern Europe; and their foreign policy (as far as it exists) has hitherto been guarded from unduly favoring either East or West by Dr. Mondlane, a Mozambique-born former American university lecturer. Mondlane was murdered in the Tanzanian capital of Dar-es-Salaam. The political motivation has still not been established, but political assassinations are very much part of the Portuguese tradition.

Mr. Simàngo, the former vice president of FRELIMO, has now taken over a highly trained guerrilla army of about 8,000 men, whose methods of warfare are similar in some ways to those of the Vietcong. The African-held territory is administered by what is described as a civilian authority which leans heavily on the councils of village elders.

The Portuguese, who prefer to fight in heavily mechanized regular units, have been unable to counter effectively the Africans' surprise raids, where the success of maneuvers is often dependent on the reliability of local intelligence.

Mondlane's death coincided with the defection of "Mzee" Lazaro Kavedema, a FRELIMO leader of the traditionalist school, to the Portuguese. Many have since predicted that the two events, plus the Cabora Bassa development, herald the end of African armed resistance in Mozambique for many years to come. But one must be careful here to distinguish between political eventualities and the wishful thinking of the Portuguese.

Dr. Mondlane's final letters provide sufficient documentary evidence to support FRELIMO's contention today that Lazaro's defection had been anticipated by the inner circle of the organization. Apparently he had sought to establish a separatist movement inside FRELIMO. His departure, which may well be followed by others, thus seems a victory for unified action against the Portuguese.

Nevertheless, the odds are clearly against the Mozambique Africans—but the history of their war is one of fighting against heavy odds. The ensuing trial of strength may well influence the outcome of the spreading undeclared war across the south of the continent.

—it is extremely difficult for anyone who has not listened to the Rhodesian leaders to appreciate the severity of their intellectual limitations—Rhodesia is likely to be led by South Africa into declaring itself a republic and embracing the policy of "Separate Development" (i.e., the creation of one or more supposedly independent black "homelands" as justification for the retention of white control over the rest of the country).

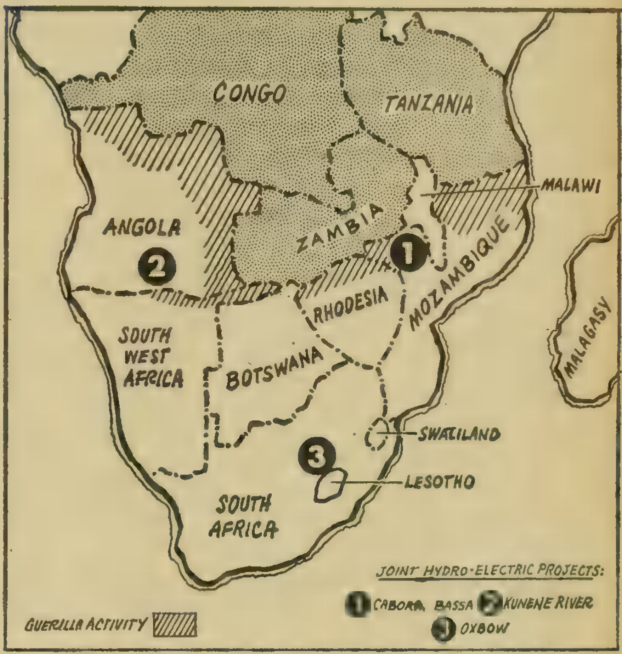
The large island of Malagasy is fast becoming the latest recruit to the empire. Overtures have been in progress for only a matter of months—for example, some diplomats from the island were invited to South Africa and given VIP treatment, even to the extent of being permitted to sit in the white stands at a sports event, surrounded by a protective cordon of policemen—but Malagasy radio has already hailed the "new situation" and there is every indication that the impoverished country will take advantage of it.

Malawi is the satellite of which South Africa feels proudest of all. Its leader, Dr. Banda, is the most atypical black politician on the continent; he is highly conservative in all matters and does not hesitate to support South Africa at the UN. He has even called for an end to the international arms embargo on the Republic. He has signed a far-reaching trade agreement with South Africa and his is the only black state to brave the outrage of the rest of Africa and enter into formal diplomatic relations with Pretoria. A somewhat egomaniac and would-be Napoleonic character, he has started making territorial demands on his neighbors, Zambia and Tanzania, presumably on the assumption that he can rely on South African aid in the event of a skirmish. South Africa is currently financing the building of a new capital for Malawi after Britain refused to do so on the ground that it was "a waste of money."

Within South African territory lie the three former British protectorates of Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland. Lesotho is a pitifully poor country; it was saved from famine in 1966 only by the gift of 250,000 bags of maize from the Republic. Only 5 per cent of its male labor force can find employment in the territory; the rest must seek work in South Africa. The country's total annual budget is about $15 million, more than half of it in the form of a grant from Britain. Lesotho is entirely dependent on South Africa for all its communications and trade, and a further hydroelectric plant at Oxbow will integrate the power supplies of the countries. The conservative ruling National Party was heavily financed from South African sources during the last election campaign, and the South African security police come and go freely throughout the territory.

Botswana is in a hardly more enviable position. Surrounded by South Africa, Rhodesia and South West Africa, it is an arid, sparsely populated land, with most of its inhabitants concentrated near the South African border. The Republic provides the main market for its agricultural produce. The Prime Minister, Sir Seretse Khama (who was recently treated in a white South African hospital when seriously ill), is adamant that his country should not be used as a base for subversive action against South Africa and has warned his countrymen that he "will not tolerate" opposition to his good-neighbor policies. As Botswana provides the logical base for incursions into South Africa by guerrillas from Zambia, this attitude is an important victory for Pretoria.

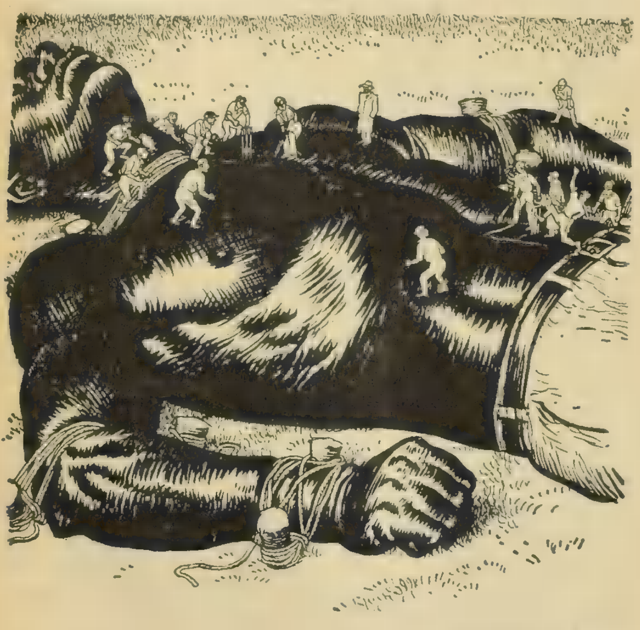
Swaziland is economically the most developed of the three former protectorates—it alone possesses a set of traffic lights. A traditionalist constitutional monarchy with the highest illiteracy rate in the world, it is also surrounded by and dependent on the good will of South Africa and colonial Portugal. The Prime Minister, Prince Dhlamini, said last year that his country would "seek the closest possible links with South Africa." Again, the policy is paying off in material terms; South Africa is investing heavily. Like Lesotho and Botswana, Swaziland forms part of a monetary and customs union with the Republic; like them, Swaziland has merely exchanged British protection for South African suzerainty.



The proved impotence of these three enclaves is likely to provide the impetus for further additions to the empire, in the form of at least some of the eight independent "Bantustans" envisaged by the policy of "Separate Development." It is clear that until recently there was no genuine intention to allow any of these eight African reserves to become viable separate states—the only one to be given any kind of "self-governing" status, the Transkei, is ruled as an integral part of South Africa save that it is under a permanent state of emergency; and no advances have been made toward the political or economic development of the other seven. Indeed, it is illegal to use "white" capital to develop them, and the local inhabitants hardly have the resources to do it themselves. Some of the proposed "Bantustans" are not even to be geographically consolidated—the Zulustan, for example, will consist of dozens of separate plots of land over a wide area, with rich white farming land left intact in between. The servitude to South Africa's interests of the three former protectorates has convinced many South Africans that fuller independence can safely be gradually granted to the Bantustans, with considerable returns in terms of international propaganda. It is now probable that the Transkei will be granted full independence some time in the next decade, and if that experiment is successful, further states will follow until a veritable commonwealth of micro-states is created in and around South Africa.

Only Zambia threatens Mr. Vorster's design. It is from camps there that infiltrators are passing into Angola, South West Africa, Mozambique and Rhodesia, and Dr. Hilgard Muller, the South African Foreign Minister, anticipates that "tens of thousands" will soon be slipping onto his own soil. President Kaunda of Zambia resolutely refuses, whatever the hardships, to succumb to the enticements offered by his southern neighbors. He is attempting to make his economy less vulnerable, particularly by building a singularly uneconomic railway through Tanzania to the port of Dar-es-Salaam in order to reduce his dependence on the Rhodesian and Portuguese transport systems. His country is paying a heavy price, and not only economically. For several months, Zambia has been suffering repeated acts of sabotage affecting bridges, communications and power lines. Moreover, Zambia claims that Portugal bombed Zambian villages near the Angolan border in April and May last year and again early this year; on the first two occasions the Portuguese issued perfunctory denials, but they have officially confirmed the latest report. There have been several eye-to-eye confrontations of troops across the Angolan and Rhodesian borders during the past year.

President Kaunda has already spoken of a "developing Vietnam in southern Africa—a full-scale racial warfare"; and the danger is real. The possibility that South Africa will strike by air at guerrilla training camps in Zambia is being openly canvassed by South African press and radio, and Mr. Vorster has warned Zambia with typical bluntness that "we will hit you back so hard you will never forget it." Defense Minister Piet Botha is fond of drawing analogies between the situation in the region and the Six Day War in the Middle East. He has commented that "provocation can lead to hard retaliation," and speaks ominously of "secret weapons" to be installed near the northern border—probably a missile system which is almost completed.



Illingworth, Punch

But whatever happens in Zambia, South Africa's new approach seems likely to be successful. Admittedly, much could go wrong—the Bantustans could careen out of control; Portugal, especially after Salazar, may decide that Angola is not worth the cost; and in Malawi, Dr. Banda's obsessive personality cult, coupled with the hatred he inspires in his northern neighbors, must make him an excellent candidate for one of Africa's next coups. Yet on the whole, the chances for success are heavily weighted in South Africa's favor, particularly if President Kaunda can be forced to alter his attitude or be ousted from office. The military coups which have occurred in so many African countries, by removing militant ideologists from power and replacing them with more introspective conservatives, have greatly enhanced South Africa's prospects, and many voices all over the continent (such as that of the respected Robert Gardiner of Ghana) urge cooperation and conciliation with South Africa.

For too long the moral conscience of liberals and radicals throughout the world has been directed almost exclusively against the war in Vietnam. The likelihood is that when that war is finally over, the policies of apartheid, which are being pursued with increasing inhumanity within South Africa's borders, will emerge as one of the foremost moral issues of our time. The danger and the tragedy is that when that time comes, South Africa's tentacles may have the whole of southern Africa in their embrace, and an impregnable Pretoria government, buttressed by a series of client states, presiding over a thriving economy and irremovable from the seat of power, may be able to pursue unhindered its domestic evils.

And what of the attitude of the United States to the developing situation in the region—a situation which goes almost unreported in American media? Already U.S. businessmen have invested more than $1 billion in South Africa, and their investment there is increasing faster than in any other country in the world (the average return on capital is better than 15 per cent). The company exploiting the Angolan oil reserves is a subsidiary of Gulf Oil; the largest chain of vacation hotels will shortly be none other than Holiday Inns; Chase Manhattan Bank expands steadily. South Africa produces more than 60 per cent of the gold of the non-Communist world. It is a fanatically anti-Communist country, it is militarily powerful, and it guards the sea route to the west, so vital in times when the Suez canal is closed. Given these conditions, what will be the attitude of the United States if it appears that South Africa is in danger from attack by guerrillas trained in Moscow, Peking, Cuba and Tanzania? The answer to that question could be the most important American foreign policy decision of the next decade.

Meany & Reuther: Labor's Main Bout

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

There is an almost irresistible temptation in sophisticated union circles to make little of, or indeed ignore, the latest public debate between Walter Reuther, president of the United Autoworkers union, and George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. "Walter is right about George, and George is right about Walter," they say, and that is accurate enough, for there is some truth in the charges each man levels against the other.

But the increasing breakup of the once monolithic union hierarchy is too serious for wisecracks at labor cocktail parties. The mere fact that the AFL-CIO publishes a 40,000-word official document "refuting" Walter Reuther suggests that the days when Meany felt he could dismiss Reuther with a wave of his arm are over. Admittedly, the Alliance of Labor Action between the UAW and the Teamsters has yet to set the world on fire, but it has placed the two largest and most powerful American unions in opposition to Meany's stewardship of the movement and that's no small matter. The Teamsters continue their phenomenal growth—more than 2 million members—and the UAW has 1.5 million. Only recently, the AFL-CIO voted to disaffiliate from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions—an impetuous action on Meany's part when he failed to obtain a 100 per cent disapproval of Reuther's request for independent affiliation to the ICFTU. Not even the obvious threat of lost American dollars could give Meany the endorsement he desired.

In a sense, the Meany leadership is painting itself into a corner, both at home and abroad. Reuther's limitations are suggested by his reluctance to assist the ICFTU with healthy sums of money and with no strings attached. It is not a flawless organization, but its reduction to impotence could scarcely be called a triumph for the union movement.

The 40,000-word document rubs Reuther's nose into the many times he was silent or operated only behind the scenes to influence or change AFL-CIO policy. A classic example is recalled by Meany's reference to the December 1965 AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco. A Meany press release on the document summarizes that period as follows: "The Reuther attacks began in early 1966 'without prior notice, discussions within the AFL-CIO, or previous indications of any basic disagreement' the report noted.

"They followed by a few months the December 1965 AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco at which there was 'no forecast of the subsequent attacks,' nor any sign of interest on the part of the UAW in the various issues and proposals for 'reform and revitalization' which were later to be fashioned into a platform for its campaign against the AFL and its leadership.

"At the convention Reuther made three public comments—supporting the economic policy and Vietnam resolutions and endorsing full AFL-CIO support for the Kingsport Press strike."

Walter P. Reuther

It is absolutely true that, publicly, Reuther went along—as I reported in *The Nation* on December 27, 1965; his efforts behind the scenes had failed on all counts. The hawk position of Meany won completely, the peace movement pickets were denounced as "kooks" and Jay Lovestone walked around the convention like the cat that had swallowed the mouse. Reuther had reached a breaking point, his private discussions turned out to be a waste of time, and he began to think in terms of public debate on policy and more independent action. My own impression, then and at the 1967 AFL-CIO convention in Florida, was that Meany couldn't have cared less for anything Reuther said or did. His opponent was boxed in, and finished. Meany knows how to provoke and Reuther provokes easily. An eventual split was inevitable; the façade of AFL-CIO unity was illusory in that context.

Prior to that development, the acid feelings between Meany and Reuther were revealed most clearly, perhaps, by their attitude toward the 1963 March on Washington. Reuther wanted to mobilize the entire AFL-CIO to participate—Meany flatly refused to budge. The scorn which Meany once poured on A. Philip Randolph was now directed at Reuther.

In a word, on major social issues that cry for attention in this country, Reuther has always shown a sensitivity toward change and development that is simply beyond the comprehension of the Meany forces. They are satisfied with their record—as they have repeated time and again.

Reuther has been troubled by CIA involvement in union matters; Meany declares it nonexistent. Reuther keeps a finger in the peace movement and even tries to understand the youth rebellion. He was deeply upset by the behavior of Daley's police in Chicago; Meany praised it. Repeatedly, Reuther has been involved in the civil rights movement; for Meany this is a task of subordinates. Reuther is unhappy with the image of a rich labor bureaucracy sunning in Florida; the AFL-CIO hierarchs deem such squeamishness downright disloyal. Reuther knows the tragic effect that building trades policy has had on labor's relations with the Negro community. The Meany forces see themselves in the vanguard, breaking down racial barriers.

On each of these and many other questions, the public will soon learn more of what has been going on behind the scenes. It is quite unlikely that anyone will emerge as a hero from the stories both sides feed to an eager press. Nevertheless, the debate and the competition are bound to have one wholly desirable result: A debate on policy in a freer framework than the inner confines of the AFL-CIO bureaucracy.

Organizational failures or inadequacies? How much or how little support did César Chavez really get and under what conditions? Why are the textile mills largely unorganized? How was it that Meany's close friend Lyndon B. Johnson never moved against the big textile manufacturers, as labor is now demanding that President Nixon do? What about FEPC enforcement in all defense contracts? The record is not likely to end up showing Meany to be the great labor leader his associates assure him history will portray. Soon the UAW and the Teamsters will hold a national conference on what they have to offer the labor movement. Debating the past won't be half as effective as acting in the future, and on that the ultimate judgment between Meany and Reuther will be made.

HARRY GOLDEN

If a man held a gun at my head and said, "Become a Christian or I shoot," I would not play the martyr as so many of my ancestors did. I would join up with one of the Protestant churches. There would be very little there to offend me. The minister conducts the service just as the rabbi does. He reviews the latest book, talks about the current movies, and once a month delivers a sermon on juvenile delinquency.

When the congregation have built the church, they turn it over to the big givers because "they know how to spend the money." When it comes to building the Sunday school auditorium, the big givers are still in there because "they know how to spend the money." In short, the laymen have taken over, and the clergymen reflect their culture, often their prejudices. "Stick to religion": the word goes down from the layman to the minister and the rabbi. "Stick to religion and stay away from controversial matters, politics and sociology."

We'll never know how many Protestant clergymen were fired in the last fifteen years because they had a word to say about the battle on the race issue. In general, the Protestant churches and the Jewish temples of the South backed away, and still back away, from the great moral issue of the 20th century.

In April 1955 Mr. Joseph Sidney Rigell in the pulpit of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Chester, S.C., urged his congregation to relax their rigid condemnation of the Supreme Court. Mr. Rigell asked his membership to stand to show him their support. Only one member rose, Mrs. Rigell. The minister sighed, told his congregation he could not let his wife stand alone. He left the pulpit, stood beside his wife for a moment and walked out.

The refusal of the main Presbyterian church of the South to support the March on Washington elicited a critical letter from Dr. John Randolph Taylor who wrote: "We as a church will have to pay a high price for withdrawal. If we do not identify ourselves with men's needs how shall we ever be able to establish the communication with men effectively enough to present the Gospel? Demonstrations will never of themselves solve the racial issue; only the Gospel of Jesus Christ can do that. We bear witness to men and must do so by being with them, not by withdrawing from them."

I quote this letter to show that astute members of the Southern ministry were aware of the price the Protestant Church would pay for standing aloof. Had the Catholic clergy disassociated itself from the struggle of the Irish immigrant and the attempts of workingmen to unionize, then the Catholic Church in America would have been irreparably damaged in the 1890s. There are many battles in which the neutral gets slaughtered.

The rise of a Southern middle class in the last forty years not only secularizes many of the urban churches and dampens their influence but also robs the minister of his classical function. It may be said that the South is no longer the "Bible Belt." Southerners spend a lot of time at church, they are punctual in their attendance, but for the last twenty years most Protestant services in the region would have made an observer recall George Bernard Shaw's comment that Christianity would be a marvelous philosophy if only the folks would try it.

This "secularization" is reflected even in the work of the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham. Forty years ago any hymn-singing evangelist who staged a revival meeting would ask the converts for a sacrifice to prove good faith. A man was redeemed because he gave up smoking or drinking or consorting with painted women. The sawdust trail was a road of personal abnegation. Today Billy Graham simply asks the sinners to believe and the Berlin Wall will come down; television will abjure violence; the Chinese Communists will become missionaries, and anxiety will be only another name for a headache. Today, redemption is a tranquilizing experience, no longer a conflict between body and spirit.

Baptists, Methodists, even Presbyterians who rose in the world used often to join the Episcopal Church, which throughout the South has always been the aristocrat's church. But material wealth is so much more easily come by since 1940 that many of the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians have turned their own church into an Episcopal Church—insisting on a much more formal religious service, on more elaborate vestments for their clergymen, on a more imposing edifice for their place of worship. They leave the Elm Street Baptist Church and organize a new congregation with the word "Park" in it, or "Haven."

One result of the efforts by middle-class parishioners to remake their church in their own image, has been to rob the minister of his authority. He no longer makes more money than members of his congregation; he makes less. The church conforms in almost all respects to the prevailing beliefs of the overpowering majority. What makes this so cruel a situation is that belief in the efficacy of religion, if not in its substance, is widespread.

The South has been called a myth, and much of the South's interior dialogues are couched in terms of myths, particularly of religious myths. To these everyone but the devil and the Communists presumably subscribe. Thus when the Rev. Edward Cahill of the Charlotte Unitarian Church ran for the school board he seemed a sure bet, until several letters in the newspaper pointed out that Unitarians do not believe in the divinity of Jesus. The votes of a few hundred Unitarians, ten Jews, and that of the organizer for the Textile Workers union were all Cahill finally received.

All candidates in the South proclaim their belief in religion—Christian religion they call it. In all political advertisements the candidate's most important claim is that "He is an elder of the Second Presbyterian Church" or, "has been a member of the First Baptist Church for forty-three years." "He teaches a Sunday school class" is the most effective boast of all.

But in the South religion does not instruct the middle class, the middle class instructs religion. The new uses to which people put religion are manifold. Mr. W. W. Taylor, a former member of the North Carolina House of Representatives, appeared before a legislative committee in March of 1959. He came as a representative of small businessmen who opposed passage of a 75c minimum-wage law for the state. Said Mr. Taylor, "Jesus Christ would be out of place if He returned to earth where employers were told what they could pay their employees." Up in Kannapolis a clergyman was fired because during a Sunday sermon he used the phrase, "The wages of sin is death." A big donor called him in and said, "Why are you talking about wages? I have a union election coming up in my plant."

If anything, the dilemma of the Jewish clergy in the South is more excruciating than that of the Protestant. Where some Protestant clergymen definitely believe in what they say, pro or contra, the rabbi is frustrated. It is, without qualification, impossible to find a rabbi who does not hold segregation in contempt and does not hold in contempt those of his congregation who insist on his silence. The Jew missed an opportunity—an opportunity to give the sort of help he himself has had to ask all through these long centuries. He missed this opportunity not because he lacked sympathy for the Negro and his cause but because the Jew feared that his own security depended upon conforming to the habits and prejudices of the surrounding society. Like their Protestant counterparts, the Jewish middle-class congregants told their clergymen, "Stick to religion." While Protestants imposed the silence on their clergy because they feared the Negro, Jews imposed a silence on their rabbis because they feared the Protestants. Only the Negro was without fear, and the Negro was more threatened and deprived than whites, Jews or Protestants.

I remember one night mentioning to my rabbi and two officers of my temple that a new Jewish family had come to town. The officers whipped out their notebooks and asked the husband's name, the size of his family, his wife's age, and finally, "What does he do?" I said the newcomer was the CIO organizer in the area, and the two officers immediately closed their notebooks and said no more. For all they cared he might have been a grand inquisitor. This anti-union attitude reflects the culture of the local Protestant churches. In my city they would make Muhammad Ali the mayor tomorrow if somehow he could guarantee no minimum wages for laundry workers, and no collective bargaining contracts.

Where those who pay pray, the propertyless are left out in the cold and in the South they go to the tent evangelist. But Protestantism in the South is lucky because Martin Luther King probably saved it. In attempting to save his people he saved the Protestant churches of the South. "If blood is to flow in the streets of Birmingham make sure it's our blood and not the blood of our white brethren." This shamed many of the churches, and by the time of the Washington March of 1963 a number of the Southern churches were in attendance.

The Catholics did much better. It is true that they did not desegregate the churches and parochial schools in places where the surrounding society was very rigid on race. But if there was any "give" to the society, any interior debate, the Bishop could and did surprise many of his parishioners. When Archbishop Francis Rummell of New Orleans desegregated his school system there were devout Catholics who expressed immediate outrage. "No such orders have come from Rome," they shouted. "We are a monolithic structure."

Ah, but a monolithic structure they soon found they were not. They sent a petition to the Holy See, complaining they did not want to be desegregated. The Vatican dismissed this petition and told these segregationists, "The Bishop is the boss so now you have the wishes of the Holy Father, if you ever doubted he wanted integration."

graduate school. Graduate programs in the arts and sciences, in turn, are consciously patterned to the "needs" of society. . . . Colleges of business, nursing, engineering, social work, law and architecture are periodically reviewed, and sometimes accredited, in accordance with outside professional standards. The tradition is not faculty control—it is faculty accommodation to the complex of forces that play on the university.

The present reality is that for the first time in the history of higher education forces within the university are seeking a larger voice in curriculum decisions. The blacks demand a curriculum relevant to ghetto problems. Liberal and radical whites demand a curriculum that examines the urban condition and the international conflicts of our time. . . . Major curriculum revision is in process on almost every campus in the country . . . [and] will very likely bring some major improvements. But if this is to be the outcome, administrators must relax about their prerogatives, as must the faculty. There is nothing sacrosanct about faculty control of the curriculum. There is no reason why students should not have vote as well as voice.

On most campuses this is likely to be a generally peaceful revolution, as far as faculty, administrators and students are concerned. The more difficult matter is the role of the trustees, who are typically far removed from any knowledge of or contact with the campus. How can trustees be made to understand that they too must relinquish some of their authority? *Jesse Burkhead, Professor of Economics*
Syracuse University

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: These letters are representative of the many responses to my article in three respects. First, in each the reasoning is less careful than it ought to have been. Second, in each the response is not so much to what I said as to what that correspondent supposed I represent. Third, in each an honorable concern for concrete results leads to a rather hasty dismissal of democratic procedure.

My aim was to apply democratic ideals, soundly, to university practice. Democracy requires a known community of equals in which, because of their equality, each is entitled to an equal voice in matters properly the concern of that community. Many different kinds of issues arise in a university; depending on their kind they may be the proper concern of many different subcommunities. I argued that curricular decisions, being essentially professional in nature, are properly the business of the faculty community of the college in question, and ought to be made, with full democracy, within that community. In establishing these procedural principles I made no commitments regarding the wisdom of any substantive action or inaction.

Turning to my critics:

Mr. Feir has four complaints. (*1*) The democracy I defend (he contends) is really oligarchy. He thinks this because he attends only to the university community as a whole, of which the faculty is but a part. Decisions properly the business of the whole university, if made by only a part of it, would be oligarchical. But *are* curricular matters properly resolved by the entire community? Are students and faculty full equals in this sphere? That precisely is what is at issue; to assume that equality is to beg the central question. Democracy goes on within various communities. Intelligent democrats must determine which issues are appropriately decided by which communities.

(*2*) Perhaps democracy (he suggests) is not really suitable for the university after all. I deny this flatly, and am disheartened by an intelligent student's easy discouragement. Democracy is, in my view, the best way of governing any community of equals, *with respect to matters in which they are equal.* If it yields inferior results at times should we so quickly abandon it? In favor of what? Perhaps Mr. Feir is here only confusing democracy with formal vote counting. But the machinery is incidental. What really counts is whether the members of the community, being equals, have a truly equal voice in governing that community.

(*3*) What's going on here? I never said or suggested that *all* faculty members are highly competent in curricular matters, or that *only* faculty members are so. What I did say is that, as a body, the faculty is the most competent group available for such decisions. They also happen to be the body *answerable* for these decisions.

(*4*) I fail (he suggests) to look at substantive issues. Not so. I deliberately refrained from entering substantive controversies, although I do so actively in my university, and urge students to do likewise. . . . Procedural principles and substantive results are related, of course, but must sometimes be distinguished, and I urged this distinction for the sake of intellectual clarity.

Mr. Burkhead complains that my account of democratic faculty control of curriculum is not in full accord either with tradition or present reality. He is quite right, of course, not only because faculties are restricted by some outside interests but because in many colleges trustees and administrators have not appreciated the merits of democracy. But I was seeking not so much to make a report as to sketch an ideal.

Mr. Burkhead is not clear about his own ideals. Does he favor faculty accommodation to the "complex of outside forces" and wish only to enlarge the field of forces? Or does he regret the lack of faculty "independence"? My own view, which he probably shares, is that faculty members ought indeed to be responsive, in their larger purposes, to many societal needs, and that foremost among these needs are those of their students. The highest degree of this responsibility is achieved, however, when teaching and research functions are performed with integrity. In the long run that performance must be judged by the citizens who support the institution. That does not mean, however, that citizens, or legislators, or students, ought to have voting power in the day-to-day management of the curriculum, or other professional affairs.

I agree with Mr. Burkhead that the decision-making procedures of our universities are in general need of improvement; in some institutions that need is grave. The greatest present challenge, however, lies in removing important educative affairs from the hands of administrators, who are properly functionaries, to the hands of student, or faculty, or student-faculty bodies, whose proper business they are. The task *is* to democratize the university, doing so with a full understanding of what democracy is.

Mr. Stevens is confused. (*1*) I may be wrong in my views about democracy, or about the distinction between faculty and students, but I do not think that presenting them straightforwardly is either condescending or paternalistic.

(*2*) I never dreamed of arguing that we ought to "live with what we have because it's here." What apparitions dance before his eyes?

(*3*) How my argument can be likened to an attack on a protest march on a given day on the ground that a baseball game is to take place on the same day, is beyond my power to grasp. The best I can make of it is that Mr. Stevens views procedures—democracy and all that stuff—as but a game, which must not be allowed to slow the results that *he* thinks really count. It makes me shiver.

(*4*) Mr. Stevens scoffs at rationality in appraising social institutions. How can one reason with him? Rational is precisely what I have tried to be. Without rationality democracy in any context has little chance of success. The good will of Mr. Stevens and others is not enough. Long-term improvements—in the universities and in society—require rational procedures, intelligently defended and humanely applied. *Carl Cohen*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The All-American Frame-Up

THE CASE THAT WILL NOT DIE: Commonwealth vs. Sacco and Vanzetti. *By Herbert B. Ehrmann. Little, Brown & Co. 576 pp. $12.50.*

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many special articles for The Nation. *His most recent books are* The Plot Against the Patient *and* What So Proudly We Hailed *(both Prentice-Hall).*

The executions of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti—"the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish peddler"—in Massachusetts in late August 1927, have remained for forty-two years a nettle in the American conscience, the cause of a generation's anguish and of a continuing debate in which the concept of the sanctity of institutions and authority is pitted against a humanistic concern for life and justice.

For Herbert B. Ehrmann, the last surviving counsel of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, this is the case that will not die, and his title is both accurate as history and doubtless prophetic of the future. Why should this be so? Here were two humble, unknown Italian immigrants, tried, condemned and executed for the holdup murder of two payroll guards in South Braintree. There have been thousands of such cases. Why should this one have become a *cause célèbre* throughout the world—and the continuing cause of bitter dispute between two contending schools of thought?

The Sacco-Vanzetti case, perhaps more dramatically than any other, put American society on trial. It was the trial, not just of the defendants but of those who condemned them in disregard of evidence—of the district attorney who concealed and tortured vital facts and testimony; of the trial judge who aided and abetted him; of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts which refused to interfere; of the prestigious review committee headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University, which also concealed and twisted evidence; and of the Governor of Massachusetts, who was interested only in the details that condemned, not in those that exculpated.

The resulting trauma is well described by Ehrmann in his introduction. He and the late William G. Thompson had been the last counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, and the executions of men whom he felt to be completely innocent left him so spiritually devastated that for years he did not want to write about the case; he did not even want to talk about it. There would have been no such depth of bitterness if he and Thompson could have felt that the state "had earnestly sought the truth." What made the outcome so harrowing was the knowledge that "the authorities had intentionally refused to consider anything that might indicate the accused were not guilty, and had even blocked efforts to establish their innocence. We did not have the solace of believing that their deaths were unfortunate accidents, inevitable in the administration of justice."

This is precisely the issue that underlies much of the continuing debate about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Conservatives, wedded to an immutable faith in the *status quo* and the perfection of its institutions, refuse to accept the fact that such an outrage to conscience and humanity could have been deliberately perpetrated. And certain types of academic minds, divorced from the realities of what occurs all too often in many district attorneys' offices and many courts, regard the possibility of frame-up as ridiculous and take pleasure in superior sneers at the intelligentsia of the twenties who, they say, let their emotions vitiate their judgment.

Such attitudes were vividly displayed in 1959 when the Joint Committee of the Judiciary of the Massachusetts legislature was asked to recommend a posthumous pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti. Justice Michael A. Musmanno, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, who had been associated with the Sacco-Vanzetti defense in its last days, testified at length about the injustice of the trial and review procedures. During his questioning it became apparent that many members of the legislature, who were ignorant of vital details of the record, had come to the hearing with closed minds, incapable of believing that officials of the state could have been so wrong; horrified at the prospect that, if they acted, they would be casting a dark reflection on the entire hierarchy of Massachusetts in the 1920s. They simply could not bring themselves to do it.

The brotherhood of officialdom, whose prestige is involved once it is committed, in making error right, is a fact of life that had better be recognized and understood. Especially is this so in the mass society of the 1960s, where power is ever more concentrated and overwhelming, where the individual is ever weaker and more helpless. If one needs any reminder of this, one has only to turn to the witch-hunting atmosphere of the late 1940s and early 1950s, a period that was the ideological twin of the redbaiting 1919-20 era in which Sacco and Vanzetti were condemned. The blight of the trials of Alger Hiss, William Remington and the Rosenbergs reflects upon the American judicial system and the American conscience as heavily as the wrong done Sacco and Vanzetti.

Such, then, is the basic and continuing issue that gives the Sacco-Vanzetti case meaning for our time. Must our courts and institutions always be right? Must they never be criticized, must it always be *assumed* that they are infallible in their wisdom? Or must we be free to go behind the decisions to the evidence and, finding wrong, have the decency and the courage to correct it?

Those who rank faith above fact will have infinite difficulty (but perhaps not, for the resources of prejudice are infinite) in arguing away the massive documentation in this book. It is, of course, the work of a defense attorney who believes now, as he believed forty-two years ago, that two innocent men were done to death by the judicial system of Massachusetts. But it is not a defense lawyer's passionate brief. It is, considering everything, a restrained book that relies for its effect upon the most thorough and minute scrutiny of the records, both the trial records and original investigative records that Dist. Atty. Frederick G. Katzmann kept hidden from the defense until his case was won.

The background of the case involved two crimes. On December 24, 1919, there was a bungling, amateurish attempt at a payroll holdup in Bridgewater. Bandits leaped from a touring car into the street, and one—"the shotgun bandit," as he was later called—blasted away at the moving payroll delivery truck. The driver ducked around a trolley car and escaped with the payroll intact. On April 15, 1920, there was a second payroll holdup, this time in South Braintree. It bore all the earmarks of a highly professional operation. Five men took part. Two loitered on the streets to waylay guards carrying a $15,776.51 payroll to the Slater & Morrill Shoe Factory. The guards, Alexander Berardelli and

Frederick A. Parmenter, were gunned to death; the payroll boxes snatched, and the escape made in a waiting Buick touring car driven by confederates.

Chief Michael E. Stewart of Bridgewater had participated in the infamous Red raids sparked by Atty. Gen. A. Mitchell Palmer—a dragnet operation in which thousands of "foreigners" and "radicals" were rounded up and held for deportation, in most instances without any justifying evidence. Chief Stewart, as Ehrmann shows, was so conditioned by this experience that he saw almost every crime as a Red plot and so leaped to the instantaneous belief that the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes, so different in their execution, must be the work of the same band of "radicals." With a mind so bemused, he jumped to triumphant conclusion on the night of May 5, 1920, when Sacco and Vanzetti blundered into his net.

Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, frightened by the Palmer witch hunt and the deportations. They were both carrying revolvers, not unusual at that time in Massachusetts as Ehrmann shows; in addition Sacco, as the trusted night watchman of the plant where he worked, had to have a gun. It is significant perhaps, especially in view of recent Supreme Court rulings, to note that Sacco and Vanzetti were questioned without benefit of counsel—and without even being informed of why they were being held. They were questioned for a long time without any mention of the Bridgewater or South Braintree cases, and this, as they later contended, reinforced them in their belief that they were being held for their radical activities. Their major desire was to protect radical friends, and so they admittedly lied to police about their activities and purposes, giving authorities the principal plank in the platform for conviction—the theory that these lies showed a "consciousness of guilt," whereas in reality they probably showed only fear.

Chief Stewart decided, and District Attorney Katzmann backed him up, that Vanzetti, who had some shotgun shells in his pocket when arrested, must have been "the shotgun bandit" at Bridgewater; Sacco must have been the man who shot Berardelli and Parmenter at South Braintree. It is axiomatic in the law that, where a murder charge is involved, it takes precedence over a minor matter like an attempted holdup. Not so here. Katzmann, as he later admitted, did not have enough evidence to put Vanzetti into the South Braintree murder case at that time; so his strategy was to try Vanzetti first as "the shotgun bandit" at Bridgewater and then, having prejudiced his case by this conviction, to indict him for the South Braintree murders.

HALFWAY DOWN THE COAST

What we do
is what we can
do   can
give, the tenderness

CAUGHT GIVING AWAY LOVE

The laying on of an arm
gentle insistence of the hand

The sea insists
on coming to a beach
someplace

The sound is a constant offering
The hurt is suffering
the same things   again

I have 19 shirts in the drawer
I could give them all away and have 38
It's a big drawer of
things

And love?   What is that
many-faceted mother?

PAUL BLACKBURN

To achieve this first conviction, the basic evidence had to be tortured and changed. Witnesses at Bridgewater, one a garage mechanic, had described the bandit car as a Hudson; it now became a Buick because a Buick was needed to tie the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes together. Pinkerton reports, concealed from the defense until 1926, showed that witness after witness had described "the shotgun bandit" as having a closely cropped mustache; at the trial, these same witnesses uniformly adopted the description "trimmed," implying that Vanzetti, who had one of the most luxuriant drooping mustaches ever known, must have trimmed it down as a disguise. One witness who had told the Pinkertons he did not even get a look at any of the holdup men's faces came into court and identified Vanzetti positively as "the shotgun bandit." "There is no question in my mind," he said.

As any good crime reporter knows, eyewitnesses' identifications in cases of split-second action are virtually worthless in the best of cases—and utterly worthless when, as here, the original versions given immediately after the event, when recollections are fresh, are drastically altered months later to fit the prosecution's case. But the defense, having no knowledge of the hanky-panky hidden in Katzmann's secret files, had no effective way to challenge and impeach these witnesses, and the jury believed them.

It believed despite the fact that Vanzetti in the Bridgewater case had virtually an airtight alibi. December 24 was what was known in the Italian community of Plymouth as "a day of remembrance," a fast day when only fish, usually eels, was eaten at the evening meal. Many Italians, even those who didn't particularly like eels, ate them with spaghetti on this one day of the year—and so they had reason to remember that when Vanzetti was supposed to have been staging a holdup in Bridgewater, he had been actually going from door to door in Plymouth, delivering his eels to his customers. How did Katzmann overcome this unanimous community testimony? By two techniques. The first involved pulling any number of dates out of the air and asking the witnesses to tell him what they were doing on those days. Having no particular point of reference, they couldn't. The second tactic was a racial sneer. "Some of those Italians up there told you what to say?" —a question that appealed to the prejudice of a Yankee jury, indicating that those suspect "foreigners," those Italians, were banding together in a lying cabal to protect their own countryman.

Katzmann was supported and upheld throughout by Judge Webster Thayer, a jurist who perhaps was best described by Justice Musmanno years later to the Massachusetts legislative committee as "a vain, stupid, prejudiced, biased and unqualified judge." With Vanzetti convicted, Judge Thayer—his mind already made up about "those anarchistic bastards," as he later called them—

asked to be assigned to preside over the South Braintree murder trial in Dedham. With such a judge on the bench, the defendants were as good as convicted before the first juror was seated.

There is not room here to go into Ehrmann's massive compilation of the details of the hidden evidence and the manner in which the prosecution put its case together. He shows that strand after strand was either an outright fraud or infinitely suspect. The prosecution had taken fingerprints off the abandoned Buick in the South Braintree murder case. Until the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, these prints were supposed to identify the bandits—then they were filed away, hidden from the defense, and nothing more was heard of them. (See "The Missing Fingerprints," *The Nation*, December 22, 1962.) Capt. William H. Proctor, the top ballistic expert of the state police, a man who had been in charge of the investigation in its earlier stages and knew all about the fingerprints, kept insisting that Katzmann was trying the wrong men and was summarily removed from the investigation and replaced by the dedicated Chief Stewart. Later, when Katzmann was trying to show that the final, fatal shot into Berardelli's body had come from Sacco's .32 caliber Colt, Captain Proctor told him that he would not testify to this, and so a phony question was framed that allowed Proctor to testify that the bullet was "consistent" with having come from Sacco's gun—a reply that deceived both judge and jury, although all it meant was that the bullet in question had come from a .32 caliber Colt, of which there were thousands in existence.

It is in his discussion of this ballistics testimony that Ehrmann makes one of his most devastating points. Witnesses for the state had testified that the gunman who had first shot Berardelli stood over the guard as he slumped to the ground, pumping bullet after bullet into his body. The state contended that this gunman was Sacco.

Four bullets were recovered from the body of Berardelli, and one, labeled No. 3, was said to have been the fatal shot. Presumably all must have been fired from the same gun, since no witness reported having seen a two-gun gunman. Yet ballistics tests showed that three of the four bullets taken from Berardelli's body, like the two found in Parmenter, had been fired from a 7.65 millimeter foreign-make revolver that gave the bullets a right twist or spiral. Only one bullet, the fatal No. 3 bullet taken from Berardelli's body, had come from a gun having a left twist—essential if it had come from Sacco's .32 caliber Colt. How did the same gun fire three bullets into Berardelli with a right twist—and one with a left?

It was a manifest impossibility, and

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Ehrmann believes that there was a deliberate substitution of bullets by the prosecution. Ehrmann shows that the identifying marks on the base of bullet No. 3 are different from all the others, giving indications of having been made by a different hand with a different tool. He shows that the exhibits were so carelessly handled that a substitution could have been made at almost any time. And he says that even Maj. Calvin Goddard, the ballistic expert Katzmann brought in during the post-trial arguments to prove that the No. 3 bullet came from Sacco's gun, "agreed that there was nothing in the conduct of the trial which would lead one to place any great confidence in the exhibits."

All of this was, of course, discounted. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, prejudice was so strong that the impossible became the possible, and not even the strongest evidence—evidence that cried aloud of innocence—meant a thing.

HAPPINESS IS MAIL AT YOUR NEW ADDRESS
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There have been so many deaths
due to carbon m. poisoning
that this is just
a note to suggest you leave
a little air come into your room. Also,

I hope you don't get involved
with young men or older
or made from poppies (?) and Hippy's.
I hope you are not letting
the drugs get you. And don't get mixed up
with drugs. It might spoil
your change for getting the cert.
you are working for. Remember
it is costing quite a lot.

Don't scold. I am afraid of your
trips to and near Chicago.

PETER KLAPPERT

Especially striking in this respect is the account of Sacco's alibi. He had been away from his job on the day of the South Braintree holdup—to commit the holdup, the prosecution said; to go into Boston to get a passport to visit his family in Italy, where his mother had recently died, he said. Sacco told how, on his trip to Boston, he had chanced to meet several friends in the Italian community. He had had lunch with one, had been introduced to an advertising salesman, had gone to the Italian consulate, and later, just before his return home, had stopped off at a coffeehouse where he had met and chatted with others. How could these details be corroborated? How could defense witnesses be certain that this had all occurred on April 15 and not some other day?

As in the case of Vanzetti's "day of remembrance" in the Bridgewater trial, there was a point of reference. On this April 15 the Italian community was giving a testimonial dinner for John D. Williams, editor of the Boston *Transcript*. Sacco's friends had talked about this event, and indeed one of them, Antonio Dentamore, a Catholic priest, had actually attended the dinner. After the trial and conviction had begun to cast a cloud on America's reputation for justice, Gov. Alvan T. Fuller named the Lowell committee to re-examine the evidence.

Ehrmann describes vividly how Lowell tried to discredit the defense. Unknown to Thompson and Ehrmann, Lowell checked newspaper files and found, according to the *Transcript* and an Italian-language newspaper, that the dinner for editor Williams had been held on May 15, 1920, *after* Sacco and Vanzetti were in prison—not on April 15.

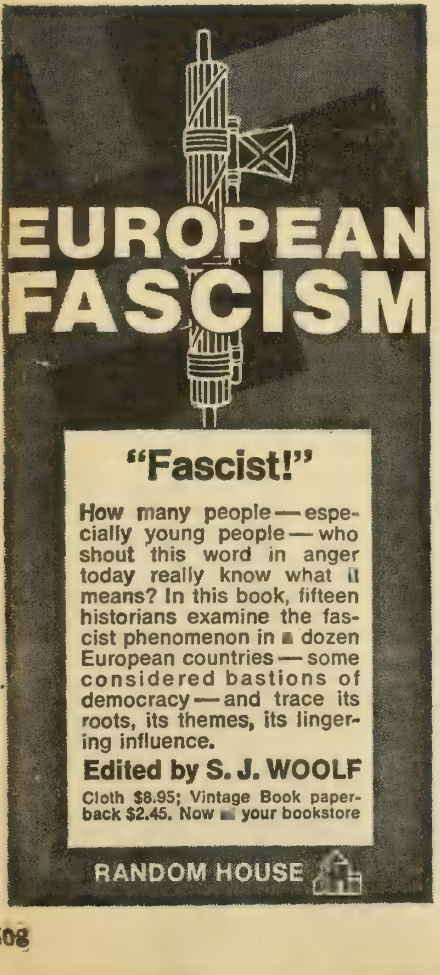
Thompson and Ehrmann were taken completely by surprise when they walked into the hearing room and found two of the Sacco alibi witnesses, Prof. Felice Guadagni and Albert Bosco, waiting to be questioned. Lowell attacked them in the best Katzmann manner. He flourished under their noses excerpts from the newspapers about the May 15 dinner and upbraided them for lying or being grossly wrong. The witnesses were dumbfounded, shaken—but stubborn. Especially Bosco. He insisted that, before he testified at Dedham, he had looked up the files of *La Notizia*, the Italian-language newspaper for which he worked, to make certain of the date. *La Notizia*, he said, had carried an account of the Williams dinner which he himself had written on April 16, the day after the event.

"It is perfectly obvious that is not so," Lowell snapped.

Thompson was shaken in his conviction of the innocence of his clients for the first time. He told Guadagni and Bosco that they must be wrong; the eminent President Lowell, of Harvard, had checked the details and would not deceive them. Guadagni was bewildered, but Bosco was adamant. Lowell dismissed all their previous testimony as obviously a tissue of falsehoods: "A most serious alibi has been destroyed."

The next day, it was Lowell who faced destruction. Bosco reappeared with the bound file of *La Notizia*. There, in the issue of April 16, just as he had said, was the account of the Williams testimonial dinner the day before. The account also said that Williams would soon be honored at *another* banquet "for the success of which a committee is actively working." The explanation was simple; there had been *two* banquets for Williams, one on April 15 when Sacco was in Boston, one on May 15 when he and Vanzetti were in jail.

Lowell and his distinguished cohorts on the committee were taken completely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RANDOM HOUSE

aback; Thompson and Ehrmann were elated. This *had* to mean that the "most serious alibi" Lowell had congratulated himself for destroying had been reinstated with twofold force; surely, the distinguished President Lowell of Harvard, and his prestigious colleagues would recognize this and be convinced of the innocence of Sacco. But they were not. The lesson of the incident is that not even the most graphic demonstration of truthfulness can change the minds of committed men.

Though the hearing record had included every damaging detail of the previous day's colloquy, the record for the following day, the day of revelation, by President Lowell's direct and specific orders, contained only this brief and utterly meaningless paragraph:

> *Executive Chamber, State House, Boston*
> *Friday, July 15, 1927, 10:30 a.m.*
>
> Investigation Resumed with all Members of the Committee Present.
>
> (The witness Bosco who was on the stand yesterday afternoon again appeared, with the editions of the paper *La Notizia*, requested by the Committee, and the Committee, all counsel present, and the witness looked in the books produced by the witness.)

Lowell warned the Italians that they must not print anything about the incident in their Italian-language newspapers, and Sacco and Vanzetti went to their deaths without any acknowledgment from him that Sacco's "most serious alibi" had stood the ultimate test. Fifteen months after Sacco and Vanzetti had been executed, lawyers preparing the official record of the case wrote in bafflement to Lowell, Thompson and Ehrmann for an explanation of what they properly called the "meaningless" notation of July 15. Only then, fifteen months after the victims were dead, knowing that the truth must out, did President Lowell acknowledge what had happened.

That single incident tells all one needs to know about Lowell himself, about the ethics of the judicial and political hierarchy of Massachusetts at that time, and about the fundamental human reasons why the Sacco-Vanzetti case is, in truth, *The Case That Will Not Die.*

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MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

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His Own Special Blend

FIDEL CASTRO. *By Herbert Matthews. Simon & Schuster. 384 pp. $6.95.*

WILLIAM H. BLANCHARD

Mr. Blanchard is the author of Rousseau and the Spirit of Revolt *(University of Michigan Press), a study in the psychology of revolutionary ideas.*

This book is not a biography in the generally accepted sense. It is a study of the interactions between a man and a nation during an intensive phase in the development of each. Mr. Matthews' objective is not so much to tell the story of Fidel Castro's life as to help the reader understand Castro's personality and its role in shaping the unique character of the Cuban Revolution, with particular emphasis on that period from the attack on the Moncada Barracks to the present time.

Matthews is a powerful and persuasive writer with an unusual gift for catching the nuances of speech and behavior. Through his depth of portrayal, he manages to give the reader a feeling of being on the scene at the time each incident happens. But the book is more than simply a well-told story. Through his description of Castro's personal qualities, Matthews elucidates the unique character of the Cuban brand of communism and refutes the charge that the Cuban leader has been "taken over" by Moscow. While Castro has stated on numerous occasions that he is a Communist and a Marxist, it is clear that these words mean what Castro wants them to mean and that their meaning in Cuba is quite different from that in Soviet Russia and China. The features of Castro's personality that emerge again and again are his overwhelming vitality, physical, intellectual and emotional; his irresistible urge to dominate and his insistence upon acting on his own judgment, even if it leads him into error. From the beginning, it was evident that Castro was anti-Yankee, not pro-Communist. Even the Communist press of Cuba was against him, calling his attack on the Moncada Barracks and his subsequent raids from the Sierra Maestra *"Putschism."* This attitude is, of course, typical of modern Communist doctrine, particularly Russian communism. The United States has become a conservative nation as we have begun to forget our revolutionary origins. In like manner, the Soviets are increasingly concerned with maintaining a stable world situation and a favorable trade balance as their own revolution recedes into the past. They are not against a pro-Soviet revolution if it has a good chance of success, but they have become increasingly conservative in the risks they are willing to take in order to achieve that

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OVER NEWARK

Imagine me as the solitary Negro,
impassive, who drifted past you
like a distant flock of crows
this morning on your way to work.
What could I have been thinking?
A man without emotions could be dangerous.

I roll like a tight gear down 14th Street
past beckoning queers and freaks.
I fear the unnatural despairs.
Let's take a holiday, I say
and I pay my fee for a little honest darkness.
The subway's rumble carries me
further than you'd care to understand . . .

where I will forget your inquisitive
glances and your pain, the daily pastures
like comfortable graves you're headed for.
I am the man truly alone, speeding
toward Jersey, invisible. Photo-negative,

I emerge. Industrial fartgas fills my lungs
and I rise over Newark's junkyards
laid out like wisely unattempted lives.
Sailing high, I forget the odors
you drag everywhere like children,
the uncertain steps into each other's

arms. Solitude, my chosen shape . . .
Let no man down there call my name.
The fog drops like a hurt animal,
distance is eclipsed by the flesh of this world.

STEVEN ORLEN

success. Thus the Communist party first opposed the recent student actions in Paris and jumped on the bandwagon at the last moment when it was obvious that the momentum could not be stopped. The Cuban Communists took a similar attitude toward Castro.

Once the revolution was a success, the Communists would have liked to take over and run things. But this was not possible. Matthews documents a number of attempts of this kind and describes how Castro thwarted the influence of those Communists who were directed by Moscow. Castro's adoption of the trappings of communism is convincingly presented by Matthews as a utilitarian device. Castro has long had an abiding hostility for the United States. He resented American support of Batista and the presence of American gamblers, oil companies and other business concerns growing wealthy in the Cuban sunshine while his people starved. His acceptance of communism was a natural consequence of his desire to establish his diplomatic connections and his sources of economic support outside the American-dominated Western powers.

The charge that Fidel Castro "betrayed the revolution" has also become a catch phrase among his opponents. The evidence for this position is derived from the fact that Castro promised certain things like a volunteer army, free speech, free press and an independent judiciary, none of which he delivered. Matthews handles this charge by concentrating, not upon the inconsistency between what Castro said and what he did but upon the total value of the Cuban Revolution to the great mass of the poor and disenfranchised. Castro, he points out, believed, rightly or wrongly, that he could not accomplish what he wanted for the Cuban people without taking over complete control. He may have sincerely believed that he could achieve his objective by democratic methods before he gained power, but once he was faced with the burden of responsibility and the difficult task of erasing the years of corruption of the Batista regime, he felt more drastic methods were necessary. As Matthews puts it, "Fidel did what he thought was best, or thought he had to do at a given time. . . . Certainly he was more idealistic before he assumed power than after, but this is true of every candidate for power or for elected office, whether the system is democratic, authoritarian, or revolutionary."

While Matthews believes that Castro was not a Communist during his Sierra Maestra days, but became one after the revolution had succeeded, he does not conclude that Castro was driven into the arms of the Communists by United States policy since the revolution. Castro was anti-Yankee from the start; his movement toward communism was a consequence of his original attitude toward the United States and the gradual realization that he could not achieve his goals for Cuba by more democratic means. These factors and the need for trade outlets other than those with the United States made him sympathetic to Communist ideology. Further, as Matthews points out, the authoritarian solution was more in line with Castro's own personality: "The temptations that an authoritarian solution offers are great, and to one of Castro's temperament they were irresistible."

Matthews is at his best when portraying Castro's exuberance, optimism and personal charm. After the landing in the *Granma* with his small band of rebels on Cuban soil, Castro was surrounded in a cane field and Batista's soldiers began to close in upon him. At this moment, he gathered his followers and put his arms on their shoulders saying, "Now, when we get clear and organize ourselves, we can start our campaign." After a long series of economic failures, bitter privations and countless setbacks in attempting to get the new Cuba on its feet, he said to Matthews in 1967: "In the 1970s we are going to have so much coffee and fruit that we will give it freely to people—and sugar, too." The picture, so often painted, of this exuberant, willful, passionate and dominant personality taking orders from the Kremlin is rather incongruous. It simply does not hold up psychologically.

Matthews is obviously charmed by Castro but he is not hypnotized. The book presents a frank discussion of many of the failures of the Cuban Revolution, as well as its accomplishments. If there is fault in the book it is in organization and direction, particularly toward the end. It is organized in part along the lines of chronology and in part by subject matter. The lucidity and the persuasive power developed in the early part begin to fade toward the end. Integration becomes loose. Separate items are discussed but often not interrelated. Altogether, however, Matthews' book is an absorbing, fascinating and perceptive account of the rise of Fidel Castro and the new Cuba.

Nation Book Marks

CHARLES STEIN

Mr. Stein is the author of two books of poems, Provisional Measures *(Gnomon Press), and* The Virgo Poem *(Angel Hair Books). Books of the Black Sparrow Press of Los Angeles, Calif. (P.O. Box 25603), include poetry by Michael McClure, Gerard Malanga, Armand Schwerner, Kenneth Koch, Paul Goodman, among others, carefully and tastefully produced in both paper editions and signed, hard-cover, limited editions. The works reviewed below are a selection from the list.*

SALT & CORE. *By Rochelle Owens. Black Sparrow Press. 54 pp. $15. Paper $4.50.*

Written in the bop-talk, belly-gut idiom of jazz poetry of the fifties, *Salt & Core* is a strange collection for a "Lady" poet —strange because the energy of the poetry is so phallic and sharply outward. Many of the poems are anecdotal and reminiscent of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, but her manner is tougher, her rhythms tighter, her wit usually, though not always, less simplistic, and her personality more complex than his. She is not an "intellectual" poet, and when she attempts sophisticated observations on, say, verbal usage, she tends to be cute and obvious. She is at her best when the cute side of her combines with the more violent and guttural. Several poems deal with topics from ancient Mediterranean culture. Her attention is neither upon history nor myth, but she uses ancient persons or artifacts as opportunity for intense expressive display.

GUNSLINGER: Book I. *By Edward Dorn. Black Sparrow Press. 52 pp. $4 paper.*

Gunslinger: Book I is the first part of what promises to be a major American narrative poem. Its hero is an immortal demigod in a cowboy setting, who pauses from his wanderings on a late afternoon to chat with the poet, a barmaid madam named Lil, and the hero's talking, turned-on horse named Claude Levi-Strauss. As TV Western films have made the cowboy dialect part of the modern American verbal idiom, Dorn has been able to throw back articles, concepts and heroes from the modern world into the cowboy tongue and context with startling effectiveness. Through the medium of his four main characters, Dorn explores intricate mythical and philosophic issues, though the poem requires dramatic, more than philosophic, analyses. In *Gunslinger* the poet combines the art of the epic singer, the balladeer, the dramatist, and the lyricist in the swing of a Western speech maintained with breath-taking mastery. One of the fine poems of the decade.

POEMS 1964-1967. *By Jerome Rothenberg. Black Sparrow Press. 100 pp. $15. Paper $5.*

This is a collection of five short books of poems, three published previously, two, *Further Sightings* and *A Steinbook & More*, printed here for the first time. *Sightings* includes nine poems, each composed of a series of single lines to be read separated by "a silence equal or proportionate to the duration of each succeeding phrase." The content of the individual lines are not connected. Each poem depends almost entirely on the aural effect of its series of phrases and pauses. Both *Sightings* and *Further Sightings* are competent and sophisticated explorations of certain possible structures for the short poem, but they belong to that ever-growing body of artistic production which seizes upon a technical possibility, accomplishes it adequately, and makes it unnecessary for anyone else to take up the task. *Conversations* is more interesting. Single short lines alternate between two different speakers, and a wider range of effects is created by the expectations and surprises made possible by the "conversation" form. In *A Steinbook & More*, Rothenberg pays homage to Gertrude Stein, the Magna Mater of the abstract poem. These are, for the most part, accomplished performances of Miss Stein's music on the instrument of Rothenberg's voice. Rothenberg does have his own voice, as is evidenced particularly in the more extended passages in *The Gorky Poems*. He is at his richest, in fact, when not bound by what are finally tricky, at best merely effective, exploitations of structural problems.

22 LIGHT POEMS. *By Jackson Mac Low. Black Sparrow Press. 71 pp. $15. Paper $6.*

At the end of *22 Light Poems*, Mac Low gives us a detailed account of the intricate and varied technical procedures he followed in composing them. Most important is a chart consisting of "280 names of kinds of light." Chance operations are sometimes used in the selection of phrases from short stories, articles or this chart. Mac Low seems primarily concerned with the registration of precise physical, psychic or social events, within a musical structure that crisply articulates that precision. Almost every line of each poem contains one of the names of light which Mac Low applies to chance selected phrases, other nouns, events or circumstances, in a great variety of ways, as if to bathe them in a constantly changing luminous context. *22 Light Poems* is an extraordinary and radiant book.

GREED. *By Diane Wakoski. Black Sparrow Press. 23 pp. $10. Paper $6.*

Greed is one of those impossibly frustrating elliptical and neurotic confessions that is an instance of what it proposes to be confessing. Its two sections are titled "Of Polygamy" and "Of Accord and Principle." The first deals with greed in love and marriage, but Miss Wakoski's sense of the nature of greed, by means of snake and fish imagery, reeks of the corruption it seeks to define, and infects her sense of the most natural of longings: "Greed inches out of my mouth./ It is an invitation/ for you/ to touch/ me." In the second part, many unpleasant and true things are said about

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the dishonesty of poets who are greedy for both their own integrity and good fortunes, who confess their corruption in public display and persist in it, to reap the rewards of money and fame. Miss Wakoski is a poet I have long admired for the freedom and lucidity of her imagination and the acuity of her invective when it is pure and unrestrained: that she includes herself as object of attack in this poem, in no way saves her from its imprecations.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In 1964 I wrote here apropos of James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie* that "most of us are not yet burningly aware not only of 'the fire next time' but that the conflagration has already begun." I referred to the seething of black militancy against unkept promises and the extreme tardiness of change.

What is changing rapidly is theatrical silence on the subject. This season alone I have seen Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope*; Roger Cornish's *Open Twenty-Four Hours*; Dan Tucker and Jay Broad's *Red, White and Maddox;* McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden's *Someone's Comin' Hungry* (the work of white writers); Adrienne Kennedy's *Cities in Bezique*; the several productions of the Negro Ensemble Company, notably Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*; Lorraine Hansberry's *To Be Young, Gifted and Black* (by blacks); *Big Time Buck White,* a collaboration between a white writer, Joseph Dolan Tuotti, and a black company from Watts, and most recently *A Black Quartet,* four new plays by black writers Ben Caldwell, Ronald Milner, Ed Bullins and LeRoi Jones.

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A Black Quartet was presented by the Chelsea Theater Center, a group, now in its third year, devoted to producing the work of new playwrights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. (It has already mounted thirty-nine plays.) *A Black Quartet* is given in cooperation with Woodie King, an able black director and writer. The evening in Brooklyn interested me both for the plays' varied merits as drama and for the questions raised by such manifestations.

Caldwell's *Prayer Meeting, or The First Militant Minister* is a farce in which a black burglar rifles an apartment whose tenant happens to be a black minister. On his entrance, the minister begins to pray for forgiveness for one of his race who has killed a white policeman. The burglar, who has stopped outside the door and heard the minister's plea, indignantly answers in the role of the "Lord." He bids the frightened cleric alter his prayer. The minister must support a man who avenged himself on the brutal cop and urge others to follow that example. The minister changes his tune: he prays that his brethren may do as the killer did when their people are abused.

The audience, composed of nearly as many teen-aged blacks as of older white and black folk, laughed and applauded in rapturous glee. The fact that the fake Lord who invokes violence is himself a criminal did not in the least trouble anyone. The play is, after all, a wry joke. But the pattern repeats itself in Ed Bullins' more sophisticated playlet, *The Gentleman Caller.*

In this a gentleman caller, presumably a black bourgeois, passively accepts the condescension of a white rich bitch—all mechanical glitter in a stylized make-up and attended by an ominously correct black maid. When the white monster becomes too aggressively haughty the maid shoots her and then the gentleman caller for having been so despicably nice in the face of the woman's insolent cordiality. The maid then proceeds to the telephone, whose intermittent rings she has been bluntly answering throughout the foregoing events. To *this* particular caller she now proclaims that death must be the wages of all enemies of the black people. Again the audience shouts its joyous satisfaction.

Bullins' gifts as a writer have been demonstrated in *Electronic Nigger* and other plays. But despite the comparative polish in the writing and the symbolic stage imagery of the present play, I suspect he wrote it to fulfill a "popular" need. And though this may be laudable, I find that in accomplishing it, he has unwittingly written down to his audience. Even poster art does not have to be as blatant as this play proves to be under its surface gloss.

There are parables which will stir the simplest folk, but these are rarely written by the artfully instructed. If Bullins hopes to help his cause he must do so in his own (more complex) person rather than as a private in the ranks of the committed.

LeRoi Jones's contribution, which he calls *Great Goodness of Life (A Coon Show)*, is written in the same spirit though it is a more compactly accomplished piece. In it Court Royal, who is rather proud of being a post office employee (the audience finds this very funny) and in every respect a blameless citizen, is accused in a Kafkaesque fashion by an unseen Voice (a white judge) of having harbored a black murderer. First he insists on his trusted position as a government worker as clear evidence of his innocence. When this does not avail he asks for his own lawyer. A lawyer is thrust on him as his own, one who snivels, grovels and sneers. He bids Court Royal to plead guilty. Then the accused is promised that if he will fire an emblematic gun at the "shade" of the murderer—who, he is told, has already been executed—he will be allowed to go free. Royal fires: the gun is real, and so is the target. He has killed an unknown man.

This turns out to be a nightmare, the horrid dream of a simple middle-class black man, wracked in slumber with foreboding, and fears which in his waking state he suppresses with apparent complacency.

The point is well made, but the play is not to be compared in intensity or personal meaningfulness with the same author's *Dutchman.* He may well be contemptuous of such criticism because, as I have already suggested, he now proposes, like Bullins, to create the most immediate effects for a still insufficiently aroused or fortified black audience. In both cases, I respect the intention but I doubt the efficacy of such efforts on the part of men whose capacities have more extended scope and deeper roots. Their ambition must reach beyond these self-imposed limitations if they are to confer maximum benefits.

Anger is a fuel which may ignite inspiration, but anger alone will not provoke the proud sense of identity which these playwrights hope to foster. This is done when blacks are revealed as they are in the daily course of their lives. That is why I was most affected by Ronald Milner's *The Warning—A Theme for Linda*. It shows us three generations of black women, grandmother, mother, granddaughter, in their relationship to their men: their hopes in them, their disillusionment and their further demands.

The play badly needs cutting and is somewhat awkward in structure. It is moving because it is warm in its closeness to the real people it portrays. The characters are not being used as instruments to illustrate an "idea." When the young girl around whom the play centers offers herself to her boy and asks if he will prove a strong person and not the kind of feckless being her once idealized grandfather proved to be, we sense that she is growing up. She wants her man to be strong because she refuses to waste herself on weakness as her grandmother has done, and we feel bound to her and to all her family through an understanding which is in fact consanguinity.

The acting in *The Warning* is especially touching in the performance by Vikki Summers as Linda, Leslie Rivers as her mother, and most particularly by Minnie Gentry as the grandmother. Miss Gentry's long account of her life with her drunkard husband, whose negligence led to the death of their child, is the most powerful expression of pained feeling that I have seen since Bea Richards' great outburst in Baldwin's *The Amen Corner*.

Virtually all the acting in *A Black Quartet* is good and a special word of praise is due Errol Jaye who is entirely genuine as the minister in Caldwell's comedy, as the grandfather in Milner's piece, and as Court Royal in LeRoi Jones's play.

The acting and the audience with its deeply felt—though "intellectually" indiscriminate—cries of sympathy, were for me the most memorable aspects of the evening. For all my misgivings about the nature of the excitation in parts of these plays I could not fail to be impressed. Still, I pray that these representative writers do not fall into the error that vitiated the work of many "left-wing" dramatists of the thirties, that of following a path that too narrowly interprets their mission, and thus seeking to move their audiences by slogans of which derision, hate and self-consuming rebelliousness constitute the main characteristics. Vision with compassion are forever the sustaining and saving ingredients of the most ardent utterances in art.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

COPLAND: *Dance Symphony*; *Short Symphony*. London Symphony Orchestra. Aaron Copland: cond. Columbia MS 7223. $5.98.

A welcome addition to the Copland discography is the first recording of the fine but rarely played *Short Symphony* (1933), hitherto best known in the 1937 rescoring for clarinet, string quartet and piano (of which there is an excellent recording, by Harold Wright, the Juilliard Quartet, and the composer, on CBS 32 11 0042). The original version throws the spare texture into much higher relief, and its greater extremes of color, register and volume illuminate the interplay of the irregular interlocking rhythmic configurations. The performance shows some rough edges and is somewhat coarsely recorded. More successfully executed is the 1929 *Dance Symphony* (extracted from the 1925 score of a ballet devised in collaboration with Harold Clurman), a less concentrated but entirely characteristic score that would still make admirable material for a choreographer.

BERLIOZ: *Roméo et Juliette*, Op. 17. Patricia Kern, soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass. John Alldis Choir, London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Colin Davis: cond. Philips PHS 2-909. $11.58 (two records).

Excerpts from *Roméo et Juliette*, Op. 17. BOITO: Prologue to *Mefistofele*. Nicola Moscona, bass; Robert Shaw Chorale (in Boïto). NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini; cond. RCA Victrola VIC-1398, $2.50 (mono).

Harold en Italie, Op. 16. Walter Trampler, viola. London Symphony Orchestra. Georges Prêtre; cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-3075, $5.98.

Hymne des Marseillais (and orchestral works by other French composers). Soloists, chorus, Orchestre de Paris. Jean-Pierre Jacquillat; cond. Angel S-36518, $5.98.

The Berlioz anniversary year will doubtless bring many recordings, but few are likely to be as good as the Philips *Roméo*, which is the best embodiment to date of this subtle and complex work. As often with Berlioz, the subtlety and complexity are in the detail, and Davis' special virtue is that he realizes all the textural and rhythmic detail without sacrifice of momentum—and without the rigidity and strenuous stress-accents that mar the Toscanini reading of the *Roméo*

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Seul-Fête sequence and the *Love Scene*, though this, too, is remarkably well played (these were studio recordings, made immediately after the complete Toscanini broadcast that is issued on RCA LM-7034). The *Mefistofele* scene makes an interesting coupling; the Boïto scene's sonic conception derives from Berlioz, but its structural basis is traditional Italian-operatic—a combination that suits Toscanini's technique.

Harold is probably Berlioz's closest approach to a conventional symphony, the solo viola being an obbligato rather than a concertizing instrument—in the composer's literary terms, an observer rather than a participant. Certain elements in the first two movements suggest Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, but the actual construction, the juxtaposition of ideas, is far from Beethovenian. The use of thematic recurrence is Berlioz's substitute for closely knit development, and it works remarkably well, especially as interlocked with the role of the viola (whose delicate handling within the texture is always marvelous to hear). Because of its surface conventionality, *Harold* has been one of Berlioz's more frequently (if less imaginatively) played works; the present performance suffers from some vagaries of tempo but is otherwise acceptable.

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The true facts aren't easy come by. — Illusions and delusions are more comfortable and convenient. — For the time being.

We've been brainwashed by the publicity and attention accorded promiscuous sex activity into thinking such activity makes one superior. — In what way is [redacted] participant in promiscuous sex superior to the non-participant?

Aren't there a lot of delusions connected with promiscuous sex? Costly delusions of popularity, of superiority, of importance? — Worth thinking about, isn't it?

Most scientists, engineers, and accountants are ivory tower yokels.

Other people's ignorance is reprehensible. — How about yours? — You may know how to send [redacted] space ship to Jupiter. Do you know whether you are being fair and just to your neighbor next door? To the members of your family? To the fellow standing next to you?

Do you know whether he's unhappy? What [redacted] unhappiness? Is it tension? Does he display signs of tension when you're around?

We are being subjected to the sorry spectacle of self-appraised "geniuses" who know all sorts of interesting things about the atom, but not enough about life to resist the tricks of those who would enslave us.

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Berlioz's arrangement of *La Marseillaise*, for double chorus, boys' chorus and large orchestra, is a splendid example of his sonic techniques employed at a simple level. A "mainstream" composer, tempted by possibilities of contrapuntal and melodic development, could never have brought it off, but Berlioz just surrounds his *donnée* with a succession of masterful choral-orchestra panoplies. This is far from encompassing all of his abilities, but it effectively isolates his most celebrated skill. (The record also includes such chestnuts as Debussy's *Faun*, Dukas' *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, and Saint-Saëns' *Danse macabre*, plus a curious Scherzo by Lalo—and Chabrier's *España*, which may well be the most brilliantly orchestrated chestnut in the repertory, and is certainly the prime source of much of de Falla's music.)

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9. Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Kiril Kondrashin; cond. Melodiya/Seraphim SIB 6029. $4.98 (two records).

This resolutely literal and non-"neurotic" performance comes up with some good points, especially in its handling of the various tempos of the *Ländler* movement, but stretches of the piece are virtually unrecognizable. Kondrashin obviously believes in the "tunes," emphasizing their regular periodic elements and suppressing the individuality of lines he considers subsidiary. The first movement, in particular, thus becomes trivial—superficially plausible from point to point, but with the climaxes stripped of their vital disintegrative tensions—and the Rondo-Burlesque emerges as simply jaunty. Although intonation and ensemble are not up to the best Western standards, a good deal of the playing is lively and skillfully phrased; unfortunately, the recorded sound lacks real impact. This is at least an intriguing document for students of comparative performing traditions.

NANCARROW: Studies for Player Piano. Columbia MS 7222. $5.98.

The player piano offers possibilities that have rarely been exploited by serious composers; its punched paper roll can give the same degree of rhythmic precision and "digital" dexterity that is now available from electronic means, and it can play up to eighty-eight notes simultaneously. These twelve studies, selected from the thirty-seven that Conlon Nancarrow, a 57-year-old American resident in Mexico, has composed since 1948, illustrate the possibilities—and also the limitations, especially timbral and dynamic. Since Chopin and others have escalated our expectations with respect to the "study," it should be pointed out that these pieces hew pretty close to the term's literal meaning, each one concentrating on the exposition of a particular complicated metrical relationship between parts (even, in one case, an irrational one); in all other respects, the vocabulary is conventional, even cliché ridden. I predict a possible camp vogue for Study No. 12, tne Spanish piano piece gone wild—and "played," of course, with metronomic rigidity.

STRAUSS: *Don Juan*; Final Scene from *Salome*. Inge Borkh, soprano (in *Salome*). Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Fritz Reiner; cond. RCA Victrola VICS-1392. $2.50.

Although dating from the earliest days of stereo recording, this *Don Juan* admirably preserves the extraordinary virtuosity and precision of the Chicago Symphony in Reiner's early years. The *Salome* excerpt is less satisfactory, for the soprano, who seems to be in a different acoustic space, is excessively favored over the orchestra.

Other recordings of interest:

SCHUBERT: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 3. Menuhin Orchestra. Yehudi Menuhin; cond. Angel S-36551. $5.98.

Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5. Same performers. Angel S-36592. $5.98.

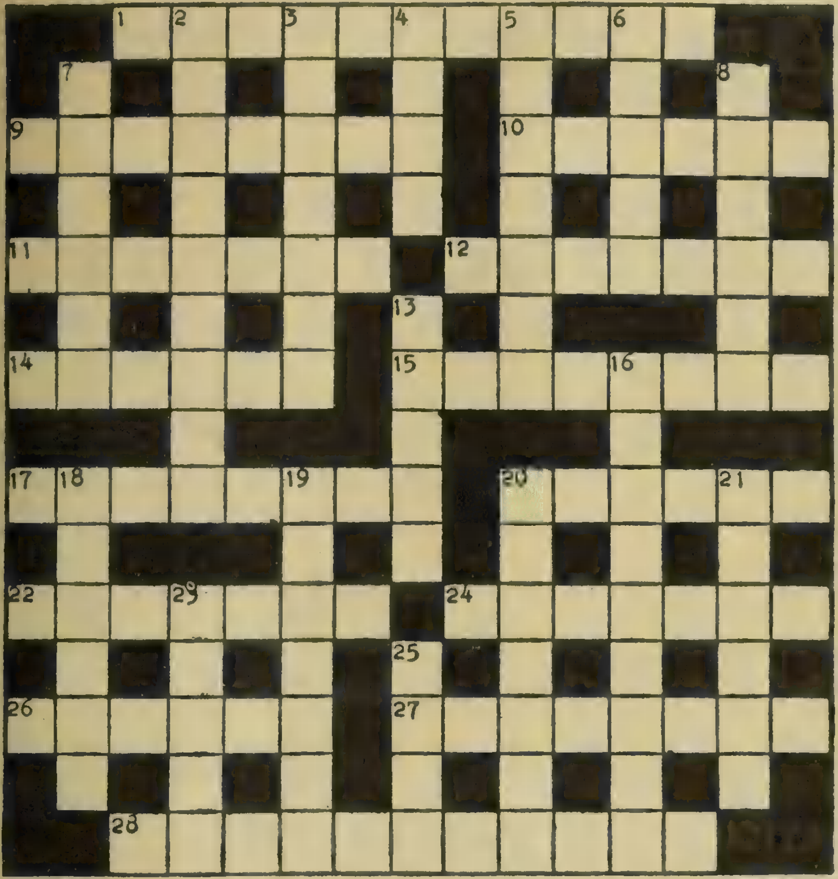
DVORAK: *Slavonic Dances*, Opp. 46 and 72. Cleveland Orchestra. George Szell; cond. Columbia MS-7208. $5.98. (An economy reissue of sorts: what previously took two records is compressed onto one by omitting the repeats; the performance is admirable.)

PUCCINI: *La Bohème*. Licia Albanese, soprano; Tatiana Menotti, soprano; Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Afro Poli, baritone. La Scala Chorus & Orchestra. Umberto Berretoni; cond. Seraphim IB-6038. $4.98 (two records, reissue of a 1938 recording, mono).

Arias and Songs. Ezio Pinza, bass, with various accompaniments. RCA Victrola VIC-1418. $2.50 (reissue of recordings made between 1927 and 1952; the majority are early, and immaculately sung).

Crossword Puzzle No. 1297

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Is a gal's cap a suitable creation for the dance? (11)
9 Set back, and look back inside, if not too busy! (8)
10 See 26 across
11 He has a diary made up in fun, according to country folk. (7)
12 Goes on the other side of faults, perhaps. (7)
14 It's not common to be so correct. (6)
15 and 22 across Rather vague concerning the name of the document? (8,2,5)
17 Game played from scratch? (8)
20 You might find me in the type of instigation involving the warm water treatment. (6)
22 See 15 across
24 Although critical, they sound as though they have a burning commitment, or at least would be subject to impressions.
26 and 10 across Absolute description of those insensitive to social justice? (4,2,6)
27 On condition that it's furnished? (8)
28 State Assembly? It's more vulgar than that! (4,7)

DOWN

2 It might make Cora happy, but one can't prove who originated the idea. (9)
3 A British poet, appreciated as being big in entertainment circles. (7)
4 The elder one of the 24. (4)
5 Drag up all the points but one, with more than one plot. (7)
6 A corner of the growing leaf. (5)
7 Prejudiced in favor of brunettes? (6)
8 Stationary. (6)
13 Stake limits? (Looks like one is afraid!) (5)
16 Pardon! (9)
18 It might have valuable content, with 100 present. (6)
19 Bawls out an American artist? (7)
20 Send up a trial balloon, as one not included in the circle might. (4,3)
21 Tends to be just what the doctor ordered, perhaps. (6)
23 Is the country able to put one and one together? (5)
25 A comment in addition to the point the church might have. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1296

ACROSS: 1 Civil servants; 10 One-step; 11 Gallery; 12 Batteries; 13 Erase; 14 Enroll; 16 Dehisces; 19 Seaboard; 20 and 24 Star chamber; 22 Apple; 23 White wall; 25 Heigh-ho; 26 Tremble; 27 Storm troopers. DOWN: 2 Inert; 3 In the altogether; 4 Septic; 5 Register; 6 Asleep in the Deep; 7 Toe-dancer; 8 Cobblers; 9 Tyre; 15 Reappoint; 17 Schiller; 18 Drawn-out; 21 Bistro; 22 Ashy.

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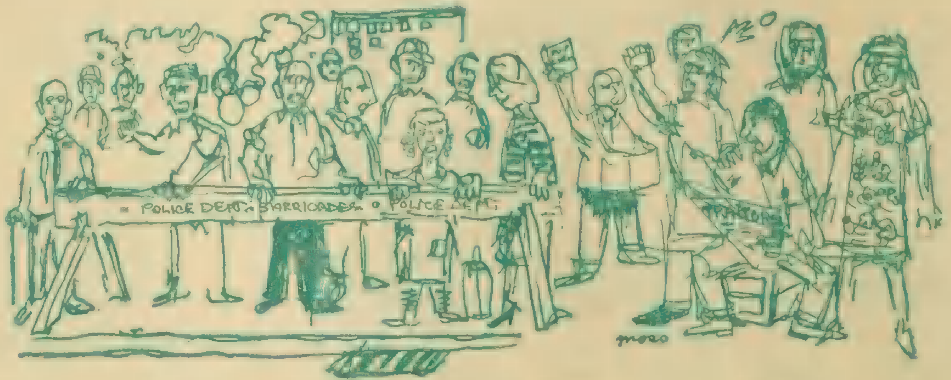
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Chicago film needed

Cleveland, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: Although I was listed as a co-conspirator but not indicted by the Federal Grand Jury on charges of crossing the state line for the purpose of inciting riot and violence in Chicago at the time of the Democratic Party Convention, I was indicted by the Cook County Grand Jury on two felonious counts of aggravated battery and two counts of resisting arrest.

I am alleged to have struck the Deputy Superintendent of Police who was in charge of all Chicago police forces in the field during the convention week. The maximum sentence which could be imposed upon me by the court would amount to twelve years in the Illinois State prison. . . . My trial date has been continued until June 2. The American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago has been cooperating directly in the preparation of the defense.

There is an urgent need for film and photographic evidence of my encounter with the Deputy Superintendent of Police which occurred on Wednesday evening, August 28, sometime between 7 and 8 P.M. at the intersection of Michigan and Balbo Avenues. It took place shortly after the brutal police attack against the demonstrators in that intersection. In my effort to secure safe passage for fellow demonstrators, I was severely beaten by the police and required hospitalization and surgery. I have since filed a notice for damages against the Chicago authorities.

Anyone who may have been witness to these events or who has any knowledge of film or photographic material covering these events, please contact me in care of the Department of Sociology, Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. 44106 phone: area code 216-368-2624.

Sidney M. Peck, Co-Chairman
National Mobilization Committee
To End the War in Vietnam

tabs on Congress

Kokomo, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial, "The Twenty-One" [Apr. 21] you spoke of the need for some headquarters in Washington that would feed out lists of how Congressmen voted on key military appropriation measures. I wish to call your attention to just such an organization: the Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D. C. 20002.

It publishes a monthly *Washington Newsletter*, subscription $3 per year, also an *Action Bulletin* as the occasion demands. The staff of FCNL is constantly interviewing Congressmen and trying to influence those who will listen. . . .

C. S. Iden

smooth shift

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The pundits are ruminating over the first 100 days of the Nixon Administration, comparing and evaluating the orderly transition of government from the outgoing Democratic regime to the incoming Republican one.

Everything considered, perhaps the swiftest, smoothest and most comprehensive changeover has been the transfers of the credibility gap. *Harry Cimring*

correction

We regret that by a printer's error, a line was dropped from Leslie Derfler's review of the Cohn Bendits' *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative* in the May 5 issue. The top of column three, page 579, should have begun, "The Cohn-Bendits conclude by evoking," etc. *Editors*

EDITORIALS

Incident at Riverside Church

On Sunday, May 4, James Forman, a prominent figure in the emergence of the civil rights movement, took over the altar area of Riverside Church in New York City and forced cancellation of the 11 A.M. communion service. Representing the National Black Economic Development Conference, Mr. Forman demanded that churches and synagogues pay "reparations" to Negroes in the amount of $500 million. Riverside Church had been singled out, he said, because it has been heavily endowed by the Rockefeller family and must pay extra reparations, since "the money of John D. Rockefeller is still exploiting people of color all around the world." Among secondary demands, Mr. Forman listed unrestricted use of the church's FM radio station, WRVR, twelve hours a day and weekends, with the director and program staff to be selected by his organization.

When one remembers the many news stories of ivy-covered Protestant churches, and some Catholic churches as well, turning away Negroes who sought to worship with other Christians, there might seem to be a trace of poetic justice in this foray. Even so, the Riverside Church was ill-chosen. A large part of the congregation is black and the accusation of racism is singularly inappropriate in this instance. However, for publicity purposes Riverside was well suited.

If one is to take the demonstration seriously, there are several things wrong with the tactic. Disrupting a religious service is a peculiarly offensive method of calling attention to grievances, however valid, and when demands are presented under these circumstances—with a pay-or-else connotation—the operation begins to savor of a stick-up. The demand should be briskly rejected on that account alone, even if the equity were more evident than it is here. The either-or kind of threat, if it is pursued, will prove to be fully as repugnant to the many Negroes who belong to Christian churches as to whites. The tactic is objectionable also on the purely practical ground that if it is fully exploited (and under present circumstances there is the tendency to go to the end of the line with anything sensational), it will provoke a serious counterreaction. Any tactic that is "counterproductive" is not a sound tactic, politically, militarily or otherwise.

Another objection to Mr. Forman's innovation is that it is dressed up as "anti-capitalism." Mr. Forman denounces black advocates of "black capitalism" as "black power pimps and fraudulent leaders." *The Nation* is highly skeptical of what "black capitalism" and "gilding the ghetto" can accomplish, but "anti-capitalism" of Mr. Forman's variety is not socialism, nor anything that gives promise of curbing the abuses of the "free enterprise" system. It is demagogy to say that "a few rich whites run the country." Capitalism is a system, a method, a complex set of relations, a body of beliefs which millions of lower-middle-class Americans, white and black, and even many of the poor, share with the rich.

Mr. Forman's organization demands compensation for past injuries. The basic concept is not without validity, but the notion that revolutionary action can obliterate all the injustices of history is phantasmal. Followed to its extreme, it can result only in a welter of claims and counterclaims which cannot possibly be satisfied. Some blacks have claims against other blacks. Red men have claims against whites and red men have claims against other red men. Whites have claims against whites—what could be more valid than the historic grievances of poor whites, if they choose to press them, against Southern Bourbons? It is time to dispose of the notion that by a series of instant reparations and bits of social gimickry we can wipe out the injustices of history; what the situation needs is not reparations but a clean, fresh start.

In James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Stephen says: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." Attempts to keep that nightmare alive are not likely to promote radical reform, much less Socialist reconstruction.

Those Unlevied Taxes

Far more important than euchring $500 million out of the nation's churches—in a scheme of token compensation that would at the most give each Negro $15—would be an effort by all rationally disposed citizens, of all races and creeds, to enable the various levels of government to levy a just return on the estimated $569 *billion* of real estate that goes untaxed in the United States, and which if taxed could yield local governments alone something like $12 billion annually in additional revenue. The figures are reliable (see *Fortune*, May 1, 1969, p. 76).

Cities can go broke. Look—if you can bear it—at the lamentable case of Newark, N. J. Real property in the amount of $549,631,000—45 per cent of Newark's total assessed valuation—escapes local taxation. According to *Fortune*, about a third of all potentially taxable real estate is entitled to some kind of exemption. Much of this free-ride realty is owned by churches and universities.

The property tax base is vital to local government. Whittle it away and the cities cannot even raise the "matching funds" needed to get federal aid. Yet the local tax base has been eroding for years by a kind of *mortmain*. In New York City, some $16 billion of tax-exempt property, or about one-third of all real estate on the assessment rolls, is tax-exempt. Nation-wide, church-owned real estate was estimated to exceed $103 billion in 1968. In addition to being spared local property taxes, churches and sacerdotal orders (that is, those qualified to give the sacraments) are by federal law exempt from income and capital gains taxes.

A clear distinction should be made between property in which an institution carries on its religious, charitable or educational activities, and property from which it

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NATION

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derives income. The country's religious groups are estimated to have an income totaling more than $21.5 billion annually.

Dr. Martin Marty, professor of church history at the University of Chicago's divinity school and associate editor of *The Christian Century*, makes the point succinctly: "There is no constitutional, moral or theological ground for granting tax exemptions to churches *on their profit-making activities*" (emphasis added). We can afford to exempt the property of the church per se—the ground and the church structure—but they should pay taxes as other organizations do on their other holdings.

Then there is the problem of pseudo-religious institutions whose actual aims are political, usually in the most reactionary sense. And the phony foundations, whose principal beneficiary may be the founder himself. Or even the laudable institutions. In New York, for instance, the 77-story Chrysler Building, one of the largest and most desirably located in the city, which would normally pay about $1 million in real estate taxes annually, pays not a cent. It stands on land owned by the Cooper Union, a respected institution of learning, which was granted this exemption by law in 1859. But in 1859 New York was solvent, or at any rate not as broke as it is today.

On the one hand, cities are losing tax revenue on real property, while at the same time suburban residents are escaping from taxes by forcing the central city to bear all the burdens of institutions and services that are used by people from the surrounding areas. All these institutions require police and fire protection, streets, lighting and all the other services that make a city livable.

The tax structure at all levels of government is due for drastic overhauling. Its built-in bias against anything of the sort must be overridden, and soon. This will do more for the urban poor of all races, and for the middle class too, than any one-shot proposal for the benefit of a single group, even if the scheme had any chance of being put into effect.

Message from the *Pueblo*

In overruling the recommendations of the Navy's inquiry board that Commander Lloyd Bucher be court-martialed, Navy Secretary John H. Chafee acted wisely and humanely. The Secretary could not very well say that the admirals' recommendations were wrong—most Navy officers think they were right—but a court-martial would have made the mess messier. By barring disciplinary action, the Secretary in effect extended clemency to all hands and, by inference, said that he wanted to hear no more of the affair. But of course that does not close the incident.

The chances are that Commander Bucher will not get another command at sea. If he does, it will be a vessel that cannot very well get into trouble. The Commander's future in the Navy looks none too bright. This is not to say that he was grievously at fault: the Navy was more at fault than Bucher or anyone else aboard the *Pueblo*. But only individuals can be court-martialed, and only individuals can be forgiven on the ground that they have suffered enough.

Commander Bucher might possibly have emerged from the action with credit if he had simply departed the area, as he had signaled that he would do. He stopped when the torpedo boats opened fire, giving as his reason that he could not risk the lives of his men. It is true that anyone on deck would probably have been killed, but the crew could easily have taken cover, the ship could have been steered from the engine room, and the chances are that there would have been few casualties.

The North Koreans wanted the ship, but if they had not succeeded in boarding her it is unlikely that they would have tried to sink her. Capturing the *Pueblo* was one thing, sinking her would have been quite another, inviting military retaliation of a drastic character.

The point is worth making because there is other evidence to indicate that we make a practice of underestimating the intelligence of the North Koreans and consequently fail to understand their operations. If, as Benjamin Page argues in this issue (p. 622), they have been trying to force world attention to their demands for reunification—in effect protesting their isolation—then the seizure of the *Pueblo* was a brilliant piece of strategy. But for Washington to assume any such intention would have been to credit the North Koreans with qualities that, in our system of ideas (or delusions) they cannot have. It would have been to concede, by inference, that they were capable of a rational calculation of what to do in order to further their interests, that they were daring but not necessarily reckless.

Some good may still come out of the *Pueblo* incident, and the subsequent loss of the EC-121 spy plane, if we start to make some rational assumptions about what the North Koreans want and how they are likely to go about trying to get it. We might even begin to ask whether perhaps they haven't got some kind of case, and whether we might not come to a composition with them, instead of maintaining the stand that the South Korean dictatorship is a bastion of freedom while North Korea is a sink of iniquity.

Quick Thinking

The Nixon Administration may properly be charged with opportunism but it cannot be denied that its reflexes are in good working order; again and again it leaps to the sound political conclusion just in the nick of time. Until quite recently it seemed to be clear that the Administration would not say or do very much about "hunger," which it tended to regard as a canard invented by the mischievous Democrats, abetted by certain Republican mavericks. In a memorandum dated March 17, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Administration's leading "urbanologist," had assured the President that while extreme malnutrition might, in developing countries, have some tendency to retard learning ability, it was his "suspicion" that very little of this kind of malnutrition existed in affluent America.

This was comfortably reassuring to the President, despite the fact that Mr. Moynihan had failed to turn up an abundance of evidence to support his "suspicion." But then on May 7 Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs summoned Secretary of HEW Finch and Secretary of Agriculture Hardin to testify. Immediately a succession of hurried conferences was held at the White House. One may assume that neither Mr. Hardin nor Mr. Finch, men briefed well beyond the level of "suspicion," relished an interrogation before the committee, for how could they, in all conscience, deny the need or quibble about the facts? So, bingo! A Presidential message was hurriedly prepared and dispatched to Senator McGovern's office at 4 P.M. on May 6, with no advance notice that any such message was contemplated.

It was promptly characterized by D. P. Moynihan, urbanologist extraordinary, as—and we quote—"the most comprehensive total program ever presented by a President." Actually it is neither total nor comprehensive. Nothing much happens under the proposed program until January 1970, and no monies are appropriated to further it. This apparently will involve some "reprogramming" later on. It is not clear just what the message contemplates, but if food stamps are to be offered to all those who receive less than $30 a month, much depends on whether this means those who are now on the rolls or all those throughout the country who fall into the category. The difference in magnitude here would be that, say, between 300,000 and 2.5 million people. Also the program represents about one-third of what experts have estimated should be spent for food stamps alone.

What the President did in essence was to adopt a large part of the program originally recommended by Mr. Hardin and the task force he headed. As such it represents a breakthrough, at least in principle, even though the immediate impact will be more psychological and political than, shall we say, nutritional. But the Administration's brisk run-around on the "hunger" issue is one more proof that its political reflexes are in fine shape.

Glad News from Vietnam

According to a story by B. Drummond Ayres, Jr., in the May 4 *New York Times*, combat fatigue ("shell shock"), which was so prevalent among the troops in the two World Wars and the Korean War, has been almost eliminated among the 550,000 U.S. servicemen in Vietnam. The incidence is fewer than 100 cases per year. Combat service in Vietnam is of course no picnic, but officers explain that most operations last only a few days and the men, when they return to base, enjoy such amenities as hot showers, steak dinners, movies and post exchanges.

A tour of duty never exceeds thirteen months and that includes a week's leave outside Vietnam. Also, the soldier is convinced (at least so the officers assured the correspondent) that his training, equipment and leadership are among the best in the world, and that if he should be wounded, evacuation comes usually within twenty minutes and medical care is of such high quality that the survival odds are better than 95 to 1.

But the sovereign prophylaxis against combat fatigue is the knowledge that "a phone call will bring [the soldier] devastating aircraft and artillery support. Conversely, he need not worry about air attacks."

How pleasant! One wonders how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese continue to fight with all that air power arrayed against them. It would be interesting to know how susceptible they are to combat fatigue; even more interesting to compare the respective incidence of the condition if the armies were evenly matched. But one can only conjecture, because since World War II we have taken on only small countries with appropriately small armament. We still can't seem to lick them.

'This Is a Test'

Anyone who listens to radio is periodically subjected to a civil defense test, the radio analogue of the drills which up to a few years ago sent the urban population scurrying to shelters, except for a handful who defied the police and submitted to arrest. It is largely to these few that we owe relief from this nuisance in the streets, but the radio stations, fearing for their licenses, continue to go through the motions of warning the listeners against being lulled into a false feeling of security by the fact that for more than a quarter century of cold war not a single bomb or shell has fallen on American soil.

Mindful that in the 1930s a portion of the population of the Eastern Seaboard was thrown into hysteria by Orson Welles's dramatization of an invasion from Mars, the stations say repeatedly that this time it's only a test, but warn of the day when it may be the real thing. In that case, by direction of the President of the United States, they will be instructed to listen to a designated station, which will tell them what to do. And what will that be, except to pray?

Genuine civil defense has some value in cases of natural disaster, but something like $1.5 billion has been wasted on the fallout shelter program and other phases of so-called defense, first against hostile aircraft, then, with even less plausibility, against missiles. The radio warnings are one phase of this boondoggle, which has furnished a shelter not for the citizens but for retired military men clinging to the last vestiges of their authority, and hack politicians for whom no other sinecures can be found.

Perhaps the only way to get rid of this bore on the airwaves is to demand its extension. If it is so important, shouldn't it be given prime time on TV? If so much as a minute of evening TV time appeared in jeopardy, the chances are that the networks would mobilize their lobbyists, and radio might be relieved of this hangover.

SIGNALS FROM NORTH KOREA

BENJAMIN PAGE

Mr. Page, who is studying different models of Socialist societies in the graduate program at Florida State University, spent July and August of 1968 in North Korea. He is the first American scholar to be invited there.

For the second time in less than two years the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) has committed what looks like an act of aggression, or at least provocation, against the United States. Alarms have been raised—in *Look* and *The New Republic* last fall, and now in *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report*—to the effect that Premier Kim Il Sung is bent on unifying, and communizing, Korea by 1970 or thereabouts. These articles have consistently painted the DPRK in the most grim and drab colors, and do not fail to mention that the number of incidents of DPRK military activity along the 38th Parallel or inside South Korea has vastly increased in recent years. The implication of all of this is that we may have to start worrying about a new war in Korea.

It is true that the situation along the 38th Parallel has been growing worse since about 1965. And with the almost total lack of information about the DPRK, about its complaints of armistice violations from the South and about the absence of response to proposals it has made repeatedly since 1960 for negotiating the future of Korea, it has been easy to make it seem that all the blame lies with the North. Before we let ourselves be drawn into another embroilment in Asia, it might be well to take a closer look at the Korean situation since the armistice. It could turn out that both the capture of the *Pueblo* and the shooting down of the EC-121 were attempts by the DPRK to force world attention to the increasing danger inherent in the division of Korea and the vast military involvement of the United States on the side of the South, aided by the former colonial overlord of Korea and under the flag of the UN.

In this connection, it should be recalled that certain Socialist and African representatives to the 1967 UN debates on "The Korean Question" criticized the annual reports of the UN Commission on the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea (UNCURK) for consistently failing to mention either the DPRK complaints of armistice violations from south of the parallel, or the North's proposals for peaceful reunification of the country. This would seem a surprising and major oversight, but then no country represented on that commission maintains any kind of relations with the DPRK. Some of them have occasionally been critical of the United States, but all have normal diplomatic relations with the government of South Korea.

UNCURK's failure to mention events within the DPRK is also understandable because North Korea has never recognized it or permitted it to enter North Korean territory. But the DPRK's complaints of violations have been registered regularly with the UN Armistice Commission, and therefore cannot be unknown to UNCURK.

Similarly, the DPRK proposals for peaceful unification have been offered publicly several times over the last nine years, and were one of the major reasons for the demonstrations that forced the resignation of Syngman Rhee in 1960. In the months that followed his departure, several groups in the South urged negotiations for the purpose of at least normalizing relations between the two governments; some demanded unification. Premier and former Ambassador to the United States, John M. Chang, forbade the press of South Korea to publish any accounts of parliamentary debates on the subject.

A UPI dispatch from Tokyo on November 23, 1960, gave clear evidence that UN agencies were aware of the DPRK's interest in North-South talks. According to the dispatch:

> North Korea is waging an intensive campaign to establish direct contacts between North and South Korea.
>
> The North Korean Supreme People's Assembly, now meeting in Pyongyang, set the campaign going full steam again with proposals for cultural, commercial, postal and other exchanges between North and South. . . .
>
> High United Nations Command sources said that the UNC would exert its influence to prevent the South Korean Government from falling into, or being forced into these "traps."

It is not irrelevant to ask how closely the military *coup d'état* that brought Gen. Park Chung Hee, formerly a major in the Japanese occupation army, to the Presidency in April 1961 was related to such "influence."

Just what are the proposals which UNCURK apparently finds too unimportant to publish, but which the United Nations Command thought dangerous enough to merit its suppressive influence? The DPRK would most like to see elections, by secret ballot and supervised by mixed teams of North and South Koreans, to create a single government for the country. If this be unacceptable to the government of the South, the DPRK would be prepared to negotiate a confederation, each government remaining as it now is, with mixed commissions to work out economic problems and the like, and with unification the ultimate goal. Should this also be unacceptable, the DPRK is prepared to set political questions aside for the present and work out economic, postal, cultural and personal visit exchanges. The Rhee government stood steadfastly against any such contacts from the outset of its rule in 1948; the government of Park Chung Hee continues this policy, forbidding even postal service across the border.

The North's basic precondition for any détente is, of course, that all foreign troops, UN as well as U.S., be withdrawn from the South. There have been no foreign troops in the North since the Chinese left in 1958, and the DPRK much resents the fact that, since the end of the war, it has had to discuss the future of Korea with foreigners from the UNC. South Korean representatives, when present at Panmunjon, remain passively in the background.

The DPRK proposals recognize, however, that each side might have reason to suspect or fear the other. Thus they suggest the signing of a mutual nonaggression pact and a mutual troop limitation to 100,000 men or less. The

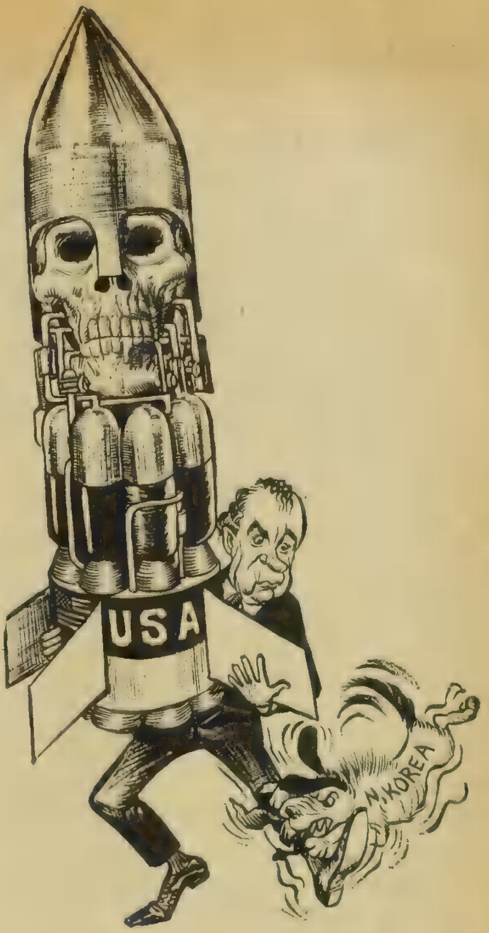
DPRK has also offered to abrogate all its military alliances on condition that the South do the same; a provision to that effect was written into the alliances when they were drafted. Skeptics often mention that, although foreign troops may have been withdrawn from the DPRK, they are nearby in the USSR and China. True, but UN and U.S. troops could be kept almost as close in Japan.

Such are the proposals that have been made several times since 1960, but which current laws in the South prohibit anyone from mentioning, and which UNCURK sees fit to ignore. Mr. Jongjeung Kim, since 1943 director of the Korean Affairs Institute in Washington, has written several identical letters dealing with the problems of unification to the leaders of the two Korean Governments; he states that he has frequently received serious answers from Premier Kim, but never a word from President Park.

A main reason why the DPRK wishes to send observers to the UN to participate in the debates on Korea, along with the observers from the South who have been there since 1948, is to overcome this blackout of its side of the story. The United States apparently agrees in principle that such an invitation be extended the DPRK, but only if it agrees beforehand to accept whatever decisions might be reached. It is true that South Korea has made such a commitment, but it did not have to do so in order to be granted observer status. Even to become a member, a country must agree only to abide by the obligations of the Charter; the DPRK cannot see why, to be invited as an observer in discussions bearing on its immediate concerns, it should be required to do more.

This problem affects certain other countries as well. China, Vietnam and Germany have all suffered division in the interests of others, yet in each case only the government of that portion militarily allied with the United States has been permitted to station even an observer at the United Nations. At least in the eyes of these countries, this seems to support the objection, occasionally heard, that the UN has let itself act as an instrument of U.S. foreign policy.

Contrary to prevalent opinion, North Korea does not reject the United Nations per se, and a united or federated Korea would apparently petition for UN membership. However, the DPRK has several reasons for rejecting a UN role in the matter of Korean unification, and it is in order to present them that it wishes to participate in UN debates. In the first place, the DPRK believes that the Koreans, as a people with more than a thousand years of unified history, broken only by wartime agreements between the United States and the USSR concerning the disarming of Japan, are fully capable of handling their problems themselves. Second, the DPRK holds that the introduction of the UN into the Korean question in 1947, on the unilateral initiative of the United States and without the consent of or even discussion with representatives from either part of the country, was and remains illegal and contrary to the Charter. Third, the DPRK contends that the UN forfeited any moral claim to mediate or supervise any issues between the two parts of Korea when it became a belligerent in the Korean War.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The final objections of the DPRK to UN participation in determining the future of Korea are procedural. The UN has supervised every election in South Korea since 1948. Although its observers have frequently reported open or covert violations of democratic procedure and the South Korean constitution, as notably during the 1967 legislative elections, the UN has been powerless to control, prevent, or take punitive measures against such violations. Since the population of the South is twice that of the North, this ineffectiveness would pose a real problem for the supervision of fair elections to determine the fate of all of Korea.

Then, there is the fact that the United Nations Command in Korea has from the start been almost exclusively the preserve of the United States. When the United States was asked to name the UN commander for the Korean War, no provision was made for making him or the command responsible to the UN. No agency of the UN was allotted any power over the decisions of its command; at the hearings after his dismissal, General MacArthur stated that every bimonthly report he sent the UN to inform it of what he had already done was first censored by the U.S. State and Defense Departments. His relationship to the UN was, he said, purely nominal, a view subsequently corroborated by Generals Ridgway and Clark.

After the war, most countries substantially reduced their troop and officer commitments to the command, so that in 1967 U Thant stated that, except for a few liaison officers, most of the forces in Korea under the UN flag were

American. He further stated that to the best of his knowledge, he had never received any reports of its activities from the UN Command in Korea. This statement was made in May 1967: by November the U.S. representative had given him such a report, one which U Thant then stated to have been the first received by the UN since March 1954, except for notifications of changes in commanding officers and a *note verbale* mentioning the shooting down of two American helicopter pilots by the DPRK.

It is true that the DPRK is eager to see Korea reunited, and that it feels a certain urgency in this regard. Its leaders seem aware that the economy of the South is no longer stagnating, as it was until the mid-sixties. But they are worried by the price at which this improvement is being bought—increasing dependence, not only on the United States but since 1965 also on Japan, the country that for thirty-six years, until the end of the last war, occupied all of Korea. And they are troubled by the influence this dependence on foreign capital, investment and arms is having on Korean culture and traditions. What the DPRK most fears, apart from the possibility of renewed war, is that long-term U.S. and Japanese military, economic and cultural influence in the South may create in effect two different nations of the Korean people.

In the first half decade after the Korean War the DPRK got large amounts of aid from other Socialist countries, but this was invested in the reconstruction of housing and in heavy industry. As a result, the DPRK is today economically self-sufficient and, unlike the South, no longer receives economic aid; nor is there any foreign investment in its economy. The country cannot be called prosperous by Western standards, but the range of production is vast, educational and welfare provisions are both free and impressive, and beggary, poverty, unemployment, even eager little shoeshine boys are no longer to be seen. Although prices of durable goods are substantially higher than in Japan, immediate necessities—food, housing, work clothes and the like—are far cheaper.

The DPRK, in other words, has accomplished much since the Korean War and has much to lose should war again break out. Since the signing of the 1965 South Korea-Japan Treaty of "mutual defense," and since Johnson's visit to the parallel in October 1966—after which the number of violations of the armistice line from the South increased almost tenfold over the monthly average for the previous thirteen years—the DPRK has felt obliged to devote more of its budget to military expenditures and the rate of growth has slowed. In fact, this may be one of the motives for the increase in incidents. A State Department official said last fall that by 1965 it was clear the DPRK was on the way to becoming "an Asian Switzerland." And at that time, according to reports in Robert Scalapino's book *North Korea Today*, the DPRK was devoting only 6 per cent of its budget to the military.

However, most of the DPRK's military preparations seem to be defensive. Collective farms and factories are developing their own militia, school children are instructed in the roles they could play in partisan warfare, and anti-aircraft guns can be seen in the hills around every town, factory or farm. Precisely because of the progress it has made in the last sixteen years, it seems doubtful that the DPRK would initiate any military activity—except to attract world attention to the increasingly dangerous situation along the armistice line—or that it would send its army into the South.

It may be that it is already too late, that the DPRK is no longer interested in negotiation, but the world will never know unless efforts are made in that direction. A concrete first step, if the Nixon Administration is seriously interested in peace and understanding, might be to reverse the U.S. position and permit the UN to invite observers, without imposing conditions, not only from the DPRK but also from North Vietnam and East Germany. If this does not happen, neither the United States nor the UN can avoid sharing the responsibility for whatever war occurs, regardless of how actual fighting breaks out. That may be what the DPRK is trying to tell the world through the *Pueblo* capture and the shooting down of the EC-121.

PROGNOSIS FOR CRACKDOWN

THE WHEEL OF PANIC

THEODORE J. LOWI

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In American history all postwar periods seem to involve the country in some kind of domestic political crisis. The Ku Klux Klan and widespread repression followed the Civil War. After World War I, the Klan was revived, and there was other official and unofficial political suppression on a very large scale. The conclusion of the diminutive Spanish-American War introduced the whole problem of imperialism; it was also the period when American business first expressed fear of economic competition. This was the beginning of the trade association movement when businesses began to organize to control "harmful competition" and to keep the new unions under control. The reaction following World War II and Korea is too recent to require review.

Oddly, the depression was less panicky. As a testimony to our higher moral feelings, our really bad hangovers are from war, for what else is reaction but a bad hangover? It is as though the war had made us safe from the Right so that we had to wage the peace against the Left—or whatever word one cares to use for the forces of change.

The 1960s present an especially difficult situation; it may prove to be the worst domestic crisis of the century. Already we feel the first breeze of a panic anticipating the war's end, and it will be that much worse because we are also involved in a serious domestic revolution, a revolution in human relations set off more than a decade ago by those two great subversives, Earl Warren and Martin Luther King, Jr. American institutions and values seem incapable of dealing with either domestic or international confrontation—and the two together have become almost unbearable. The war in Vietnam is coming to be seen as America's first clearly illegitimate international adventure, and the civil rights revolution is more devastating than an event like the depression, because it spreads the pall of illegitimacy over so much of the political apparatus. Since the resolution of the war will satisfy no one, we had better gird ourselves for one of the most serious reactions in American history.

How can one tell that the country faces another reaction? We can know it when we hear too loudly and too frequently the call for law and *order*, as though disorder were unlawful. We can detect it in the expansion of intelligence activities, ranging from the "Red squad" of the Chicago police department to the expanded activities of the FBI under the 1968 conspiracy legislation, to the resurgence of HUAC, to the projected use of NDEA fellowships to punish political actions on the campuses.

But these are illustrations. What do all periods of panic seem to have in common? A period of panic, leading to reaction, is one in which the sense of threat becomes increasingly vague, when the nature of the enemy or the evil becomes harder and harder to define. During war or depression, there is *fear*; during panic and reaction, fear turns to *anxiety*. Fear results from an unambiguous threat, like a declared belligerent, a gang of thieves, or a business monopoly; against such dangers modern men use reason and science. But against anxiety caused by an undeclared enemy or a vague chill of impending disorder, modern men have no advantage over primitives, and like primitives they resort to unreason and superstition. The greater the ignorance of cause and effect, the wider is spread a sense of cause and effect. If a woman in a primitive society was ignorant of the procreative process and yet wished to avoid a baby, she might in her anxiety view every star, every tree, every forest creature, as well as every human being, as a potential source of danger. Likewise, when moderns face "subversion" or "disorder" with no grasp of real causes and real effects, they begin to see causes in every shadow. From acts that are known to cause injury —rape, murder, robbery, adulterated goods, etc.—they move to *conspiracies* to do injury, and to *conspiracies to advocate* the evil. Ultimately, the notion of what causes disorder spreads to very remote acts and words that are in no way evil in and of themselves, that do not connect in any provable way to known injuries, but are acts and words which might *tend* to do so in the long run.

This expansion of what is accepted as causing personal injury and social disorder is the road from panic to reaction. Taking it, we activate the agencies of repression—which, like anti-democratic sentiments, are almost always with us—and they proceed rather quickly to incant their mysterious theories of cause and effect. We find ourselves, suddenly, in the midst of thoroughgoing repression.

These agencies or instrumentalities of systematic repression exist at three levels: national, state and local, organizational. The national level includes, of course, the FBI operating under the Smith Act, related acts against international subversion, and more recent acts against domestic sources of subversion. It also includes the CIA—despite the fact that it is officially forbidden from internal domestic activities. Here, too, are the Senate Government Operations Committee and its occasional subcommittees, and HUAC. The social and economic functions of the military come into play as do also such agencies as the FCC, the Internal Revenue Service and the Post Office Department, whose power can to a very great extent be converted to "internal security" whenever the need seems to arise.

At the state and local government level one observes the expansion of police intelligence agencies, vice squads and other squads operating under state and local morals laws—especially the "disturbing the peace" type of legislation. One of the least appreciated but most important examples of repression at the state and local level is the zoning and planning agencies, which use their powers, particularly in the suburbs, to keep out unwanted social elements and yet maintain a façade of objectivity. It includes the state militia and the increasing willingness during periods of panic to use it in police functions.

But the organizational, the group level, is in some ways just as frightening because too few see it as a threat to individuality and democracy. Americans pride themselves on their "pluralistic" society, in which all persons are free to engage in voluntary associations. They give too little thought to the group as a potential enemy of individuality. It can most readily become such an enemy in periods of panic, because it is precisely then that people feel they need the group to defend themselves. A good group, a safe group, exists to help its members fulfill their needs and, in so succeeding, to make itself superfluous. A safe group is subordinate to its members; an unsafe group subordinates its members to itself. It is any group, therefore, that thinks of itself as a quasi-government.

The House Un-American Activities Committee best illustrates how the federal government, despite its apparently overwhelming political commitment to the expansion of individual values, allows for re-emergence of agencies of repression during periods of panic. In one of its first actions, the 91st Congress approved the change of HUAC's name to the Committee on Internal Security. This rechristening, accompanied by certain changes in its charter, did not in any way alter the function of the committee; it indicated only that henceforth, even with slightly more restricted procedures, the true jurisdiction of the committee would be broader than ever. Is there anything that could not be shown to affect "internal security"?

Perhaps the first omen of this expanded focus was HUAC's 64-page report of May 1968, "Guerrilla Warfare Advocates in the United States." It proposed that the ghetto riots are part of a large-scale, planned guerrilla operation, that this is prelude to armed insurrection against the United States, and that the whole thing is part of a Communist plot. The report admits that guerrilla warfare is "improbable, even absurd," but to the committee this very improbability is what makes the catastrophe so very probable—because, "Communists are fully aware of this and are counting heavily on the fact that most Americans will be mentally and emotionally, as well as physically, unprepared." That remarkable bit of logic is matched only by the method of proving Communist involvement: "The Communists move in once violence is in the air." Thus the tragic responses to social pathology in America have been tied to international conflicts and, in vague but effective ways, to treason. The analogy of ghetto violence and guerrilla action can only be intended to suggest how the country ought to respond to the former.

Nevertheless, HUAC's long-established methods of innuendo are probably going to remain, because in panic periods larger and larger numbers of people are willing to loosen their standards for judging what is a real cause of disorder. Nowhere can it be better illustrated than in the most current and perhaps most serious case against HUAC in the courts; one involving three Chicagoans who chose a novel approach to noncooperation. In May of 1965, Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, Mrs. Yolanda Hall and Mr. Milton Cohen received subpoenas to appear before a subcommittee appointed by HUAC to investigate "organization, tactics, strategy, and objectives of the Communist party in its Illinois district." Rather than cite the Fifth Amendment or risk contempt, Dr. Stamler and his associates brought civil suit against the committee on the ground that it had violated its own rules as well as the First Amendment. HUAC managed to institute a criminal contempt-of-Congress suit against the three, despite the fact that virtually all the issues would have been tested in the civil suit.

The Stamler case reveals the basic technique of the committee and why it is so appropriate during a period of reaction. That technique is the public interrogation of hostile witnesses. Once the witness refuses to testify, the committee counsel or one of the members proceeds to ask a series of undocumented questions which, when left unanswered by the hostile witness, suggests guilt on unspecified but vaguely menacing evils. Moreover, most of the questions concern themselves with alleged acts and associations of many years previous. Thus, the committee seems to concern itself not with "clear and present danger" but with danger clearly past.

All of this violates the constitutional requirement that committees have a specific legislative purpose. All of it in turn emphasizes the earlier observation that in periods of panic the connection between cause and effect becomes more and more remote. Legislative purpose requires a certain amount of precision. More important still, the clear historic effect of HUAC is to connect all internal dissent to some international problem in order to convert petty acts of protest into the ignoble and fundamental context of treason. The effect on the individuals directly involved should be obvious; the consequences for the community at large are far greater than might appear at first glance.

The confrontation between the convention demonstrators and the Chicago police last August best illustrates the character of reaction at state and local levels. The demonstrators may have been up to no good; they did in fact succeed in making the Democratic Party look pretty bad. And they intended, perhaps they even *conspired*, to obstruct convention proceedings, on the floor of the amphitheater if possible or in the streets between the amphitheater and the Loop if necessary. But the real question is, at what point did such protest constitute a "clear and present danger"? Some of the leaders were arrested and indicted according to provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1968, which, consistently with acts of repression in periods of panic, makes it a crime to cross state lines or to use interstate facilities to incite or participate in a riot or to *conspire* to incite or participate in a riot.

How do the authorities decide that they are faced with such a situation? It is of course under the rubric of "clear and present danger," which was invented during a period of panic and since then has cropped up to haunt us at every turn. The best example of how far "clear and present" was stretched at Chicago is the arrests at Michigan Avenue and 18th Street. Michigan Avenue and 18th Street is a mile or more away from the downtown hotels, and the demonstrators were leading a march *away* from those hotels. True, they were marching toward the amphitheater, but at Michigan Avenue and 18th Street they were still 5 miles away from their destination. At that distance and without guided missiles, "clear and present" sounds more like "vague and remote."

The weakness of the decision that was taken is underscored by a subsidiary reason offered by the officials: the marchers had to be stopped at that point because beyond it they would have been marching through Negro neighborhoods in which their presence might have tended to incite a riot. So a new definition of clear and present danger is introduced. "We must arrest you because you are a clear and present danger to yourselves." Obviously, "clear and present danger" can mean whatever the authorities say it means.

The great mistake at Chicago was neither the demonstrators' for being demonstrably uncouth nor the police department's for demonstrably losing its cool but Mayor Daley's for deciding that all disorder is danger, clear and present. Order does not in all cases mean law; in this instance, the Mayor tried to get his order through misuse of the law. Police will inevitably behave badly when they are given too much personal discretion, and people will inevitably behave badly when they feel their rights have been flouted. By vacating the First Amendment, the Mayor created the riots.

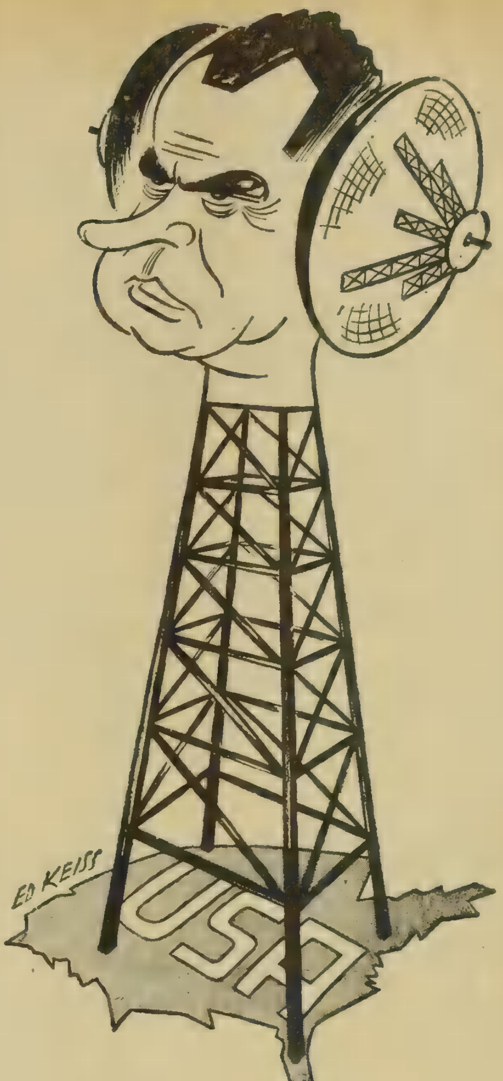
The 1969 temper of city authorities constitutes in itself a clear and present danger to individuality, because any direct suppression of unpopularity, because it is unpopular, is a direct threat to all individuality. When one recalls Holmes's original example of the clear and present danger against which preventive action might be justified—shouting fire in a crowded theatre—a distance of 5 miles is very far indeed. Worse, there is no longer any basis for determining when a potential cause of danger is too remote for suppression.

Another case will illustrate the way in which his group can narrow the rights of the individual. In 1951 a young man, upon graduation from the University of Chicago Law School, was quizzed by an Illinois Bar Association character committee prior to his admission to the practice of law. This young man had written an essay on the legal right of revolution, and it led the bar committee to inquire into his memberships—as though no one but a Communist dupe could write such an essay. He refused to answer, although he was quite eager to discuss his beliefs as such. His candidacy was rejected by the bar association, and without their approval he could not be authorized to practice law in Illinois. Now, the Illinois Bar Association is a private group. It is not a government; it is not subject to ordinary due process. Yet its power over its members is governmental to the extent that it is coercive and yet accepted by the community at large. The young man brought suit to force his admission. Three times he took his case to the Supreme Court and three times the Court reaffirmed the Illinois Bar by denying his petition for review. Exactly ten years after the Illinois Bar's first decision, the now somewhat older young man conceded that his exclusion was permanent, took his loss of occupation, accepted his $5,000 personal costs in fighting the case, earned himself a Ph.D. and became a professor.

The same power resides in other professional and quasi-professional groups, from doctors to barbers. It is also enjoyed by established unions. Only recently the Supreme Court reaffirmed a decision of the NLRB which upheld the power of unions to expel their members for increasing output above prescribed quotas. It is one of a series of restraints which unions have recently imposed.

Should such power be entrusted to any group—a bar association or a union? If we must do so, we should at least know that the cost is a direct loss of individuality. Bar associations and unions are but dramatic illustrations of a trend all too typical—the emergence of permanent, corporate groups that "help us" run our lives. If, as earlier observed, the only safe group is one which expects to be made superfluous by its success, one need look around only briefly to find the trend mainly toward ascendancy of unsafe groups. This includes many ghetto and poverty-based groups whose leaders have sought and gotten official sponsorship in the war on poverty, model cities or other community-action-type programs. How much individual liberty and dignity is gained for a poor black or white head of household if he must ultimately seek his welfare support, protection, political voice and employment through some officially recognized group spokesman? For example, if the Model Cities plan for the South Side of Chicago (Woodlawn) is adopted, those who remain in the ghetto will have little voice unless they are members of the Woodlawn Organization, and those who choose to leave may do so only at considerable loss of services and welfare privileges.

Individuality faces two threats in moments of crisis—one from its enemies and one from its friends. As to the enemies of civil liberties, the defense must be especially vigilant to community effects. The Stamler suit has, for example, helped hold HUAC at bay for four years, but official investigations and prosecutions of this type tend strongly to have a "chilling effect" on the entire community's willingness to exercise the First Amendment right to protest. A recent analysis of public opinion data since 1946 reveals a shockingly close statistical relationship between HUAC and the old McCarthy committee activities and the disposition of the community to tolerate dissent. The Supreme Court has already ruled that state prosecution of civil rights leaders can chill the air against protest, but the Court has not yet expanded this rule outside the South and to federal and state efforts to create order by squelching dissent.



Latvia-Amerika, Canada

The threat to individuality by its friends arises because, when political change is as urgently needed as it is today, it is both desirable and inevitable that people organize to increase their power. But what happens to the single individual *within* the group? He can be liberated; he can also be lost. And if he is sacrificed to the group needs, what has he gained? Perhaps he has only exchanged one set of masters for another. Concretely, the building trades unions, the Black Muslims, or the Illinois Bar Association *can* constitute a greater barrier to individual dignity than such movements as George Wallace's squares or the Yippies. The latter types are obviously greater sources of disorder, but the former may in the long run steal away more individuality. In the end, there is no such thing as *group* dignity. There is individual dignity, or there is none at all.

The implications of these cases ought to point fairly directly toward the preventives that are appropriate against the reaction that will inevitably follow the war in Vietnam. The first need is for more organizations manifestly dedicated to loosening the hold of organizations—governmental and private—on the individual. In the early 1960s, less than one-thousandth of 1 per cent of the American adult population belonged to the League of Women Voters. Even at that the League has tended in recent years to de-emphasize its traditional role of education and civic training in favor of policy goals. In addition to the League, few other groups are dedicated to the expansion and maintenance of individual efficacy, and their appeal has not proved irresistible. At last count, only one-thousandth of 1 per cent of adult Americans belonged to the National Consumers League, and a bare smattering belong to the NAACP and the ACLU. By contrast, millions of Americans are tightly organized to attain one group objective or another.

The second need is for a large-scale effort to return to a civil rights approach in the cities. In the central cities this involves abandoning the war on poverty, model cities and other programs that depend upon government sponsorship of *group* self-government. One cannot hope for lasting change by sentimentalizing about the poor, organizing them and abandoning them. The change will come only from changing the rules that determine who shall be poor. In the suburbs this involves a true broadside against the very notion of suburban independence and self-government. Through incorporation and zoning, suburban governments keep themselves lily white and upper class in much the way that Southern states used their governments to maintain segregation. A collective, group-sponsorship, grant-in-aid approach will never bring the suburbs into the 20th century or give to all individuals the right to choose their locations. With the increase of city turmoil, the suburbs have tightened rather than loosened their hold on the cities.

The antidote to reaction is reaffirmation of the American social ideal. That ideal is not the Great Society but the Loose Society. The definition of what we recognize as a good society can be put in a single phrase: Law and disorder.

ULSTER AFTER THE BLUDGEONS

BENEDICT KIELY

Mr. Kiely is the author of Captain With the Whiskers *(Criterion) and* Dogs Enjoy the Morning *(Gollancz), among other books. His article, "Atlanta Turkey: Thanksgiving in the Hoosegow," appeared in* The Nation, *November 25, 1968.*

Ulster

On O'Connell Bridge, in Dublin City, a man who, like myself, comes from the County Tyrone said to me with great good humor: "All she needs now is for Prince Charles to fall for her." He was talking about Bernadette Devlin, a 21-year-old student at Queen's University, Belfast, and a native of Cookstown, County Tyrone, who, after a sweeping victory in a by-election in the mid-Ulster constituency, has gone to Westminster, the Mother of Parliaments, as the youngest present member, as the youngest woman M.P. ever, and the youngest M.P. ever elected under universal suffrage. She outshines the younger Pitt who had, of course, things going for him other than the mere will of the people. She is the first student activist anywhere to take a place in a national political assembly. She is, also, a hardheaded Ulsterwoman, and no jokes about M.P.s in mini-skirts can alter that fact. Running as an independent in mid-Ulster, she defeated the Unionist candidate, also a woman—an older one.

But just here let's have a few definitions.

A Unionist is a person who considers that the interests of the statelet made up by the six northeastern counties of Ireland are best served by maintaining the link with the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain.

The official Unionist Party has, with the aid of undemocratic practice, beginning, of course, with the undemocratic partitioning of the country in 1920, maintained itself in power for forty-nine years and produced an interesting state of political stagnation.

A Nationalist is (or was) a person who sees all the people on the island of Ireland as a political entity, and partition as an outrage against the will of the majority of the Irish. We need not go back now to the long conflict between Imperial Unionism in London and the Irish Home Rule movement. (One of the troubles about Irish political definitions is that you can keep going back and back and back.) That conflict ended in bloodshed and in the sour unsatisfactory compromise of partition which nobody wanted. Nationalism in the northeast has now for decades been limited to futile protests against partition, against sectarian discrimination in housing and employment. A monolithic Unionism, self-gerrymandered into security, could afford to ignore the protests. Then, within the last few years, that frozen front of Unionism began to crack.

Both in Dublin and in Belfast it began to dawn on politicians, or statesmen, or whatever you care to call them, that a little practical cooperation between the two governments on the island might help to do away with the ill effects of three centuries of sectarian hatred. Capt. Terence O'Neill, the Belfast Premier, was all for this cooperation. To say that he is, or ever was, a liberal would be to make fun of him and of the whole idea of classical liberalism. He is of the breed, seed and generation of landed gentlemen, and there are moments when I feel that he thinks the whole holus-bolus, from rabid Protestants to IRA, would hardly qualify as passable undergardeners. In this he may have a point. Good undergardeners are, the better sort of people tell me, increasingly difficult to find.

But Captain O'Neill, the noted leader of the official Unionist Party, did actually think that all Irishmen in Ireland could live and work together, and that the Pope of Rome need no longer have a monopoly in the nightmares of good Ulster Protestants. Against his "liberalizing" ideas he had a proportion of his own party; the hard core of the Loyal Orange Lodges, to which all but a few of the Belfast government belong; the ultra-Protestant churches, and a lot of honest rural rednecks—the best people in the world except that their minds have not turned over once since 1641. (There are, for instance, fourteen Orange Lodges in the district of the Mountains of Mourne in County Down. Of these, four voted—before the recent general election—to support O'Neill's policies. Ten voted against.)

All these ancient hatreds and fears found a voice in the Rev. Ian Paisley, a fundamentalist preacher highly regarded in the American Deep South, particularly at Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C., from which he holds an honorary degree. The parents of this North Irish fighting fundamentalist, or Wee Free Presbyterian, come from around Sixmilecross, a peaceful village which, as its name indicates, is 6 miles (Irish) or so from Omagh, the county town of Tyrone, and my own native town. But my one meeting with Paisley was at a Baptist Tabernacle in Marietta, Ga., quite close to the spot, now covered by the Chattanooga freeway, where Leo Frank was lynched in 1913, a Baptist minister being one of the lynching party.

There for two hours I listened, quite enthralled, to the Pauline-Lutheran-John Knoxian oratory of my fellow countryman. He said nothing positive, except: "It's all there in that Good Book." But for him and his responding audience ("Yea, Lord, Amen.") that was quite enough. He never mentioned the name of Paul but, with great subtlety, drew parallels and left it to his hearers to work out whether or not strange lights were to be seen in his cell when he was jailed in Belfast for breaking the peace.

This spring, he and his chief lieutenant, a Major Bunting, were back in jail, with or without strange lights, for breaking the peace by provoking violent opposition to a civil rights march in Armagh City. Here we come to the new thing in the northeast, the civil rights campaign and student activism. These are opposed violently by Paisleyites with bludgeons, who in turn are aided and abetted by the ineptitude, or worse, of the Unionist government, and by the behavior of a largely sectarian police force that has shown itself unable or unwilling to protect peaceful marchers from hooligans with clubs. As a result, the statelet has been reduced to a condition of chaos.

Ten or fifteen years ago it began to be obvious that something enlivening was happening among the students of Queen's University, Belfast. There was an active approach to problems, a disinclination to use the catchcries of the past—either Orange or Green. The results can be seen in the participation by students in civil rights marches on the U.S. pattern, even to the use of U.S. terminology and the resolute chanting of *We Shall Overcome.*

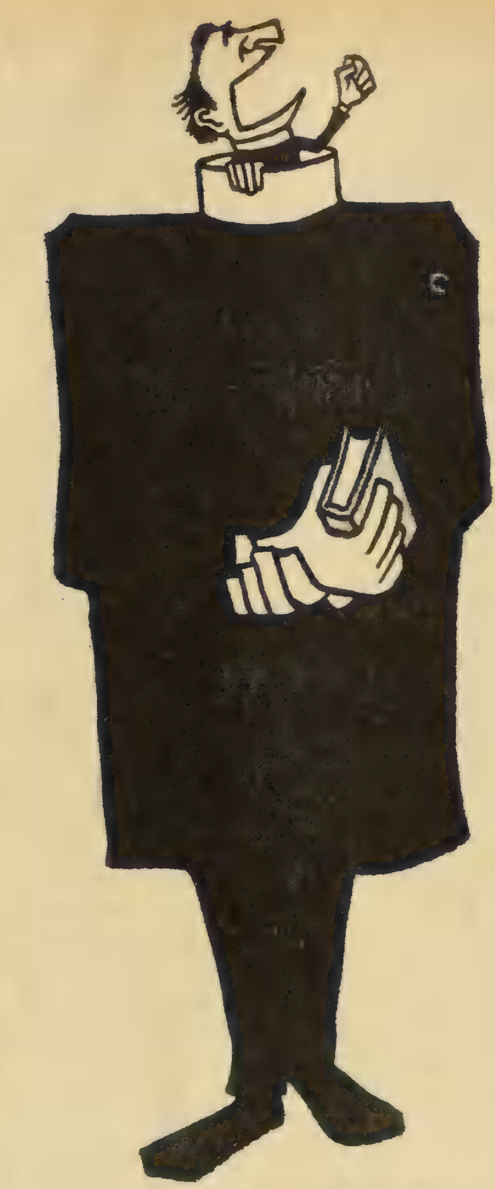
The most notable figure thrown up by the civil rights movement is John Hume of Derry City (Londonderry), a place that had during the thirties the worst of the depression, and that is still an economically underprivileged area. Hume, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was a college teacher, then went into business as an exporter of smoked salmon. He and his civil rights colleague, Ivan Cooper, a Derry businessman who had already been in politics as a Unionist but who was driven into the civil rights movement by the surrounding spectacle of social injustice, are now members of the Belfast parliament. At the recent general election—forced by the Prime Minister in an effort (unsuccessful) to dispose of the ultraconservative, or troglodytic, men in his own party, Hume and Cooper, regretfully, unseated two fine men, old-style Nationalists, Edward McAteer and Patrick Gormley. The election contest in each case was a model of gentlemanliness, and McAteer and Gormley, whom one can only hope are not forever lost to public life, accepted the fact that the voters who had formerly supported them as orthodox Nationalists now demand a new approach to the area's problems.

The Unionist voters did not show the same enlightenment. It was ominous that in the Bannside constituency the rabid Mr. Paisley, with a jail sentence for public disorder hanging over him, still gave the liberalizing Prime Minister a tight run for his parliamentary seat.

Paisley, in jail but conscious of his power over his simple-minded redneck followers, has ceased to be the joke that he seemed to be some years ago. When I heard him in his Marietta harangue he was extremely funny—for he has a rough sense of humor as Luther had, and a fair percentage of his press photographs show him, when he is not orating, as roaring with laughter—extremely funny, I say, when he told of his journey to Rome to protest against Canterbury meeting the Pope. He didn't get beyond the gates of the city, that is the airport, and the police and customs officials, looking wearily at him through dark glasses, must have thought that Attila or Alaric had come again.

The strength of his following in a statelet of about a million people was (just before the general election) pretty shrewdly estimated in the London *Sunday Times* in a perceptive article by Murray Sayle. In the twenty-five churches of Paisley's sect he has "perhaps 2,000 tithing adherents, perhaps 10,000 regular congregation." But there could be about 200,000 who say, "with varying degrees of conviction" that "there is something in what he says."

What he says is that the Scarlet Woman of Rome, the Whore of Babylon, has lain with every member of the government of the Irish Republic in Dublin, and has still had time to spare for a trick or two with Captain O'Neill in Stormont, the parliament house at Belfast. Furthermore, Mr. Paisley and his followers—the most notorious is the uproarious Major Bunting, who claims to have been saved by Paisley's preaching—hold that all civil rights marchers, who are in protest against electoral abuses and sectarian and/or political discrimination in the giving of housing and employment, are, in reality, Romanists or Communists, or rebels against Queen and country, or members



Cooper, Tribune (London)

of the Irish Republican Army, or Fenians, or the bleeding, perishing lot all rolled into one. As can be seen, Mr. Paisley is a man of unstinted imagination.

The Fenians referred to are not the followers of the great Fionn MacCumhaill of Gaelic saga but the nationalistic revolutionaries of 1867 who still have a rare life as hobgoblins in the ultra-Orange mythology. Alice Milligan, the old Abbey Theatre poetess, once wrote in a catching poem about how, when she was a little girl, her nanny used to frighten the children off to bed by saying that the Fenians would get them. Major Bunting must have had a similar nanny. Bludgeon in hand, and urging his merry men to attack the civil rights marchers on their tramp from Belfast to Londonderry, the Major cried: "Loosen your neckties, or the Fenians will strangle you!"

Major Bunting appealed to Belfast to ban all marches, parades or demonstrations except those that were "traditional"—by which he meant Orange parades commemorating events that took place in the 17th century. He inveighed (it's the only word) against demonstrative methods imported from "Eire"—by which he meant the twenty-six Irish counties governed from Dublin. Since his own son has been—to the credit of both of them—among the civil rights marchers, the Major must be aware that their inspiration, methods, terminology and marching hymn come from the United States. In Newry Town a man said to me: "It took the example of black and white marching together in the States to make any change in the pattern in the Six Counties."

It has been the hope of the civil rights marchers, such devoted young men as, say, in Derry City, John Hume, Ivan Cooper and Eamonn McCann, that by adopting those methods and that terminology, they would cut clear across the ancient, time-dishonored, sectarian and political divisions. So far they have some little success. It is estimated that Miss Devlin in mid-Ulster took 2,000 Unionist votes: a puny figure if you like, but a wonder here when you consider that she is a declared enemy of the tottering Establishment. But to many outsiders the struggle still seems to be a simple matter of Catholic against Protestant. *Time* magazine has described Miss Devlin as the new Catholic leader. I can't imagine any description that would less please, or worse describe, that hardheaded young Socialist. It is also the last hope of the die-in-the-ditch conservatives to keep alive the ancient politico-sectarian hatreds. The trick has worked before—notably in 1935. For any union of all men of goodwill, or just of horse sense, on a basis of common interest would end the regime as it now stands.

Paisley has given a new word to the hard-core brigade whose strength is in the Orange lodges and in the fundamentalist preaching halls. With minds formed in 1641, and unchanged since, these simple people see everywhere evidence of "a Plot": in Canterbury going to see the Pope; in Capt. Terence O'Neill meeting Jack Lynch, the Dublin Premier, or his predecessor, Sean Lemass; in all talk of ecumenizing. They can be so easily persuaded that anything they do not understand is a step back toward the Fires of Smithfield. Paisley has been described to me as the tip of the iceberg: underneath the surface is the vast fear of the Pope of Rome and the Irish Republic. The occasional stuffed-owl pronouncements of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy add to the fun. The civil rights agitation is to the die-in-the-ditchers simply a sign that the Pope and the Republic of Ireland are at it again: they are even the advance troops of the Irish Republican Army, the motley version of these degenerate days, which is, of course, an illegal organization in the Irish Republic. Several young student marchers who walked into assault at Burntollet Bridge (on the road from Belfast to Londonderry) and elsewhere, were shaken to find that they had come up against naked, unreasoning hatred, something ancient and evil.

In the past it has been argued that any progressive or liberalizing movement within Unionism would be dragged into the earth by the dead weight of the Loyal Orange Lodges. The confusion of the present time will test that argument. Ferment or movement is, at least, welcome in a place where politics have been so long stagnant, and where democracy has been badly twisted out of shape. The statelet still bears the stigma of being the illegitimate offspring of a long feud between privileged government in London and the majority of the Irish people. It was born, not of love but of misunderstanding and hate. Its very name is, as might be expected in any case of bastardy, in dispute. Ulster? Northern Ireland? The Six Counties? The Northeast? And a man's politics may be judged by whether he says Derry or Londonderry.

While I have been writing this article, Miss Bernadette Devlin has made her first and very impressive appearance in the Commons at Westminster; the British Home Secretary, James Callaghan, has made the sternest speech ever made by a British minister in warning to the Belfast Unionists; Mr. Craig, a Belfast government minister recently sacked by Captain O'Neill for his intransigence and general bigoted stupidity, has threatened untold Orange violence if Westminster intervenes; and the Belfast *Telegraph*, a Unionist paper, has reminded Mr. Craig that Stormont (Belfast) is not a sovereign parliament.

To top all this, Captain O'Neill has now resigned as Prime Minister, saying he did so in the hope that a new leader, "unhampered by personal animosities," might be able to get on with the moderate reforms O'Neill has been wearily advocating. That new leader is Maj. James D. Chichester-Clark, gentleman-farmer, veteran of the Irish Guards, and dismissed by Miss Devlin as "just another squire." He has announced that he has no "immediate solution," spoken vaguely about good will and trust, offered a general amnesty that has freed Paisley and more than a hundred of his followers, and promised that he will give something or other "a jolly good try."

Also: some gay blades are blowing up things, including the water pipe line from the Silent Valley in the Mourne Mountains to Belfast. The Orangemen blame the IRA. The IRA who, as even Callaghan points out, are always ready to claim the discredit for such operations, say they had nothing to do with it. There are always the militant (and armed) ultra-Protestants—Paisleyites to a man. Meanwhile, it is difficult to get a bath in Belfast City.

'THE DAILY WORLD'

COMMUNISM'S FAMILY NEWSPAPER

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News. Last summer's visit to the Soviet Union was the third he has made in that country.*

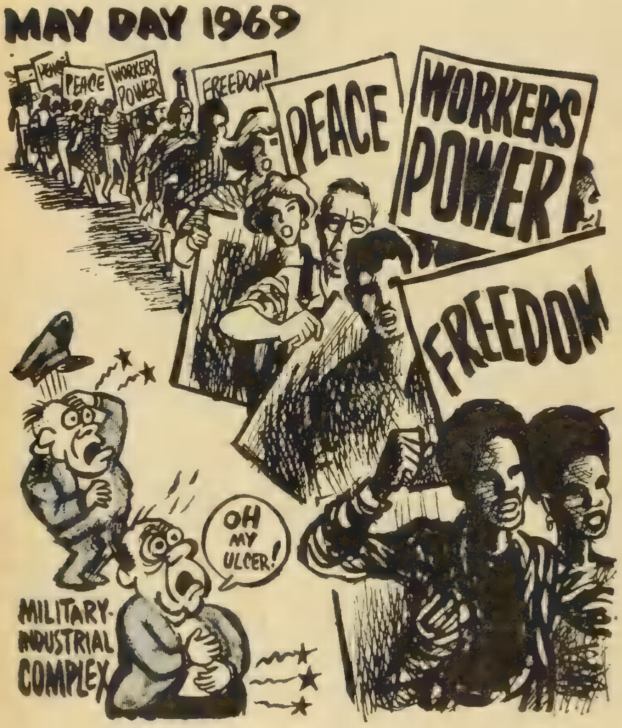
It is not easy to find the *Daily World* office. You walk down New York's seedy West 19th Street, past the trash cans in front of the Sure Service Company, check the address again with a workman outside Koenig's Iron Works, then come to a loft building on the corner. A directory in the lobby displays the names of several tenants—none of which is the *Daily World*. But you take an elevator to the eighth floor and to a door with a sign that reads Long View Publishing Company. Beyond it are the editorial offices of the *Daily World*, successor last year to *The Worker*, and America's only daily Communist newspaper.

Before attempting a more careful delineation, it is worth considering, briefly, the paradox of the *Daily World*'s survival as a newspaper with few paying customers and almost no advertising. How can it continue to publish in a town where spiraling costs have wiped out half a dozen large-circulation dailies in recent years? There would appear to be three chief reasons. First, the paper persuaded Bertram Powers, the tough-talking head of the New York International Typographical Union, to allow an automated shop, with control of the work flow of the teletypesetter in the hands of management rather than the ITU. Second, a high proportion of *World* readers prefer to get their paper at home, courtesy of the U.S. Post Office. As a result, its distribution costs are proportionately lower than those of, say, *The New York Times*, which must rely heavily on newsstand sales. Third, unlike other dailies the *World* does not rely upon advertising revenues to cover its operating expenses. The cash to meet the *World*'s operating losses is provided by bank loans which, in turn, are retired through fund-raising appeals and drafts on the party faithful. (A sidelight on the *Daily World*'s financial support, too predictable to omit, is its loyal readership among diverse government agencies, the FBI, local police departments, and rival radical organizations; few John Birch Society bookshops are without a recent copy of "America's only English-language daily newspaper dedicated to peace, democracy and socialism.")

In the long, desk-cluttered newsroom typewriters clatter, telephones ring, shirt-sleeved men scan proof sheets. The afternoon deadline is coming up. Now and then someone takes a cup of coffee from the machine, or goes to the wooden shelves that line the back wall to check a back issue of *The New York Times*. At the rear of the newsroom long tables are spilling over with file copies of *People's World*, *The Militant*, *The Village Voice*, *The Southern Patriot*, *The Wall Street Journal*. A tousle-haired woman darts by with a headline proof—DON'T SEAL THE MINE, ANGRY KIN DEMAND—it reads like a slogan chalked on a wall.

The *Daily World* is the semi-official daily paper of the U.S. Communist Party. Tabloid-sized, 12 pages (24 on weekends), it sells for a dime during the week, 15c for the weekend edition. The front page is a two-color picture window, designed to arrest the eye: a black banner headline with three or four decks of blue or red subheads, plus a vivid photograph. It takes plenty of emotional wallop to sell the party line. Observe how headlines such as WEST

GERMANY DRIFTING AGAIN TO FASCISM, COMMUNIST WARNS; EAST GERMAN BUDGET MAPS BETTER LIVING; 1,000 IN CANADA HIT BY FORD YULE LAYOFF and ANOTHER 2-BILLION YEAR FOR AT&T, when grouped on the same page, provide the reader with an instant guide to positive thinking. The *World* selects the news of the hour and builds each story into a political melodrama ("Selection of a 14-member jury continues in the death trial in Union County Courthouse of 11 young black adults of Plainfield on trumped up murder charges in ghetto outbreak case."). This sense that the *World* is the champion of the underdog gives every news event a high coloration. To *World* readers, all West German leaders are "monopolists" or "neo-Nazis"; the New Left and Yippies are "exhibitionist 'radicals'" and Aristotle Onassis is "the dirty old man of Greek fascism."



Andrews, Daily World

The center spread is where the *World* displays its heavy artillery: editorials, Andrews' cartoon, Ben Levine's political commentary, "The Marxists Say" (a daily quotation from the thoughts of Marx, Engels, or Lenin) and letters to the editor. The rest of the regular features—Phillip Bonosky's theatre and film criticism, Ben Levine's TV reviews, John Morin's sports column: "The View From Left End," Bill Morris' labor column, and Andrews' strip cartoon, "Is This The Way It Was?"—are, like sentries, posted in permanent locations. News stories concerning racial unrest, school and campus disruption, Vietnam, are played up. Labor news usually gets a page to itself; other news is run in a column headed "Et Cetera." Since the *World* has only an occasional correspondent abroad, an important foreign story is often slugged "From combined wire service," which really means a goulash of Tass and UPI.

Compared with the mind-bending style of today's underground press, the *Daily World* is quietly written. I avoids four-letter nouns and verbs that season entire pages of the hip press. The inside of the paper is, in fact, as sober looking as *The Tablet*, and the classified ads solicit old Marxist pamphlets rather than new sex partners.

Nowadays even the House Un-American Activities Committee would have a hard time discovering anything that is evil, dotty or capricious in the *World*. If there is an overall tone, it is blandness. From time to time, the paper's general lack of snap will cause a reader to complain. Not long ago, one such reader, disappointed by the *World*'s rave review of *Hair* wrote: "Phrases like 'the humor is biting, quick and ever-present,' may be appropriate for the *Daily News* but it is not sufficient for a serious Marxist newspaper."

All this raises the matter of readership, and the fact that as a newspaper must have a personality or guiding aim, through which it communicates to its readership, so also it must have a cogent idea of the kind of readership it wants to reach. This cogent idea, in the case of the *World*, has been described by its executive editor, Simon Gerson, as students and white-collar workers. Thus the name change from *Worker* to *World*. But, unfortunately, the *World*'s guiding aim—which is to proselytize for the U.S. Communist Party—has little appeal to that ideal audience; young people tend to consider the *World* stuffy, old-fashioned. And recognizing this, there is at least a faction of the *World*'s management that would rather be (in their view) right than read. As a result, the readership tends to resemble the old-time party members who make up much of the *World*'s editorial staff. If you read the paper steadily, you form the impression that you are reading the house organ of some such fraternal organization as the Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers or the American Protective Association, whose members share a lot more in common than you do. *World* readers are treated like members of an old-time radical family.

Who are they in fact? Says Joe Brandt, the paper's general manager: "In the main our readers are veterans of the American class struggle, people who remember the WPA, the hunger marches of the thirties, people who live on Social Security." This kind of reader support is at once the strength and critical weakness of the new *Daily World*. The personality of the *World*—despite Mr. Gerson's wishes—is not its own to change. If the editors get too far in front of its present readership they will not only destroy the *World*; they will also rob the loyal band of aging readers of their *property*. If the *World*'s middle-aged and elderly readership has a message for the management committee, it is this: keep the homely proletarian flame burning bright. As one reader wrote with a heavy blue pencil: "Our paper must be a *people's* daily in the vanguard; it will be a *bulwark* against reaction. It will fight for *unity* of *all* peoples, for their *freedom* and *progress*, while being a *shield* and *defender* of existing rights. It will ask to *awake*, *arise* and *stand* to *struggle* and to *win*."

Between thirty-five and forty people are employed by the *Daily World*, of whom about half that number do the actual reporting, writing and editing. Not all get paid; some, like Art Shields, the paper's 80-year-old star reporter who lives on Social Security, work free. The two men who provide the editorial leadership are Carl Winter and John Pittman. Winter was born in Russia in 1907. His parents, both Socialist agitators with a Czarist jail sentence confronting them, came to the United States as political refugees. Winter attended public schools in Cleveland, and engineering school at Western Reserve. In 1929, already a member of the Communist Party, he moved to New York. In 1934 he visited the Soviet Union, and, on behalf of the party made contacts with underground groups in Germany. In 1936 he ran on the Communist ticket for Mayor of Cleveland. For the next dozen years he held a succession of party posts in Michigan and California. Indicted under the Smith Act, he served five years in prison. Once out of jail he joined the *Worker* in New York. In July 1968 he became co-editor of the *Daily World.* Although his journalism experience is extremely limited he clearly "belongs" in the great proletarian tradition. He is both victim and survivor of the McCarthy era, and has had the kind of experience with which many readers identify. Communists, like the early Christians, thrive on persecution.

Winter's chief concern, as guardian of the *World*'s ideological purity, is not so much circulation as the correct political interpretation of the daily news. Winter is naturally more interested in encouraging an enthusiasm for the Marxist way of life than in upholding the present social order. "What we're interested in," he says, "is not simply telling the story, but telling it in a way that tries to relate the event to the problems of the reader. In the Farmington mine disaster, for example, we focused attention on the corporate ownership and profits that resulted in the mine bosses overlooking safety precautions. We are always on the lookout for the interrelationship between the event and the social conditions."

If Winter's job is to take care of the long view, his co-editor, John Pittman, is the wheel horse of work. He sits at a cluttered desk in the middle of the newsroom, correcting copy, answering the telephone, spreading proofs with his free hand. Pittman is a large, solidly built man, now 62. A remarkably fair-skinned Negro, he gives the impression of a man of action, an executive rather than an intellectual, but one possessed of an assured arrogance, a hint of belligerence, and a sharp and watchful cynicism. Pittman was a poor boy, born in Atlanta, in 1906. His first job was as a bellhop in an Atlanta hotel, then office boy in an insurance office. At 26 he was editing *The Spokesman*, a Negro weekly in San Francisco. That kept him going through the depression. He worked on the Communist *People's World* in San Francisco during World War II, then moved to Chicago and became a columnist on the *Chicago Defender,* a Negro weekly. Between 1947 and 1955 Pittman was in New York working on the *Worker* as editor of the Sunday magazine. He then went back to the West Coast to run the foreign desk at the *People's World*. Finally, he returned to New York in 1968 to join the *Daily World.* As he talks he edits copy, shooting right-angled responses to the questions.

"What's headache No. 1?"

"Money!" Pittman explodes. "Most radical newspapers aren't even able to send reporters from one state to another, much less overseas. There is a great deal of difficulty getting competent staff. Most radical papers are unable to pay experienced men and women the kind of salaries they expect and deserve." (Top salary on the *Daily World* is $90 per week, and many get less.)

Joe Brandt, general manager, walks up and down his narrow office, waving bills. He is 58, but looks ten years younger although his hair is a bit gray; a full-faced, portly, enthusiastic man who appears to be in perpetual motion. Brandt beams with pride when he discusses the *World*, which has the best, goddammit, readers in the country. That is because they believe heart and soul in *their* paper, goddammit!

Brandt is a professional revolutionary, and very proud of his militant and active résumé (organizer, Pennsylvania coal fields; hunger marcher in the early thirties; CP organizer in the Little Steel Strike, 1936; member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain, 1937; wartime commando in U.S. Army; jailed under Smith Act in the early 1950s). Nowadays he pays the *World* bills, worries over circulation, and tries to figure out how to cover the annual $400,000 deficit. His salary, less taxes, is $75 a week; he works a twelve-hour day and doesn't feel a bit exploited! "When you believe in an ideal you have to make sacrifices for it."

The general manager of a Communist daily must be, above all else, a penny pincher. News is an unpredictable business. No one can budget for a coal mine disaster that has not yet happened, or student demonstrations that have not broken out. But in calculating expenses, Joe Brandt has several advantages that are denied his counterpart in the bourgeois press. First, reporters don't turn in expense accounts on the *Daily World.* Instead they draw between $5 and $10 a week for carfare and incidental expenses. When they travel they take with them the paper's subscription list, and are usually put up by a friendly reader. Second, advertising revenues are negligible so the *World* is not affected by the ups and downs of the national economy. Third, operating deficits are financed by bank loans, repaid by a steady flow of appeals for reader contributions. Thus the 80th birthday of Art Shields was a profitable occasion that brought in more than $5,000 in pledges and subscriptions. The average *World* reader, says Joe Brandt, may be no richer than his workmate, but he is a far better contributor to good causes. Nevertheless a visitor gets the impression that making ends meet is a never ending grind.

Faced with a balance sheet that would make a capitalist publisher swallow the stub of his cigar, Messrs. Winter, Pittman, Gerson & Brandt contemplate the trailing columns of red figures with equanimity. "It's not easy to publish a people's daily in a capitalist society," sighs Joe Brandt. More worrying is the glaring fact that—almost one year after its maiden issue—the *World*'s circulation is an unspectacular 12,000. Moreover, despite the comeback of the U.S. Communist Party in recent years—membership has doubled (from 6,000 to 12,000) since the late fifties—the *World*'s influence among the peace, anti-draft and black freedom movements is hardly visible.

If you ask Carl Winter what is the *World*'s ace in the hole, he will tell you it is the newspaper's deep commitment to "working-class journalism." What really sets the Red journalists apart from their New Left brothers is their remarkable dedication to the long view of things: it is their convinced view that, given time, the New Left will recognize that only the working class is the means to social change in America. "A Marxist daily," says executive editor Gerson, "with its firm working-class orientation, can help fuse the so-called old Left and the New Left into a United Left."

This, of course, presupposes that the Communist Party has a monopoly on Marxism and organization, but in recent years an increasingly vocal faction of the Students for a Democratic Society has challenged this idea. To bring about the kind of fusion Gerson describes, the *Daily World* must establish a broad readership among the New Left. It must, in effect, become *the* newspaper of the movement. And this it has so far failed to do. The gloom can be exaggerated. The *Daily World*'s future may be full of uncertainties; but in the inner sanctum of the Long View Publishing Company that is no reason for despair—so was the past.

PUBLIC TELEVISION

THE PRODUCERS ORGANIZE

CHARLES HORMAN

Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer based in New York.

In the middle of April, there was an almost complete collapse of morale in the world of public television. Some of the events which precipitated the crisis were barely related; but, falling as they did within a short period of time, they combined to persuade the working producers that their interests were not being represented in public TV's corridors of power. For a couple of weeks, real life in educational broadcasting skipped along like a particularly hectic script from *Mission Impossible*—the plot included such elements as lifted documents, midnight meetings and impassioned phone calls.

Out of this turmoil has come a happy result—the formation of the first producers' organization that is more interested in political than in bread-and-butter issues. After only two weeks of organizing, the Association of Public Television Producers includes more than 90 per cent of the men and women who produce programming for national public television and a smattering of the producers from affiliate stations in San Francisco and Boston.

For years these men and women had been flying to Appalachia, Mississippi and the universities to record the discords associated with social change. In mid-April, those forces came home to them. The men who filmed organizers have become organizers themselves. The ideas they have dealt with professionally—community control, participatory democracy, collective action—suddenly describe their own desires and situation.

Where they go from here is uncertain. Although they have been influenced by the community organizers they have filmed, they certainly could not be characterized as a Movement group; they are not that young or that radical. But they feel the same tremors which are shaking other professional groups around the country—tremors which were also evident at recent meetings of the American Physical Society and at the March 4 "work stoppage" at M.I.T. It is not just the young, the poor and the dispossessed who want power to shape their lives; it is everybody.

The association was organized fast, and it is obvious to its members that it could splinter just as quickly from a variety of internal disputes over program or tactics. So far, therefore, they have been cautious about describing their plans. Recently, however, they issued a statement on three issues—all of them important.

(*1*) *Annual funding.* Although many people have talked about the need for "insulating public television's funds," the Corporation for Public Broadcasting is applying to Congress, once again, for financing on an annual basis. There is a good political reason for this; no one in the corporation thinks that, given the mood of the Congress, it can squeeze out more than one year's funds. Bill Duke, director of national affairs for the corporation, says it hopes to submit a plan for long-range funding to the Congress later this year (although not with much expectation of success) but the Producers Association says that the time is now.

Annual funding, it says, provides irresistible opportunities for politicians to monkey around with programming. Jack White, president of N.E.T., recently told a meeting of the affiliate stations that annual funding would turn public television into a "domestic USIA." The members of the Producers Association agree and will lobby, before the public and Senator Pastore's Communications subcommittee, for immediate long-range financing.

(*2*) *Board membership.* "The people appointed to control public television under the Corporation for Public Broadcasting," says the producers' statement, "do not now fully represent the pluralistic society they are charged to serve; the board should include men and women diverse enough in background to faithfully reflect our pluralistic society."

One N.E.T. producer—not a spokesman for the group—put it more vividly: "The corporation's board was rigged by the Establishment. It represents the narrowest kind of political and economic interests. It's a little military-industrial-financial complex all its own. There is certainly no one black, poor, or young on it. We could make the most incisive films on earth, and it wouldn't matter. I don't think they'd ever get on the air."

(*3*) *Direct censorship*. The producers fear the vetoes of a new panel, about to be established. This is the Public Broadcast System, an offshoot of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Its role is to assign time slots on the interconnected network lines. If the panel assigns you a time slot, you are seen by everybody (who watches public television). If the panel—for whatever reasons—does not assign you a time slot, the program is not seen on national public television. Thus, the members of the Public Broadcast System have virtual power of censorship over programming, if they choose to exercise it. "We are concerned," says the Producers Association, "that this board will be no more representative than the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and no better insulated from governmental and special interests."

Those are the association issues: but its significance goes far beyond them. An organization which has so quickly gained the allegiance of the vast majority of working producers is a powerful force, and its greatest power could be deployed inside the networks and local stations. It might—though so far it has not—throw its weight toward opening up new areas for documentary or news investigation. (For example, big business which, with the exceptions of two PBL forays, remains virgin territory for both public television and the commercial networks.)

There are other possibilities. The association might take in lower-level employees in public television or move into the commercial networks. It is conceivable that, had such a group existed several years ago at C.B.S., Fred Friendly might have won his battle with Frank Stanton, and the public might have seen George Kennan's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee instead of a sixth rerun of *I Love Lucy*.

Only a month ago, the Producers Association would not have been possible. Even now, it is difficult to believe that virtually all the producers from the Public Broadcast Laboratory and N.E.T. could have come together in one room and agreed on anything. That they agreed on something important is almost miraculous.

For two years, no love has been lost between N.E.T. and the Public Broadcast Laboratory. When PBL was first set up by the Ford Foundation, Fred Friendly and Av Westin's public statements strongly suggested that, whatever the claims of N.E.T., nothing much good had ever been done in public television, and PBL was going to change all that. There were many at N.E.T. who, understandably, gloated over every bad review that PBL received.

Anyone who thinks black-and-white-together is a tough order should try N.E.T. and PBL. During April, however, a series of events produced a crisis of confidence in the industry. These might easily have led to a new cycle of paranoia, parochialism and political infighting. Instead, they produced a consensus on major issues by almost all the N.E.T. and PBL producers. The meetings in which these men and women thrashed out their differences were closed to the press; but some of the events which operated both for and against their organizing have since become public. I shall simply narrate some of those events; and then try to describe how they fitted together to generate an urgent mood for change.

The crisis began on April 10, when Fred Friendly and John Macy held a joint press conference in New York to announce their plans for the future of public television. Since Friendly is TV consultant to the Ford Foundation—and Macy is president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the plan seemed gospel. In essence, it dissolved the two-year Public Broadcast Laboratory, but established a new Washington-based production center to develop public affairs programming under the government-funded Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

At the same time, John Macy announced that within ninety days, the corporation would establish the Public Broadcasting System. Jack Gould, anticipating the producers' censorship fears, reported in *The New York Times*: "PBS, in effect, would be the ruling voice in making final decisions about what went over the network." Macy did not announce who would serve on that panel.

The day after the announcement, N.E.T.'s management called a meeting to reassure their producers that the plan really wouldn't change anything. The producers, however, had doubts. Some feared that a new production center in Washington would jeopardize their jobs or prestige. Others were specifically worried about the censorship power of PBS; and most were concerned about the problem of annual funding for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. At that point, the organizing for the association began—at the beginning, deeply interwoven with N.E.T. vested interests.

Several days later, an event unrelated to the organizing effort at N.E.T. made the crisis in confidence complete. A staff member at Public Broadcast Laboratory took Xerox copies of at least five highly confidential documents from the office of PBL's top administrator, Fred Bohen, and began passing them around to a few people who worked at PBL and N.E.T. (His justification was that the documents dealt with public issues and should have received public discussion.) The longest and most explosive of the documents was the 22-page first draft of a memo to the Ford Foundation. (The industry assumes, so do I, that the memorandum was written by Bohen but so far he will neither confirm nor deny authorship.) It contains suggestions for the future of public television.

Two passages in the memo were indeed surprising. The first—called "The N.E.T. Riddle"—suggested the phasing out of N.E.T.!

This was the plan. While dissolving PBL, Ford and the CPB should retain "a small nucleus of people who form perhaps the most outstanding group of organizational talent available anywhere in public television." These would comprise the base for "a national affairs news and special events producing network headquartered in Washington." (This plan was similar to the April 10 announcement which came after the final draft of the memo was sent to the Ford Foundation.)

Programming should be shifted to Washington "in the area of news analysis, special events, and public affairs documentary specials, with the goal of relieving N.E.T. completely of those areas of programming by 1970-71.

"For more than a decade," the memo continued, "N.E.T. has held a monopoly on national production for public television as a creature of Ford Foundation benefices. The organization has developed a potent constituency of local stations which support its record of competent, unspectacular programming.

"The creation of PBL two years ago was, I gather, to be the opening wedge in an effort to challenge this monopoly, to provide it with competition in the programming sphere, to create an alternative cadre of programming and administrative personalities and thereby to ease the way for a phasing out of N.E.T. . . . N.E.T. has the smell of stodginess and tired people." It is hardly necessary to remark that the memo caused a stir among those who read it at N.E.T.

The second passage outlined the membership of a board of governors for the public television service to be set up in Washington. Of a 9-to-15 man board, "some governors, perhaps a majority, would be explicitly named because of their prior identification with the development of one of the participating producing stations: others would be national men, and men with a deep commitment to the welfare of the District of Columbia. . . ."

The memo itself suggested seven men who might be willing to serve on such a board. The list included former CIA director John McCone; C. Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Edwin Land, president of Polaroid which makes cameras and hardware for the Defense Department; Max Kampelman, whom *The Nation* some time ago identified as vice president of a CIA-funded research organization called Operations and Policy Research Incorporated. Topping off the list was former President of the United States, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

The documents—to complete the history—were Xeroxed a second time in N.E.T.'s mailroom and handed about at both N.E.T. and PBL. On Sunday, April 21, they were leaked to the press; and on Wednesday, April 23, long excerpts from all the documents were printed in *Variety*. Thus, by Wednesday night everybody in television knew about the confidential memos and—since *The New York Times* did not pick up the story—almost nobody else.

When I phoned Fred Bohen at his home in Manhattan, he seemed hurt and genuinely puzzled that the reaction to the memo had been so strong. After all, it was a first draft. No one had any reason to think it had borne any resemblance to the final version which went to the Ford Foundation. As for the board of governors, there had been quite a bit of thought about the new structure, but less about the specific names.

"LBJ was suggested," said Bohen, "because, among other things, the new production center will serve the D.C. area. Quite apart from Vietnam and his national record, LBJ is very knowledgeable and interested in that area—and he's also been a great contributor to public TV. Naturally, there was the implicit feeling that getting the kind of funding to put public TV on the scene depends on people of national stature who have the attention of Congress."

There was, of course, no way to know how much of the rough draft had found its way over to the Ford Foundation, or how seriously it had been taken once it got there; but one thing was evident. In an atmosphere already laden with uncertainty, the memos released all the specters which had haunted public television and the liberal community for the past two years. It seemed to prove that as much politicking was going on at the top as staff members had conjured up in their most paranoid dreams; and some one had suggested—no matter how tentatively—a board of governors for public television which actually contained two CIA men and Lyndon Johnson.

"There was a curious relation between the dramatic release of the documents and what we were doing," said PBL producer Fred Wardenburg. "In one sense, they were impeccably unconnected. No one in our group bootlegged the documents or released them. No one at PBL wanted a stop-Bohen movement, or feels that Bohen is the enemy. Many people at PBL feel he's the best who's come along in his role at ETV. On the other hand, the air is charged with electricity from the release of the documents. There's a sudden expectation that it's going to knock things loose. It feels like the moment to form the group, while everything's up in the air.

The week the documents surfaced, many people cast an internal vote of no-confidence in the way public television was being restructured. The mood created by the Xeroxed material was neatly summed up, for me, in a short note which Stuart Sucherman, PBL's director of business affairs, tacked onto a 7-page memo briefing Bohen on the complex politics of educational television. It read: "Here are my political thoughts in extremely rough form. This memo is not for publication and has not been shown to anyone. I feel like saying that this memo will self-destruct in ten seconds."

That was it! *Mission Impossible*—where secret agents exchange clandestine instructions. The note—with its curious mixture of mild embarrassment and zest for intrigue—left those who read it with the impression that decisions affecting many lives were being made by a very few people in total secrecy. That was disturbing. The producers wanted a share in those decisions.

The documents generated a sense of urgency; but they also created tremendous problems for the organizers. "The thrust of the documents was very political," said PBL producer Don Lenzer. "Naturally, the N.E.T. people would react to that—but it never became the big issue for the association. From the start, people at both N.E.T. and PBL were mainly interested in being a positive voice—and to do that, the association had to stay together and not bog down in the old political infighting. Reacting to that document would have dissipated all our energy. The real proof that we got beyond it is that PBL producers—including those named in the memo to continue with the Washington unit—were at all the organizing meetings. If it had been a question of narrow self-interest, they would certainly not have been saddened by the demise of N.E.T."

For a week of hectic meetings at the end of April, they struggled to suppress old rivalries and face new issues. Finally, on Friday, April 25, almost all the producers at N.E.T. and PBL met in the conference room at N.E.T. and voted to become an association.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Churchill: Impossible and Impenetrable

CHURCHILL REVISED: A Critical Assessment. *By A. J. P. Taylor, Robert Rhodes James, J. H. Plumb, Basil Liddell Hart and Anthony Storr. The Dial Press. 274 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

Mr. Dangerfield teaches history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. His most recent book is The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828 *(Harper & Row).*

The consensus behind these five essays, written by four historians and a psychiatrist, is (or would appear to be) that Winston Churchill was a great personality rather than a creative statesman. This interpretation will probably surprise no one, but it has added greatly to the tasks of the five interpreters. Are we still too near in time to this most complex Englishman, a man more distrusted in his day than any figure of comparable magnitude and, for a brief but glorious span, more loved and more admired? As a statesman, he was obsolete long before his death; but his personality is the personality of a genius, and it obstinately refuses to fall into place. Of all that has been written about him, the two published volumes of a biography compiled by the late Randolph Churchill and a group of assistants, no doubt because they are filled with lovely gobs of primary material, come farthest along the way: but they do so at the expense of looking like an incomplete jigsaw puzzle which will never, *never* be susceptible to completion.

His contemporaries were bizarre enough, but they seem to be far more manageable. A. J. P. Taylor, for instance, in his Leslie Stephen Lecture of 1961, has given us a brilliant interpretation of David Lloyd George who, with Churchill, was a blazing light in that gifted Cabinet which presided so shakily over England in the last years before World War I. The two men had something in common. Neither was a good party man. Both became great wartime Prime Ministers; each, on that occasion, headed a coalition government. (Indeed Lloyd George was so fascinated by coalitions that, as early as 1910, from motives which are still most debatable, he tried to form one with the Conservative Party as a way out of many looming troubles.)

Lloyd George was the more mercurial of the two, but then he was the more consistent. After he had ruined what was left of the Liberal Party in 1919, and had then become himself a victim (deservedly) of the Conservative establishment, he grew more and more fertile in ideas. At length, in 1929, he sponsored what may be called the greatest of all Liberal programs. It reads today like a manifesto of unrivaled eloquence and insight; it also reads, alas, like a funeral oration uttered over a defunct cause. It came too late; but at least Lloyd George could have said: "In my end is my beginning." The young radical who came out of Wales and stormed the heights of English politics was justified at length in the program of 1929.

One could never make such a claim for Churchill. He was a conservative, but his conservatism left no such monument as this. Ostensibly a Liberal after World War I, he began moving to the right until he joined Baldwin's ministry in 1924; and even then he continued his rightward movement although Baldwin's ministry was moving (if anywhere) gently to the left. His statecraft will not lead us very far into an explanation of his personality, which, as C. P. Snow once wrote, was "abnormally impenetrable to most kinds of insight." It is not to be expected, then, that A. J. P. Taylor, who writes on "The Statesman," and Robert Rhodes James, who writes on "The Politician," should be able to go all the way in.

Nonetheless, being accomplished historians, they have left us many useful clues: and perhaps the most important of these, and the most tempting, is their conviction that Churchill's greatest failure was a failure to communicate. Neither his public speeches nor his private conversations, says Rhodes, gave the impression of a dialogue. His greatest speeches were exhortations: he never could have produced a fireside chat. Now Lloyd George was a master of communication. He was a devious man; his love affairs were neither few nor fastidious; his sale of peerages and knighthoods was simply squalid; but he was never disliked or distrusted by his political equals in the way that Churchill was. Churchill, whose private and public lives were free from all trace of scandal, was the more suspect of the two because (among other reasons) he was far less intelligible, which is saying a lot.

Why did he desert the Conservative Party in 1904? Was it because he was disgusted with its attitude toward Tariff Reform? Or was it because he had perceived that it would soon be out of office? Why, when the victorious Liberals rewarded their brilliant convert with the presidency of the Board of Trade, did he become such a very radical Liberal? One of the answers is that he could never do things by halves. Another is that he had a genuine gift for administration, that there was no scope for conservatism in the Board of Trade in those days, and that he did not propose to exercise his gift in a vacuum. Labor Exchanges, the faint beginnings of unemployment insurance, a minimum wage in sweated industries—such were Churchill's achievements.

Yet another answer (and this may be the best one) is that it was quite in the tradition of Tory democracy, as practiced by Disraeli and advocated by Churchill's own father, to offer social reforms to the English proletariat in the belief that if it were thus rewarded, it could be trusted to behave.

But what if it did not behave? Promoted to Home Secretary, and faced with a railroad strike of grave proportions in 1911, Churchill sent soldiers hither and yon freely. He was never trusted by labor after that; and although (*pace* Mr. Taylor) Lloyd George was also unfortunate in his dealings with the strikers in those violent years, he was never unfortunate in so conspicuous a manner.

To crown his achievements in that Liberal government, Churchill, promoted at the end of 1911 to First Lord of the Admiralty, performed one of his greatest feats of creative administration at the cost of disavowing all his earlier and very pronounced views on naval economy. As a result, when World War I struck, the fleet was ready. We have only to add that, whatever else this feat was, it most assuredly was not radical.

Nor was it received with gratitude. Sir Basil Liddell Hart, who should know, is inclined to believe that Churchill's foray into Antwerp in October 1914 (generally considered a fiasco) had a decisive effect on the Battle of the Marne; and that his Dardanelles campaign was strategically sound but poorly executed by the commanders on the spot.

At the time, it seemed to be just one

more wild scheme by an adventurer who overrode all professional opinion. When Churchill was removed from the Admiralty, the Navy itself rejoiced. Admiral Beatty called him a "succubus." George V, who was nothing if not a simple sailor at heart, denounced him as "impossible." "He is a public danger to the Empire," said Sir John Jellicoe: and Sir John, Commander in Chief of the Grand Fleet, owed his position to Winston Churchill.

How do we account for this? Churchill invariably charmed those who worked under him—Hassell's *Edward Marsh* attests bountifully to that—and he was anything but an easygoing or considerate employer. But to those more his equal, how often he seemed an aggressive intermeddler, arrogant, insolent, wrapped up in himself!

Dr. Storr, to whom has been given the delicate assignment of subjecting to psychiatric scrutiny a personage whom he never met, leads us a little more toward the center of this historical labyrinth.

It is well known that Churchill was of no interest to his wayward and waspish father, Lord Randolph Churchill, who almost became a Conservative leader and who died of a general paralysis of the brain. Churchill rewarded this neglectful and tragic figure with an obsessive adoration, learned his speeches by heart, wrote his biography, copied his brand of Toryism. In such obsessive love there may well lurk a deep hostility, which can only be worked out on others—the strikers in 1911 and 1926, the Irish in 1920, the Bolsheviks, a Gandhi, a Nehru. His mother was a New Yorker, a selfish beauty, who squandered his patrimony on herself, but never her love upon him.

At Harrow and at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he was markedly unsuccessful. Short, redheaded, pink-faced, lisping—this was the rather unattractive specimen who hurled himself upon the world with all the assertiveness of a roaring repressed extrovert who was lucky enough to have been born the grandson of a duke.

Dr. Storr draws from this neglected childhood and from the now well-known fact that he was a prey to moods of deep and perhaps hereditary depression many conclusions in terms of ambition, aggressiveness, sympathy with the underdog (the worker, the defeated enemy), and fantasies of being especially reserved by fate for some high purpose. From these multiplied conclusions or suppositions, something like a recognizable Churchill emerges. Moreover, in spite of his extrovert's absorption in the political and social traffic of the outer world, Churchill (Storr believes) had an inner world of make-believe in which he played a heroic part. "We do not know, we shall never know [its] details," he adds.

But J. H. Plumb may come to our assistance. He was asked to write about Churchill the historian; and of the four historians who contributed to this book, he was given the most rewarding assignment. For it is clear that in Churchill the historian we have, at least for the time being, the only way of understanding—or perhaps one should say of guessing—what this inner world may have been.

Churchill was born in Blenheim Palace, that huge pile, dedicated to one man, John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, and lying (Plumb writes) "at the heart of the Whig legend to that past which the English had manufactured in order to underpin their imperial ambitions and in which Winston Churchill had implicit belief." Indeed, he may be said to have "spent his life in the service of that curious ideology of the Whigs, half truth, half fiction; half noble, half base." With him it took the form of a belief in the gradual progression of the English genius, through trial and error, from the Saxon womb, until it produced at last, after overcoming problems that would have taxed a lesser race, that monument to freedom, the British Empire.

This romantic interpretation of the past, though not entirely false, was extremely simplistic: but Churchill embodied it in splendid narrative prose, so that his *Marlborough*, in part, and to a much greater extent his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* can be read as works of art. Here, it may well be, was that inner world of make-believe in which he hoped to play a heroic part. So defective a sense of history could lead him into fearful blunders: as when he resigned from Baldwin's "shadow cabinet" in 1931 because he could not assent to dominion status for India; or when in a more generous but equally fatal mood, in 1936, he tried to form a party around Edward VIII in the abdication crisis. By this time his sense of history had endowed him with concepts of empire and of monarchy which were totally obsolete.

Here we should distinguish between a sense of history and a sense of the past. A sense of history—that is, of the omnipresence of recorded history and its "lessons"—requires that history cannot be written, and should not be read, without a feeling that the past demands a future. (Hence Lord Acton's paradox, that we imagine the past and remember the future.) A sense of the past, which is a deep sense of the existential past, as embodied in the living generation, is even more emphatic on this point. When Churchill, in his greatest moment, said that he had nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat, he was talking of eventual victory, of certain survival; and (for once) he established a genuine dialogue and spoke straight to the responsive heart of England. As A. J. P. Taylor says, "no Englishman who lived through 1940 can regard him dispassionately."

And when he spoke in this way, his sense of the past was uppermost. The English have rather an odd feeling toward military exploits: they seem to take more pride in courageous defeats than in victories (at least on land); or, to put it another way, they are apt to boast that they lose every battle but the last one. (In the same mood, they have been known to claim that the Empire was acquired in a fit of absent-mindedness, which is pure rubbish.) This means that the retreat from Mons is a favorite military exploit; that Moore at Coruña is more celebrated than Wolfe at Quebec; that the charge of the Light Brigade is remembered and the charge of the Heavy Brigade forgotten; that Southey once wrote a poem, which children in my day were expected to learn by heart, making light of the Battle of Blenheim; and that Waterloo has rather a bad name. ("He's met his Waterloo," though not used much any longer, was once a very common saying: and it always carried with it a sense of dismal defeat.)

Sir Douglas Haig is not one of my favorite characters, but how right he was, in an hour of impending disaster, to hearten his troops with an order that began, "With our backs to the wall." That is a posture in which the Englishman felt comfortable, and perhaps he still does: and Sir Henry Newbolt once wrote a poem about it called "Vitai Lampada," which has the peculiar quality of being both very silly and quite true.

Thus Churchill's sense of the past struck exactly the right note, addressing itself to a side of the English character which is wholly admirable, but which his sense of history might not have recognized. He was by no means an optimistic man; he was a man, rather, who responded best to crises: but he did believe that a past demands a future. It is, of course, because this kind of belief seems to be lacking in the military-industrial complex, which is the most characteristic ruler of our destinies today, that the youth of the world is so disillusioned or so enraged. "Give us back our future," is what it is really saying. In reply, the ABM systems increase, the wars go on. Churchill was obsolete, but not in that way.

Toppling a Delicate Balance

ANATOMY OF A CRISIS: The Laotian Crisis of 1960-1961. *By Bernard B. Fall. Edited with an Epilogue by Roger M. Smith. Doubleday & Co. 283 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now working on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by the Viking Press.*

This unfinished but essential book is another measure of our loss with the death in Vietnam of Bernard Fall. Few writers are indispensable. Fall was, because there was no one else writing in English who had the knowledge built up over the years to tell us with his depth and lucidity what was happening in Indo-China. Even though this book was put aside in 1961, undoubtedly to be finished later when Fall could get away from the even greater tragedy unfolding in Vietnam, it tells us more about the tragic, almost comic sequence of events in Laos than we are ever likely to learn from anyone else. Historians of that melancholy time and place will forever be in Bernard Fall's debt.

There is sometimes a temptation to dismiss what happened in Laos in the late fifties as a *divertissement* of *The King and I* sort, with the well-meaning Americans bumbling into a tiny, faraway kingdom whose people and places had charmingly improbable names. But this was a real place, no Oriental *Brigadoon*, and the Americans, whatever their intentions, brought bloodshed and chaos, with the final chapter—almost certain to be an unhappy one—yet to be written. Nor can what happened in Laos be dismissed by the "realpoliticians" as a minor mistake, for it demonstrated the Holy War attitude of the American Government, whether under Eisenhower, Kennedy or Johnson, that led almost inevitably to Vietnam.

The word "tragedy" is much overworked these days, but what other word is there to describe what Fall has written? In brief, although the events approach an incredibly complex and grotesque comedy, Prince Souvanna Phouma, with infinite patience and care, had constructed a neutralist government in Laos only to have it smashed by U.S. intervention because it was not sufficiently anti-Communist.

In what can only be termed a miracle of diplomacy, Souvanna Phouma went to Peking and Hanoi and got their agreement for a government formally neutral but actually pro-Western. He then got the Pathet Lao to participate in a coalition government, muster out most of its army, and integrate the small remainder into the Royal Laotian Army. When you consider that this was all done on the doorsteps of China and North Vietnam, this delicate balancing act should have occasioned hurrahs in Washington. But no, Souvanna Phouma's triumph was brusquely dismissed, the CIA and the State Department (sometimes supporting contending factions) barged in, toppled the coalition, and in four years totted up these achievements: wasted most of a half billion dollars in aid, so corrupted the army that it usually turned tail and fled as soon as (and sometimes before) a shot was fired, pushed China and Russia into supporting the Pathet Lao so it grew powerful enough to conquer most of Laos, caused Hanoi to discard the restraints imposed by its agreement with Souvanna Phouma, and began a chain of misery for the Laotian people that has no end in sight.

The irony, of course, is that the pro-Western Souvanna Phouma knew that the only way to keep Laos from going Communist was to keep it neutral, but Washington knew better and thus by the only criterion that seems to matter in Washington—denying Laos to the Communists—its policy was a complete and utter disaster. And after such a debacle in Laos the same people trotted off to South Vietnam to do it again: this time bigger and better.

Fall takes us every step of the way, beginning with a short history of Laos, an account of French rule,

Noam Chomsky "Chomsky reveals himself as both a polemicist of the first rank and a morally impassioned scholar, determined to recall American intellectuals to their traditional responsibility for speaking the truth and exposing lies."—ROBERT A. GROSS, *NEWSWEEK* "Even those essays which might be familiar, turn out, on a second reading and in juxtaposition with the others, to yield unusual rewards. Chomsky's formulation is quite special and his tone is all but unique—its riches cannot so easily be exhausted. One of the few comforts available at this terrible moment, is that we continue to produce men of Noam Chomsky's honesty and stature—and continue to have them published."—MARTIN DUBERMAN, *NEW REPUBLIC*

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and a detailed account (often based on first-hand knowledge) of events in Laos since 1945. Perhaps too much detail for the general reader but terribly useful for the specialist, the historian and perhaps even for those in Washington now responsible for our foreign policy.

Fall makes a number of important points: one, that the lower- and middle-level State Department people were both intelligent and realistic but that, as in many other areas, their sensible proposals were ignored by the higher-ranking crusaders who were motivated, even obsessed, by a mindless anti-communism. And this book causes the reader to ask once more what I wish successive administrations had asked themselves every day: Why do "our" Laotians (or Vietnamese or Chinese or Cubans or whatever) invariably become corrupt and reluctant to fight while "theirs" almost invariably are honest and courageous? Motivation perhaps?

There's another important question Fall asks. Why was American press coverage of Laos so bad? He is blunt and tough in his criticism, particularly of *The New York Times,* which he accuses of both careless and unquestioning reporting, accepting at face value what was handed out in Washington and Vientiane even when it was at wild variance with the facts. I have no way of judging Fall's criticism, but the way he cites chapter and verse is mighty persuasive. And certainly his quotation of *Times* editorials of a decade ago leaves little doubt that it was uncritically hawkish at a time when more perceptive editorials might have helped prevent successive administrations from sinking deeper into the Indo-Chinese quagmire. Happily things have changed at the *Times.*

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Perhaps it is a perverse pleasure, but many will find this book worth reading if only for Fall's lovely critique of superhawk Joseph Alsop. Poor Alsop. He is so omniscient, so marvelously gifted at filling his columns with "facts" that no one else can ferret out. The only trouble, if Fall is to be believed, and here I believe him unreservedly, is that Alsop will swallow anything that fits in with his preconceptions, and unerringly searches out the man who will tell him what he wants to hear. Alsop evidently wants to report only the truth; it's just that he seeks it in such unlikely places. I'm still smiling when I think of Alsop's column in which he dramatically tells of the mighty Seventh Fleet being ordered to "assist in the defense of Laos" and "steaming grimly and majestically southward" . . . to landlocked Laos. But there is a serious indictment here: of America's crisis journalism with foreign correspondents descending like vultures to be in at the kill in some exotic spot, but with an almost complete, even splendid, lack of knowledge of what led to the crisis. Fortunately a few news organizations (but only a few), among them the *Times,* are attempting to overcome this by sending men to critical areas before crises come to a head.

Although my admiration for this book is almost complete, I do have a couple of reservations. Fall seems to regard the Vietminh attacks in Laos as an unjustified assault, as if that unhappy land, used as a base for French operations, could be separated from the peninsula-wide struggle against French colonialism. But it is easy to sympathize with his affection for a people whose crime, like that of the Czechs, has been to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Further, the book rather peters out toward the end, dealing but sketchily with Kennedy's handling of Laos. Indeed, it ends entirely before the final agreement in Geneva in 1962 that brought the Laos crisis to a temporary resolution. This, of course, would have been rectified if Bernard Fall had lived to complete the book.

These reservations are minor, however, for the main events took place after Dienbienphu and before Geneva. And for those years Fall has written a book basic and irreplaceable. Adding to its value are a good index and bibliography, complete notes and appendices including important documents. And Roger M. Smith of the University of Michigan has written a fine epilogue.

Double Exposure

SPRING JOURNAL. *By Edwin Honig. Wesleyan University Press. 64 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

L. ALAN GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein is the editor of LOS. *His poetry and fiction have appeared in several literary magazines.*

The cover illustration reminds us, even before we open the book, of Edwin Honig's peculiar life style. Here is a burgeoning green world of forms pushing and squeezing one another into eruption, and strutting across the right-hand corner a white outline of a bull. Its dead-pan face stares out at the reader; the face is Honig's. This witty scene transcribes the typical pose of Honig's early poems: a spectator among intermittent holocausts, going about his business like Buster Keaton dodging boulders in an avalanche.

Often those early poems suggested the harrowing unhappiness that masquerades as wit, the weariness with those self-created Furies Honig called the gazebos:

> *Friends, multi-*
> *tudes, oh lifelong shadows: are*
> *you my filth, my worn out longings,*
> *my poems that dog me*
> *til I die?*

In this new collection (his fourth), Honig turns to confront his shadows and remake his soul by casting them out. The excitement of his poem "Spring Journal" is the identification of those old demonic forces with the war-making, anxiety-

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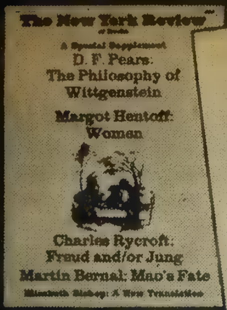

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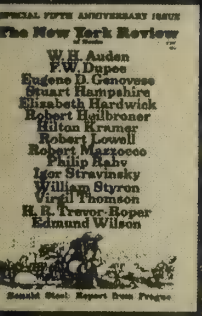

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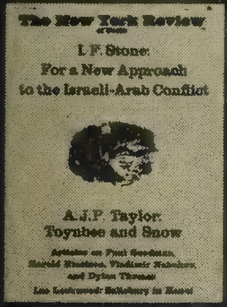

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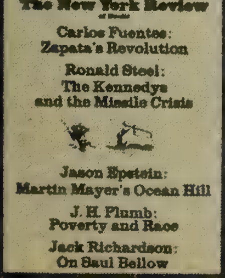

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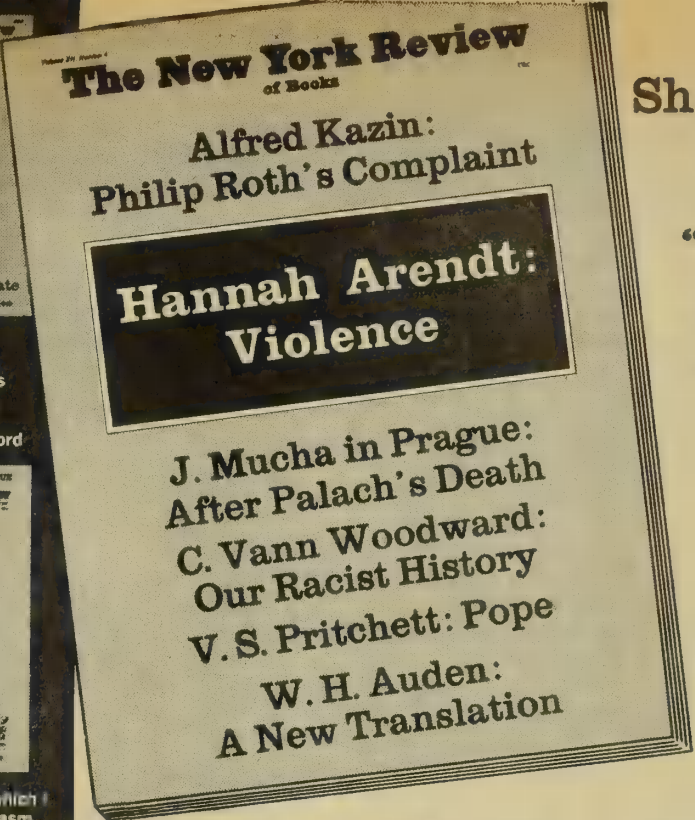

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making agents of history. The poem begins by concentrating the chief motifs in a single image. Here is the first of twenty-two sections:

Suffused by paint-cracking warmth in a steamheated room,
late winter rain
slushing away through the snow, the traffic, the auto horns
bleating and shaking
their cages outside, I linger behind pulled shades
lost in the dumps
of my own stock presence; with armies caught stark on the edge
of command slowly tearing
their minds awake, I loll half-dozing, attuned to
the rise of a day
embalming the mouth, muting the whistle of play,
the twitch twitch *of birds*
in the melting boughs of a grimy New England day;
gripped in the bowels
of a gray tabernacular house, I lie photographing
the self—myself,
all selves, bright and to fade, as once Mathew Brady,
in innocent camps
of suffering, snapped the tired grim lounging dying
Blue and Gray.

The poet can photograph our contemporary civil war without leaving his house because he embodies it. Section by section he produces snapshots of evidence—McCarthyism, the Eisenhower tedium, and especially the sad exuberance of Vietnam. Gradually the stills begin to compose a workable self; the wit increases with the insistence of spring. The verse begins to reflect on itself, exalt and belittle itself as it swells and faints, "hobbles on stilts" with the pulsations of excited reverie. Here are the final lines:

High noon. It's time to get up—jump into my pants,
run out and dance
in the foggy streets of Providence, play God—
maybe bring out the sun!

The poem ends on a note of release, not yet discovery. According to Honig, "Spring Journal" is "the first portion of a work in progress whose final form and length are not yet determinable." Future books will have to justify the joy of these final lines if the tone carries over, but as it stands the dance succinctly relieves a long morning of self-analysis. The irregular meter and long lines controlled by the (almost always) regular double accented short lines, make the poem capacious enough to accommodate the flux of subjects, shifting tones and polemics that compose the journal. If the topical range of Louis MacNeice's *Autumn Journal* is wider, this lineal descendant has the crucial advantage of being thirty years younger.

Twenty-five short poems comprise the bulk of this collection. Remarking on Honig's early poems, the novelist John Hawkes has written: "Nearly all of these poems construct a kind of ghostly and biting double exposure, or hold in some mercurial suspension, suasion, the two deplorable and astounding processes—that of dying and that of birthing." The first part of the collection contains mostly "death poems" and the second part a number of poems about Honig's two baby sons, so Hawkes's description remains pertinent. I prefer the first section, where the intense and "ghostly" self-colloquies strain to bring the dead back to life.

Honig sometimes permits abstractions and platitudes to collapse a lyric into absolute flatness, but most often he addresses "the thinking ear" with original rhythms, and a characteristic use of metaphor that deserves an essay to itself. Individual taste will determine which poem does which. My opinion is that "November through a Giant Copper Beech," "Her Hand," "King of Death," "Back to Tahiti," "Second Son Day," and "Ah Life, this Lowgrade Infection" have the unique life intensity of Honig's finest poems.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW
Vol. XIII, No. 2 SPRING 1969

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

TIKE And Five Stories. *By Jonathan Strong. Little, Brown & Company. 210 pp. $5.75.*

After any number of false alarms, the publication of this novella and five stories marks the arrival of a writer who can speak for the sixties as Salinger did for the fifties. Mr. Strong, who is 24, writes about what it's like to be young now; to have a first love affair; to leave a friend; to be a lover; to be part of a family; to come down from drugs in a mental hospital. Simple enough, but Mr. Strong combines a deceptive surface fragility with a tough, direct, and absolutely authoritative sense of who his characters are and what the world is like for them. His remarkable, unaffected spareness is possible and successful because he trusts his reader; his material barely runs to book length, yet it is far more substantial than works twice its size by novelists of great reputation. Only once in a great while does a writer of such immediately evident talent appear.

A DOG'S LIFE. *By Michael Holroyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 182 pp. $4.50.*

Although Iris Murdoch has perfected the genre, this day in the life of a sad, wacky English family whose dog is dying is creditable and absorbing. Three generations of the Farquars are slowly moldering away in This'll Do, the crumbling family house in Cheshire. The death throes of their semi-beloved dog provoke a lot of action, which includes the temporary return of a former wife, a miraculous extension of military leave for an army-hating son, and a general exposure of eccentricities by all concerned. What they all have in common, of course, is their loneliness, which continues, unabated and at its usual low key, to the adventure's end. Seymour Chwast's lovely jacket drawing is a perfect backdrop for this charming, if slightly forced, tale.

THE MARGIN. *By André Pieyre de Mandiargues. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Grove Press. 216 pp. $5.95.*

A Frenchman on a short trip to Spain arrives in Barcelona to find a letter announcing the death of his young wife. Instead of reading it through—and finding that the tragedy has been even more immense than he has imagined—he spends three shocked, limbolike days in Barcelona's red-light district, drawn to a young prostitute, haunted by Spain's and his own past, and postponing the moment when he must conceive of even the idea of a future. In his rich, detailed description of these three days, Mandiargues succeeds beautifully in making the reader an accomplice of his hero, whose memories, dreamlike rituals, perceptions of the present, and final decision about his own life are wholly believable. Richard Howard's translation, which includes the deft handling of a number of tricky changes of tense, is fine.

CATCHING SARADOVE. *By Bertha Harris. Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.95.*

Saradove is a girl from North Carolina. Miss Harris' novel follows her through her life in Greenwich Village as she tries to discard the bonds of her childhood and the ghosts of her warring parents so that she can function as her own person, instead of a receptacle for the sad patterns imposed upon her by her past. The author alternates between describing Saradove's relationships—first with some Lesbians, and then with a young man—and her childhood memories, along with fantasies about both. The trouble is that almost every sentence of this novel is so laced with obtrusive metaphor that reading it through is a really exasperating business. By piling image upon sticky image, the author insists on describing how sensitive her heroine is without ever really demonstrating it; the result is an awful lot of sugary icing with very little cake.

THE STORIES OF JAMES STERN. *By James Stern. Harcourt, Brace & World. 270 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Stern, Irish by birth, is highly regarded in England. Most readers in this country will find these stories, selected from his published work, oddly anachronistic, for many of them try to evoke sympathy for the proposition that it is lonely to be privileged by class or color because one is thus denied the earthy abandon of the nonwhite or the nongentleman. One story, set in South Africa, shows how a desperately isolated white man discards his sexual taboos when his sheer desire for a woman leads him to sleep with a black servant. Wow. In another, an educated Englishman is put in his place when he presumes to court a lovely working-class girl, who chooses a local lout rather than risk the crossing of class lines. Mr. Stern is a skillful writer, but there is a colonial—if liberally so—sensibility here that is uncomfortably white man's burden. One keeps wanting to tap his very well delineated characters on the shoulder and announce that they are not lonely because they are white or because they are upper class but because they demonstrate an ill-disguised condescension toward those who are not.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Nicol Williamson's Hamlet is different. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.) To quote a columnist, he is unlike any other Hamlet I have ever seen. For this reason he fascinates a large part of the audience.

He is not the "sweet prince" to whom Horatio bids good night. His heart is more arrogant than noble, and had he been put on the throne he would not have proved a prince "most royal," as Fortinbras in the text (omitted in this production) proclaims. Even in his father's lifetime, we suspect, this Hamlet was a most discontented being. He must always have been "less than kind."

When Hamlet first appears here in his "inky cloak" he looks as if he had just learned that he had to undergo a major operation; one anticipates a tragedy in a common-sense if not a lofty mode. His speech throughout, when overvehemence and a too rapid pace does not erase it, is utterly clear, prosaically intelligible. The delivery is straightforward; there is no doubt as to what he means. At times, as in the address to the Players, he is almost funny.

There is no mystery in him. His is not an intellectual perturbation; what he manifests is spleen. His sharp nasal diction tends to a sneer; his characteristic emotion is contempt. He is Denmark's angry young man. For him Denmark was always a prison; he was never capable of setting the time aright.

Williamson is rarely gentle. (His powerful voice lacks scale and modulation, except for increase of volume.) Even in love-making he engages in gibes. This is to some degree a legitimate reading, but it lacks variety. There is, for instance, not sufficient differentiation between his initial teasing of Ophelia and the later moment when, in discovering that Polonius is spying on him, he turns his banter to scorn. Of tenderness (or sexual passion)—"I did love thee once"—there is barely a trace.

Though Hamlet says of himself, "For though I am not splenetive and rash . . ." it is always these qualities which are most evident. When Hamlet (Williamson) has to speak reflectively his discourse is plain enough for us to follow it effortlessly, as in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, but the speech is not placed in context: it is not made part of Hamlet's situation, it is divorced from his particular dilemma. The result is a reasonable interpretation of isolated passages which become dramatically significant chiefly in the eruptions of violence.

I have said that Williamson's Hamlet

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NORTH

An owl hovers in the sky.
The sky keeps getting tangled in the trees.
In the trees the leaves are like small cities.
Small cities are lighted by the hydro-electric station.
The hydro-electric station is far to the north.
Far to the north there are waterfalls.
Waterfalls become electricity.
Electricity flows like water in the wires.
Wires lunge through the trees toward open air.
Air falls downward into night.
Night is everywhere, there is no space now.
There is no space now, only distances from—
From where anything is lost.
Lost in the night the sky hovers.
The sky hovers like a hungry owl.

JACK ANDERSON

is angry: in the end I found it just nasty, its tone guying. He has more bad temper than melancholy. It is said of Hamlet that he has "lost his mirth." This Hamlet never seemed to have any, only cynicism. Thus there is but the faintest indication of a real mind or a profound spirit. He is no courtier, statesman or splendid soldier.

Those who praise the production are relieved that it is not a "traditional" *Hamlet*. Such *Hamlets* are indeed mostly bores: they lull an audience more than they move it. Williamson's Hamlet is certainly no bore, but it is one thing to cast tradition aside; it is quite another to create a rounded character composed of Shakespeare's grandeur of conception.

This lack of tragic dimension or elevation explains the enthusiasm with which most critics in London greeted the performance. Depressed, England today is impatient of even the echo of pomp and great occasion. A jeering manner is highly prized. Hamlet and the production around him not only eschews pageantry and elegance but seems to prefer shabbiness—which is not the same as simplicity. (In this it may be said to have been influenced by Brecht, but Brecht's spareness has dignity, his austerity pride.) In the latter-day London atmosphere everything except curses and snarls of spite is downgraded. The words remain more or less Shakespeare's, the key is John Osborne's.

Williamson is a well-equipped actor; he has remarkable energy, intelligence and acrid honesty. But there was much more intensity of feeling and thought in his Maitland of *Inadmissible Evidence* than there is in his Hamlet.

The Public Theatre, which usually limits the duration of its productions to three weeks, is now presenting Charles Gordone's *No Place To Be Somebody* for what it hopes will be a long run.

The program designates the play as a "black, black comedy." Though it is not without humor, it is predominantly a slice-of-life melodrama. However, several (possibly unneeded) interpolations of comment precede each of the three acts; they are spoken by a figure related to an actor-writer in the body of the play. Also included is a dream figure, emblematic of militant black vengeance.

The plot deals with the conflict between the Mafia of New York's West Village and an illiterate Negro who owns a saloon. He pays "tribute" to the Sicilians but plans to displace them and set up his own neighborhood racket. This leads to blackmail, shootings, deaths.

The interest aroused by the play is not that of "story" but of forceful writing and a variety of characters who represent different aspects of black sentiment and their interrelation with several whites. In its melodramatic twists the story strains credibility, but a number of the scenes—the structure is episodic—are telling, and none is dull.

Gabe Gabriel, the actor-writer of the play (not the *playwright*) is an educated black who has never eaten chitlins; for all the pressure he must suffer, he is a balanced person. In one of his prologues he speaks as a sort of "chorus," with wild revivalist passion, of what it means to be black, glorifying the blacks' addiction to vivid hues, their rhythm, their power as lovers, etc. One is not sure whether to take this at its face value or ironically. Perhaps the dramatist himself is torn between affirming and negating the rabid assertions in the speech. I do not condemn its ambiguity, it is integral to the theme, but I feel that it is better expressed in the action of the play.

The central character embodies black distrust and hatred of whites. A series of variations on this motif involve at least three white personages—among them a college girl, who in callow confusion attempts to contribute to the libertarian cause. There is a black thief who keeps on stealing after he has given up any intention of retaining the booty; he does it for fun. A white helper in the saloon experiences ecstasy when he demonstrates that he can manage drums with the same percussive abandon as any black. There is a good-natured lug who aspires to a career in the ballet and is shocked by the laxity of morals in that profession. And these are not all the characters of whose personalities and, in the main, sorry fates we are given a glimpse.

At the preview I attended, the play needed considerable cutting, but it is nevertheless one of the better plays of its kind. However, the chief impression I came away with, as after so many others I have recently written about, is that blacks are wrong when they are "racists," though I do not see how they are to avoid it. Racism has been imposed on them. The poisons of the black consciousness are the bequest of the whites. Minorities of whatever race, color, religion, political persuasion or national origin are always affected by the stupidities and sins of the majority.

Virtually all the acting in *No Place To Be Somebody* is arrestingly vigorous. The voices, except when forced, are extraordinary, the bodies impressive. If one must pick and choose among the excellent cast, special mention should be made of Nathan George in the central role, of Ron O'Neal as the actor-writer, of Walter Kane as the lovable thief, of Ronnie Thompson as the bartending drummer, of Marge Eliot as a girl who can't tell time, and of Lynda Westcott as a Lesbian hooker. Ted Cornell has directed them well.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Loves of Isadora is a film for Vanessa watchers. Miss Redgrave is an exceedingly beautiful and desirable woman and she has been given here a part she can sport about in like a seal in a pool. She obviously loves the idea of being Isadora Duncan and the audience loves her for it. It is a bravura part, for Isadora is the center and meaning of almost every scene. The director, Karel Reisz, develops the picture in a series of flashbacks, with Miss Redgrave playing the

WORLD CONFERENCE ON VIETNAM

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¶ Two months ago the Lawyers Committee submitted a five-point program to the White House and the State Department. The program calls for the immediate termination of all offensive operations and the withdrawal of American troops, and the formation of a provisional government which would be truly representative of the principal political, social-economic, religious, and ethnic groups of South Vietnam. The Lawyers Committee also offered to the Administration the services of Professor Falk, who had met with Prime Minister Pham Van Dong in Hanoi last June and thereafter conferred with Xuan Thuy in Paris, and of Richard J. Barnet, a member of its Consultative Council who had recently conferred in Paris with members of the delegations of North Vietnam and of the NLF.

¶ "Vietnam and International Law", a treatise prepared by the Consultative Council of the Lawyers Committee, which establishes the illegality of the United States intervention in Vietnam, was recently cited and quoted in the Paris Conference.

¶ On March 31, the anniversary of President Johnson's "abdication", the Lawyers Committee held a press conference at which its spokesmen, Dr. Hans J. Morgenthau and Richard J. Barnet, charged that the Nixon Administration is continuing President Johnson's "disastrous, bankrupt policies;" that the Thieu-Ky regime is incapable of making peace because the political and perhaps physical lives of its leading members depend on the continuation of the war.

¶ The American people should not be lulled into inactivity by Washington—generated reports of "secret talks" and of Saigon's peace "negotiations". While Saigon talks of "peace" it jails thousands of peace advocates and the war continues and casualties mount. This is no time for silence. Americans must call for the liquidation of the Vietnamese calamity. The United States should show that it is wise enough and strong enough to admit a mistake and to correct it.

¶ To carry forward the work of the Lawyers Committee, we need the prompt and generous support of those who share our concern with peace and world order. Communicate your views **NOW** to President Nixon and Chairman J. W. Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

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SUPERMAN INFERIORITY

German people in general seem to be more intelligent than some others. And, in accordance with the delusion of superiority which is drilled into Germans from birth, they believe that intelligence — bare sterile undirected intelligence—is the prime virtue, and all other human virtues are secondary.

Psychologists tell us that beyond a certain point intelligence breeds hallucinations and fantasy. These are recognized as disabling.

But you are not told that on the nonpathological side of this line of demarcation is a great area where intelligence breeds delusions which are insidiously just as disabling. Delusions of superiority, which cause the holder to regard with contempt perfectly worthy people. With such contempt that the eradication of these worthy people arouses no qualms whatever.

The Germans are by nature a gentle people. Instead of fighting against the injustices heaped on them by their bullying Prussian masters, they permit themselves to be tranquilized with delusions of superiority.

It is natural for males who do not have the strength of men to comfort themselves with the delusion that they are supermen. That is their privilege.

But it is not their privilege to thereupon treat worthy people as inferiors.

D. Koretz 521 Park Detroit, MI 48226

raddled, coarsened dancer in the last months of her life, dictating her autobiography to an acidulous sycophant and remembering the years when she was the child goddess from San Francisco, opening the rhythm of life to the ravished Europeans. It is a theme related, of course, to what James was talking about in roughly the same period, and Miss Redgrave makes it sing hosannas.

Originally, the film was called *Isadora* and it is too bad it was spiced up for the box office, because Duncan's lovers march through their scenes as a rather disappointing lot. James Fox plays Gordon Craig as an egomaniac, which no doubt he was, but the quality emerges here in a thin, undergraduate form. Jason Robards is merely dim as Paris Singer, heir to the sewing machine fortune; and Ivan Tchenko, playing the Russian poet, Sergei Essenin, is simply incredible, with overtones of Harpo Marx. The seedy bunch that surrounds Isadora in her last days, with *Bye Bye Blackbird* playing in the background, is more effective in a nasty way. And although Miss Redgrave's exultant youth is what makes seeing the picture such a pleasure, I think her portrayal of those last days is her more impressive achievement. The agony in which she lives flashes out in spurts of mixed gaiety and appalling bitchiness that are persuasive and very sad. One never doubts the pain is real. It is all very well for butterflies to be the incarnation of youth; people live too long for that sort of thing and the effect can be horrible.

Miss Redgrave is rather better at expressing what Isadora came to stand for (she is hurt at one point in the film when a brash young man commends her for having become a legend in her own time, but of course it was true) than at showing what Isadora could do. As a dancer she is not entirely convincing. Partly that is because we never see her really working at it, partly because her choreography is meager and limited, partly because we are led to expect something miraculous and partly, of course, because Miss Redgrave is not a dancer but an actress who dances well. As such, she is remarkable, but the effect is still not astonishing.

Perhaps it was stronger in the original version of the film. The present showing is haunted by one's knowledge that an hour has been cut from it. In those lost sixty minutes the men may have gained a better presence, the jerkiness of the transitions from age to youth may have been less apparent and Greece may have appeared on the screen—it is now oddly absent from this portrait of the woman who at one time seemed to have discovered it. What is not lost is Miss Redgrave's delight in the chance to be Isadora.

Another performer who takes great pleasure in his role is Murray King, appearing as himself in the Novak-Hoffman-Gordon semi-pro, pseudo-documentary, *King, Murray*. King sells a great deal of life insurance in the baronial estate area of Long Island, and the film describes a weekend at Las Vegas which he finances for a select group of profitable clients.

King belongs to a well-known American type, the power slob. He coins money out of a loud mouth, exuberant vulgarity, spurious good humor and calculated generosity. His most impressive quality is energy, and that is probably quite genuine, though the film makes him into a superman by condensing scenes of roistering and athletic boasting that were shot over weeks into some seventy-two hours.

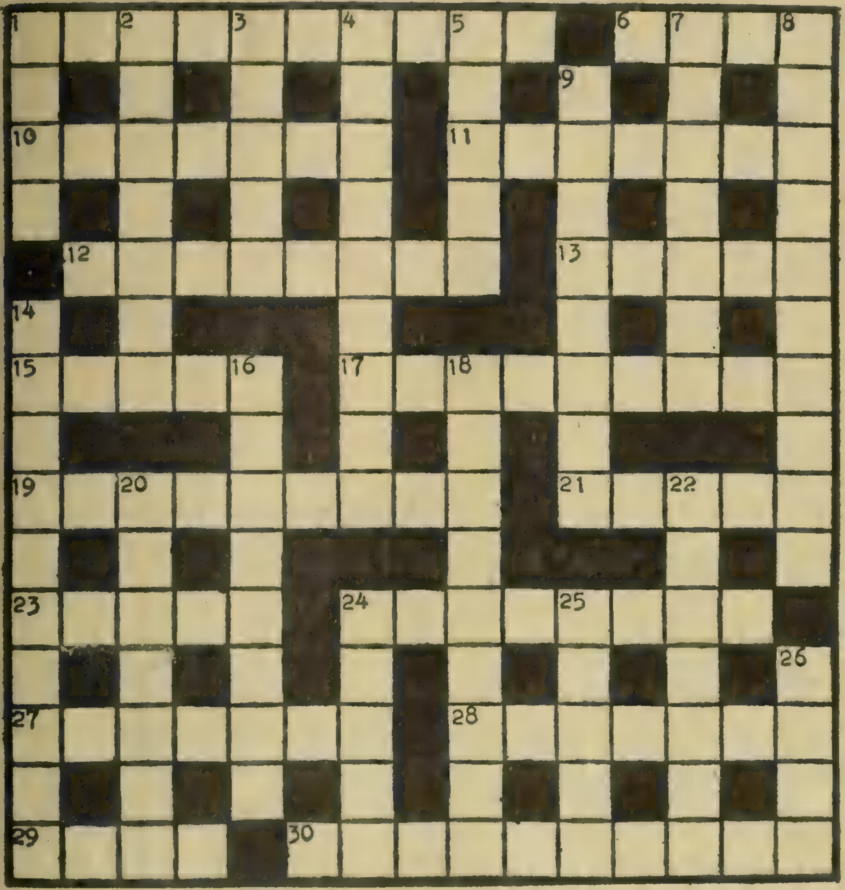
It is an unusual sort of picture in that it is rare to find a man who is as willing—and as able—as King to expose himself before a camera. The only comparable study I know is Shirley Clarke's *Jason*, the portrait of a Negro male prostitute. That was better work, I think, both because it was more skillfully shot and because Jason, for all his pathetic horror, had more depth and was capable of producing more surprises.

The dismaying thing about King is that he is exactly what you would guess him to be if you saw him across a nightclub floor, even to the bit about wishing he had been a teacher or an actor, only there was no dough in it. The only way in which King differs from his fellow hustlers—if indeed he differs in that—is in his exhibitionism. He is also a voyeur (the two perhaps go together?) saying he would rather watch a couple in bed than be in bed himself. And it is notable that, though his conversation, when it isn't about money, is filled with allusions to broads, King only talks. Mrs. King, back on Long Island with the kids, is presumably not jealous; she knows her Murray.

The scenes are crowded with people, but for the most part they are props and *King, Murray* is a monologue. For their own purposes Hoffman and Gordon, the directors, would have done well to build the other characters a little, thus answering the natural question, "What sort of people will voluntarily go around with Murray King?" The men, that is; the girls I thought I understood. They were perched on the furniture, quietly waiting. It reminded me of the old-time Westerns, when the condors squatted patiently in a circle while the desert killed their prey. Probably I do the girls an injustice, but Murray King is a spectacle to arouse morbid analogies.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1298

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Composition for the emotionally disturbed, as the lyric shows. (10)
6 and 11 Those who have strong digital feelings might get other than regular current output. (4,7)
10 Makes fun of the German being on time? (7)
11 See 6 across
12 A good leader does with confidence. (8)
13 See 24 down
15 In conclusion, you'll find me correct. (5)
17 and 25 down Fatal accident rate? (9,5)
19 Not exactly set for tea, but perhaps implies one is all set. (9)
21 Lucy did, where the ways weren't trodden. (5)
23 One way to secure bangs, perhaps. (5)
24 What are those awful objects? (8)
27 Might represent wealth, as a flower. (3,4)
28 Mire, in a way, and about a native. (7)
29 It might go around a bay window. (4)
30 Hangers-on, obviously. (10)

DOWN

1 Cover up the skin? (4)
2 and 14 down Singularly 26, and makes an outcry about getting improperly fed. (Politics is reputedly the cause!) (7,10)
3 Finish placed on some boxes with this? (3,2)
4 Writes on where to find the quality of writers? (9)
5 Such people as Mame and Vanya's wife? (5)
7 A border around a middle point, approximately. (7)
8 From Padua to Broadway by way of Stratford? (4,2,4)
9 The old boat comes in to set solidly that which is left, in the main. (8)
14 See 2 down
16 Try indeed to be decidedly unpopular! (8)
18 Come out. (9)
20 Relieves of overseas duty, as one remembers? (7)
22 Winds periodically thus? (7)
24 and 13 Certainly not a faithful timekeeper for some. (5,5)
25 See 17 across
26 The balance of probability. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1297

ACROSS: 1 Passacaglia; 9 Indolent; 11 Hayride; 12 Defects; 14 Proper; 15 and 22 Abstract of title; 17 Scrabble; 20 Foment; 24 Censors; 26 and 10 Dead to rights; 27 Provided; 28 Mass meeting. DOWN: 2 Apocrypha; 3 Spender; 4 Cato; 5 Gardens; 6 Ingle; 7 Unfair; 8 Static; 13 Pales; 16 Remission; 18 Coffer; 19 Bellows; 20 Feel out; 21 Nurses; 23 India; 25 Apse.

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LETTERS

Sierra

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Please accept our warm appreciation of the attention paid by *The Nation* to the Sierra Club in the article by Robert A. Jones ["Fratricide in the Sierra Club," May 5].

Inasmuch as exposure of issues has been one of our specialties, since we believe it to be effective in getting wiser results, it is good to have it applied to us in a difficult time for the club. Mr. Jones has succeeded most admirably.

David Hales, Sierra Club

internes for peace

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Your readers might appreciate some information about an interne program in the field of public opinion and international conflict, sponsored by the World Without War Council of the United States, for which applicants are now being sought.

An interne in this program is expected to commit at least one year full-time work to developing knowledge and experience in three fields: the nature of international conflict; techniques of influencing American public opinion and foreign policy; and professional means for dealing with these problems in the public arena.

Internships are being offered in New England, New York City, the Midwest, the Pacific Northwest and California. Anyone wishing application forms should write: Interne Program, World Without War Council of the United States, 218 East 18 Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Max Green, Interne Program
World Without War Council

'garbage in, garbage out'

New York City

DEAR SIRS: John McDermott ["Knowledge Is Power," *The Nation*, Apr. 14], while rightly criticizing student and other radicals for failing to do their homework, reveals that he has been neglecting his own. His thesis that class oppression in America derives less from the maldistribution of property than from the maldistribution of knowledge simply does not correspond with the facts.

"Technological progress," he says, "has demanded the extraordinary growth in institutional scale . . . since World War II." The managements of our giant institutions "have accepted the challenge and the opportunity to master an ever wider range of scientific and technical disciplines . . . to integrate the discrete information of the specialists into technical and organizational systems. . . . Knowledge is power."

But in fact, as economists and scientific-technical writers know quite well, gigantism in American life was not "demanded" by technology—or achieved through mastery of scientific disciplines. Its most conspicuous example, the conglomerate, is a creature of the tax laws, which supply both the motive (low taxes on capital gains) and the means (the "funny money" provisions which permit the conglomerates, in effect, to borrow funds for their acquisitions at government expense). The conglomerate wheeler-dealers have integrated nothing except a bunch of balance sheets; the only "specialists" they find useful are the tax lawyer and the accountant; the only "discipline" they have mastered is asset juggling. . . .

Far from enjoying a near monopoly of "knowledge," the present rulers of our mega-bureaucracies are often remarkably, sometimes appallingly, ignorant, not out of stupidity

(Continued on page 668)

EDITORIALS

The American Disease

Justice Fortas had to resign, because he had been guilty of an impropriety which made his continued presence on the Supreme Court embarrassing to him, to his fellow Justices and to the country. But his withdrawal will not cure, will not even alleviate, what has become a national failure of social conscience. The Fortas case is only one of a succession of scandals and when Fortas returns to his law practice that succession will continue, because the causes will remain deep in the American ethos.

Why did Mr. Fortas take $15,000 for three lectures, a legal but indiscreet action for one in his position? Why did he accept $20,000 from the Wolfson Foundation and not return it until it was, in a sense, hot money? Was it because of irrational greed stemming from early poverty? Certainly nothing in his present circumstances could explain his behavior. But if one goes beyond his present income, past income, his wife's income, etc., some light is thrown on plausible causes of his behavior. For most of his life Mr. Fortas has been part of a vast maze of relationships in which some decent things are done (the Fortas law firm defended Owen Lattimore without fee), but in which powerful individuals take advantage of the main chance, right up to the edge of ethical impropriety.

We may get some enlightenment on the shabby respectability of affluence from an article by Reece McGee in the February 14, 1966 *Nation*, "Welfare in Affluence: The Mirage of Rationalism." Our people have celebrated overmuch the successes of Western culture, McGee suggested, and overlooked its failures and disintegrative consequences. "The dilemma," he wrote, "is simply this: individualism, self-interest, and judgment of the worth of men according to their accumulation of wealth act as motive forces for a society only so long as most of its members cannot attain that wealth. Once an affluent economy has been created . . . such criteria no longer provide goals and satisfactions and, in addition, create discontents which cannot be materially alleviated because they are products of materialism in the first place."

That condition prevails in the United States more than in any other country, and it goes far to explain the ubiquity and intensity of middle-class discontent. But what of the minority at the top of the social heap? They have made it, and yet they keep on behaving as they did to get where they wanted to be. Justice Fortas became an important man, a confidant of Presidents, and finally almost Chief Justice of the United States, by manipulations and circumventions much like those for which he is now castigated. He lived in an atmosphere of such stratagems; for many years, we may assume, he had little or no contact with people other than those who pursued similar aims, by similar means. There was no pressing reason for him to change, so he did not change. He is shrewd, but shrewd in a most artificial ambience, and it is probable that he could not foresee the disastrous consequences of his habits when his appointment to the Court exposed him to the observation of a wide and jealous public.

McGee makes another point which can be applied here. Man, he says, is a symbolic animal—the only one. Man does not experience reality directly but as mediated and interpreted by *symbols*. When we make *things* and their *possession* the measure of success, we become enthralled with things, and in our captivity continue to grasp for more things, more power.

This will ruin a man; it can destroy a nation. The almost universal acceptance of this philosophy—or absence of philosophy—is one reason why so many young people find it difficult to trust their society. They see so little in it that has the appearance, much less the substance, of disinterest. They hear talk of ideals, but see scarcely any practice. "Never trust anyone over 30" is not a cry of defiance; it is a cry of pain.

Mr. Fortas was indiscreet (more accurately, Mr. Fortas was made insensitive by the mores of his manipulative tribe) and he will be punished. If the country takes any satisfaction from that, the country is lost to folly. We have become a nation of salesmen, brokers and expediters; we lack one single Jeremiah to save our souls.

Monetary Seesaw

On May 9, the West German Government, withstanding strong pressures from the United States, Great Britain, France and its own domestic forces, announced its refusal to increase the value of the mark. Far from being simply a technical financial decision, the refusal was tantamount to a public announcement that Germany, which had arisen from its ashes with U.S. aid, was now perfectly willing to "go it alone."

The backdrop to events of the past month is the recurrent instability, stemming from the shift of financial power away from the United States, which has plagued the West for several years. (See "Arena of Gold: Europe Defies the Dollar," *The Nation*, September 23, 1968, and "Money Jungle," *The Nation*, December 2, 1968.) Immediately after de Gaulle's resignation on April 28, on the expectation that his successor would devalue the franc because of France's previous monetary problems, and that the pound would be forced to follow suit, hundreds of millions of francs and pounds flowed into Germany, seeking a safe haven in the mark. Then, when it became clear that France was not about to devalue, billions of dollars poured into Germany, on the assumption that if the franc did not go down, then the mark must go up. Since neither has happened, the international money market is still left in a situation of fundamental disequilibrium and potential chaos.

There are a number of reasons why the West German Government could and did withstand the revaluation pressure. For one thing, in this kind of international poker, the big winner has ample resources to meet the speculators. Germany could continue to supply marks in exchange for speculators' dollars, francs and pounds, as fast as it could print them. But for the losers, France and Britain, the run on their foreign exchange reserves

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NATION
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could bleed them to death. In addition, as more and more money poured in, the immediate cost of revaluation to Germany became greater and greater; a 10 per cent revaluation, for example, would have cost it close to $1 billion because of the corollary markdown of its foreign exchange holdings. Probably most important, Germany's refusal to revalue maintains the favorable monetary *status quo* in its competition with the United States for world markets; that is crucial for a country which exports 20 per cent of its total output.

At another level, the successful German defiance of the United States reveals the shift of power in this area. Hamstrung by its own balance of payments and gold crises, as well as by the Vietnam debacle and growing internal dissension, the United States is rapidly becoming a monetary paper tiger. Thus, despite the fact that upon being told of the German decision an "astonished" high Administration official exclaimed, "Oh no, that's bad news," the U.S. Treasury Department's formal comment could only state that the decision "speaks for itself" (*Wall Street Journal*, May 12).

The West German Government's claim that its refusal "is final and is valid for eternity" may yet prove another example of German hyperbole. For the time being, however, the increased downward pressure on the franc, the pound, and ultimately the dollar, as well as the renewed demonstration of disunity in the money jungle, can only aggravate international monetary instability.

The Foxes of Bonn

The leading German fox of the moment, Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, is acting in accordance with his nature—and even more so than usual. Suspicion of Germany, which has never died away in Europe, nor among progressives in the United States, is not likely to be allayed by this fox-Chancellor's latest maneuvers in the underbrush of German politics.

In one respect his actions are not foxlike. Instead of slinking, he has this time come out into the open with a "nationalist, conservative policy" designed to win the September 28 election. He expects thus to wean voters away from the National Democratic Party, headed by Adolf von Thadden, a former Nazi like himself. He is not worried about his coalition partners, the Social Democrats; they have served their purpose. The problem now is to pre-empt the position of the Right, which has been garnering votes in provincial elections.

To this end, Herr Kiesinger has declared himself on a variety of domestic and international issues. The German mark is not to be revalued upward—let the French worry about the franc, the British about the pound, the Americans about the dollar. The statute of limitations may be changed to bar further prosecutions of "minor" Nazi war criminals—those who murdered, or abetted murder, on orders, as virtually all of them did. The promised signing of the international treaty to bar the spread of nuclear weapons is tabled for the present—Kiesinger is as indifferent to American reaction as to the feelings of his Social Democratic allies. Finally, the Chancellor has abandoned all thought of a less unfriendly relationship with East Germany. David Binder reports from Bonn, in the May 12 *New York Times*, that Kiesinger said "it would be a sin against German history" to recognize the Communist government in East Berlin.

In all these moves Herr Kiesinger is naturally supported by Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who heads the Bavarian Christian Social Union, the conservative branch of Kiesinger's Christian Democratic Union. Strauss declares that "nobody will overtake us on the Right." From a "moderately liberal" stance during the winter, Kiesinger has come around to the same way of thinking. He makes it plain that the more he is attacked for his shift to the right, the better he will like it. Not only does he count on the support of conservative voters; he is also keeping a vulpine eye on Strauss, who has aspirations for the chancellorship. Kiesinger, too, does not intend to be overtaken on the Right.

There is nothing new about any of this. Nowadays, Centrist, or right-of-Center, parties are seldom concerned about the Left. The "extreme" Right is always their primary worry. And it is always called "extreme," in order to make the Right as a whole look moderate. It is like a general guarding only one flank, confident that an attack on the other will be so feeble he can ignore it. The result of this time-honored tactic is to shift the whole political structure toward the right—which does not cause a consummate opportunist like Kiesinger the least vexation.

These developments should dispel any illusions that a new and better Germany is rising from the ashes of Hitlerism. Though Kiesinger is no Hitler—he lacks the appeal, the fanaticism and the demagogic genius—his strategy should interest the U.S. State Department and the Nixon Administration, lest they too be outfoxed. However, probably only a turn to the left could alarm those guardians of American society.

Now or Never

If Congress misses out on the present opportunity to curb the militarization of the country, it may never have another chance (see articles p. 656). The fact is that the United States is acting as the world's policeman, and its military forces are armed and manned accordingly. Rep. Abner J. Mikva (D., Ill.) recently pointed out that we have the largest standing armed force in the world, and the highest percentage of military-age manpower in active service of any major power; and the end is not yet.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr., made some timely observations on this topic in the May 4 *New York Times*. One was that senior members of Congress had been "shocked" to learn that the armed services were designed to meet three "contingencies" simultaneously—a war with the Soviet Union in Europe, an emergency in Latin America and a Chinese invasion in Asia. This was before Vietnam; whether that disaster would be included under a "Chinese invasion" is unclear. We do know that the Pentagon's plans to fight three major wars simultaneously were on the public record, so why did it take so long for the Congressmen to be shocked?

Now at last hitherto acquiescent or somnolent members of the Congress are joining the few who resisted the trend in the past. They are today seeking out sources of information that might help them in cutting the military down to the size actually needed for national security. Charles L. Schultze, former director of the budget, points out that doubts concerning the need for particular weapons systems, even those as important as the ABM, do not go to the heart of the matter. First comes foreign policy, including commitments to countries regarded as allies. These policy decisions are transmitted to the military, who decide what forces we require to meet the commitments and the other elements of what they regard as national security. (Like other technicians, it may be assumed that they add a generous margin of safety.) Only after these steps have been taken are decisions on weapons systems made.

Because aerospace and nuclear systems of destruction are expensive and spectacular, they are likely to get maximum attention; this can mislead those who wish to regain a reasonable measure of control over the military. "The strategic forces, nuclear forces, ABM and the like are important," a highly placed official says, "but they are the tail, not the dog. The dog is the $60 billion we spend on general-purpose forces."

How Not To Do It

Engineers and managers are taught, when a job can be done either in a complex way or a simple way, to do it simply. When there is a choice between a hazardous procedure and a safe one, only a fool or a saboteur chooses the dangerous way.

These axioms, accepted by everyone who is not lamentably retarded, leave one puzzled by the Department of Defense plan to dispose of 27,000 tons of surplus nerve gas, mustard gas, bombs and rockets. The Army, which is primarily concerned, purposes to ship this material, most of which is located at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal at Denver, by freight to an ammunition depot at Earle, N. J., then to load it into four old Liberty ships which are to be towed beyond the continental shelf and sunk in 7,200 feet of water.

It takes something like one ten-millionth of an ounce of nerve gas to kill a human being. The stuff is to be shipped in 1-ton containers. Each container, then, assuming efficient distribution, holds enough poison to wipe out the entire human race several times over. Certainly, if even one container ruptured in or near a population center, the danger would be grotesque.

If all these freight trains were to arrive safely in New Jersey and the material was finally sunk in the Atlantic, who can say what the result would be? If the containers began to leak, sea life might be affected. But the greatest menace is during shipment. There were some 5,000 train derailments in 1967. In the first four months of 1969, no less than five freight trains laden with toxic or flamable materials have plunged off the tracks, forcing evacuation of towns and in some cases causing deaths.

The Army might have a case for this eerie funeral cortege if there were no safer way of disposing of its deadly tonnage, but according to Jerome P. Curry of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, there is an alternative. Curry interviewed Peter P. Gaspar, associate professor of chemistry at Washington University, who pointed out that mustard and nerve gas can be converted into harmless compounds. "Use some of those defense billions and convert it into safe compounds," he suggested.

This might entail shipping the stuff to the plants that manufactured it in the first place, or perhaps it could be done by suitable installations at the arsenal. The only argument for the Army's method of disposal is that it is relatively inexpensive. That will not stand up; the decisive consideration is minimum risk.

Hiring for God

The Rev. Billy Graham recently told an assembly of 1,000 New York City police that policemen are "God's agents for punishment." Now aside from the fact that the police are nobody's agents for punishment (as a conspicuously loyal American, Graham should know that under our system the courts do the punishing), this statement contains that whiff of blasphemy which constitutes the allure of evangelistic rant. It may have encouraged some of the more militant listeners in their sin of pride, but most New York cops are good Catholics; they are accustomed to taking their spiritual guidance from their parish priests, who are not given to lathering communicants with absurd flattery. Graham's idiocy can only have embarrassed such members of the force.

But Billy Graham also preaches in the White House, and Mr. Nixon does not have the ancient wisdom of the Catholic Church to help him keep his feet on the ground. If Graham is trying to make God's deputies out of a bunch of God-fearing policemen, what anointment may we suppose he is bestowing on the Chief Executive? This country has for much too long been confusing its mundane ambitions with the will of the Almighty, and Mr. Nixon's capacity to resist the voice of the Tempter is not known. Washington's churches are many and varied; the country might be easier in its mind if the President made a practice of attending public services.

Three Days on Mifflin Street

Madison, Wis.

What happened in Madison on May 3, 4 and 5 was different from anything that has occurred thus far under the heading of "student protests." It was more like any number of ghetto upheavals of recent years. Police invaded the students' "turf" and the inhabitants fought back. Madison has long been a mecca for radical students, many of whom wind up on Mifflin Street, which has become a true ghetto. Here students have tried to adapt to their environment. For example, they have established a cooperative grocery store that is the focal point of community activity as well as a means of combating merchants who exploit them. The students have also elected their own city councilman, Paul Soglin, a radical 24-year-old graduate student.

Residents of Mifflin Street decided to hold a block party on May 3, a Saturday night. There was no secret about it; it was well advertised in the student newspaper and had as its motto, "Why don't we do it in the road?" the title of a Beatles song. The salacious overtones of the motto were enough to scare city officials, including a brand new Mayor. So the police moved in, chased people from the streets and made the band pack up. Suddenly, the sidewalks were jammed and a record player in someone's house was turned on full blast; the police began to load the paddy wagons. Paul Soglin appeared on the scene and was also taken into custody. A young black councilman, Eugene Parks, arrived and tried in vain to quiet the action. When the police began to use gas, tossing canisters into houses, the residents began to fight back with stones. The police redoubled their efforts, spraying indiscriminately with both pepper and tear gas, and the battle went on into the night.

The campus ideologues, in general, disapproved of the Saturday night disturbance. The SDSers, Trotskyites, Young Socialists and others were baffled. Where was the political content? What were the issues? Mifflin Street failed to fit the pattern of activism at Wisconsin over the last two years. Campus protests had been addressed to specific issues. Now the residents of Mifflin Street were goading the intellectuals and activists to join them in protecting the "student ghetto" against the police. They responded, and on Sunday night an even larger crowd assembled and Saturday's script was repeated. Councilman Soglin was arrested, then Councilman Parks. The gassing began at dark, and as students ran from houses they were pursued along Langdon Street, where some of the fraternity houses are located. Police began to gas the dorms, and more students were forced out to join the spreading crowd. On Monday, the new Mayor addressed a meeting of nearly 1,000 at the Mifflin Street co-op, but about all he had to say was to tell them to go home, and they *were* home. Once again the fighting resumed, and gas was used.

Whatever the outcome of the disturbances in Madison, the bitterness will not soon disappear. Students have much the same feeling for the "student ghetto" that blacks have for theirs. They will, as these events prove, defend themselves and their "community." The three days and nights of trouble on Mifflin Street were a demonstration in microcosm of how easily police violence can convert demonstrations and "happenings" into riots. Next time round, the larger community of Madison cannot say that it had no warning.

HARMON HENKIN

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE 'MOVEMENT' FINALLY ARRIVES

DAVID NOLAN

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Although South Carolina has the nation's highest illiteracy rate, lowest per capita income and its own George Wallace in Sen. Strom Thurmond, it managed to escape much of the fire and direct pressure of the civil rights movement in the early 1960s. But now, long after that movement has subsided, it seems to be coming back to perplex South Carolina. Wire stories from the South in recent months and weeks have carried unfamiliar datelines: Beaufort, Charleston, Denmark.

Activities in these areas have touched highly sensitive nerves and struck at some of the major pillars on which the state has rested its policies. Since the collapse of the cotton and rice crops early in the century, the state has been forced to look elsewhere for money. One source has been the military. South Carolina Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, represents a district bounded on one side by the naval base and air station in Charleston, and on the other by Parris Island and the Marine air station near Beaufort.

Another source has been increasing industrialization. South Carolina, like other Southern states, has been engaged in a frantic scramble over the past twenty years to convince Northern industries to move down, offering generous tax incentives and the promise of a cheap, unorganized labor force. Then, too, a burgeoning tourist industry solicits Northerners who would like to see a last bit of the "Old South." In one of the poorest regions of the nation fantastic resort centers—like Hilton Head and Fripp Island—cater to the jet set. The ante-bellum plantations are now owned by members of some of the wealthiest American families: DuPont, Field, Hutton, Milbank.

Oiling the machinery that keeps this money flowing in has imposed several obligations on the state. To attract business and tourists it must carry on a public relations campaign projecting a favorable image. To keep the industry that arrives it must hold the unions out, and at the same time provide an ample force of skilled labor. It must keep its white people docile: in many cases despite hungry bellies and slim pay checks. This last has been done in the classic manner. Bob Dylan describes the process well:

> *A South politician preaches to the poor, white man,*
> *You got more than the blacks, don't complain,*
> *You're better than them, you been born with white skin,*
> *they explain. . . .*

Now the underpinnings of this policy have been attacked with such force that some people fear they may collapse. A newspaper columnist mused: "Now that Charleston is having a first-hand taste of naked bayonets and the barbarism of fire bombs, it is easy for all of us to understand how a civilized population can turn as a last resort to fascism."

The story begins in Beaufort County at the southern tip of the state. Dr. Donald Gatch, a young white physician, set up practice there in the rural town of Bluffton about ten years ago. He was outraged by the extent of malnutrition he found among his patients, at the presence of several deficiency diseases that were supposed to have been completely eradicated in this country forty years ago. He began to publicize his findings in medical journals, and in 1967 testified before a panel of liberals investigating the problem of hunger in America. This earned him ostracism from the local medical profession, and the Beaufort *Gazette* accused him of "running his mouth." But he also advanced from the scholarly journals to the mass media. By January of this year Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina was sufficiently impressed by the uproar to tour Beaufort County with Gatch and others. In February Hollings won headlines with his testimony before the McGovern committee that "There is hunger in South Carolina. There is substantial hunger. I have seen it with my own eyes." Hollings' "discovery" resulted in the decision to make Beaufort and neighboring Jasper County the site of the federal pilot program to distribute free food stamps, the Nixon Administration's opening volley in the "war" against hunger.

The much touted pilot program did not stand up under any kind of scrutiny. To qualify for free stamps, a family of four must have a total income of less than $30 a month—less than $360 a year! Welfare and food stamp recipients picketed the courthouse in Beaufort the day the program went into effect, and urged people to reject the "free" stamps until they were made free for all the poor. Later a busload of protesters went to Washington to complain directly to legislators and Agriculture Department officials responsible for the program.

As the spotlight gradually faded from Beaufort it came up on Charleston. A dispute began there more than a year ago when a group of black nurses' aides and practical nurses were fired from their jobs at the Medical College of South Carolina. They were later reinstated, but people in the black community began to think of ways to protect the jobs of other hospital workers. Regular meetings were initiated, and in the fall of 1968 Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Employees Union was called in from New York. Charleston hospital workers formed Local 1199B.

In March, twelve workers, including the union president, were fired by the Medical College, and the strike began. Two weeks later workers at Charleston County Hospital also walked off their jobs. Scabs were brought in, with Medical College replacing 200 of the 275 strikers, and the County Hospital replacing fifty-four out of eighty. The union was demanding recognition, return of their jobs to the strikers, and a pay raise to at least the federal minimum wage of $1.60 an hour.

The strikers ran into a brick wall. Dr. William McCord, president of the Medical College, refused to talk with them, and state officials held to their legal interpretation that public employees have no right to organize and strike. So in late April the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) was called in. Ralph Abernathy, Andrew Young and other SCLC leaders came to Charleston to direct mass demonstrations and focus national attention on the situation. Abernathy vowed to stay until the strike was settled and announced his willingness to go to jail. Andrew Young called on high school students to join the movement and boycott school if necessary. The next Monday the class absentee rate shot up to 30 per cent. Several hundred people went to jail, about half of them students. When Abernathy was arrested, Mrs. Coretta King came to Charleston to take his place as the major speaker at rallies.

Charleston promises to be the successor to Albany, Birmingham, Selma and Memphis on the roll of major SCLC campaigns. And the present drive looks very much like those earlier ones, with mass marches, willing arrests, "jail, not bail," and crowds swaying, arm in arm, and singing *We Shall Overcome*.

The pressure is getting heavy, and some of those close to the dispute say that the hospitals might be prepared to accept everything except recognition. It is an old South Carolina tactic: give in to immediate demands when there is no alternative, but don't allow for continuing structures that can keep pushing. Ashley Cooper, writing in the Charleston *News and Courier*, said what is probably on the minds of many officials: "What guarantee is there, if the hospital strike were settled tomorrow, that the Reverend Abernathy and Mrs. King wouldn't be back in town again in two weeks, demonstrating for higher pay for garbage collectors, colored teachers or port workers? Or for kindergartens or for the reverse income tax for poor people." They very well might—the hospital workers are not the only abused group in South Carolina.

Even as the Charleston demonstrations continued, the headlines were seized by a brief but spectacular incident halfway across the state in the town of Denmark. Hard on the heels of Cornell, a group of black students at Voorhees College armed themselves and took over the library and administration building at lunch time on Monday, April 28.

The guns were not a symbolic gesture. Denmark is only 20 miles from Orangeburg where, a year ago, state troopers killed three students and wounded thirty-seven others on the campus of South Carolina State College after an attempt to integrate a local bowling alley. The Voorhees students explained the guns by saying: "We aren't going to allow another Orangeburg."

Voorhees is a black school, connected with the white Episcopal Church, with strong white representation on the board of trustees. It was founded in 1897 but has operated as a four-year college only since 1967. Before that it was a high school and junior college, with strong emphasis on vocational or industrial education. Like many other black schools, it was set up not so much to make black people full citizens but to give them enough skills beyond farm work so that they could fit into the more demanding jobs called for by increasing industrialism. Early supporters of these schools, men like Rockefeller and Carnegie, were often quite open in admitting that they sought to create a skilled black work force that could be played off against white workers, thus keeping wages down and unions out.

Today's black students are unwilling to play this game. By the time Voorhees President John Potts met with them at six o'clock Monday night, the campus insurgents had commandeered several thousand dollars worth of food from the school cafeteria, and were prepared for a siege. They drew up a list of demands which called for a black studies program, black department chairmen, abolition of compulsory class attendance, a pay raise for nonacademic employees from $1.30 to the federal minimum of $1.60, a permanent physician and nursing staff, a community education program, and amnesty for the students involved in the take-over. Potts said some of the demands were reasonable, some unreasonable—a black studies program being, in his view, one of the most unreasonable. Monday night the students expanded their territory by taking over the science building.

Potts closed the school officially at noon on Tuesday, and five buses were chartered to remove the students not involved in the take-over. At three o'clock Gov. Robert McNair declared that a state of emergency existed at the school and by 4:30 National Guardsmen and agents of the State Law Enforcement Division (SLED) had sealed off the campus. Earlier, Potts, fearing violence, had come to what he termed "total agreement" with the students, giving in on most of their demands and promising amnesty. The students agreed to leave the buildings, and when they did were promptly arrested by the SLED agents. The school pressed no charges, but the state charged six women and nineteen men with unlawful assembly and riot. The bail, in most cases, was $1,500 apiece for the women and $2,500 for the men. They remained in the state penitentiary until bail was posted on Friday. Trial is not expected until September.

Voorhees reopened on May 12, but repercussions both positive and negative are still being felt from the student take-over. State Sen. Paul Moore of Spartanburg has already introduced legislation "to prevent a recurrence of the Voorhees incident." It provides a ten-to-twenty-five-year penalty for carrying guns in private or public schools or any public building.

It is by no means likely that the events in Beaufort, Charleston and Denmark will bring the state to a grinding halt, but there is no doubt that the revelations about poverty and hunger have given it a black eye. These conditions have been known by state officials for some time, but, according to Sen. (and former Governor) Ernest Hollings, "industrial development plus state pride resulted in the public policy of covering up the problem of hunger. We didn't want the vice president of the plant in New York to know the burdens. We told him only of the opportunities. You don't catch industry with worms—maybe fish, but not industry."

Similarly, the serene image the state would like to present has been jarred by the hospital strike and student rebellion. Officials would hardly like to have the Palmetto State remembered for its conflicts. But, if there is as yet no certainty about the outcome of all this, one thing is sure: the winds are rising.

THE USURY OF WAR

1. Phoenix of Obsolescence

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Washington

What makes any rational attack on the defense budget so difficult is the extraordinary tenacity of military projects. Old Pentagon "systems" do not die under fire; they merely hibernate, usually in the form of research and development, until a more auspicious day arrives. The symbol of the military-industrial complex is not the octopus—its totem is the phoenix—and what follows here is an attempt to describe its behavior in its Potomac habitat.

Much of the opposition to the Anti-Ballistic Missile System (ABM) is based on the evidence that it probably won't work, is unnecessary, will intensify the arms race, and will divert resources from areas of higher national priority. Unless disproved, these are good reasons for not spending $6 billion or $7 billion of public money. But rather than respond to the serious arguments, the Pentagon has attempted to cut off debate by revealing one of its "secrets" of the Red Menace—the assertion that Russia's SS-9 missile is intended to be part of a first-strike, offensive threat against the United States. Yet, according to Sen. Stuart Symington, the Senate Armed Services Committee was advised last year that the SS-9 had been built for a second-strike, defensive purpose. The distinction is essential. Unless it can show that the Soviet Union is poised for a first-strike sneak attack, the Pentagon will continue to have a hard time convincing Congress that national security requires an investment in the ABM.

Senator Symington's revelation is one of a number of indications that the time is past when military requests were sacrosanct, at least in some quarters within the legislative branch. A more recent sign is the statement by Sen. Harry Byrd that the facts surrounding the large cost overrun on the C-5A cargo plane have caused him to "view with skepticism the entire military budget" (*Washington Post*, May 2).

One of the clearest expressions thus far of Congressional unhappiness with the level of military spending has been the 1969 Report of the Joint Economic Committee. The report criticizes the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Economic Report of the President for inadequately analyzing the impact of defense spending, and the Bureau of the Budget for inadequately reviewing Defense Department budget expenses.

In hearings conducted in January and February, the committee heard both Charles J. Zwick and Robert P. Mayo, the outgoing and incoming Budget directors, concede that the bureau does not give as close attention to defense spending as it does to civilian programs. The committee in its report asks whether the defense budget proposed by the Pentagon is seriously questioned elsewhere in the Executive branch. In addition, the committee cites "evidence of widespread waste, mismanagement, and inefficiency in defense spending brought to light in recent months," and comes to this important conclusion: "It now seems clear that the present level of national security can be maintained on a substantially smaller defense budget."

That is the major point of controversy over military spending. Unless the defense budget is cut substantially, the anti-ABM efforts and other attempts to scrutinize military programs might eventually be regarded as futile. But Congress is at last beginning to question the continued support of a number of major weapons systems, some of which act like aged baseball superstars; they run poorly, can't hit, and are expensive to maintain.

There is some hope that fundamental foreign and military policy assumptions will also be challenged. Perhaps the most basic of these is that the United States must always be armed to fight two major wars and one minor war, simultaneously. Obviously this premise alone has had enormous budgetary implications. If issues of this magnitude are not confronted, and military spending reduced far below the $80 billion (not including defense-related programs and spending for past wars) spent last year, the outcome of fights over more specific issues could be disastrous to the goal of a rational defense program and a manageable military establishment.

For example, the $890 million request for the ABM Safeguard was announced as a reduction from the earlier Sentinel request of $1.8 billion for fiscal year 1970. However, the overall cost of the new Safeguard plan is now estimated at from $6 billion to $7 billion, a sizable increase from the $5 billion price placed on Sentinel. This is called "stretching out" a program. You pay less in a given year, but more in the long run. Indeed, since Safeguard was announced, it has been disclosed that the $6 billion to $7 billion does not include $2 billion for additional research and development, nor $1.2 billion for the nuclear warheads.

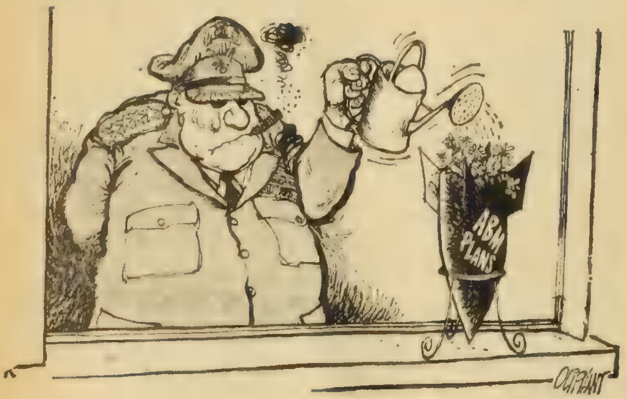
Even assuming ABM is curtailed this year, an event that seemed impossible only a few months ago, the total defense budget could end up at about the same level as last year or higher, despite the recent "cuts" announced for fiscal 1970. This could occur by a modification in any one or a combination of other major old and new weapons programs, several of which are actually or potentially more costly than ABM, by requesting additional funds for Vietnam, or by requesting new funds for a new crisis—a Berlin airlift or Cuban missile type of situation. Supplemental appropriations have become routine addenda to the annual budget, including the defense portion. In theory they are caused by unforeseen contingencies; they are also caused by miscalculations of spending requirements. The Pentagon is no doubt already hard at work on a supplemental request for fiscal 1970, to be submitted next fall or early next year. In other words, the budget requests of the Executive branch at the beginning of the year do not tell the full story.

Nor will whatever action is taken on the ABM this year tell the full story, about the ABM or the larger issues inherent in the defense budget. Although it has great implications for the international arms race, the ABM is only one Army weapons system program. The Army, the Navy and the Air Force have other weapons programs, in various stages of design and promotion, that will present problems similar in scope to the ABM. This raises the question alluded to at the start: Do old weapons concepts ever die? Take the case of manned strategic bombers. Ever since the rise of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) after World War II, the bomber has been threatened with extinction. The B-52, built after the Korean War, went into service in 1956. According to the logic of military weaponry, it should have been superseded by a "new generation" of bombers within a few years. The supersonic B-70 was duly chosen as its replacement. Later versions were called the RB-70 and the RS-70. By the end of the Eisenhower administration more than $790 million had been spent on the B-70 program, although additional funds for it had been drastically reduced by the President in 1959.

One of President Kennedy's early acts was to cut requests for B-70 funds in half. They were, however, restored by Congress. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara refused to spend the full amounts appropriated and opposed production and deployment of the new bomber. The basic objection was that it simply made more sense to develop strategic offensive capability through the ICBM than through a manned bomber. But despite McNamara's objections and the eventual defeat of the B-70 and its offspring, the manned supersonic bomber concept has not gone the way of the catapult and trireme. First, instead of being completely eliminated from the budget on the ground that it was a bad idea, the B-70 was continued on a research and development basis. By the time the problem was confronted and the entire B-70 program canceled, one of the prototypes constructed had crashed, and $1.5 billion had been wasted.

Second, the Air Force and its constituency, frustrated by the failure to get a large supersonic plane into full production, began in the early 1960s to promote a commercial version, the supersonic transport (SST). This was a reversal of the usual process, the general experience having been for the government to build large planes for military purposes and for private industry to spin off commercial versions. The classic case was when Boeing built the KC-135 for the Air Force, then used the same basic designs to build the 707 commercial airliner. When the bomber lobby got behind the SST, it was saying, in effect, let the government subsidize this new plane as it has subsidized new planes in the past. Except, this time we will go directly for a subsidized commercial version and spin off the military plane.

For a time in the mid-1960s, Washington must have seemed like heaven for the bomber lobby. Both planes, the B-70 and the SST, were being heavily financed. Then came the termination of the B-70, and a little later President Johnson extended the target date for the SST. However, a final decision was deferred and the program began stretching out. So far, the government has spent almost $500 million on the SST, will probably spend more than a billion on research, development and testing alone. The new budget contains $92.7 million for continued R&D on the program. Efforts are being made to obtain additional funds to build a prototype.



Denver Post

Third, in the middle of the B-70-SST controversy pressure developed to convert the experimental TFX into a reconnaissance and tactical bomber. The FB-111 resulted, at great cost though without great success. In addition, whereas the public may have thought that the B-70 decision had put an end to the ICBM strategic bomber argument, in fact a new design for a supersonic strategic bomber was being worked on. For several years, the Air Force called it the Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft (AMSA); it has recently been dubbed the B-1A. In 1967, Air Force Secretary Harold Brown admitted to the Senate Committee on Defense Appropriations that the new bomber "is very much like the FB-111." In fact, AMSA is a giant TFX, including the variable (swing) wing. Thus, out of the rubble of the B-70 and the TFX, so to speak, comes AMSA.

Sen. William Proxmire has reported estimates for the new bombers as high as $80 million each. We have at present a force of 646 intercontinental strategic bombers. If we decided to replace only half of them with AMSAs the cost would be $25.8 billion (assuming $80 million each).

Senator Proxmire has stated that the new bomber is unneeded, will be obsolete before it is finished, is a waste of resources, and could heat up the arms race. He also suggests that one of the purposes of AMSA is to provide "backdoor" funds for the SST. In any event, the recently announced cutback of FB-111 purchases, and the new AMSA budget request of $100.2 million, up sharply from last year, to accelerate development, indicates that the bomber lobby is massing for a final breakthrough on a supersonic strategic bomber this year.

The current push for a supersonic strategic bomber can be traced to 1964. By that year, there was no longer hope for deployment of the B-70 or RS-70, although funds to construct three prototype models were requested and spent ($156 million in fiscal 1964). There was a strong belief in government circles that the B-52 would adequately serve our manned strategic bomber needs until it could be phased out in favor of ICBMs. In the face of that belief, the question was whether the government should pour good money into a new bomber design after the $1.5 billion that was being wasted on the B-70.

McNamara supported a $5 million budget request that year "for initial study and development of a manned bomber," but he strongly opposed an additional $50 million that was being urged by the Air Force Chief of Staff, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, of the Army, was also against it. Responding to a question concerning the phase out of strategic bombers altogether, he told the House subcommittee on Department of Defense Appropriations the same year, "I think the present trend is about right." Not even the Secretary of the Air Force, Eugene Zuckert, supported the request for the additional $50 million. Nevertheless, General Taylor said to the subcommittee: "The emotionally charged decision is one which is going to be faced by the Department of Defense very shortly—that is, whether or not to accept the recommendations of the Air Force with regard to a follow-on bomber."

General LeMay no doubt was shaken, though by no means defeated, by the B-70 fiasco and the widespread resistance to a new bomber. Ever since World War II there had always been new bombers and plans for even newer bombers. Testifying in the 1964 House Appropriations hearings he said: "This is something new for us. We have always replaced our airplanes before we wore them out in the past. As a matter of fact, the B-29s, B-50s, B-36s were all phased out of the inventory at around the 2,000 to 3,000 hour mark."

It must have been difficult for him to understand the opposition to manned bombers by three Presidents, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. McNamara remained adamantly opposed to the end of his term. As recently as February 1968 he told the Senate Armed Services Committee: "There is no reason in my opinion to move to accept the Air Force proposal, because the national intelligence estimate threat, as presently projected, does not appear to require the AMSA."

Unfortunately, the "emotionally charged decision" was not really faced in 1964 or in the following four years.

The bomber lobby kept AMSA alive, as it had the B-70, by obtaining annual R&D funds. The question, to deploy or not to deploy, has never been conclusively answered in public. But the $100.2 million being requested for it this year indicates that the decision has been reached, at least inside the Pentagon. AMSA is rising again.

Defense contractors have played their parts in this birth-death-rebirth drama of the manned supersonic bomber. At present we can only sketch the roles of the key players, without knowing precisely how much each has contributed to the script.

North American Aviation, which has since merged into North American Rockwell, built the airframe for the B-70 prototypes. General Electric built the engines. General Dynamics is the airframe contractor for the TFX and FB-111; Pratt and Whitney, a subsidiary of United Aircraft, builds the engines. On the SST the team is Boeing and GE.

The five are now engaged in a rivalry for AMSA prime contract awards: Boeing, General Dynamics and North American Rockwell for the airframe; GE and Pratt and Whitney for the engines. They are all on the list of the top ten defense contractors for 1968. Together they accounted for $6.5 billion of last year's total military procurement.

How have the Pentagon and the contractors performed on the programs discussed? All we have to go on are the results so far. The B-70 was one of the worst fiascos in recent years. In the 1964 House Appropriations hearings Chairman George Mahon of Texas pointed out that Congress had been "solemnly told that the B-70 would fly long before this date. It has not flown yet." And he concluded: "There has been poor estimating, or poor performance or both." Even General LeMay conceded "that we are disappointed" in the contractors' performance.

The TFX has not served the intended purpose of a bi-service fighter, and its overall performance is under serious question. The cancellation of the Navy version and the cutback of the FB-111 place the entire multibillion-dollar investment under an even darker cloud than it has been under from its tempestuous beginning. The SST seems to be having its troubles. Boeing won the contract on the basis of a variable wing design, then abandoned it in favor of a fixed wing design similar to the losing submission of its rival, Lockheed.

The histories of the ABM and the supersonic strategic bomber contain illuminating parallels. By 1958 the Army had won an inter-service victory over the Air Force for control of the ABM. Earlier the Air Force had tried to develop its own system, called Wizard; the Army called its system the Nike-Zeus, and in 1959 recommended production and deployment. As with the B-70, Eisenhower did not fully support the new weapon, although millions were being spent on research, development and testing.

The magnitude of the resources that would have been wasted had we gone ahead with the Nike-Zeus when the Army wanted it was indicated in the recent testimony of Dr. George Kistiakowsky, who was Eisenhower's science adviser. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations committee last March, Dr. Kistiakowsky said that had the full Nike-Zeus been authorized in 1960, we would have spent "what was then estimated as $20 billion and could have been, judging by analogy with other large weapons systems, twice as much," and that it would now be obsolete.

As with the B-70 and AMSA, there have been deep reservations and strong resistance to ABM in the highest government circles, including Presidential and Cabinet levels. McNamara opposed it until his last year in office. In 1964, after Nike-Zeus had been abandoned in favor of Nike-X, he estimated that a Nike-X program would cost $16 billion, not including annual costs of operation. He added that his figure might be too low, that the program might have to be considerably expanded for defense against a large Soviet attack, and that before investing in it we should carefully consider the costs of additional programs that would be required once we went ahead with ABM. The civil defense program would have to be substantially expanded to protect against the effects of enemy missiles and our own ABM missiles; an expanded fallout shelter program would cost about $800 million, McNamara estimated in 1967. Improving our bomber defenses to protect the ABM would bring additional costs, estimated from $1.5 to $2.4 billion.

Thus, due to reservations and resistance based on evidence of past failures and an unfavorable cost-effectiveness ratio, the decision to produce and deploy was deferred from year to year, while funding for further R&D and testing was allowed to continue. In this way, the ABM has dragged on for more than a decade.

The prime contracts for Nike-Zeus and Nike-X, the earlier ABM systems, were awarded to Western Electric, a subsidiary of AT&T, also one of the top ten defense contractors. Actually, the Army's relationship with Western Electric goes back before Nike-Zeus at least to 1945 when the Army selected it as the Nike anti-aircraft program manager. Western Electric is also the prime contractor for the Safeguard system.

In 1964 the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, headed by Sen. John L. McClellan, issued a report containing a devastating analysis of the Army-Western Electric relationship throughout the Nike programs. The report is entitled "Pyramiding of Profits and Costs in the Missile Procurement Program." It shows, among other things, how Western Electric managed to make millions of dollars in excess profits by obtaining fees from the government for jobs on which it did absolutely no work. Western Electric's major subcontractor, Douglas Aircraft Co. (now merged into McDonnell-Douglas, another of the top ten contractors), did the same thing.

For example, on one contract (for launcher loaders) Western Electric sent to the Army invoices totaling $16.4 million, including its profit of $955,396. In fact, Western Electric had incurred direct costs of only $14,293 on that contract, for "checking over the launcher loaders." The bulk of the $16.4 million was identified as the price paid by Western Electric to its subcontractor, Douglas. Thus Western Electric was able to parlay its $14,293 worth of effort on this one contract into $955,396, or a profit of 6,684 per cent. On another contract (for trailers), Western Electric was two steps removed from actual production, yet managed to add a $3.2 million profit for itself to the government's bill.

An analysis of Western Electric's financial reports for the ten-year period 1951 through 1960 shows an extraordinary jump in its profits with the increase in Nike sales. In 1951 Western Electric's government sales totaled 12.8 per cent of its business. Nike sales were relatively low that year, and the company's return on net investment for its government business was only 12.1 per cent. By the following year, Nike sales had picked up and so had Western Electric's profits on government business. For 1952, government sales rose to 24.4 per cent of its business, and return on investment increased to 27.7 per cent. For the ten-year period, government sales averaged 26.6 per cent of Western Electric's business: return on investment averaged 28.3 per cent on its government work.

The McClellan subcommittee concluded that Western Electric had taken large unearned profits out of the Nike programs. In addition, it reprimanded the Army for its inept administration. The Army ignored a government auditor's warning that unreasonable profits were being charged. It permitted its own technical competence to deteriorate so badly that it became dependent on contractors like Western Electric. The report contains the following conclusion: "Knowing that the Army lacked the capability to manage the system, Western Electric refused to maintain responsibility for systems integrity unless all Nike parts were bought through them. They gave one concession, permitting the Army to procure, elsewhere, standard items such as screwdrivers, pliers, antifreeze, and paper cups."

The report, by the way, also criticizes Boeing for taking excess profits in the Air Force's Bomarc missile program (part of SAGE, our bomber defense system), and General Dynamics for doing the same in the Titan missile program. Boeing beefed up its profits in two ways, by playing the profit pyramiding game and by overestimating its costs during contract negotiations with the government so as to increase its profits under the incentive contract provisions.

The ABM and AMSA are both built on foundations of adverse experiences. Their survival, or disinterment, is a tribute to the persistence of their purveyors. How much else lies buried in the defense budget? Too much. It is as if a vast subcontinent were filled with the buried treasures of a dozen Captain Kidds and their crews. If one were to read the defense budget like a treasure map one could recognize the telltale signs of perhaps a score of other multibillion-dollar weapons systems, stashed away in various stages of development and production.

To name a few, in addition to ABM and AMSA, there are MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle for nuclear missiles), Minuteman III (replacement for Minuteman I and Minuteman II ICBMs), MOL (manned orbiting lab), Poseidon (replacement for Polaris nuclear submarine missiles), AWACS (airborne warning and control system), C-5A (huge cargo plane), F-14 (new Navy fighter plane) and F-15 (new Air Force fighter plane). Numerous other programs, whose eventual costs are secret, occasionally come to the surface because of investigations by Congress or through the press. Examples are the Sanguine program in Wisconsin and chemical and biological warfare projects, such as the one that killed more than 6,000 sheep near the Dugway Proving Grounds, Utah, in 1968. And the public gets glimpses of other programs from time to time when it suits the Defense Department's purposes. The eventual costs are unknown because they are all still in the R&D stage. Examples recently made known by the Pentagon are laser-guided bombs, TV-guided bombs and missiles, a Navy shipboard missile defense system, and a ship- and air-launched anti-ship missile.

The point here is that it is difficult if not impossible to keep track of every scheme to find money for every weapons system and anti-weapons system from the time it may be only a gleam in a contractor's eye through its conception, nurture, growth and delivery. Occasionally, a large program like the ABM will appear to be so ill conceived that a campaign specifically to defeat it will be necessary. But the fact is that even if ABM is significantly retarded this year, the great effort that has gone into the anti-ABM campaign would probably have to be duplicated again and again. The Army will not sit still while its service rivals get the big, prestigious weapons systems, and the Army's contractors will not sit idle while its competitors get the more lucrative contracts. For these reasons, the most effective approach to control over military spending, in addition to fighting the more ominous and ludicrous individual programs, is to reduce the level of military spending by a significant amount. Senator Proxmire and others in the Senate and House have recommended a $10 billion cut this year. Sen. Allen J. Ellender recently expressed the growing concern over the defense budget when he stated: "I think this year it is going to become much more obvious to the Congress and public how much the tremendous level of Pentagon spending is costing the nation in relation to our other needs. This is the primary reason I am so opposed to the commitment of vast sums of money to the development of military hardware, which all too often becomes obsolete before it is ever operational. It is a waste, a gigantic waste, and it detracts from the scale of our national life."

The sheer inefficiency of defense management and defense production, as demonstrated by such recent fiascos as the TFX, the C-5A, and the Sheridan-Shillelagh tank, more than justifies this kind of statement. With less money to play around with, the Pentagon might possibly impose a greater sense of responsibility upon itself and encourage the defense industry to do the same. Efficiency, of course, is not the single nor even the main issue. Rationality, balance and civility are at stake in the current struggle over the size of the defense budget. That is why the real question may be not *when*, but *whether*, demobilization is possible.

2. Vietnam: The 200-Year Mortgage

JAMES L. CLAYTON

Mr. Clayton is completing The Economic Impact of the Cold War *for publication by Harcourt, Brace & World. He is director of the honors program and associate professor of history at the University of Utah.*

The war in Vietnam is now the longest war in American history. Taking the date the first U.S. troops were killed in combat as the beginning (July 8, 1959), it is now nearing its tenth year. Even if the most optimistic forecasts come true, and a cease-fire is achieved this year, the Vietnamese conflict will have lasted two years longer than the American Revolution and more than twice as long as the Civil War.

Except for World War II, Vietnam has been by far the most expensive war in American history. In initial dollar costs, according to official figures, it will have cost $110 billion by the end of the next fiscal year. This figure is already double the initial cost of the Korean War and more than three times higher than the original cost of World War I. If the war continues for another ten months, it will also surpass World War I in the total number of casualties (already more men have been wounded than in World War I) and become our third most costly war in the number of men killed and wounded in action.

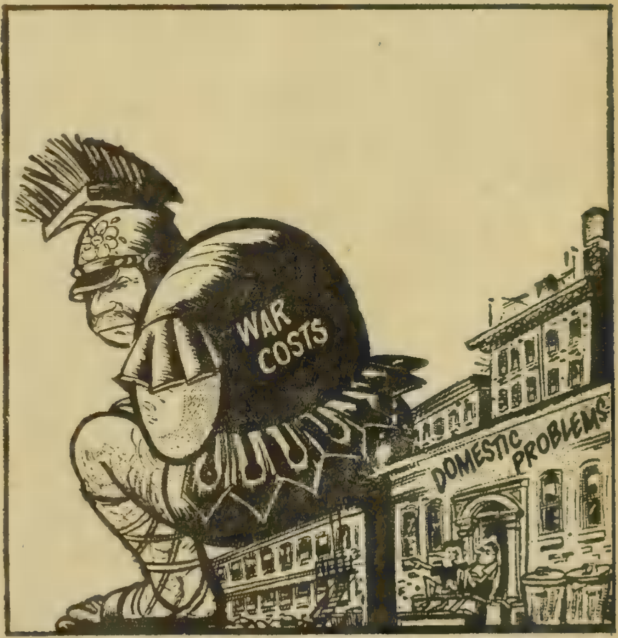
But the most striking thing about the price of the war in Vietnam is that the *greatest costs are yet to come.* If history is an accurate guide in these matters—and we have no other—the expenditures for veterans' benefits over the next century will be at least 50 per cent more than the initial cost of the war itself. Twenty per cent of the adult population are veterans, and one in every seven is receiving some kind of compensation. Their support now costs the nation almost twice as much as federal public welfare assistance. When one adds to these veteran costs the annual interest payments on debt incurred because of the Vietnamese War, the ultimate cost becomes at least *three times* its initial cost. This kind of accounting is seldom if ever mentioned in debates about the war.

It is extremely difficult to measure the monetary costs of any war. The Executive office of the President has, however, made a valiant attempt to ascertain the costs of the war in Vietnam since 1965. Its findings are printed in the 1970 *Budget of the United States Government* (p. 74). According to these, in fiscal 1970 the war will eat up 13 per cent of all federal expenditures, and will have cost a total of $108.5 billion since 1965. But these figures do not tell the whole story. Actually, only about $100 billion of the federal budget is relatively controllable; the remainder is already committed or in trust funds. Of this $100 billion, no less than 80 per cent is accounted for by national defense. Vietnam accounts for 32 per cent of the 1970 defense budget, and in terms of what the government can actually decide to spend in that year, the war is really costing us 25 per cent of all expenditures, not the 13 per cent that official figures indicate. This percentage it should be noted, is based on a projected reduction of $5 billion from 1969 costs of the war. It is further assumed that the big increases are over. But that is what we were told in 1968 and costs *increased* by $2 billion. If the war in fact continues at its present rate, almost a third of the disposable federal budget will be committed to Southeast Asia. If the war escalates, the ratio could easily go to one-half.

Official figures also underestimate the costs of the war in other ways. Only American personnel actually stationed in South Vietnam, now approximately 532,500, are generally counted. Since 1967, however, at least 77,000 Americans have been stationed in Thailand or serving offshore as support forces. They would bring the total in the *immediate* zone to 634,000. In addition, more than 250,000 "back-up" men in the United States and elsewhere are probably not counted in cost estimates, and they would raise the total number of men committed to the war closer to 884,000. These additional personnel obviously add to the costs.

Moreover, for reasons that have not been made clear, the official figures measure costs only since 1965. But Americans have been stationed in Vietnam since 1954, and combat troops have been killed there since July 1959. Between 1954 and 1964, 58,885 men served a year apiece and the cost of their support is also omitted from the official estimates. At $25,000 per man year—a figure suggested in 1967 by Robert Anthony, formerly Assistant Secretary of Defense—this would increase the overall war costs by $1.5 billion.

In figuring the costs of war, however, short-run outlays are not nearly so informative as long term. The



Graysmith, The San Francisco Chronicle

"Sure Keeps the Sun Out, Don't He?"

pattern of long-term costs indicates that the bulk of the money is spent long after the fighting stops. The basic reason is that veterans benefits for our major wars during the past century have averaged 1.8 times the original cost of those wars. The estimated original cost of the Civil War is $3.07 billion (Union forces only). Veterans benefits by 1967 had amounted to $8.57 billion, or an increase over the original cost of 280 per cent. Projected veterans benefits for World War I, World War II and the Korean War will increase the original cost 155 per cent, 125 per cent, and 170 per cent respectively. History, therefore, is a better guide to the real cost of war than contemporary official figures.

If one measures the original cost of our three earliest wars—the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Mexican War—as the amount spent by the Departments of the Army and Navy during the war years, one finds that each of these wars cost roughly $100 million. Veterans benefits then began to be paid out and climbed steadily, peaking in the case of the War of 1812 some sixty-eight years later. These benefits continued to be paid for the War of 1812 until 1946, 131 years after that war ended. Veterans benefits for the Mexican War did not drop below $1 million per year until this decade, more than a century later. These benefits have increased the original cost of the first three wars by 68 per cent, 44 per cent, and 65 per cent, respectively.

The reason why veterans costs do not peak until at least two generations *after* the fighting has terminated, and do not stop until well over a century later, is best explained by an example. Suppose a drummer boy, age 14, became a soldier in 1861 and was disabled in that war. Suppose also that he married, had children, his wife died, and he remarried late in life, at say age 60 in 1907. Suppose further that his second wife was 25 years old at marriage and that at age 30 she bore him a child who was mentally or physically incapable of supporting himself. That child would be 57 years old today and still drawing benefits—more than a century after the war ended. The example is not farfetched: in 1967, 1,353 such dependents of Civil War veterans were still drawing benefits that amounted to more than $1 million annually.

Veterans benefits projected for more recent wars are also instructive. Up to 1967, veterans benefits for the Spanish-American War had amounted to $5.3 billion, or *twelve times* the original cost of that war! Moreover, the peak of these payments did not come until fifty-one years after the war ended. World War I veterans benefits probably peaked three years ago or forty-nine years after that war was over. World War II veterans benefits will probably peak at the turn of this century, and dependents of Vietnamese veterans will be drawing benefits until the 22nd century!

After veterans benefits, the interest on money borrowed to fight our major wars is the heaviest long-range cost. Again, any attempt to reach precise figures is extremely difficult, but the pattern is not hard to determine. Before World War I, interest costs probably ranged from one-fifth to three-fourths the original cost of a given war. These are conservatively estimated as follows: Most of the national debt during the early years of the Republic were Revolutionary War debts. If only two-thirds of the interest on that debt between 1790 and 1800 is taken as a fair estimate, the cost of the Revolutionary War is raised by about one-fifth. The increase in interest payments on the national debt from 1816 to 1836, when the debt was paid out, adds about one-third to the 1812 war costs. Prior to the Civil War, interest on the public debt was less than $4 million. During that war it jumped from that figure in 1861 to 144 million in 1867. Interest payments fell gradually over the next twenty-five years and then leveled off at about $30 million annually. Since very few federal programs that would add to the deficit were undertaken during those laissez-faire years, one may attribute the greater part of the interest payments to the Civil War.

Interest costs for World War I have been much more carefully figured. Some years ago, John M. Clark, in *The Costs of the World War to the American People*, calculated the original cost to be $33 billion. The U. S. Treasury figured the interest to 1929 at $9.5 billion. Total interest amounted to about $15 billion, or approximately 46 per cent of the original cost.

Henry C. Murphy, in *National Debt in War and Transition*, shows that the government borrowed about $215 billion at 2.5 per cent interest to finance World War II. That debt has not been paid off. Indeed, at no time since 1946 has the gross public debt fallen below $252 billion, and it has been increasing rapidly in recent years because of Great Society programs and Vietnam. Assuming that it takes *only* as long to pay off this war debt as it did the Civil War debt—say thirty years—interest payments will amount to approximately $200 billion. That is 53 per cent of the original cost and quite in line with the 46 per cent figure for World War I.

In 1951, the gross public debt was $255 billion; in 1955 it was almost $275 billion. If one-half of that increase is attributable to the Korean War, then in 25 years at 4 per cent the interest costs on the Korean War will have amounted to $10 billion.

The purpose of this exercise in figures is to give some idea of what we may reasonably expect the war in Vietnam to cost. Using the pattern of veterans benefits paid out for World War I, World War II and the Korean War as a guide, we may anticipate that the Vietnamese conflict will eventually cost about 150 per cent of its original cost. This figure is conservative, however, because a much higher percentage of GIs now use their educational benefits, and life expectancy is increasing. Benefits also tend to be more inclusive with time and rise with the cost of living.

Using the Civil War, World War I, World War II and the Korean War as guidelines, we may fairly expect interest costs of the Vietnamese War to be roughly half again as much as the original cost. In short, even assuming a major de-escalation at the end of this year and a total withdrawal next year, the final bill for Vietnam will be about $330 billion.

It should be emphasized that this is a conservative figure, taking account of only the direct major monetary outlays. It does not include war-caused inflation, the loss of services and earnings by the 33,000 men killed in the war to date, the cost of resentment abroad, the depletion of natural resources, the postponement of critical domestic programs, the arrested training and education of our youth, the suspended cultural progress of our nation—and, of course, no price on the death and destruction suffered by the South Vietnamese civilians in the war zone itself.

The estimated ultimate cost of the Vietnamese War is so high that it boggles the mind unless placed in perspective. How much money is $330 billion? Compared with other federal expenditures during the same period (fiscal years 1960-70), the war in Vietnam has cost ten times more than Medicare and medical assistance, sixteen times more than support for education, and thirty-three times more than was spent for housing and community development. We have spent ten times more money on Vietnam in ten years than we have spent in our entire history for public higher education or for police protection. Put another way, the war has cost us one-fifth of the value of current personal financial assets of all living Americans, a third again as much as all outstanding home mortgages, and six times the total U.S. money now in circulation.

When one looks back over the cost of wars in American history, an evil nemesis seems to dog our destiny. Each of the major wars in the past century (the Civil War, World War I and World War II) has cost initially about ten times more than the previous war. The Civil War initially cost $3 billion, World War I $33 billion and World War II $381 billion. Since World II, our major conflicts have tended to *double* in price. Korea cost $54 billion and Vietnam to date has cost $110 billion. Total federal expenditures, moreover, have tended to increase four to five times after each major war. In the case of Vietnam, government expenditures to date (1960-69) have doubled. If this trend continues, wars may soon be simply too expensive to contemplate, and governments too cumbersome to endure.

BLUNDER IN BRAZIL

Washington Backs the Pooh Bahs

DOM BONAFEDE

Mr. Bonafede, since late in December on the editorial staff of The Washington Post, *was for the previous fourteen months chief Latin American correspondent of* Newsweek, *stationed in Rio de Janeiro.*

Quietly, almost without notice, the United States has once again become entangled in a Latin America dilemma resulting from its own meandering policies in inter-American affairs. In this instance, the diplomatic blunder concerns Brazil, the largest, richest and most potent of the Latin American countries, where the government of President Artur da Costa e Silva last December 13 made official the nation's military dictatorship. Costa e Silva signed the Fifth Institutional Act, a decree without judicial appeal, which declared a state of siege, closed Congress and imposed press censorship. This was accompanied by a police roundup which resulted in the imprisonment of some 200 oppositionists. In supplementary action, the President deprived the Brazilians of their last vestige of political and individual rights by purging the Supreme Court, recessing several state legislatures and suspending the political privileges of more than two score members of Congress, adding them to the estimated 600 political figures who earlier had been *cassadoed*.

The 66-year-old President with the putty face, dark glasses and foppish mustache had clearly been driven to invoking these repressive measures by a military clique that was enraged by a year-long series of anti-government demonstrations led by students, artists, priests and intellectuals.

Thus, within five years after the generals and colonels had usurped the government, the tight military state envisioned by the hard liners became a fact. No one at the State Department is likely to issue a note of reminder on the subject, but the sad truth is that in 1964 the United States acted as counsel and banker to the armed forces when they deposed Joao Goulart, a constitutional President but an ineffectual administrator who, in the view of the duennas in uniform, was flirting dangerously with the international Left.

Normal political institutions were scrapped and upon the wreckage was built a militaristic government headed by Gen. Humberto Castelo Branco, a dour, primly proper career officer who looked on the military as the rightful repository of the country's welfare. Inevitably, the "reign of the generals" was established in the name of anti-communism, a hackneyed ploy of Latin American military czars.

The chief instigator and executor of U.S. policy on the occasion was Ambassador Lincoln Gordon, now president of Johns Hopkins University. In the early years of the euphemistically styled "revolution," Gordon served as a virtual viceroy to Castelo Branco. He had open access to the President and was consulted at every turn. Indeed, Castelo Branco and his economic adviser, Roberto Campos, made hardly a move without consulting the U.S. ambassador.

Gordon's defense of his role was implied in a letter he wrote to *The New York Times* in July 1967, chastising it for what he claimed was an unjust, intemperate and historically inaccurate editorial on the death of Castelo Branco, who was killed in a plane crash several months after leaving office. Gordon took issue with the *Times* for characterizing the late President as a "dictator" operating behind a "latticework of legality." He wrote:

> History will long dispute the merits of the acts of commission and omission during the past three years in Brazil. Castelo Branco lacked both the experience and the temperament for genuine popular leadership, but he did know that the Brazilian body politic had never recovered from the dictatorship of Getulio Vargas and that some kind of basic political therapy, if not surgery, was indispensable.
>
> It can be said with assurance that the prospects today for stable and genuine constitutional democracy in Brazil are far better than three years ago, or than they would have been if the hard liners had taken power.

By signing the Fifth Institutional Act, and assuming full dictatorial power, Costa e Silva, the successor to Castelo Branco, emptied Gordon's defense of any semblance of validity. To resurrect an archaic joke, the "surgery" performed by Castelo Branco was a success but the patient died. Inevitably, the "prospects" for a "genuine constitutional democracy in Brazil" went with it and the hard liners, despite the hopeful vision by Gordon, have taken over.

The demise of the last semblance of democracy in Brazil was a matter of disappointment, dismay and embarrassment to Washington, as in a large measure it was attributable to a major U.S. policy blunder which might well have as great an impact on inter-American affairs as the emergency of Castroism did at the opposite end of the ideological scale.

Because of its geographic proximity, Marxist principles and theatrical conception, Castro's Cuba evokes an emotional response in Americans. But in discussing Brazil one should keep in mind that it is larger than the continental United States, has a population of almost 90 million (compared to 8 million in Cuba), is the fifth biggest country in the world and possesses untapped natural resources beyond estimation.

Politically, it is the axis on which all of Latin America pivots. It is hardly coincidence that once the military became solidly ensconced in Brazil their inspired counterparts in Argentina, Peru and Panama took control in those countries.

At present, about three-fourths of Latin America's population is ruled by military pooh bahs, which is certainly no testament to the effectiveness of the Alliance for Progress, whose original goal under President Kennedy was increased social and political liberalism. Our good offices in Brazil in 1964 were justified on the ground that firm measures were needed to rescue the country from a drifting malaise, which Gordon contended could lead to a Communist take-over. (It is doubtful, however, that there were then 25,000 hard-core Communists in Brazil.) Furthermore, the military interdiction was billed as a brief unpleasantness before returning the nation to an undefined form of representative government. (It should be recalled that this occurred only a few months after Lyndon Johnson became President. The Panama flag riots had already created a trying Latin American crisis and the State Department's Office of Inter-American Affairs was uncertain as to its direction under the new President.)

Once committed, the United States was compelled to continue its role as underwriter of the Brazilian military. Consequently, Washington poured aid into Brazil amounting to a quarter billion dollars annually, greater than any other nonwar recipient except India. The U.S. mission in Brazil bloomed into one of the biggest overseas complexes in the world, encompassing two embassies (one in Rio de Janeiro and the other in Brasilia), and more than 900 American personnel, including 415 AID employees and 200 members of the military mission, twenty-six of whom were listed as "defense attachés." In addition, there were 635 Peace Corpsmen and 1,005 Brazilians on the U.S. payroll at nearly $12 million a year.

The AID setup, a colossus in itself, occupies the top twelve floors of a bank building in downtown Rio de Janeiro which, wryly enough, is called the "Beg Building" (a contraction of the initials of the Banco do Estado da Guanabara). AID also maintains twenty-eight field offices, a regional headquarters in Recife and numerous special project branches. At one point, it was involved in eighty-three different projects, at least thirty of which were characterized as nonessential in an embassy report to Washington.

Included under AID is a $750,000 public safety program, in which sixteen former U.S. police officers teach Brazilian cops modern police techniques. It is a question just how this fits in with U.S. aims to promote social-economic-political development. Former U.S. Ambassador John W. Tuthill asked in a moment of exasperation, "What has police training to do with national development?"

At the height of the student protests in the spring of 1968, Guanabara state police displayed an indiscriminate use of force against demonstrators and innocent bystanders that reflected little credit on the U.S. public safety program. In one disgraceful incident, mounted troops with flaying swords clamored up the steps of Candelaria Church in downtown Rio de Janeiro to disperse a peaceful throng of mourners honoring a student martyr. The answer to Tuthill's question is that police training has precious little to do with national development, but is of considerable help to a regime which relies on force and fear to perpetuate itself.

In another area, the U.S. Information Service staff in Brazil is larger than the total complement of some embassies; it lists about sixty Americans and 158 Brazilians. And although the Embassy and AID offices in Rio de Janeiro are separated by only a few blocks, each maintains a separate press and information office.

In citing numbers of personnel it should be stressed that it costs the U.S. taxpayer about $40,000 annually to maintain one American employee abroad. Then there are the fringe benefits. The Americans in Brasilia live rent free in a U.S.-owned apartment house (called "Gringolandia" by the locals), presumably as compensation for being assigned to the socially somnolent new capital. Employees stationed in Recife and Belém are allowed a 10 per cent "hardship post" differential, even though the former has more than a million population and the latter in excess of a half million.

In Rio de Janeiro, the U.S. employee has access to a large PX, where he can buy anything from television sets to frozen vegetables for less than he would pay back home. He also enjoys the privilege of a liquor pool conveniently located in the Embassy basement, which is given the bureaucratic misnomer of "Embassy special unit sales." All this is by way of pointing up the magnitude and gaudy opulence of the U.S. presence in Brazil. As one might reasonably ask, to what purpose?

The Brazilian military elite commands an authoritative regime out of touch with the needs and aspirations of Brazilian society, the exception being the wealthy industrialists whose objectives are compatible with those of the armed forces. A return to civilian government is not even dimly seen on the political horizon, certainly not in the elections scheduled for early 1971.

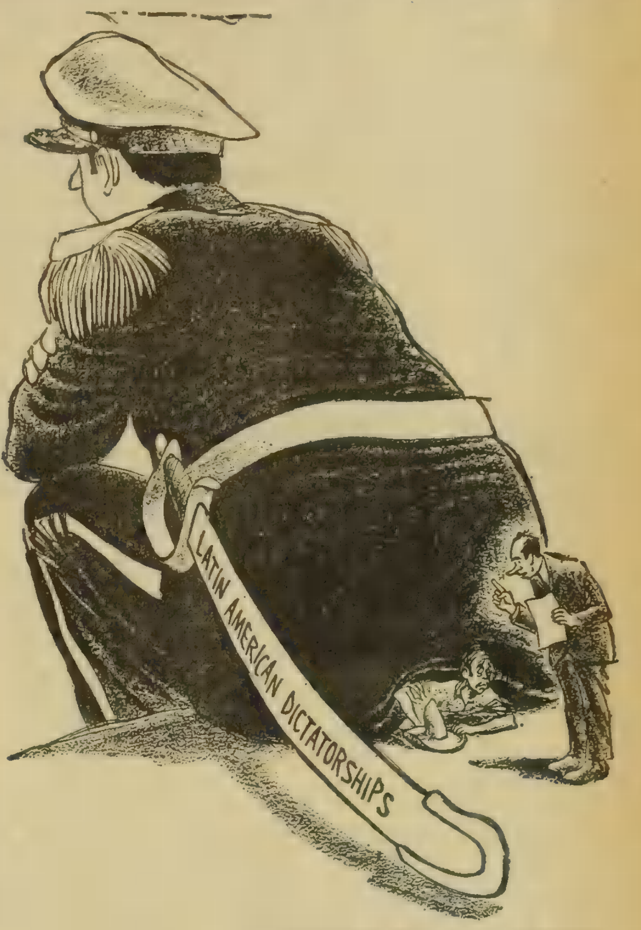
United States-Brazilian relations, despite our largess, or possibly because of it, have deteriorated to their lowest point in decades. The xenophobic climate in the country has inevitably produced a plethora of wild anti-Yankee stories: American Protestant missionaries offering voluntary birth control aid in the Brazilian interior are really Washington agents assigned to depopulate the Amazon region where the United States plans to deport troublemaking Negroes; a recommendation by the Hudson Institute that part of the Amazon Basin be flooded for development purposes is a covert form of "neo-colonialism"; the United States is depleting the country's natural resources by importing toads and frogs, and finally, according to one bizarre charge, heads of cadavers allegedly sent to U.S. medical schools are producing a "brain drain." Although absurd in the extreme, the widely circulated reports have had a corrosive effect on relations between the two countries.

The situation was further exacerbated by legitimate differences between the United States and Brazil over the dumping of soluble Brazilian coffee on the U.S. market, the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (Brazil had refused to sign it, maintaining that as a sovereign nation it has a right to establish an atomic weapons program, which, coincidentally, it is financially incapable of doing for at least ten years), and massive land purchases by American speculators (accused of trying to smuggle out "radioactive ore").

Another wedge was inserted when Ambassador Tuthill twice met privately with Carlos Lacerda, the feared oppositionist who has been instrumental in the overthrow of three Presidents. Costa e Silva claimed the Ambassador's "secret" sessions constituted an affront to the government. Lacerda had earlier attempted to create an opposition bloc called the *frente ampla* (broad front) with the support of former President Juscelino Kubitschek, but the organization, actually never more than amorphous, was outlawed by the government.

Tuthill denied (rather weakly, it must be admitted) that his meetings with Lacerda were secret and further contended that it is customary for an ambassador to speak with nationals of various political colorations. Be that as it may, Tuthill did not have an audience with Costa e Silva for the next six months.

Washington's motives these days are distrusted even when they are most selfless as, for example, the multimillion-dollar U.S. project to improve higher education in Brazil. Perhaps no other area in Brazilian society is in more need of reform. As characterized by ***Jornal do Brasil***, the education system is "worm-eaten, obsolete and inept." Yet efforts by the United States to help correct the system have been rebuffed by students, professors and government officials with charges that the United States is seeking to "implant American thought on the minds of Brazilian youths."



Englehardt, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Your Rate of Growth Hasn't Been Too Good"

In an apparent effort to mitigate its former dalliance with the Brazilian military, the State Department through its spokesmen in Washington and Rio de Janeiro insists on referring to the government as "military dominated" or "military oriented." This bit of semantic fakery is then repeated by U.S. correspondents. In a singular affectation of understatement, *The New York Times* in its January 20 economic survey of the Americas referred to the broad-based, anti-government clamor against the Costa e Silva regime as "sniping." Other observers find it comforting to say the military government is "a dictatorship but not a tyranny," as though it were really possible to have one without the other.

No matter how one categorizes the Costa e Silva government, the fact remains that the United States has played too much of an operational and advisory role over too wide a sector of Brazilian affairs. This has produced an anti-American backlash even among the military which Washington propped up and helped put in office. Also the U.S. identification with the ruling military clique and the American penchant for material exhibitionism alienated the mass of Brazilians, the very people we are hoping to win over.

The problem facing the United States is how to divorce itself gracefully from continued identification with the Brazilian military government. The Nixon Administration can, of course, drastically slash the U.S. aid program, and suspend it altogether should the Costa e Silva regime go ahead with a proposal by the hard liners to purchase French Mirage fighter jets. As a palliative this has proved ineffective in the past and is unlikely to be more useful in the future, yet it serves the vital function of announcing to the world our disaffection with repressive military dictatorships.

The point could further be emphasized by making good announced plans to diminish the U.S. mission and by recalling the outsized U.S. military contingent. The latter action would undoubtedly be opposed by the Pentagon which, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., once said, seems to have an "incestuous" relationship with Latin American military establishments. The Pentagon assuredly would base its opposition on the ground that Latin American military resources are necessary to the security of the South Atlantic, a highly dubious contention considering the size, training and obsolescence of those resources.

Above all, if it wants to give encouragement to the muffled voices of democracy in Latin America, the United States must make known its disenchantment with Brazil's dictatorial military regime. For Washington to wring its hands and express the wan hope that Brazil's military cabal will relax its repression—as the State Department did at the time of the December crackdown—is the height of folly. It merely compounds the original mistake of 1964.

ISOLATION OF THE NEW LEFT

CARL GERSHMAN

Mr. Gershman is a staff member of the A. Philip Randolph Institute. He is also on the editorial board of New America *and a member of the Young People's Socialist League. His article is one of several that* The Nation *has run, and will be running, to provide various points of view by members of the New Left generation. An early issue will carry a piece by Melvin C. Shefftz on the New Left in England; another by John McDermott is in preparation.*

It is hard to think of social conditions more conducive to the growth of a powerful left-wing political movement than those which obtained in America in 1968. In the few years that preceded the election, this country had been swept by currents of protest and frustration that it has rarely, if ever, experienced before. The urban and racial crises, together with protests against the war in Vietnam, encouraged the Left to believe that Americans in impressive numbers were prepared to break with the system.

The election returns last November proved this to have been unwarranted optimism. The only protest candidate to receive a substantial number of votes was the right-winger George Wallace, all the candidates on the Left accumulating about one-fiftieth of his total. New Left demonstrations against the elections at schools, universities and polling places also had a negligible effect.

This, of course, is not to deny that the New Left is still very much alive, as can be seen from the campus disruptions this spring. But the fact that the New Left "offensive" is limited to the university indicates the movement's failure to gain power within the larger society. The university hardly represents "the power structure," as the New Leftists are given to charging. On the contrary, it has shown itself to be a remarkably vulnerable institution which can be pushed to the verge of destruction by a handful of students who decide to occupy a building. Set off from society as it is, the university is an ideal place for students to play at revolution. But such play is only further proof that the New Left has abandoned any serious attempt to reach beyond itself to build a movement that can seriously alter the power relations in the society. Many New Leftists explain their isolation as being the result of the manipulation of the rest of society by a seemingly tolerant but actually repressive elite. But the source of the difficulty lies more within themselves and can be traced to certain weaknesses which have plagued the movement since it began almost a decade ago.

These weaknesses have long been recognized by critics both within and without the movement. They include an obsessive anti-intellectualism which has precluded the development of an analysis of society beyond the assertion that individuals must have a greater voice in the decisions which control their lives. Related to this has been the failure to develop anything approaching a political program or a structured political organization that could carry out a program were one to be conceived.

These and other weaknesses have been acknowledged by New Left leaders, who have made serious but largely futile efforts to correct them. They have tried to transform SDS from a collection of autonomous chapters, each "doing its thing," into a centralized organization, but the chapter people have resisted. They have also resisted the imposition of an ideology which could provide a unifying social analysis and indicate a course of action.

At least as interesting as the rejection of any ideology by the bulk of New Leftists has been the kind of ideology to emerge from the theoretically oriented segments of the movement. In effect, New Left ideologues have tried to systematize the growing disaffection of middle-class youth from "neo-capitalist" society. Drawing heavily on Herbert Marcuse, they demand "an end to all reprisive civilization" and describe the political implications of the sexual revolution, and they look toward the Frenchmen Serge Mallet and André Gorz to position the rise of a "new" working class of technicians and professionals that will replace the old industrial working class as the revolutionary force in post-industrial society.

This new ideology, like the movement itself, is both a product of, and an expression of dissatisfaction with, the affluence of middle-class America. It reveals a tendency, present in the New Left from the start, that the central problems of our society are cultural, not economic, that they involve more a quest for meaning and identity in the midst of an arid bourgeois culture than a struggle to achieve economic and political equality for all people within that society. Indeed, this struggle for equality can be justified only insofar as it satisfies the primary need for meaning. If its purpose is simply to enable more people to join the bourgeoisie, then it is not worth the trouble. Marcuse, a major spokesman for this position, has criticized the civil rights movement because one of its accomplishments has been to give more Negroes the opportunity to join the middle class.

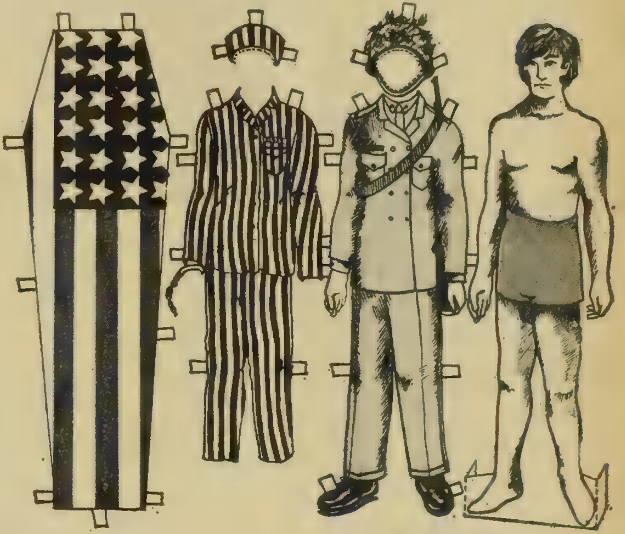
The irony of these anti-bourgeois ideas is that they reveal the New Left to be so caught up in its own bourgeois problems and dissatisfactions that it has been unable to sympathize with the concerns of less wealthy Americans. The central injustice it is protesting is not the exploitation of the blacks or of the poor, not even the unequal distribution of power in the universities—it is the fact of being involuntarily thrust into a world of great affluence and complacency, and then being educated, involuntarily, to the point where one is conscious of hypocrisy.

This particular "injustice" is restricted to young people from liberal upper-middle-class homes, and then again to the brightest of them. The anti-intellectualism of the New Left, for example, is largely a rejection of the intellectualism of the highly educated parents of movement members. By spurning the capacity for complex thought the New Left has given itself but one alternative, what Daniel Bell calls "the moralizing of belief" which, by excluding complication or compromise, leads ultimately to "the vulgarization of politics." Thus the constant disruptive confrontations of the New Left serve the function of justifying and perpetuating its moralistic politics, but people tire of disruption, and a movement without firmer social roots can hardly endure.

The anti-intellectualism and moral purism of the New Left have given rise to what is today that movement's most disturbing features—a disrespect for "bourgeois" civil liberties and a tolerance of disruptive tactics. Milovan Djilas may have had these tendencies in mind when recently he criticized the New Left for tending toward "Marxism more pure than Lenin's; a dictatorship more pure than Stalin's." The New Left may be not precisely Marxist, Leninist or Stalinist, yet the comment remains a probing, and perhaps prophetic, critique of the movement.

The anti-materialism of the New Left is more clearly a product of its affluent origins, and it above all has blinded the movement to the real concerns of the American poor. New Leftists are simply bored by talk of the welfare state; they would rather talk about personal liberation than about the need to secure adequate education, jobs and homes. The New Left is not alone in holding this attitude—it is shared by numerous middle-class intellectuals. But intellectuals, despite their influence, do not form an adequate social base for a political movement, and the New Left's anti-materialism has effectively isolated it from the mass of Americans who desire the very things New Leftists have rejected.

A third feature of the New Left, again a product of the movement's social origins, is its elitism, which has been clearly underscored by the new Marcusian ideology. It is ironic that elitism should emerge from a movement that originally asserted the necessity for all people to realize their dignity through participation in the decisions which control their lives. Yet there was always an element of elitism and self-indulgence in this concept, for "participatory democracy," as proposed by *engagé* New Leftists, became an attempt by alienated members of the middle class to impose their values upon poor people who were more concerned with material advance than personal salvation. It is little wonder that the SDS organizing projects in Northern cities met with such limited success, for the poor in these areas had little use for New Left romanticism. Their perspective was tempered by poverty.



The Old Mole, Boston

Given the inability of the New Left to gain a constituency among the lower- and lower-middle classes, it is only natural that the movement should turn toward the "new" working class, composed of people from a higher social stratum who share many of the attitudes of the New Left. It is worth speculating on the role that the movement has played in the social mobility of upper-middle-class youth. What appears as a rejection of bourgeois status values may indeed be simply their displacement. Through the movement, young people have tried to develop an alternative style of life so as to avoid duplicating the accomplishments of their parents. The subject is too large to be dealt with adequately here, but it may be a characteristically American phenomenon, especially among the descendants of immigrants, for a younger generation to continue the mobility of its parents. In the case of the New Left this mobility may not be upward (there was little room to move in that direction) but it may nevertheless derive from the same impulse to move on from the old to conquer new worlds.

This explains in part a fourth major feature of the New Left—its obsession with style. Since the movement began some eight years ago, its outstanding quality has been the distinctive style—bohemian, dramatic, individualistic—that has characterized all of its actions. Erik Erikson has written of the need among adolescents to seek a confirmation of identity through distinctive modes of behavior and dress, but whatever the psychological origins of this phenomenon, its effect on the New Left movement has been to emphasize the style of political action over its substance. Thus the process of carrying out a program has been more important than whatever political effects that program might have. Again, the New Left has permitted itself to be preoccupied with its own concerns, which are often very different from those of the poor.

The effect on the New Left of anti-intellectualism, anti-materialism, elitism, and obsession with style has been its progressive isolation from anything approaching a broad social base. The result has been a growing frustration within the movement, a heightening of rhetoric, and, in general, an intensification of all the tendencies that lead to ultra-radicalism.

We can thus expect for a time an escalation of the politics of moral aggression. Such politics are hardly calculated to help the poor, for they promise a movement to the right which has already gained considerable momentum. Past beneficiaries of New Left tactics have been Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon and George Wallace, and they and other politicians should continue to ride the wave of reaction. Besides helping the Right, the New Left is also setting the stage for its own destruction. New Leftists have always had a greater appreciation for the present than the past, but they would do well to study the era of Joe McCarthy and other periods of political repression in America. The consequences of repression have never been revolution but rather the disintegration of the Left and a general curtailment of "bourgeois" civil liberties. The New Left may survive as a cultural phenomenon, but its political prospects are not very bright.

But the major cause for the decline of the New Left may be its success, or at least the acceptance of its basic demands by major elements within the society. Other political movements in American history, such as the Abolitionist or Populist movements, dissolved after the society had adapted to the demands they had made upon it. The problem with the New Left is that its demands are not fundamentally political; we can hardly expect the government to legislate "a new happier consciousness," which, as one writer has indicated, is the only thing that could satisfy it. But a different and unexpected phenomenon has been occurring. The liberal community, from which the movement sprang and to which, by virtue of class connections if nothing else, it still remains attached, has been gradually accommodating itself to the New Left world view. It has embraced participatory democracy, and today it preaches the virtues of decentralization and the vices of large institutions with a fervor that is tempered only by its bourgeois style. While it does not share the alienation of the New Left, it has nevertheless moved sufficiently far to co-opt all but the most uncompromising young radicals. Perhaps this is not co-optation but simply the return of many prodigal sons to a class whose values they had never seriously rejected. It is worth speculating that if the New Left had become a powerful movement with deep social roots, it might have forced from its elders concessions of truly major proportions. As it is, we are left with a moderately altered culture but have wasted the opportunity to build what might have been the first significant and effective radical movement in American history. It can only be hoped that a future New Left will study the 1960s in an effort to understand and avoid the mistakes of its fathers.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 650)*

but from willful blindness. Their access to data storage and processing, of which McDermott makes so much, cannot transcend the computerman's acronym GIGO—"Garbage In, Garbage Out." Judging from the outputs we have been getting—the SST, the ABM, Vietnam, inflation—one need not guess at the input.

There is nothing new or recondite about the sources of power in today's America. They are, in every essential respect, the same as in the days of Sam Insull, of the elder Rockefeller, of the Big Four and the Credit Mobilier: a benign governmental climate, the right political connections and, above all, "maldistribution of the nation's property"—money.

McDermott has conjured up his thesis of the "knowledge gap" in a seeming effort to explain what he deems to be the weakness of American radicalism. The true explanation, I suggest, is much simpler. The modern American Left originated not much more than five years ago—and, for all practical purposes, *de novo*. It lacked, and still lacks, a coherent ideology and a long-range program; it is only beginning to acquire expertise in how American institutions work, and how to influence them. Yet it has managed, with all its handicaps, to force the withdrawal of an American President and the de-escalation of the Vietnamese War—accomplishments which are trivial only to those who dream of instant revolution. If the Left is still far less influential than we could wish, the reason is not that the "Establishment" has cornered the knowledge market but that the Left has not had time—or, in some cases, the inclination—to assimilate the knowledge available to it.

One can agree with McDermott's contention that the Left needs to do its homework—while hoping that the texts it studies will be less chimerical and more factual than the one he is constructing.

Robert Claiborne

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power

IVOR KRAFT

Mr. Kraft, formerly child development specialist with HEW, now professor at Sacramento State College, has written frequently for The Nation *on educational issues.*

Schools are an invention of the Bronze Age. They have changed surprisingly little since then. Their fundamental hallmarks have always been inculcation of ancient truths, obedience and boredom.

In the beginning schools were needed to train scribes, who did the scribbling for Pharaohs, who did the infinitely more important job of personifying divinity and running the world. The fact that most Pharaohs were illiterate troubled them very little. But all that has changed. Schools have flourished so grandly that we now routinely equate schooling with education and education with virtue. In this sense the United States has a corner on virtue, for the world has never seen a system of schooling that is more expensive, sprawling and robust than our own.

What educational system is better than ours? The Soviet Union's? Visiting a few Russian schools and reviewing their enrollment statistics will immediately put them out of the running. True, they produced a Makarenko and his splendid *The Pedagogical Poem*; but there is nothing else worth mentioning. Britain's or France's? Oxbridge and the Sorbonne are eminent, but one has only to look at the elitist-proletarian secondary schools and the backward university and college systems, admitting less than 10 per cent of the age groups, to understand that from entrenched Anglo-Gallic pedagogical snobberies we have little to learn. What about the pleasant Scandinavian lands? Maybe, but these are such small and homogeneous societies that their educational systems cannot serve us as models. No. When it comes to the big, multiproblem nations in the 50 million-to-250 million bracket, the nations now suffering and resisting the agonies of transition from varieties of welfare capitalism and authoritarian socialism to a new society founded on principles of humanitarian participatory socialism—which must come both to America and the Soviet Union if mankind is to survive beyond the next 100 years—then it is clear that, imperfect as it may be, America's educational system is the most promising and least corrupt in the world today.

Not only is this faint praise, it is a harsh and comfortless conclusion, for when assessed against our needs and democratic ideals, the American school system is second-rate and improving but slowly.

It is a truism that communities get schools which they deserve, in the guise of ideologies which prevail. Leaving ideologies to one side, to upgrade the schools—which is equivalent to community uplift—we need to come to grips with four intricate but easily identifiable problems. The first is lack of resources, money. The second is prejudice and discrimination in access to educational opportunities. The third is the dead hand of outmoded ideas; the dried-out curriculum; the authoritarian model of school governance. The fourth is mediocrity among America's 2.5 million teachers. Each one is as crucial and resistant to solution as the other three.

Contemporary educational critics, in analyzing these problems, resemble two general varieties, the romantics and the mechanics. The former are disputatiously ideological, generally despise the Establishment, want education to be devoted to man's emotional as well as intellectual side, and stress freedom above all. The mechanics seek "excellence," want structural and organizational reform, distrust ideology, and love hardware and gimmickry. There are the usual hybrids (mechanical romantics and romantic mechanics).

The most stimulating item in this review bundle, *The Schoolhouse in the City*, displays both wings of educational criticism at their best. Here we have the architects, the dreamers, the hard-nosed administrators and the reflective scholars putting their views succinctly and persuasively in a group of essays from a 1967 Stanford University conference. Bayard Rustin, in a no-frills piece, "The Mind of the Black Militant," makes one of the most telling points of all, namely that to seek educational remedies we must go beyond education. He is discussing the decay of schooling in New York City:

> Every year there has been a new gimmick. First it was buses; the next year it was the Allen Plan. Now these are forgotten. The following year it was talk about education parks. Last year it was the More Effective Schools program. This year it's decentralization. Next year it will be still another gimmick. The fundamental reason educators have become involved in this gimmickry is that they do not seem to understand that unless there is a *master plan* to cover housing, jobs, and health, every plan for the schools will fall on its face. No piecemeal strategy can work.

But sometimes the desperate search for master plans and master solutions causes the critic in the romantic vein to bite off more than he can chew. A case in point is *Overlive*, an inferior book by an author whose every motive appears humane and liberal, so that it seems a pity to remark on the book's mishmash of complaints and postures. *Overlive* is one of a large number of

OVERLIVE: POWER, POVERTY, AND THE UNIVERSITY. *By William M. Birenbaum. Delacorte Press. 206 pp. $4.95.*

SCHOOLS WITHOUT FAILURE. *By William Glasser. Harper & Row. 235 pp. $4.95.*

DANGER IN WASHINGTON: The Story of My Twenty Years in the Public Schools in the Nation's Capital. *By Carl F. Hansen. Parker Publishing Co. 237 pp. $6.95.*

AFFIRMATIVE SCHOOL INTEGRATION: Efforts to Overcome De Facto Segregation in Urban Schools. *Edited by Roscoe Hill and Malcolm Feeley. Foreword by James S. Coleman. Sage Publications. 172 pp. $6.95.*

THE TEACHERS STRIKE: New York, 1968. *By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. 122 pp. $3.95. Paper 95c.*

110 LIVINGSTON STREET: Politics and Bureaucracy in the New York City Schools. *By David Rogers. Random House. 584 pp. $6.95.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE CITY. *Edited by Alvin Toffler. Frederick A. Praeger. 255 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.50.*

RICH SCHOOLS, POOR SCHOOLS: The Promise of Equal Educational Opportunity. *By Arthur E. Wise. University of Chicago Press. 228 pp. $9.*

METROPOLITAN AREA SCHOOLS: Resistance to District Reorganization. *By Basil G. Zimmer and Amos H. Hawley. Sage Publications. 320 pp. $7.95.*

overwrought "crisis" books we have been getting in education. Like Keystone cops in frenzied pursuit of disappearing culprits, the crisis authors know that the world is going to pot, but they can't get a handle on the thing. Education must save the world, but it won't. All is changing. All is new. We are plunging into the 21st century. ("Radiation belts flow into the stream of our consciousness with the suddenness of a satellite's orbit.") Famine! Riots! War! Radiation belts! We educators must get involved, do something. What? The crisis author hasn't the faintest, so he writes to keep us abreast of his confusions. Since publishers, however, require books with "eloquent solutions," we get a fire-eating "recommendations" chapter at the end (more this, less that, up with freedom, down with conformity). Birenbaum's ripsnorter for salvaging higher education is: let the students help one another.

In the romantic vein but not so frenetic, Glasser's book on the rather simplistic theme that we must promote success and not failure in school is a middling, enlightened effort which is to be welcomed less for what it says than for what it portends. Glasser recommends relevance, problem solving, less emphasis on memorization and grades, a cooperative and democratic atmosphere in the classroom, more free discussions, student participation in decision making, and the like. These and other good if mild prescriptions for change were made far more cogently and profoundly by John Dewey and the pioneer progressive educators more than fifty years ago. Finally, after decades of watering down, debasing, and eventually reviling the great ideas of progressivism, books such as that by Glasser indicate that we are coming to our senses, and that the liberating doctrines of Dewey's *Democracy and Education* and *Schools of Tomorrow* are being formulated anew.

To remind us, however, that the pedagogical views of the 1890s are alive and well in the nation's capital, and that the mediocrity of a school administrator can be deep and true blue, we have the *apologia pro vita sua* of Carl Hansen, ex-superintendent of the Washington, D.C. schools. Hansen, who used to go around the Eastern seaboard talking to groups about building brotherhood until he was forced to resign as superintendent (after his system was exposed under scathing attack) attributes his *success* in "desegregating" the D.C. schools—about 90 per cent black on his departure—to "divine afflatus" (his very own words).

When a person is inspired, he gets to know that everything fits together. Hansen knows. The threat of Communist aggression in Vietnam, the federal dollars destroying local control, the people who dislike the tracking system, the student protesters, bad sexual behavior, the Negro militant ("an *émigré* from Alabama") who triggered the suit that led to his downfall, the totalitarianism of the Court ("God is not dead. . . . He is currently sitting on the Federal Bench in Washington, D.C.")—these are all part of the scurrilous forces, *Danger in Washington*, that want to drag down not only the public schools but the entire nation. What's at the bottom of it all? We're destroying our moral fiber, that's what. (But, to do him justice, tucked away in his book are some fair criticisms of lesser ailments of education.) The ex-superintendent, who thinks he wants to do good for colored folk and who does not even begin to understand the forces and powers which battered against American education in the years of his service as a schoolman, is merely an old-shoe reactionary. Is it any wonder, given this caliber of leadership, that the D.C. schools got the reputation of being among the worst in the country?

But when it comes to the worst of the worst, and some of the juiciest atrocity tales in the educational business, there are connoisseurs who say that New York City must be awarded the palm. Enrolling one of every forty American pupils, its school system is the biggest, and hence deserves to be the worst. In his *110 Livingston Street* (the headquarters address of the New York City system) Rogers tries to unravel the defense strategies of the school bureaucracy, which has implanted itself in the New York body politic with the tenacity of a phalanx of armored leeches. Rogers wants to show how desegregation and school reform in New York has been repeatedly aborted by warring middle-class pressure groups helpless to budge the bureaucracy. But the author gets lost in a welter of undigested detail, and produces a tedious, poorly written study.

It is shapeless, for Rogers, apparently as riven as his materials, develops a number of contradictory or ambiguous positions. Concerning the lay board of education, for example, he wants it to be (*a*) more powerful (*b*) less powerful (*c*) representative of the community (*d*) independent of community pressures (*e*) boldly innovative on controversial issues (*f*) cautious in avoiding head-on and self-defeating power struggles (*g*) chiefly involved in making policy for and policing the school system (*h*) chiefly engaged in lobbying for legislative changes (*i*) continued as a city-wide board (*j*) replaced by local boards (*k*) thought of as a powerful instrument for change, and (*l*) thought of as a vestigial apparatus from a former era. Aside from his belief that the situation is desperate and likely to get worse before it gets better, it is impossible to know what Rogers thinks or wants.

Another failed attempt at unraveling New York's unravelable is Martin Mayer's explanation of the recent teachers' strike. The shallowness of Mayer's background analysis is revealed by his view that our "root problem" in politics is control of professionals—not racism, not poverty, not inequality, not corruption, not the polluted mass media but the tendency of professionals to become parasites. Of course, some professionals are better than others. Albert Shanker, for example, is the "leading integrationist in the New York labor movement," a "civil rights activist," and he cuts the figure of a peerless, upright leader. (Even when he calls a conciliatory parent a liar to her face, it is merely an "unfortunate impression.") But Rhody McCoy ("confusion followed wherever he went, as the fog follows the tide") tends to say different things to different people, has an "odd locution," sympathizes with "violent . . . naive women," withholds information, makes inaccurate statements; in other words, he does indeed look like a "root problem" professional. Mayer's book, tacky journalism of a jaundiced hue, does not deserve a reading.

New York's school problems stem not from a sick bureaucracy but are variants of the problems mentioned at the outset of this review. The city is an extreme case because of its unusual concentration of middle-class teachers and parents who, in an economy of educational invidiousness, want not equal but unequal schools and unequal access to education, so as to protect their hard-won prerogatives and to guarantee their children a positively loaded chance in grabbing at the fruits of a society stratified by class and race. For these parents and teachers, understandably enough, egalitarianism is a snare.

Not only in New York City is egalitarianism both praised and unwanted. Unequal access to schooling is a global problem. Take at random a bright boy growing up in India and ask what his chances are for getting a college degree. They will be only one-fiftieth the chances of the average American child, bright or not bright, boy or girl. In America, unequal educational opportunity, while less glaring than in the rest of the world, has been a fact of life since the founding of Boston Latin School in 1635.

Taken alone, the most sweeping school reforms cannot promise equal educational opportunity, because our American inequalities are rooted in white racism, the capitalist system, and the genetic endowment of the citizenry. No mere pedagogue or school fiscal agent can beat the racist-capitalist-genetic complex. But its harshest features can be mitigated through reforms of educational policy. And the push for racial integration remains one of the most praiseworthy reforms.

Considering that segregation by race and class is the chief deterrent of learning among disadvantaged children, we have not been getting as many studies on the matter as we need. The best available is the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights report of 1967, *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools.* In the same year appeared a volume by Robert Crain, et al., *Politics of School Desegregation,* followed in 1968 by *Our Children's Burden: Studies of Desegregation in Nine American Communities,* edited by Raymond W. Mack. Now, as a useful addition to these studies, we have *Affirmative School Integration*, a slim and tautly edited work, giving us eight abbreviated case studies (which appeared originally in the *Law and Society Review* for November 1967) accompanied by analytic essays. The best of these is by the late Arnold M. Rose. There is a short foreword by James S. Coleman. While dated, the case studies illustrate the arduous struggles which a community must undergo to slough off segregation. There have been more failures than successes, so that Mack's earlier summary still stands: "Small towns and medium-sized cities, North and South, are desegregating their schools, at least to a token extent . . . huge metropolitan areas, North and South, are resegregating their schools; the trend is toward more rather than less segregated educational facilities." *Affirmative School Integration* belongs in the library of every school of education.

Wise's *Rich Schools, Poor Schools,* competent in its own terms, deals with a small aspect of the equalization issue, that of remedying intrastate discrepancies in school expenditures by way of Supreme Court intervention. Far more needed is continued and much stronger federal intervention to mitigate interstate discrepancies, to ride herd on the desegregation process, and to make available big chunks of cash bait to promote redistricting and rezoning as applied to school attendance laws. Another study by Zimmer and Hawley (strictly for the specialist reader) indicates that opposition to redistricting is strong, especially in suburbs and among school officials, whose vested interests require defense of the *status quo.* Yet, only with an end to the so-called "neighborhood school" and the mis-termed *de facto* segregation (both quasi-legal maneuvers to isolate the privileged from the poor) will we make a significant dent in the school equalization process.

But we need to return to Bayard Rustin's point. Educational change must be embedded in a larger plan for societal change. Even apathetic and change-resistant middle classes will respond to appealing and enriched proposals that will improve the life chances of all our children. Enriched plans require riches. The nation's wealth augments fabulously, but only 6 per cent goes for education. Fifty billion dollars, and yet it is not enough. We must nurse that percentage upwards, through federal interventions, snatching fiscal treasure from the jaws of the military-industrial monster. One day we will have first-rate schools; but then we will be routinely spending 25 per cent of our income for educational purposes, wondering how we ever got by with 6 per cent.

Between Legend and Man

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY. *By Carlos Baker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 697 pp. $10.*

JAMES F. LIGHT

Mr. Light is Bernhard Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport and is the author of books on Nathanael West and John William De Forest. In April 1969, Holt, Rinehart & Winston published his The Modern Age *(co-edited with Prof. Leonard Lief).*

When Ernest Hemingway's widow and literary executor, Mary Hemingway, raised legal objections in 1966 to the publication of A.E. Hotchner's volume of reminiscences and pseudo-reminiscences entitled *Papa Hemingway*, many scholars became exceedingly skeptical about the validity of the authorized biography then being prepared by Princeton Prof. Carlos Baker.

The completed volume shows that these fears were unjustified. Baker's admirable study—in which he used a voluminous amount of previously unavailable material, interviewed innumerable friends and acquaintances of Hemingway, and visited the settings of much of Hemingway's life and work—shows no evidence that pressure of any kind has been put upon him to eliminate or to modify his findings or his attitudes about Hemingway. The result is that in *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*, Baker portrays the legendary Hemingway, but he also depicts the ordinary man, and if the mythological Hemingway is a giant, the ordinary man, as Baker demonstrates, was at times very human and very, very small. In a study conscientiously avoiding the presentation of anything resembling a "thesis," this contrast between the legend and the man becomes especially memorable.

The legend, in its various manifestations, has been both reported and created, with different emphases, by numerous journalists and scholars. Some writers emphasize the formative years that Hemingway spent in a conventional middle-class suburb of Chicago (though with summers in the woodlands of Michigan). With Freud as their inspiration and such stories as "The Doctor and The Doctor's Wife" as their evidence, these commentators often insist that Hemingway, contradictorily brutal and sensitive, naturalistic and romantic, was created by the psychological tensions borne by the young child in the conflict between Hemingway's father and mother, with the mother dreaming that she might mold young Ernest into a sensitive artist (preferably a violinist) and the father determined to bend him toward practical values and manly physical pleasures (though far from sexual ones). Another facet of the legend (one especially dominating Philip Young's studies of Hemingway) emphasizes the biographical parallels between Hemingway's work and life, and it insists that the key to Hemingway's art is the fact that his life dramatizes an Adamic, archetypal, and peculiarly American experience—the discovery by a young initiate of the world of violence, the attempt to escape it, and the psychic wound (often with a physical manifestation) that leads to the sleeplessness and despair consequent upon the discovery of mortality and *nada.*

Yet another part of the Hemingway legend is that which magnifies him as the American expatriate of the 1920s striding, a trifle arrogantly, through the streets of Paris and Pamplona; quarreling and talking of art with Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein and Scott Fitzgerald; quietly proclaiming over a drink his dedication to art as well as his devotion to a hedonistic creed of good women, good liquor and good song. Furthermore, there is the ever-recurrent image of Hemingway as "Papa," the virile male—a vision illuminated not only by his latter physical appearance, burly and bearded, but also by many of the facts of his life and language: he went to wars as other men went to baseball games; he spent much of his life hunting and fishing in Africa and Cuba; he loved such sports as boxing, and he constantly talked—often shadowboxing as he did so—of his life and art in boxing terms; and always he deified courage and dramatized the complexity of its "grammar" in such stories as "In Another Country" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

Finally, there is the legend popularized by Hotchner, in which Hemingway becomes the aging lion, obsessed by the loss of his capacity for physical pleasure and tormented by the thought that even his art has become a mockery. It is that Hemingway who longs for peace, yearns for a high, cold, dry country above the agony of the plain, and it is that legendary figure who puts a gun into his mouth and, like his father before him, blows off the top of his head.

RECOGNITION

(for Henry Dumas)

Henry Dumas was a black man who was one of the editors of the *Hiram Poetry Review*. He was shot to death on a New York City subway platform in May 1968 by a Transit Authority policeman.

In the beginning
there was fear: my father
spoke to me
of a crucifix
driven
into an infant's skull, while
the priest
drooled Jesus, and women
twined flowers
in his beard.

In the beginning
there was fear: white wolves
whose jaws
were filled with ikons,
red faces
open like a furnace,
and each Gentile handshake
was a handful
of burning coal.

In the beginning
there was fear: I ran
through streets
of iron windows, flesh
so alien
I could not imagine
that it lived on human bones:
a time of violins
and graveyards.

I remember that beginning, I
remember, and now
only
sometimes
do I fear the beginning
just begun.

STANLEY COOPERMAN

Baker recognizes all the giants in these legends, but he worships none. What he gives are the facts, though he disclaims writing a "definitive" biography, and if the mass of details sometimes becomes soporific (Hemingway's travel itineraries in Africa drag on endlessly), the narrative is always illuminating and sometimes exciting. One emphatic fact is that Hemingway was both Ernest the Bad and Ernest the Good. As Ernest the Good (who was most often present in Hemingway's early years) he was generous, loyal, kind, brave and stoical; as Ernest the Bad he was a braggart, a bully, an incredible liar, an anti-Semite, a megalomaniac, a hypocrite, a drunk, and a manic-depressive. As Ernest the Good he loved his father (though his first "psychic wound," as he wrote to Malcolm Cowley, came on his discovery that his father was a coward), but as Ernest the Bad he despised his mother (possibly because she resisted his domination); resented contributing to her support after her husband's death and advised her to seek help from some of her "rich" friends: and usually referred to her as "the old bitch." Typical of the tone of Ernest the Bad was his reaction to his mother's desire to give an interview to a woman from *McCall's* magazine: Hemingway forbade it and warned his mother that he would "cut her off without a penny" if she disobeyed.

In portraying the two faces of Hemingway, Baker devotes considerable attention to the women in Hemingway's life, from the Indian girl whom Hemingway remembered in "Fathers and Sons" as having first done "what no one has ever done better"; to the World War I nurse Agnes von Kurowski, whom Hemingway damned in "A Very Short Story" and romanticized in *A Farewell to Arms*; to the bohemian expatriate Lady Duff Twysden, whom he dramatized as Lady Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*; to Hemingway's four wives; to the comradely "Daughters" of his later years such as Adriana Ivancich (whom he idealized in *Across the River and Into the Trees*) and Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman.

In his younger years Hemingway was attracted to women older than he (Agnes was 27 when Hemingway was 20 and her nickname for him was "Kid"), while in his declining years he preferred younger women. He was relatively consistent, however, in wishing submission rather than independence from his women (a point he dramatized most effectively in *A Farewell to Arms*), and the wife whom he grew to dislike most heartily and attempted to humiliate most thoroughly was the one, Martha Gellhorn, who attempted to retain her own individuality.

Despite his own illusions that he was a great lover—he often boasted that he had bedded every woman he really desired—the facts imply that Hemingway was seldom sexually aggressive. Pauline Pfeiffer became temporarily the best friend of his first wife Hadley in order to lure him away (a temptation apparently made irresistible by Pauline's wealth), and Martha Gellhorn snared him from Pauline—a poetic justice of which Hemingway was not unaware when he answered Pauline's complaints by stating that those who lived by the sword must perish by it. Only with Mary Welsh did Hemingway's courtship resemble that of the predatory swain and jealous lover (though a rather aging one bedeviled by his thinning hair), and, perhaps, even then he was acting the by now familiar role of Hemingway the Great. Whether he was or not, however, his adolescent actions occasionally annoyed Mary, and she was furious when, at a party, Hemingway seized a portrait of Mary's husband, Noel Monks (who was presenting some difficulties about the divorce), and proceeded to throw the picture in the bathroom toilet and shoot a burst of bullets into it.

The denigration implicit in Baker's treatment of Hemingway's sexual prowess is evident in other ways. Hemingway made numerous friends, to some of whom he remained loyal, but more often than not he eventually turned on them and left them infuriated. The classic example is Harold Loeb (whom Hemingway crucified as Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*) but Baker does not slight other cases, among them those of F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, Gerald Murphy, William Faulkner, and Gen. Buck Lanham. The latter, whom Hemingway dramatized in *Across the River and Into the Trees*, was probably the man whom Hemingway admired more than any other, but even Lanham eventually found Hemingway's nostalgia for his lost youth unhealthy and tasteless, and he was repelled by Hemingway's omnipresent obscenity and enraged by his lack of tact and sensitivity.

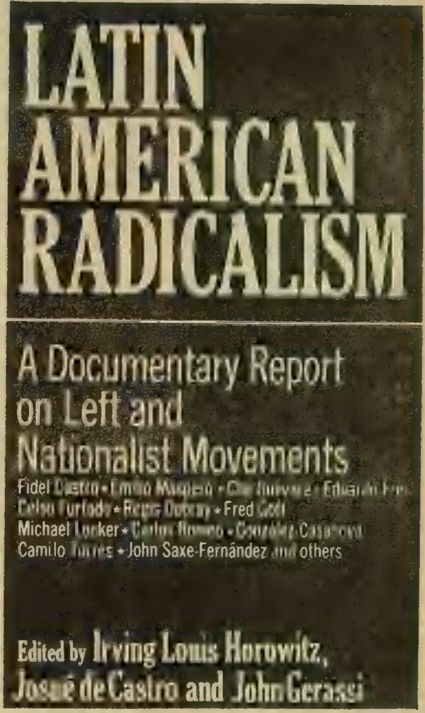
Nor does Hemingway's bravery escape Baker's critical eye. Meticulously documenting the vast evidence of that courage, Baker adds other facts pertinent to it: that Hemingway often exaggerated it, occasionally lied about it, and spent considerable effort in publicizing it; that at times he showed total insensitivity to the bravery of others and was incredibly offensive in questioning their bravery;

and that his obsession with bravery sometimes led him to lack any semblance of common sense. Exemplifying the latter fact is his response to a comment by Faulkner, wherein Faulkner claimed that artistically Hemingway was less interesting than Wolfe and Dos Passos because "he lacked the courage to get out on a limb of experimentation. . . ." Deeply insulted, Hemingway responded by asking General Lanham to write to Faulkner and tell him the truth about Hemingway's physical courage under military fire in 1944.

For serious Hemingway scholars there are two especially significant aspects of Baker's study. One is the fact that though he does not attempt a full-scale "critical biography" (justifying the absence of literary interpretation on the ground that his earlier study *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* is still in print), he does indicate the existence of a considerable amount of Hemingway's unpublished fiction. Some of the unpublished fiction Baker describes briefly (as with the ambitious four-volume work with the general title of *The Sea*) but does not attempt to judge. Most of the unpublished work, however, impresses Baker as mediocre or worse; he claims, for instance, that the lengthy "Garden of Eden" manuscript is not only replete with marital biography but is full of "astonishing ineptitudes." The brevity with which these works are treated, however, seems curious even in a work scrupulously confined to biography, not literary interpretation.

Scholars will also be intrigued by Hemingway's attitude toward critical and biographical study of him and his work. Generally speaking he was antagonistic to biographical studies and suspicious of critical ones. His hostility toward biography led him at times to confuse biographical "gossip" with literary criticism, and he actively impeded the publication of works by Philip Young and Charles Fenton. One of his less justifiable tactics was to forbid quotations from his work, and, frighteningly enough, American publishers, as if they had never heard of the right of fair use, were so intimidated by this (or so full of courtesy toward one another) that the method was largely successful. Only after a personal letter from Young, in which Young stated that he would rewrite his study without quotations but would indicate the reason for the omission in a foreword—only then did Hemingway grudgingly give permission in a telegram: IF IT MEANS YOUR JOB IF NOT PUBLISHED . . . YOU HAVE MY FORMAL PERMISSION TO QUOTE. HOPE YOURE HAPPY.

From the evidence of Baker's biography, Hemingway was not an especially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lovable man, but writers are not ultimately judged as artists on that ground. In a letter to Charles Scribner, Hemingway once noted that his work "was a disease, a vice, and an obsession. To be happy, he had to write, which made it a disease. He also enjoyed it, which turned the disease into a vice. Since he wished to write better than anyone else had ever done, the vice quickly became an obsession." On the basis of his obsession, Hemingway is a better man than any pure biography will ever be able to show, and for that reason a "critical biography" may well capture a truer human than Baker is able to portray. That is not to say that Baker's study is not successful. It is. In fulfilling what it attempts, it is a truly magnificent achievement.

A Depression Story

SCOTTSBORO: A Tragedy of the American South. *By Dan T. Carter. Louisiana State University Press. 431 pp. $10.*

SHANE STEVENS

Mr. Stevens is the author of Go Down Dead *(William Morrow).*

"The Chattanooga to Memphis freight was a half hour late. Conductor Robert Turner hurried up and down the tracks checking his gold pocket watch, but no amount of complaining could make the yard men hurry. It was 10:20 A.M., almost an hour behind schedule, before the engine turned westward out of Chattanooga's Southern Railroad yards. Turner ignored a score of hoboes who scrambled on board as the train picked up speed. According to regulations every railroad employee had to report trespassing on the trains, but few observed the directive. It was March 25, 1931, and across a stricken nation 200,000 boys, girls, men, and women made the rails their home."

Thus begins Dan T. Carter's excellent account of the infamous Scottsboro affair; with a slow-moving freight which was to prove for nine of the "hoboes" the longest ride of their lives. Before the journey was ended, the state of Alabama was to become notorious throughout much of the Western world and the Scottsboro Case was to become an American *cause célèbre*, equaled in its passion and bitterness only by the earlier Sacco-Vanzetti trial.

The facts are these: nine young black men, traveling in several separate groups unknown to one another until the day of the incident, had an altercation with some white youths, all of whom were riding the rails. After being defeated and thrown off the train, the whites told local officials that they had been assaulted. The authorities had the blacks taken off the train at the next stop and arrested them. Straightforward enough so far. But on that same train rode two young white girls also traveling without tickets. When the train was stopped at Paint Rock, Ala., the girls volunteered the information that they had been raped by all nine of the blacks. Raped. White by black. And not one or two, but nine!

If Emmet Till, a 14-year-old black boy, could be horribly mutilated and murdered for allegedly whistling at a white woman in Mississippi in 1955, imagine the depth of feeling such an allegation caused in a small Southern town in 1931.

After narrowly escaping being lynched by white mobs, the nine defendants were quickly brought to trial at the county seat of Scottsboro and just as quickly sentenced to die in the Alabama electric chair. I should say, in the interests of accuracy, that only eight were condemned to death. Somehow the ninth youth escaped that sentence because seven of the jurors insisted on the death penalty even though the state asked only for life imprisonment, so the judge ordered a mistrial. The defendant was all of 13 years old. At the same time, it should be mentioned that another of the defendants was 13, though nearer to 14, and he *was* judged ready to die.

The United States Supreme Court reversed the convictions, holding that in capital felony cases defendants are entitled to adequate counsel. During the next six years a series of trials was held, with the U.S. Supreme Court again voiding the convictions, and trial judges granting defense motions for new trials. By 1936 one of the defendants, Haywood Patterson, had been tried four times, and by 1937 four of them had been convicted and sentenced to what amounted to life terms. A fifth had been convicted of assault with intent to murder (a local official while in custody) and sentenced to twenty years. By then, the state of Alabama had dropped prosecution of the other four.

By then, too, the American Communist Party had exploited the case fully, the NAACP had earned the scorn of the black population for its timidity, and the defense counsel, mostly Northern and Jewish, had had years of the vilest invective hurled at it. It should also be noted that *The Nation* was the first major magazine to express interest in and concern for the Scottsboro nine, when its editor sent an urgent letter of inquiry to the NAACP national headquarters shortly after the initial trials in early April 1931. This interest was to be maintained through the years.

So much for the dry facts of history. Now what about the basis of the charge of rape? Here I think the author has done a heroic job of assembling irrefutable proof that, in fact, the crime of rape was never committed by any of the defendants. *Item*: one of the black youths was totally incapacitated by syphilis and gonorrhea. *Item*: another one of them was virtually blind. *Item*: two of them, as noted, were 13. *Item*: one of the two girls withdrew her accusation and admitted she had lied. *Item*: the second girl gave obviously false testimony. *Item*: a trial judge reported that one of the examining physicians told him that the girls were lying. *Item*: no bruises were found on the inner organs of either girl to indicate brutal assault by nine men—almost a medical impossibility. *Item*: examining physicians gave convincing proof that no rape had occurred. And on and on.

How then could a whole people act contrary to all logic and reason? The fact is that hundreds and thousands of people were caught up in a mental torture chamber of great poverty, of inordinate fear of communism, of fanatic prejudice against Jews, of deep race hatred. The tragedy was as much that of individuals as of the American South. The Scottsboro case undoubtedly destroyed the lives of the nine defendants. They spent a total of more than 100 years in prison; the last of them, Andrew Wright, was released in 1950. Two are known to be dead: Haywood Patterson and Leroy Wright. I believe at least three others are now dead. As for the rest, perhaps Andy Wright said it best: "Freedom don't mean a thing to me."

The two white girls? They both died in 1961, about 42 miles apart from each other. They never again achieved the instant fame of the early 1930s.

Professor Carter is to be congratulated on his effort, both historically and stylistically. It's a triumph of proper research, and should remain the definitive study of the affair.

The Alternatives

THE ACTIVE SOCIETY: A Theory of Societal and Political Processes. *By Amitai Etzioni. The Free Press. 698 pp. $11.95.*

CARL DREHER

Etzioni defines an active society as one "in charge of itself rather than unstructured or restructured to suit the logic of instruments and the interplay of forces that they generate." In his view, the radical transformation of the technologies of communication, knowledge and energy that followed World War II has moved us from the modern period, which was characterized by an increase in the efficacy of technology of such magnitude that it challenged the primacy of the values that technology was supposed to serve, into the post-modern period, which will pose an even greater threat to these values and make even more difficult any reassertion of their normative priority. Etzioni sums it up: "Which alternative prevails will determine whether society is to be the servant or the master of the instruments it creates." The theme which runs through the book is an exploration in depth of the conditions under which the latter option may be consciously chosen.

The discussion is divided into an introduction, "The Active Orientation," followed by five parts: "Foundations for a Theory of Macroscopic Action": "Cybernetic Factors"; "Implementing Factors"; "Societal Consensus and Responsiveness"; "Beyond Tribalism"; and ending with an epilogue, "Alienation, Inauthenticity, and Their Reduction"; with a glossary and indices of names and subjects. The whole comprises twenty-one chapters, supported by almost 1,100 references and notes, many of which are extended discussions of as much interest as the text.

So much for quantity and arrangement. The jacket states that the book was written for graduate and advanced undergraduate courses in sociological theory, political sociology, political theory, comparative government, and social anthropology. For the nontechnical reader, some passages present considerable difficulty, although much of the material at this level requires no more effort than Montaigne's recommendation for the acquisition of knowledge and insight: "I do not understand. I pause. I examine."

Even when an author does not know what he is trying to say, this procedure may not be a total waste of time—in the effort to disentangle the writer's thinking, the reader may arrive at some valid conclusions of his own. None of the passages that stopped me momentarily left me with the impression that Etzioni was confused, because on rereading, the confusion cleared up: it was mine, not his. And a good deal of the text is as pellucid as the popular articles Etzioni has written, or his lectures. For instance, I opened the book at random (really at random) and lit on this passage:

> Affecting these dynamics is the fact that the contextuating orientation often focuses around a contextuating key symbol. While this holds for many individual orientations, especially among less-educated individuals or groups, it seems to be even more characteristic of societal knowledge, for here consensus is of the essence, and consensus on many items and assumptions is difficult to obtain. Contexts are thus built around a few highly abstract notions and a symbol, such as Pearl Harbor (sneak attack), Munich (appeasement), or Little Rock (the domestic use of federal force). New bits (a computer term for a unit of knowledge) are readily absorbed if they can be tied to one of these contextuating symbols. . . .

Officialdom is not immune from this easy means of taking a position, and Etzioni remarks that contextuating symbols, once institutionalized, are "a powerful force for supporting the knowledge *status quo*, for there are usually few experiences of similar potency on the side of societal change." And these few do not get an even break from the media.

The author is a brilliant scholar, young for a full professor (sociology, Columbia). He lived in Israel for twenty years, served three and a half years in the Israeli war for nationhood, received his M.A. from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and his Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley, and has written many books and innumerable articles. Should the time come when the social sciences are as highly esteemed in government as, say, evaluation of nuclear strategy, Etzioni might well be summoned to Washington in some such role as that which Henry Kissinger plays in the Nixon Administration.

Even on cursory examination *The Active Society* will make the lay reader realize how naive and inchoate the ideas subsumed under "social consciousness" usually are, and how much we stand in need of the sharply focused thinking that professionals like Etzioni bring to bear on social problems.

The Free Press has given *The Active Society* the format it deserves and, considering what you get, the price is a welcome exception to the current practice of pricing technical books for the expense account market.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I am a sucker for slapstick. Though I know when I see a hot stove stage center, as I did at the production of Molière's *The Miser*, that subsequently someone will sit on it, I cannot resist laughing. The production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater is all gags, most of them old. In employing them the director, Carl Weber, may not be doing Molière a disservice in regard to a New York audience. Having accepted the local "style" I found myself having a pleasant time.

My laughter is not always a sign that what I am seeing is good comedy any more than my shedding tears proves that I am in the presence of tragedy. These are physical reflexes which provide no more evidence of dramatic excitement than does my nervous reaction to a pistol shot on stage.

I was also convulsed by the malapropisms and puns in Kenneth Cameron's *Papp* at the American Place Theatre, a prank aimed at all religious orthodoxy. The Vatican in this entertainment is called the "vacation," the Savior is referred to as God's "only forgotten Son," the sacrament of confession becomes the

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"confusion." These are college-boy blasphemies but alas, alas, they make me cackle. Albert Paulsen, as the "Papp," is very funny.

The Miser is indeed a farce and, as such, a masterpiece. Do not look for "psychology" here or subtle character drawing. Molière in this as in most of his plays (*The Misanthrope*, *Don Juan*, even *Tartuffe* are exceptional in his work) wrote buffooneries with broad types representing well-defined human traits. The greatness of these plays lies in their perfect form, their constant fun, their brilliant rhythm and their social relevance.

The upholsterer's son Molière took the vices of the rising new class, the bourgeoisie, as well as the fatuousness of the still dominant aristocracy, as his targets. His lampoons in acidly sharp strokes traced with joyous scenic sweep beguiled and irritated both classes down the ages. Molière's art is not delicate; it is saber play. In *The Miser*, as in several other of his comedies, he aims at the passion for money, the besetting sin of the middle class.

The French produce Molière for wit in characterizations and stylistic finesse. In recent years the Comédie Française productions of their mainstay dramatist have been conventional in both respects and, with few exceptions, rather dull. The best production of a Molière farce I ever saw was given in Paris years ago by the Théâtre du Marais, a Belgian company. It excelled in the brio and dash of several great comedians directed with the virtuosity of a supreme ballet master.

It is conceivable that an American group of vaudevillians who could speak with the crispness and speed that Molière's sprightly dialogue—at once dry and savorsome—demands, could manage the Molière style. But since we lack training for such an accomplishment, little is left for us but to resort to knockabout shenanigans in a fashion made familiar by the more adept among the burlesque comics of old.

The show at the Beaumont begins with a bit of jazz; we are then confronted with a pseudo-Brechtian placard, stating the place and time of the action. The "juveniles" of the piece—Valère and Elise—steal out of her chamber, having obviously just made love. This is a moral anachronism for Molière—but no matter. The setting itself looks like an ill-kept barn—and that, too, despite Harpogon's miserliness, is altogether out of character. But none of this would be unacceptable if what followed turned out to be a "modern" interpretation of the play. Little, however, occurs after the opening scene which is more imaginatively hilarious than the stunt on the stove. Nothing happens, for example, to suggest an apposite parallel with today's business community.

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The translation is good, the speech always intelligible, the pace brisk. Robert Symonds in a good make-up is more effective than in any other role I have seen him play. Blythe Tanner, a talented youngster, is not required by her role (Elise) to be anything more than cute and pretty, which she is. Philip Bosco as the "surprise" papa who solves the play's amatory imbroglio, has exactly the right "high tone" of a traditional French production, and Lili Darvas as a scurvy matchmaker gives a properly robust performance.

If you see the show you will probably laugh, as I did, and perhaps not ask yourself why the play is regarded as a masterpiece.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's 1928 hit, *The Front Page* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) is a farcical melodrama which conceals the fact that it might have attained the status of genuine satire. It is, in any case, one of the best of American comedies and well worth the revival.

It is a spoof exposing or celebrating the callousness, frivolity, and insanity of the twenties in its appetite for scandalous journalism, political hooliganism and highly charged emptiness. Nothing except speed and noisy acclaim has any value in this environment. Life is reduced to obscene headlines. Rule is by slogans and violent skulduggery. Journalists are ignorant and shabby henchmen of people who have been spoiled silly by playing with power as with tin soldiers.

If one were to think about all this one would be led to despair. But Hecht and MacArthur, though they could deal with the matter with remarkable dexterity and lusty stage sense, didn't intend that we should think about it; they meant us to enjoy it, as they themselves did with crazy indifference. That is why the play is only obliquely a comment—still applicable—but nonetheless a mirror of the time.

The new production lacks the brittle, tough, sharp thrust of the original—Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins were of the very texture of the period and the text—but it does no particular damage. The actors force their points, that is, push too hard because they themselves aren't hard. So the soft and mushheaded among the characters are better played than the more brazen. The ones who come off best are Harold Kennedy as a sissy reporter, John McGiver as a bumblingly crooked mayor, Charles White as a nincompoop sheriff and Arnold Stang as an honest nonentity.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Five works by Jules Olitski, now on view at the Metropolitan Museum, introduce the sculpture of a painter. "Sculptural shape," he writes in the museum's *Bulletin*, "is to the ground support what pictorial shape is to the paint support." He defines this "sense of shape not as separate object placed closely in relation to the ground but as being in itself *derived* from the ground." While it is true that his sculptures are mostly low lying, they do not have quite this relation to the ground. Such an intersection of structure and earth takes place in many "earth works" which are fabricated out of the ground and take the planet as the work's base [see column by Max Kozloff, *The Nation*, March 17], but Olitski's sculptures of cut and welded aluminum are something else. They have an unmistakable solidity and internal coherence. They are *on top* of the ground, as the uneven shadows where the rim of each sculpture sits on the gallery floor emphasize only too clearly. The spreading and generally low forms are horizontal *objects*, not projections of the ground. In fact, not all the sculptures are down low; the best of them is a tall pavilion-like junction of color slices, with undertones of a Coney Island Araby.

In one way the sculptures are what I anticipated; they are mostly low lying and all color. Unexpected to me, however, is their fantasy. Olitski has a stream of humor, of eccentricity, which all the formalist discussion of his work and pressures on him have never quenched. It was present as imagery in his early Matter Paintings; it persisted as funny titles in his flat paintings and as bedroom color in some of his sprayed and soaked paintings, and now it has splurged in the sculpture. The forms are gross and the colors gaudily glamorous. If funk artists were to stop always drawing and to go abstract the results might be something like these sculptures.

The sculptures are a bizarre mix of the voluptuous and the playful. The forms are reminiscent of Art Déco (to use that term as a label for twenties-thirties design). Olitski's flattened curves and slipping disks, bland arcs and sudden zigzags, recall modernistic movie-theatre architecture and ocean-liner equipment.

Several of the sculptures are homologous to, say, a grand piano as it might have been designed by Jean Puiforcat. "Wheels Up," 28 feet long by 3½ feet high, consists of two low curves (Frank Lloyd Wright-ish) joined by a form like a fluted music stand. "Whip Saw" as a configuration is somewhere between the old Penguin Pool in the London Zoo and gun emplacements, à la Maginot. Those other pieces of hardware are mentioned not in a derogatory spirit but to indicate the low comedy of solid forms that Olitski has set up in these works. The fact that there is no very specific sense of scale or of place in the sculptures encourages such correspondences. The artist whose pictures bore titles like "Yaksi Juice" and "Purple Golybchik" (spelling is the artist's from memory) has here made sculptures to embody such fantasy.

The color is an acrylic lacquer sprayed on to produce a dense speckled surface of mauves, purples, lavenders, powder blues. Its luminescent or sparkling effects resist the shadow gradients on the forms, not enough to oppose the real volume but enough to flatten and stretch the surfaces a bit. The paint reflects light, with insufficient intensity to dissolve solidity, but in a way that emphasizes tactility. This, too, is a thirtyish effect, of mass by plump but not heavy volumes, as in those fluted and curved façades which are textured by engraving, by dashed-on pebbles, to make a crusty animated skin.

Robert Rauschenberg's new works (Castelli) are called "Commissioned and Carnal Clocks," with a footnote: "Commissioned Clocks not exhibited at this time." Presumably they have not yet been commissioned, but the Carnal ones are there, along with a sign forbidding minors to enter. Each "Clock" is a large flat plexiglass case, standing against the wall; at intervals internal lights flash on, illuminating grainy photographs of body parts and openings. The illumination is partial and methodical, restricted each time to one of twelve regular sections around a large central close-up of crumpled bed sheets. The carnality is that of uncensored 42nd Street, combined with the blurriness of sex at home for the Polaroid camera. The lowly urban character of the images and the direct manner of their presentation make the "Clocks" Rauschenberg's best work for years.

The photographs are transferred to silk screens and printed on the plexiglass, a technique Rauschenberg has used before, usually to make an alphabet soup of fused and coalescing forms. In the "Clocks," however, the images are set forth one at a time without overlapping, occupying regular areas that correspond to the numbers on a clock face. The drama of seeing and not seeing is introduced by the lights and by the way our reflections occupy the unlit areas. The room in which the "Clocks" are seen is fairly brightly lit, so that external spaces are clearly reflected among the genitalia. Seen in the dark, or at noon and midnight when the clock mechanism blazes briefly in a luminous jackpot, the effect of involvement is less. The operation of the work in time and the schematic organization of the images, seen one at a time in non-narrative order, support each other with a logic Rauschenberg has not revealed lately.

The "Clocks" are deep boxes, obstinately bulky in the room, and they click on and off noisily, but they function in time sequences and they change with the spectator's movements. Though a conspicuous piece of hardware, each "Clock" combines some of the functions of a real clock and of a mirror. To the extent that they are mechanisms and reflective surfaces, they carry durational changes of both predictable and unpredictable sorts. Olitski speaks about sculpture coming off the ground in a way that will be more active than sculpture requiring pedestals, but, in fact, his works remain objects of a perfectly traditional solidity and bulk. If he wishes to modify the object nature of sculpture he would have to do something more like Rauschenberg and move into time sequences. Olitski's statement should, I think, be regarded as mainly a prudent bit of propaganda for friends and formalists rather than as a reliable estimate of what he is doing. As freaky and gross objects, however, his sculptures have a burly wit.

RECORDS / David Hamilton

MYROW: *Songs from the Japanese.* REYNOLDS: *Quick Are the Mouths of Earth.* Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71219. $2.98.

WOLPE: *Chamber Piece No. 1.* ROCHBERG: *Serenata d'estate.* SHIFRIN: *Satires of Circumstance.* Same performers. Nonesuch H-71220. $2.98.

DRUCKMAN: *Incenters.* SCHWANTNER: *Diaphonia intervallum.* HARBISON: *Confinement.* Same performers. Nonesuch H-71221. $2.98.

The coincidence of this valuable series of records with the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's recent Carnegie Hall concert (May 8) underlines once again the central role of the sub-orchestral ensemble in the music of recent decades and—not less—the excellences of this particular group. The concert further demonstrated that Arthur Weisberg's Ensemble, although this year orphaned by the expiration of the three-year Rockefeller Foundation grant that had supported its residency at Rutgers University, still very much commands the technical fluency and ensemble virtuosity audible on these records and in its work of prior seasons. How long such quality can be maintained, without the regular rehearsals, security and stability of personnel that can exist only under adequate and permanent sponsorship, is a question; but it is—to say the least—ironic that, just at the point when a representative sample of the Ensemble's high standards of performance and repertory is made accessible to a wider public, the prospects for such sponsorship seem dim.

In retrospect, it is perplexing that the original Rockefeller Foundation grants for university chamber ensembles apparently made no provision for recordings, which would have significantly extended the tangible results of those grants, both in time and in space. However, it would not be surprising were the eventual next cycle of major foundation support for music to focus on recordings, for their central function in the dissemination of music today is obvious (although this

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has, to date, been recognized primarily by such smaller groups as the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, which helped to underwrite the present series).

What may not be so obvious is that recordings of this high quality do not spring up overnight in a studio; they result from constant ensemble work and intimate acquaintance with the various idioms over a long period of time. Even the "overnight" sessions that major record companies stage in New York and Los Angeles would hardly be possible without such players as these, whose feats of virtual sight reading, on some occasions of that type, are founded on their continuing exposure to the individual and ensemble difficulties of serious new music. To the extent that the players now involved in groups like Weisberg's are forced to seek the security of more conventional employment, the loss to musical life spreads beyond the simple matter of a specific concert series, to affect any number of related activities drawing upon this pool of musicians.

It would be tempting to regard this kind of performing activity (as distinct from the specific performances that result) as in part analogous to basic scientific research—were not the relatively immediate results so obviously rewarding, as attested by these three disks. (There is some slight distortion in the Wolpe, which seems to have been too closely miked; the others are superbly recorded.) Except for George Rochberg's 1955 *Serenata d'estate*—a work whose leisurely internal progression is not, I feel, sustained by its "cool," very attractive sonorous surface of flute with plucked and bowed strings—all this music was composed in the last five years, and nearly all the composers are associated with universities. In view of the journalistic descriptions often applied to music from such sources, it is interesting to note that none of these examples could be called "post-Webernite" in any useful sense of that term (which leaves open the not very interesting question of whether the journalists are incapable of hearing, ignorant of Webern's music, or actually using the term in its trivial chronological sense of "post-1945").

In point of fact, the range covered by the eight works is wide, and not merely in terms of generations (from the 67-year-old Wolpe to the 26-year-old Joseph Schwantner); perhaps the only significantly characterizing generalization to be made is that they are nearly all "post-electronic" pieces; although none of them actually employ electronic sounds, they partake of the fertile sonic invention that has marked the last decade or so. This is most obvious in the Reynolds work, where the timbral novelty seems to be stretched over a rather tenuous continuity. More successful in this respect are the Myrow songs, which generate a firmly controlled lyrical line within their elegantly colored instrumental setting; the marvelously relaxed security of Phyllis Bryn-Julson's singing certainly contributes greatly to the fine effect they make in this performance.

Quite differently impressive is John Harbison's *Confinement*, which progresses by clearly articulated short sections that interlock over greater and lesser spans—a kind of two-steps-forward, one-step-back continuity that is mirrored in the obsessive rotation of some of the thematic material. I would be happier if more of this material were as distinctive as the general conception; as it is, Harbison occasionally falls back upon cliché. Oddly, the youngest composer offers the work that is most traditional sounding in harmonic terms: *Diaphonia intervallum*, for all the skill with which Schwantner handles his layers of rhythmic motion, suffers from an excess of homogeneity in its chord structures. Druckman, on the other hand, uses a static harmonic point of departure for a varied series of events, with some success.

Seymour Shifrin's setting of three Hardy poems is perhaps the most subtle of all these pieces, the careful interplay of voice and instruments underlining the verbal events; again, the vocal performance is excellent. And finally there is the Wolpe work, a characteristic example of his recent style, in which a continuing and interlocking series of brief gestures varies to define different spaces and densities—a limited music but very finely crafted and detailed.

Obviously there are variations here in accomplishment as well as in means, but each of the three records includes at least one first-rank piece, and overall this release is a valuable survey of significant activity. It should be noted, finally, that despite some minor imperfections of intonation and ensemble (especially in the tricky overlappings of the Wolpe), these are all real performances, not just readings thrown together on an *ad hoc* basis.

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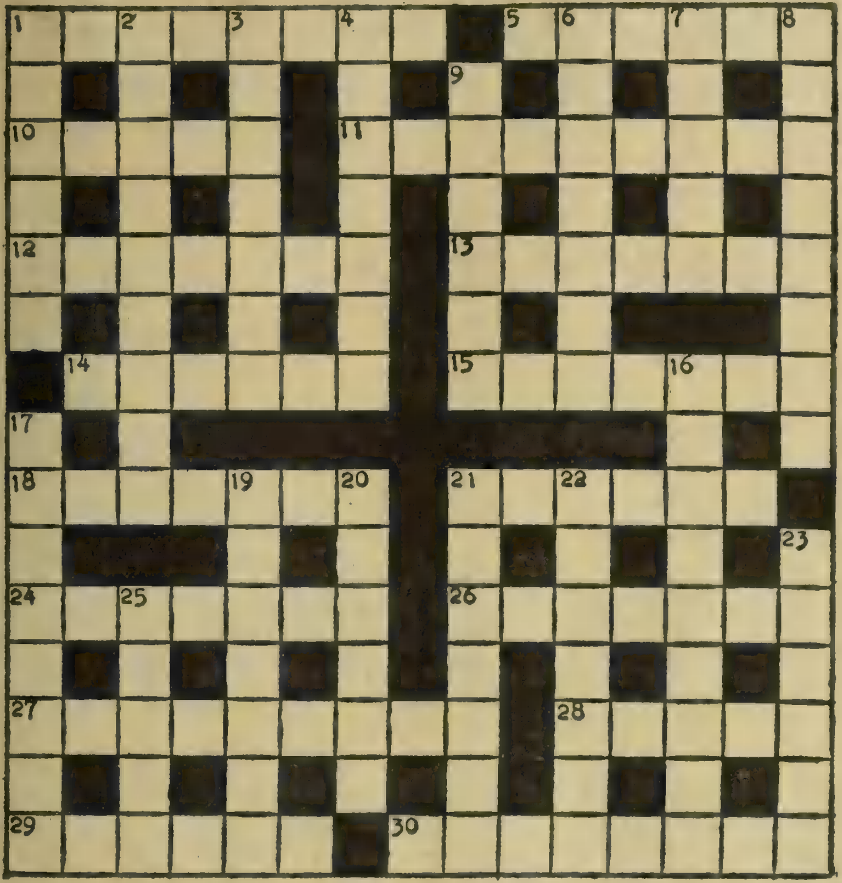

ACROSS

1 Keep quiet with self-restraint! (8)
5 and 28 At least partly train Rose and Iris, for example? (6,5)
10 Ran O.K., but rather awkwardly from here? (5)
11 Describing the point of the needle, perhaps. (9)
12 The overall volume of transportation? (7)
13 The force of Caesar in actual change. (7)
14 Made on order in Italy. (6)
15 On that occasion he got in to discuss terms. (7)
18 Is close as the end of your finger, in a way! (7)
21 Flout. (6)
24 Figure what the final strike does? (4,3)
26 With luck, a number can be in the church! (7)
27 The drama associated with Excalibur? (9)
28 See 5 across
29 It doesn't like nothing, reputedly! (6)
30 Snakes in Gaelic? Quite the contrary, as one insinuates! (8)

DOWN

1 and 7 down 27, for example, might be a pun, if the answer is followed in a way. (4,2,5)
2 It's not right to make one sure, or unsure! (9)
3 Put a title on one, perhaps. (7)
4 Saves an alternative for Esther? (Swift solution of the problem!) (7)
6 The port is French, obviously. (2,5)
7 See 1 down
8 The holy rite, possibly, of "rock." (8)
9 Rather uninteresting nonsense, as the British might say, but damaging. (3,3)
16 Scraped on stones, possibly. (9)
17 Farm soon to be plowed up by a foreigner. (8)
19 Some might expect it to be very clammy.
20 Quite the opposite of 30. (6)
21 Gently and humanly? An example of two. (7)
22 Represent one's case? (7)
23 Comes near to being what play does, if unsuccessful. (6)
25 The scourge of Russia? (5)

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PERSONALS

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Does the non-bright girl, who gets no audience in school, jump at the chance to undress and thereby gain an audience?

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Do we not all engage in face-saving activity at times to secure a desired audience reaction?

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When we practice deceit we usually underestimate our audience. We are certain they don't see thru us. Yet no matter how much cosmetic we use like lipstick, hairdo, hairgroom, smiles, "glad hand", flattery, etc. our deceit shows thru in all its ugliness. We are fooled because there is no immediate condemnation.

And our pleasant exterior is a hollow mockery, that jars our audience into the type of audience reaction we do not want. It is ourselves we deceive most.

We do much on our outsides to secure a favorable audience reaction, then spoil it by revealing our ugly basic inside which ruins what we might have had.

How thoughtless.

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A Poem by Kenneth Burke

LETTERS

virtue gap

Arlington, Va.

DEAR SIRS: To those who believe that a man's views can never be more than the sum of his experiences and interests, Carl Cohen's article, "Democracy and the Curriculum" [*The Nation*, Mar. 17], must have been especially rewarding. It was an excellent illustration of how a good man encased in the academic cocoon is prevented from seeing the current turmoil in its proper perspective.

For those of us who still have faith in the ability of one man to see all of reality despite the limitations of his particular occupational bag, Kingsley Widmer's article, "Rebellion as Education" [*The Nation*, Apr. 28], came just in time. Widmer's is the first piece I've read which pins the student unrest on the shortcomings of the university itself, which, like some labor unions, is culpable not so much for its absolute vices, which pale beside those of the larger society, but because of the widening chasm between its professed virtues and its practical operations, which Widmer so clearly and courageously chronicles. A priesthood disguised as an intellectual community is not a pleasant sight, but turning one's gaze from it will not make it disappear.

In further support of Mr. Widmer's position is the fact that the two articles reveal the professor of English as the more competent philosopher.

James J. Treires

honor for King

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The editorial in your April 14 issue, coupled with my sadness about our nation's inattention to honoring the late Martin Luther King, Jr. prompts me to enclose this item from the *New York Post*:

> CARACAS (AP) — Venezuela has issued a series of postage stamps honoring the late Martin Luther King Jr. The one-Bolivar 22-cent stamps bear a portrait of the slain American civil rights leader.

Emma Rockwell

heart of Russia

Kendall, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: We have been told that we must establish an ABM system in our country because the Russians already have ABMs defending Moscow. There is, however, no comparison here or justification for such an assumption. Moscow is the mother, heart and soul of Russia. It is the seat of government, the nerve center of the nation . . . and the center of culture. . . . The destruction of Moscow would be far more damaging for the USSR than the destruction of any single city or target in the United States would be for us.

Moscow's ABMs could not possibly deter a determined attack by the United States, but they might destroy a single, accidentally fired missile, or they might even successfully deter a limited attack by a smaller nuclear power such as China, for example, or West Germany. There is certainly more justification for the deployment of ABMs around Moscow than for any other city in the world. It must be the primary target for thousands of nuclear warheads around the earth, many already zeroed in on it and ready to go.

And we use this as an excuse for the deployment of ABMs around our offensive Minutemen! How absolutely ridiculous, except from the standpoint of our military-industrial complex.

Reynolds Moody
Lieut. Col. USMC (Ret.)

EDITORIALS

The New Chief Justice

The likely performance of an appointee to the Supreme Court is speculative, first because appointees have on occasion created records that were both better and worse than might have been guessed from their background; and second, because the relative importance of issues can shift and new issues can and do arise. Before his appointment as Chief Justice, Earl Warren had an unenviable reputation in California on racial issues (he could fairly have been called a "racist" on the basis of some of the things he did and said during the controversy over the mass evacuation of the West Coast Japanese) and also on civil liberties (as Attorney General he not only failed to cooperate with the La Follette committee but tried to block the committee's investigations at every turn). As to the relative importance of certain issues, it may well be that church-state relationships will in the next few years become of greater concern than civil rights, on which the executive, legislative and judicial record has now been fairly well established.

But unlike Earl Warren, the new Chief Justice has been an appellate judge in the federal system over a period of thirteen years. Moreover, he has served on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, where the federal courts have original criminal jurisdiction. Then, too, this appellate court handles more government cases than do those in other districts. A high percentage of the cases heard by the Supreme Court come to it from the Court of Appeals for the District. In short, experience as an appellate judge in the District provides a better than average test of how a judge is likely to perform on the Supreme Court. With this in mind, Judge Burger's record is not reassuring. He has been characterized to us by good sources, including lawyers who have argued cases before him, as pious and contentious. He has not been a unifying influence on the court; on the contrary, he has polarized opinion on controversial issues. He does not enjoy a high reputation as a scholar or legal technician; a number of inquiries about his ability as a jurist yielded a common judgment: "mediocre." In cases involving search-and-seizure, confessions, tests of insanity and political rights, he has written some disturbing opinions. There is, of course, a possibility that Judge Burger's appointment—and the other appointments that President Nixon will make—may yield a windfall benefit: if the new appointees, who will probably all be conservatives, were to reaffirm, at least in general, recent Supreme Court decisions in so-called "law and order" cases, they would dispute much of the recent criticism that has been leveled at the Court.

Central Casting would have approved the appointment of the new Chief Justice—voice, appearance and manner qualify him for the role. But on the basis of his record *as an appellate judge* there is little reason to believe that he will provide the Court with the leadership it needs and that Chief Justice Warren provided. Despite the fact that Warren, too, has mediocre skills as a jurist, he exhibited fine qualities—acute political judgment, a sense of social

OCT

justice, the capacity to lead and unify the Court. His experience in California stood him in good stead, for if a politician has the right qualities to begin with, California can be a splendid training ground for national leadership. Chief Justice Warren had compassion for the poor, for social cripples (the lame, the halt, the blind), for the aged, for racial and other minorities (an understanding acquired after his appointment), for those who work for a living. He also brought to his office high personal integrity, an absence of partisanship, a basic respect for people and what might be called a practical view of things. These and other qualities made him a much greater Chief Justice than there was any reason to expect he would be at the time he was appointed. We are grateful to him and wish him well. With regard to his successor, as with other appointments for which it is difficult to muster even two cheers, there remains what has been called "the right of prayer." We pray he will not be as inadequate as his judicial record seems to predict. If he surprises us, as his predecessor did, we shall again be grateful.

Etymology of 'Honorarium'

Words take on new meanings over time and it often happens that these slip up on us so gradually that we are unaware of the change. When circumstances do force us to look at such a word, its new connotation may be most revealing. "Honorarium" is a case in point. Even the latest and most authoritative dictionaries give the main definition as "a reward, in recognition of acts or professional services for which custom or propriety forbids a price to be set." Clearly, this pertained to a situation in which a distinguished person, say a college president (in a day when no one thought of breaking into such a dignitary's office or setting fire to his shirt tails) or a minister (the two were often one and the same) was asked by virtue of his character and achievements, to deliver words of such wisdom that a price could not be set upon them. However, as a token of gratitude and good manners, an "honorarium" of, say, $25 was extended in an envelope, which the recipient would not think of opening until he was in his carriage on the way home. Bargaining, of course, would have been *streng verboten.*

As time passed, inflation prevailed and the linkages between men in society became more extensive and took on the characteristics of mass culture, the meaning of "honorarium" began to change, especially when scholarly lectures, or series of lectures, were involved. Obviously such assignments required a substantial amount of preparation, which the candidate could not well undertake without compensation. Yet the honorarium was still not a price for a service but the icing on an honor (being invited to address an august assemblage), and on the part of those addressed a small expression of gratitude.

The current meaning of the word is radically different. There is bargaining, definitely, though not always by the prospect. Most of those who regularly receive such invitations refer them to a lecture agent who gets the very best price he can. It may be Harry Walker, Inc.,

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American Program Bureau or some other, but the basis is as commercial as, say, buying futures in soybeans. Most of the income revealed in the Congressional reports of lecture fees received by members of the House and Senate is of this character. When, for instance, Barry Goldwater (between terms in the Senate) received $66,873 through Harry Walker, Inc., the ancient meaning of honorarium had completely disappeared. Mr. Goldwater was making political speeches to political audiences; even so, he expected to be handsomely paid. About the only people nowadays who deliver papers, or lecture, at no fee, are scientists and engineers, speaking before technical societies, and they usually derive an indirect benefit in the form of career promotion.

The situation changes still further when the organization doing the inviting is, say, the National League of Investment Savings and Loan Associations or the National Forest Products Association, and the honored guest is, say, Sen. John Sparkman. As reported in *Newsweek* (May 26) no conflict of interest was involved in his receipt of a $1,000 fee in these two cases. "I talk very straight when I make a speech like that," the Senator expostulates. "I tell it to them like it is. It would be different if I buckled down and did their bidding." Mr. Sparkman's chairmanship of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee naturally makes him a speaker whom the investment and loan trade association is particularly eager to hear, and his chairmanship of the Senate Housing subcommittee is bound to lend his words particular weight with the wood industry. Yet the head of an agency in the Executive branch of government would not expect, and probably would not accept, a fee for addressing such gatherings.

It is a happy relationship all around. The National Forest Products Association issued a press release saying that, thanks to "the forthright action" of Senator Sparkman and other members of the Senate, it had succeeded in getting access to previously untouched forest lands. The release praised Mr. Sparkman for introducing a bill he had not yet introduced and sections of his speech to the association were identical with the language of the release. This is not telling it like it is but telling it the way they want it told. And an honorarium besides?

Errand to Midway

Apologists for the Nixon Administration are trying to make it seem that the President's meeting with President Thieu at Midway on June 8 is part of the orderly progress toward peace in Vietnam. But Mr. Nixon was supposed to deliver a commencement address at Ohio State University on June 7 (the graduating students and their guests may now have the dubious pleasure of hearing Spiro Agnew), and the mid-Pacific meeting is obviously an emergency measure to quell another attack of Saigon tantrums.

The question that leaps into any sane observer's mind is why anyone in Washington should give a tinker's dam about the feelings of the Thieu-Ky faction. Why should the President of the United States humiliate himself by flying halfway around the world to mollify a despot who rules entirely under the protection of our military? The answer of course is that Washington cares nothing about Thieu and his gang; it is interested only in saving its own face (see the analysis by Richard A. Falk, p. 689).

Saigon has been blackmailing us with face for years, and will continue to do so successfully as long as our leaders persist in talking of an "honorable" peace. Thieu does not want peace, he wants victory; indeed, his very life depends on victory—or since that is impossible, on continuing a battlefield stalemate in which nothing moves but the steady flow of blood. Quite literally, Thieu and Ky live on other men's blood, but it is not their fault—it is ours that we put them there. And since it passes the resolution of Nixon—as it passed the resolution of Johnson—to admit that America could make a mistake so enormous and so lethal, Thieu can snap his fingers and our President will scrap his schedule and come running.

Sanity and Courage

When a great nation jettisons its ideals and enters an era of corruption, violence and insensibility, those who truly love their country are prone to despair. Whatever they do seems useless; the process of degeneration goes on. There are few in places of power to speak for them; at their own level they are surrounded by the vast majority of the self-seeking and apathetic.

It is heartening, then, when a new, prominent figure joins the protesters, and the more heartening when he is young and politically in the ascendant. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy has assumed that role with a boldness and acumen that is rapidly transforming the Washington scene. Within a few days he laid impious hands on the oil industry, sacred to its numerous devotees in the Congress, lectured the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at a ceremony in honor of a great American rocket pioneer, and took on the Pentagon and President Nixon in a stern remonstrance over American lives lost in a senseless field operation in Vietnam. More generally, he attacks the foreign policy which leads to such disasters.

The petroleum industry, price-fixed from top to bottom, mulcts consumers of billions of dollars every year. Kennedy asked why it should be further protected in its exactions by stringent import controls. At the dedication of the Robert Hutchins Goddard Library at Clark University, Kennedy said he was for the space program and spared Apollo, but saw no need for accelerated exploration of the planets and urged a diversion of funds to the pressing problems of earth. He reserved his heaviest blows for the Nixon policy in Vietnam, which so far has been but a continuation of Lyndon Johnson's disastrous course.

The particular occasion for the Kennedy blast was what the Commanding General of the 101st Airborne called "a great victory by a gutsy bunch of guys" at Aphia Mountain on May 20. The "great victory" cost forty-three American dead and 290 wounded; enemy dead were put at 426, a somewhat less favorable ratio than usual, despite the fact that little was left of the crest of the mountain after the American air strikes. Why this hill had to be taken after Mr. Nixon had declared that the United States does not seek military victory in Vietnam, only the Pentagon knows—and perhaps not even the Pentagon, since the operation may have been conceived and ordered by the U.S. Command in South Vietnam.

Senator Kennedy's characterization was that this bloody assault was "senseless and irresponsible"; American lives, he declared, "are too valuable to be sacrificed for military pride." Rising in rebuttal, Sen. Hugh Scott made a lame rejoinder to the effect that neither he nor Senator Kennedy was on the battlefield and therefore should not try to "second-guess" the military. Echoing the President, he described the strategy as one "essential to maintaining the military posture while we talk for peace." At the Pentagon, military officers were described as "bristling"; their version was that the hill commanded the Ashau Valley, a key North Vietnamese infiltration route.

Why don't they hold it, then? A dispatch in *The New York Times* (May 21) stated that "military sources in Saigon conceded privately that, once the operation was finished, the American troops would leave the area and, in three weeks the N.V.A. (North Vietnamese Army) will be right back in there.' " The dispatch concluded: "Army officers are sensitive to the charge that their forces simply move into an area, fight the enemy and then withdraw, leaving it to the enemy to reoccupy." Since this criticism so irritates them, it would be interesting to know what impels them to keep on devising such exploits. Does the President want them to do it? If not, can he compel them to desist? With Senator Kennedy asking the questions, Mr. Nixon will have to find some answers.

Reagan's Revivalists

It has taken Ronald Reagan only a few years to reduce California's state university and college system to a shambles, despite his pledge to bring them law and order. The budgets for the coming year are abysmally low—at a time when there is increasing pressure upon these institutions for larger enrollments and more services (involving more money) and when the state is on the edge of a potentially long and terribly hot summer.

Now Reagan's "Revivalists," who dominate the state Board of Education, have turned their attention to the public school system, with results that border on the ludicrous. The board adopted unanimously a report which is dedicated to bringing "morality" to the public schools, morality being defined as hostility toward the Supreme Court, the UN, mental health and humanism, which it labeled "a 20th-century synonym for atheism."

On the more positive side, the report emphasizes the contributions of the Bible, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William Buckley, Jr., and J. Edgar Hoover, as well as God—who in His infinite wisdom brought Ronald Reagan (and George Murphy) to California. Darwinian evolution will no longer be taught as a "fact" but as a "theory"—on a par with the seven days of Genesis. As Dr. John R. Ford, a Reagan appointee, said, the theory of evolution "has been a great step in taking away from the sense of morality of our children by saying that God cannot do the things the Bible says he can do."

There will be public hearings on this report before it can be adopted, but there is little doubt that the board has already made up its mind and that the hearings will be a formality. Even so, they should provide an entertainment to rival Disneyland.

Westinghouse Is Sure

The cigarette industry and its henchmen know all the tricks. The one they got away with in 1965 was to persuade Congress, in exchange for an ineffectual warning on the cigarette packages, to adopt a pre-emptive clause which prevented the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Communications Commission from interfering with cigarette advertising. This saved the industry from significant restriction for four years. Now Congress has a choice among three courses of action. The one for which the industry is lobbying is extension of the present law, which expires on June 30. Alternatively, Congress could adopt new restrictive legislation, such as toughening the package warning and forcing its inclusion in all advertising. A third course would be to let the present law expire, thereby clearing the way for the restrictive regulations which both the FCC and the FTC say they will adopt unless Congress ties their hands.

The last alternative has the approval of John Banzhaf III, the young lawyer who almost single-handedly impelled the FCC to order anti-smoking, anti-commercials on TV under the "fairness doctrine." But Congress is more likely to opt for some phony "compromise." Pressure from the industry is concentrated and severe, whereas the flow of citizen mail in support of restrictive action is light. Duplicity permeates almost every word emanating from the industry and its spokesmen, who include members of Congress from the tobacco-growing states. "If tobacco is bad," one Representative argues, "its sale should be stopped, not just its advertising." No one is making any such proposal: one experience with Prohibition was enough. The Representative's tactic is to suggest the impossible and unnecessary as a means of obstructing the necessary and possible.

In point of fact cigarette advertising on television probably is on the way out. Public sentiment is swinging, if not decisively against the cigarette habit, certainly against its encouragement on the publicly owned airways. Early in May, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation banned all tobacco advertising on its TV and radio networks at the expiration of current contracts. The private Canadian Television Network has not yet decided whether to follow C.B.C.'s lead, but there is reason to believe it will do so. In this country, N.B.C., the most business oriented of the networks, is fighting back, but C.B.S. has set up its 1969 budget without including the $59 million it received from cigarette advertising in 1968. The Westinghouse Broadcasting Company has gone further: it has informed the FCC that it will no longer accept cigarette advertising. It feels that it cannot comply with the FCC ruling that at least one anti-cigarette spot must be run for every three cigarette commercials. You can be sure with Westinghouse: it sees the handwriting on the wall.

DEPRESSION WARNING

OUT ON THE CREDIT LIMB

MICHAEL TANZER

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In recent years economists of all political persuasions have tended to depreciate the threat of cyclical instability in the U.S. economy. The Keynesian theory of the New Economics, apparently "proved" by the relatively steady growth of the U.S. economy since World War II, has almost silenced the skeptics and seems to promise that a major economic depression is now impossible. However, the fabled power of government to prevent any such major downturn in the present U.S. economy is at best untested and may well be nonexistent. Moreover, the widespread belief in the infallibility of government support, which has by now percolated down to most business groups, in itself increases the likelihood of an eventual economic crisis. Believing the government can't and won't "allow" a breakdown, individuals and firms embark on far more risky courses than they would have considered acceptable in earlier periods of prosperity.

The basic danger to the U.S. economy is the one ever present in any capitalist economy—the possibility that *monetary* conditions will get out of line with *physical* production and consumption needs. In my view, a crucial source of potential imbalance results from the tremendous post-World War II growth of credit which has helped fuel the real economic growth in production and consumption.

In a sense the last twenty-five years have witnessed a new development of capitalism, what one might call "credit capitalism." Earlier, the most important developments in capitalism were in the area of production (assembly lines and mass manufacturing), and somewhat more recently in the area of marketing (advertising, mass distribution, etc.). Today the emphasis in the business world is increasingly on the selling of credit. As Hillel Black noted in *Buy Now, Pay Later*: "Credit has become an end in itself. In many instances more profit is derived from credit than from the goods and services being sold."

"Credit capitalism" is really the highest and purest form of capitalism. For one thing, nothing tangible is produced, so that there are few labor problems; computerized records are substituted instead. Second, credit capitalism has the potential to be automatically self-perpetuating, in that interest on the debt continually adds to the amount of debt outstanding. The ultimate success lies in getting a person so addicted to credit that he borrows more money simply to pay off his old debt. As a small loan company businessman stated to Mr. Black:

> The key to our success, and that of any loan company, is to increase our loans outstanding. As soon as the account is about to liquidate, we take immediate steps to renew the loan up to $500, the maximum allowed in this state. One of the things we do is to find out if the customer has other debts. Then we call him up and offer to consolidate them. Our best customers, I might add, are the old timers. At least we know their habits. The idea is quite simple. Prevent the customer from getting off the hook.

A consequence of this shift toward "credit capitalism" is that the economy becomes increasingly "illiquid." This has been happening here in the postwar period, and as a result our economy is increasingly vulnerable to the danger that a small downturn will develop into a major crisis. I shall try to show why it is unlikely that the government could contain the spread of a crisis based on this fundamental financial weakness.

In saying that the economy has become increasingly "illiquid" I mean the following. At any given moment there exists an amount of legally fixed obligations (debt repayment plus interest payments) that must be met. The supply of money which exists to meet these obligations consists of cash and currency in circulation, plus the checking accounts (demand deposits) at commercial banks. On top of this monetary base is a superstructure of various "liquid assets" which can more or less readily be converted into money to meet the obligations, either by selling them on the open market (corporate stock) or by demanding cash for them (savings deposits).

The economy tends to become less liquid when one or more of the following occurs: the ratio of money to debt falls; the ratio of money to liquid assets falls; within the liquid asset superstructure, the proportion which can more easily be liquidated falls.

What distinguishes a "less liquidable asset" from a "more liquidable asset"? For the purposes of this discussion the critical distinction is whether or not the attempt by a significant number of individuals or businesses to turn the particular asset into money would tend to have a negative effect on real economic activity. Alternatively, assuming that for some reason the economy starts to sag, could the effect of a mass attempt to exchange a particular asset for cash be offset by the United States Government without serious negative consequences in the real economic sphere?

It is essential to recognize here that, while for an individual person or firm a particular liquid asset may be viewed as equivalent to cash, it may not prove so if many individuals or firms try to convert it at the same time. Thus, the distinction here is between liquidity as a subjective, individual phenomenon and liquidity as an objective, social factor.

Finally, a real danger point is reached when the ratio of debt to money is so high that debtors seeking to obtain money to repay their debt raise the cost of borrowing new money to the point where it reduces real economic activity. This could lower both the existing money supply and the market value of important liquid assets (e.g., corporate stock), increasing the illiquidity problem.

With this further deflation of financial values, real economic activity tends to slow. Purchases of goods and services fall off because of reduced liquid assets, and this slowdown, combined with chaotic monetary conditions, leads business to put brakes on its production plans. This leads to unemployment, the lowering of income and purchases, further unemployment, and so on until a depressed floor is found.

To estimate how real is the danger of such a monetary crack-up, one must examine the postwar changes in the liquidity position of various sectors of the economy, because the liquid position of one group does not offset the illiquid position of another. Thus, if one looked simply at gross changes in the liquidity picture for the economy as a whole in the postwar period, one could be reasonably optimistic. In 1945, total financial assets for all sectors in the economy were $800 billion, while total financial liabilities were $650 billion, leaving net assets of $150 billion, or less than one-fourth of liabilities. By 1967, total financial assets of all sectors had quadrupled to $3,380 billion, while total financial liabilities had increased only to $2,560 billion, leaving net assets of $820 billion, or almost one-third of all liabilities.

However, these figures mask an ominous decline in the real liquidity position of individual consumers during the same period. The net worth of individuals has increased fourfold, but in 1945, 14 per cent of all household financial assets were in currency and demand deposits, and another 19 per cent were in U.S. Government securities; in other words, one-third of individual assets could be readily turned into cash with no contracting effect that could not be offset by Federal Reserve Board purchases of government bonds in the open market. By 1967 this highly liquid component of household assets had declined to only 11 per cent.

On the other hand, back in 1945 corporate stock accounted for only 30 per cent of all household assets, and the least liquid component of household assets—life insurance and pension fund reserves—accounted for only 13 per cent. By 1967, corporate stock alone made up 45 per cent of household assets, while the illiquid reserves increased to 20 per cent.

These changes in the composition of assets are particularly significant because of the growth pattern of household liabilities. The two most important components, mortgages and consumer credit, have both increased more than sixteen times since World War II, with the total household mortgage debt amounting to $240 billion at the end of 1967, and consumer credit standing at $100 billion. (Bank loans and other liabilities increased less than seven times, to $45 billion in 1967.)

There is no doubt that this tremendous upsurge in individual borrowing has been a significant factor in the recent growth of the economy. For present purposes, however, the point to note is that the kind of individual debt which has increased most rapidly has been that usually incurred by the lower- and middle-income classes. The big increase in individual assets, on the other hand, has come in holdings of corporate stock, which have risen from $110 billion in 1945 to $730 billion in 1967, and are owned overwhelmingly by the upper-income class.

Steady economic growth, by increasing individual incomes and hence borrowing power, has permitted the great increases in household debt, but in effect this debt borrows from potential economic growth in the future. In no area has borrowing made deeper inroads into future purchasing potential than in residential housing. Household mortgage debt outstanding, most of which was incurred in the last twenty years, is now equivalent to the cost of building more than 12 million new $20,000 homes. Since we build 1.2 to 1.6 million new housing units per year, it is evident that close to ten years' worth of home construction has already been "borrowed."

More immediately, this growth of mortgage debt leads to potentially great financial and credit instability. M. Carter McFarland of the Federal Housing Administration has charted in detail the declining quality of residential mortgage debt in the postwar period. (See *The Journal of Finance*, May 1966.) Home owners have been increasingly borrowing relatively more on their new houses. When the FHA was established in 1934, the maximum loan-to-market value ratio for a mortgage was 80 per cent; by 1950 the actual ratio for new single family homes had increased to 88 per cent and by 1964 it was nearly 95 per cent. At the same time, the maximum repayment period has been extended from twenty to twenty-five years in the 1930s up to thirty-five years today. (FHA government-insured loans have decreased from about one-quarter of all residential loans in the thirties, and 45 per cent during the war, to only 13 per cent in 1964.) Summing up, McFarland notes that these trends represent

> a rather revolutionary departure from the time-honored lending theory that the soundness of mortgage lending is directly related to the extent to which the value of the mortgaged property exceeds the amount of the mortgage debt. . . . *High ratio mortgage leading, particularly without government insurance, represents an act of faith in the stability of the economy, in relatively full employment, and in the stability of real estate values.* (Emphasis added.)

These mortgage trends are particularly dangerous because the banking and financial system itself has become increasingly illiquid, with the great growth in its relatively illiquid assets coming precisely in the area of mortgage debt. In 1945 all banks together had total deposit liabilities of $110 billion, against which their holdings of mortgages equaled $14 billion, or only 13 per cent. By 1967 the deposit liabilities had quadrupled, but bank holdings of mortgages had increased sixteen times, to $230 billion, or more than 50 per cent of deposits. As a corollary, the ratio of banks' liquid assets (defined here as cash and U.S. Government securities) to deposits of individuals and corporations, has dropped sharply, from 129 per cent in 1945 to 35 per cent in 1967. The savings and loan associations, which are the country's fastest growing financial institutions (total assets increasing from under $10 billion in 1945 to $140 billion in 1967) are the most dependent upon mortgage debt; it accounts for 85 per cent of their total assets.

Thus, mortgages are the focal point for the destabilizing forces within the economy. On the one hand, interest and principal repayments on total mortgage debt, which at present amount to perhaps $40 billion per year, are an important claim on the earnings of millions of lower- and middle-income families. On the other hand, the banking system has become heavily dependent upon these mortgages as their ultimate security for deposits. Meanwhile, the quality of mortgage debt, as traditionally measured, has seriously deteriorated.

Thus far the structure has not broken down, and the most important reason, probably, is the continuous price inflation since World War II. From the home owner's point of view, general inflation has the great virtue of making it easier to meet fixed interest and debt payments. While for the same reason general inflation is undesirable from the mortgage lender's viewpoint, inflation in the real estate market is a comfort to him because, if the borrower defaults, he will not lose out. Thus McFarland has this to say about the period of rapid inflation in housing right after World War II:

> Indeed, in such a market it was difficult for any party to the transaction to make a mistake. Mistakes in judgment on the purchaser's part were quickly covered up by the rapid inflation of the price of his house. If he ran into personal difficulties, lost his job or was transferred out of town, he could usually bail out of the mortgage obligation he had undertaken and frequently do so at a profit. The heavy insulation provided by rapidly rising values and the ready saleability of properties also protected the lender against the normal hazards of mortgage lending, and against mistakes he may have made in appraising the property or the borrower.

If it is true that inflation has been a crucial element in maintaining the past financial stability, then the prospects for the future are foreboding. Since inflation erodes the value of debt, the continuing growth of private debt in recent years has been predicated implicitly on the notion that "the creditor is always a sucker." However, it is clear that dollar creditors, both foreign and domestic, are no longer willing to play that role; hence the current dramatic tightening of money, the rapid rise in interest rates, and the gold and dollar crises. Foreign creditors have already taken initial steps, using as a lever their vast hoards of gold and dollars, to force U.S. price stability (including the pressure for an income tax surcharge and a reduction in the scale of the Vietnamese War). [See "Arena of Gold: Europe Defies the Dollar," *The Nation*, September 23, 1968.] Thus the weak international monetary position of the United States further jeopardizes its internal financial stability.

In the interim before any anti-inflationary pressures can take hold, the situation is further aggravated by the fact that the tremendous past growth of inflation and debt are accompanied by, and also engender, expectations of ever increasing economic prosperity. Individuals borrow freely, blithely assuming that their future incomes are sufficiently secure to meet increased obligations. Lenders, bathed in the same euphoria, cut corners and lend to virtually all comers. Exuberant expectations lead to exuberant activities which fuel inflation and produce further exuberant expectations and an ever increasing speculative atmosphere.

Normal standards of economic calculation fall by the wayside. Thus it is perhaps not surprising that self-styled

Noonan

"conservative" investment managers, distinguishing themselves from the so-called "go-go" mutual funds, seek only a "moderate" 50 per cent appreciation of capital in eighteen months. Similarly, real estate companies in California "realistically" look forward to appreciations in land prices of 35 per cent a year. Most dangerous indicator of all, the commercial banks, repositories of vast investment funds, in an attempt to stem the loss of these funds to the highly successful "performance" mutual funds, increase their own speculative investment activities. Given an economy which all economists agree cannot grow faster than 3 to 5 per cent per year without inflation, and with creditors generating enormous pressures for an end to U.S. inflation, financial escapades based on expectations of 25-to-50 per cent per year growth rates cannot be long sustained. As one radical economist who foresees trouble states:

> The growth of inflation-powered speculation, and the profusion of profit mirages which it conjures up, blur the normally sharp eyes of the market. The growing blindness produces all sorts of disguised maladjustments and malfunctionings in the deteriorating process of economic discipline. . . . This cumulative impairment of the disciplinary process must, sooner or later, produce a sharp upward leap in the inner disorganization of the economy to crisis levels . . . we must hazard the prediction that one of the casualties of this crisis will be the Keynesian theory of the crisis-proof monetary management of the capitalist economy.
>
> Jacob Morris, *Science and Society*, Fall 1967

Why is Keynesian economic policy unlikely to meet the kind of economic challenge discussed above? Fundamentally it is because paper monetary values have gotten out of line with physical reality, and the classic capitalist solution is deflation, more commonly known as depression, which destroys some of these paper values to restore the balance. Thus even David Bazelon, who argues in his analysis of the U.S. economy (*The Paper Economy*) that "The Federal government has underwritten the Paper Economy—and the underwriter will not permit a really effective deflation," also states:

> The Paper Economy is like a balloon, which is why the key terms are inflation and deflation. . . .
>
> We have not yet figured out a workable substitute for the ritual of bankruptcy and other forms of price reduction and deflation—for letting the air out of the balloon.

The government tools available for fighting a depression fall into two general (and overlapping) categories: preventive measures, particularly in the monetary sphere, aimed at generating confidence and preventing panic (manipulating the monetary supply, insuring bank deposits, etc.); and curative measures, particularly in the expenditure area, aimed at maintaining consumer purchasing power (public works programs). Part of the problem to date with the confidence-generating preventive measures is that they have engendered overconfidence, making the cure, given an initial shock, even more difficult.

In addition, the enormous growth in the postwar period of liquid assets outside the direct control of the government has greatly weakened its influence in this area. While during inflation this situation necessitates relatively massive and dangerous monetary contractions by the government to induce a slowdown, during deflation it makes it much more difficult for the monetary authorities to "reinflate" the economy. In any event, monetary experts generally agree that with confidence down during a deflationary period, monetary policy is of limited value, being likened to "pushing on a string," i.e., you can lead the horse to the bank but you can't force him to borrow.

Finally, a basic weakness of expenditure measures is that they are generally slow to be undertaken, needing a recognition of their necessity, Congressional approval, etc. Monetary crisis and panic, on the other hand, spread like wildfire. Furthermore, the very process by which the government would use Keynesian theory to stimulate investment and employment—massive deficit spending or increasing the money supply—can itself lead to the erosion of private sector confidence in its own future, and to a further decline in private economic activity.

In theory, the government could overcome these problems by hiring indirectly so many workers that it would effectively take over all economic activity. Such a step, of course, would mean the end of the capitalist system as we know it, and perhaps usher in an era of true state capitalism—probably of a repressive variety. However, the chaos and distress caused by the severe deflation itself would undoubtedly generate such political instability that it is difficult to forecast an ultimate outcome.

ELEMENTS OF SETTLEMENT

SAIGON NOTWITHSTANDING

RICHARD A. FALK

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Richard Nixon's speech of May 14 has dashed all genuine hopes of bringing peace soon to South Vietnam. It could have been delivered, with hardly a change of platitude, by Lyndon Johnson. It is deeply disquieting that the same political falsehoods appear to dominate official America, whether Democrats or Republicans occupy the White House. Considering the true state of affairs, it is altogether grotesque that a new President, not committed to old policies, should contend in 1969 that the essential objective of the war is the self-determination of the South Vietnamese people, and should go on to define self-determination as the repressive government of Nguyen Van Thieu. Surely Mr. Nixon must know that the most responsible and patriotic *non-Communist* political leaders in South Vietnam are jailed, hiding in the jungles or living in exile. To speak of free choice for the South Vietnamese people, and at the same time to affirm Thieu's regime, is to give fresh life to the tragic contradiction that has all along provided the false moral basis of the American intervention. The only possible way for the United States to work toward self-determination and peace for Vietnam is to withdraw support for Saigon's policies and leadership through the immediate, phased withdrawal of American troops. At this stage in the war it is essential for Americans to grasp two elements of the present situation:

(*1*) That the Saigon regime headed by Nguyen Van Thieu does not want to end the war by political compromise; that therefore, as long as progress in Paris depends on the assent of Saigon, or until that regime can be induced to make changes in its leadership and policies, the prospects for a negotiated end of the war are virtually nonexistent.

(*2*) That the United States should not seek to end its involvement in Vietnamese affairs without simultaneously seeking peace and rehabilitation for that country.

On May 8, 1969 the National Liberation Front made a Ten-Point Proposal in Paris to bring the war to an end. This proposal is a serious document that deserves a direct and positive response. The failure of spokesmen for Washington or Saigon to respond in kind has disclosed the persisting unwillingness of our side to end the war in a reasonable fashion. A prompt, positive American response to the NLF proposal could probably have brought heavy fighting to an end in a matter of weeks. President Nixon must be held accountable for his failure to make such a response. It now appears clear that

Nixon's effort to end the war is based on finding a settlement that is acceptable to the Saigon regime. In my judgment, the only compromise solution acceptable to the Thieu-Ky-Huong leadership in Saigon would be a *disguised* victory. A compromise would necessitate power sharing; a disguised victory would involve giving postwar control of South Vietnam to one of the factions contending on the battlefield. As most of the world knows, the real victory in South Vietnam was long ago won by the NLF, and only the massiveness of the American military intervention creates a situation in which the "winning" side is compelled to sue for compromise so as to bring the awesome destruction to an end. Precisely because the situation is so unfavorable to the Saigon regime, its only hope for political survival is to keep the Americans in Vietnam and the war going at full scale.

Many Americans may still believe that the Thieu regime is leading some broad coalition of forces opposed to communism. The truth is that the jails of South Vietnam contain at least 20,000 non-Communist political prisoners—including many of the most prominent Buddhists, students, urban leaders—in fact, virtually all those outside the NLF who have had the courage and compassion to advocate and work for a compromise ending to the war, including the moderate runner-up in the 1967 national elections, Truong Dinh Dzu. It makes no sense for Saigon to imprison its only natural political allies if it has any intention to share national power with the NLF.

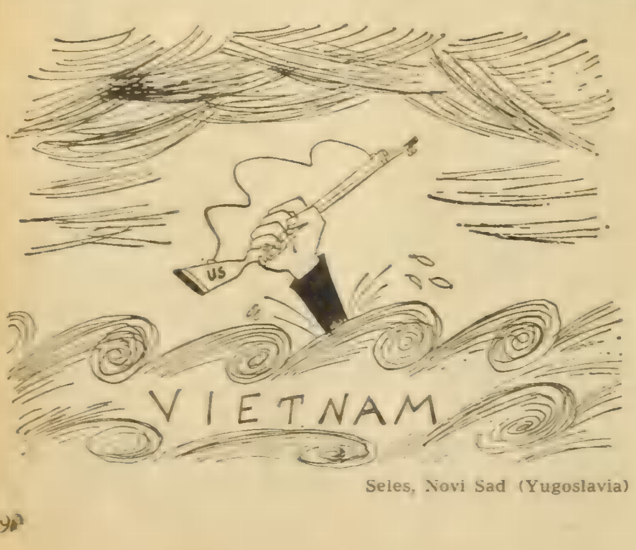
Nixon's policy toward Vietnam is a composite of three main ingredients:

(*1*) *The Paris Approach*: Obtain agreement as to a political settlement on terms that are openly or secretly negotiated in Paris and are agreeable to all *four* parties. This approach cannot produce results until the present Saigon regime broadens its political base to include third-force groups that favor a negotiated compromise with the NLF. The present leadership in Saigon insists on a total control of the reins of South Vietnamese power that is tantamount to demanding an NLF surrender. There is no reason, after years of struggle and sacrifice, why the NLF and North Vietnam should negotiate such a settlement.

(*2*) *De-Americanization*: To phase out the American involvement by building up the armed forces of Saigon (ARVN) to the point where they can carry on the war alone or with much less American help. Such a "solution" is unlikely to get very far because the South Vietnamese armed forces, despite their size, still have a low morale and are unwilling to fight hard or often. The war was decisively "Americanized" during 1965 because the Saigon armed forces were being badly beaten by the NLF. It is not plausible that if the fighting were eventually turned back to ARVN, it could overcome its military inferiority and its isolated political position. In fact, the evidence suggests that Thieu has isolated his military government still further: observers of the Saigon scene are now noticing the imperial pretensions of Thieu's leadership and comparing it with the behavior of the ill-fated Ngo Dinh Diem in the months before his assassination. To supply Thieu with more and more modern equipment is to build up a military machine to fight against most of Vietnamese society, not just against the NLF. De-Americanization represents a much too belated effort by Washington to avoid responsibility for the outcome of the war. The fighting would go on without abatement but American losses would be eliminated, and if the Saigon regime should eventually lose or collapse it would not be our fault. Such an approach is slow and it is immoral; but it has been repeatedly stressed in word and deed as an essential part of Nixon's Vietnam policy.

(*3*) *The Manila Approach*: To keep up relentless American military pressure until the DRV-NLF decides to cut back and the violence "subsides." This was Lyndon Johnson's strategy for ending the war and was stressed in the militant documents issued at the Manila Conference in 1966. The Manila approach presupposes that South Vietnam is a victim of aggression from the North rather than being in the throes of civil war in the South, and places responsibility on Hanoi for ending the war by reducing the violence and allowing the anti-Communist government in Saigon to stabilize its control. It is a conception that still appears to be influential among policy makers of the United States Government; it was openly avowed by U. Alexis Johnson, the third man and top Asian expert in the State Department, during his confirmation hearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It underlies those periodic pleas from generals and bureaucrats in Saigon for just a few more months of maximum military effort. There are many signs that Nixon has been tantalized by the Manila approach, but after all these years of standing up to the United States it seems doubtful that the NLF-DRV will suddenly put down its arms and leave the forces of reaction in undisputed control of South Vietnam. Such an outcome is made more unlikely because the NLF still dominates the Vietnamese countryside and the war grows ever more unpopular in the United States.

We come, then, to the overwhelming question: how, in light of this analysis, can the war in Vietnam be brought to an end? It is generally conceded that the United States Government is unwilling at this stage to admit its mistakes and withdraw in the spirit of acknowledged failure. Too much blood and treasure have been wasted: too many American reputations, fortunes and careers have been and are continuing to be built on



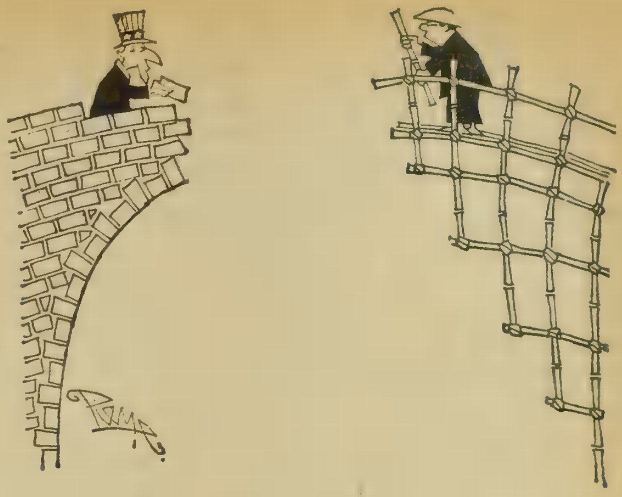
Seles, Novi Sad (Yugoslavia)

advice in Saigon and Washington about how to defeat the NLF. Because the error has been so momentous the scandal must be kept from view. This is the initial, somewhat alarming but critical, fact that a proposed settlement must encompass if it is to have any prospect of being acceptable.

The second critical fact is that there is now no way to win the war for Saigon. More blood, more treasure will produce more devastation, but not victory for the American side. As it is, Vietnam is being devastated at a rate that no country has ever endured over such a long period. We use cruel and superior weapons to inflict heavy casualties on the Vietnamese and then complain bitterly about adversary tactics that produce our own far smaller, but still very considerable, losses. The military-political consensus in Washington remains committed to the proposition that, although we cannot defeat the NLF, we can and should indefinitely prevent its victory. This stalemate is costly in many ways and, therefore, creates an incentive to find a political settlement that preserves the military standoff. The United States Government has contended since March 31, 1968 that it was finally ready to find such a negotiated compromise, but it has yet to express its readiness in realistic terms. To keep the government of Thieu-Ky-Huong in power is *not* to achieve compromise. A compromise entails a sharing of power that corresponds to the political and military situation in Vietnam. It is essential that Washington begin to define a compromise in these terms and put it forward with as much explicitness as the Ten-Point NLF Proposal.

The third critical fact is that the United States will find it even harder to prevent an NLF victory in peace than it has to prevent an NLF victory in war. Given the political imbalance—based on the dominance of the forces of anti-traditionalism and anti-neo-colonialism—it is hard to design a compromise that could be guaranteed to hold up very long after American troops leave Vietnam. Perceiving, though not acknowledging this situation, Washington searches for some way, in the course of negotiating a settlement, by which the imbalance can be effectively denied expression, some formula that seems certain to prevent the assertion of the NLF dominance in postwar Vietnam. The search is futile as long as third-force politics are repressed by Saigon. And, of course, for the Saigon regime more than their reputations would be lost by a compromise—their positions of power, and quite likely their lives would be placed in jeopardy so severe that no amount of reassurance on our part or military strength on their part could produce confidence. The Saigon regime simply cannot risk peace—especially if peace entails disarming their forces and losing unilateral control over police and militia units. And unless peace implies that, the NLF would have to be wildly self-destructive to participate in the arrangement.

A peace proposal must take all those factors into account. The United States needs desperately to acquire bargaining leverage over the behavior and policies of Saigon. It cannot be had by escalation or by prolonging the present level of stalemate. De-escalation of the American role is the only way to acquire diplomatic leverage in relation to both sides in the Vietnamese struggle. For Hanoi and the NLF, American de-escalation is itself a prime goal, since it involves, above all else, the partial withdrawal of American forces. For Saigon, de-escalation is a way of underlining the writing already on the wall: Either the regime comes to support the search for a compromise settlement, tendering its good faith by releasing the non-Communist political prisoners and providing an atmosphere for the practice of third-force politics, or the Americans will indeed go home and leave the regime exposed to the NLF and its *other* adversaries. De-escalation is a process and an attitude, not a single event located in time. Hence, one side—the NLF-DRV—has an incentive to encourage the process and reward the attitude, and the other side—the Saigon regime—has an incentive (once it is convinced that withdrawal is inevitable) to broaden its base and change its attitude.



Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

A Brick, a Bamboo, a Brick, a Bamboo. . . .

Significant de-escalation promptly undertaken is critical to a rapid settlement of the war. Beyond that, a plan for permitting peace to come to Vietnam can be stated as involving three phases:

Phase I. Incremental Withdrawals: The United States would initiate the withdrawal of its troops at a rate of between 50,000 and 100,000 every two months. The complete rationale of this process should remain publicly ambiguous. By more quiet channels of diplomatic communication, withdrawal should be loosely linked to some kind of reciprocal behavior by the North Vietnamese, at least to the extent of conveying an expectation that the DRV would refrain from major combat drives or from increasing markedly its rate of infiltration. Certain kinds of DRV initiatives in the war could presumably lead to the termination, possibly even the reversal, of the process. Hanoi could readily be informed of this negative reaction and would probably be deterred.

In our relations with Saigon we should convey the intention to continue the process of withdrawal until the regime has been dramatically liberalized, political prisoners released, and third-force political activity allowed. If these conditions were met, negotiations in Paris would be more likely to achieve agreement on a political settlement, for the newly oriented Saigon government would seek to bargain for a rapid end to the war. It is true that before the liberalization could make itself felt, withdrawal might lead to the collapse of the Thieu regime. But, in my judgment, that would be a positive achievement of the policy, not an indication of its failure. Except to protect American political sensitivity, it seems evident that the Saigon regime is not fit to govern South Vietnam or even to share in this process. Incremental withdrawal is a stage-setting prelude to a negotiated compromise that might disguise the American defeat in Vietnam for a reasonable length of time.

Phase II. The Shape of Settlement: There are several elements in a negotiated compromise of the sort that would be attainable in Paris:

(*1*) The completion of the process of withdrawal of foreign troops, perhaps on an informal basis, perhaps more formally. Reconnaissance capabilities could monitor any agreed rate of withdrawal without requiring any more complicated apparatus of inspection.

(*2*) The establishment of a partial cease-fire by agreeing to stop offensive (or initiated) operations in certain areas and by stopping certain kinds of military operations, especially saturation bombing; the gradual enlargement of the cease-fire until it becomes total at a fixed date.

(*3*) The regroupment and disarmament of NLF and ARVN main-force units in designated areas of South Vietnam. For this purpose the two forces would be located in areas somewhat separated but not in a pattern that would encourage the partition of the country. This process might be observed and reported upon by an augmented International Control Commission.

(*4*) The formation of a South Vietnamese provisional government that includes strong representation on the part of three groups: the NLF, the army and civil service, and the third-force constituencies, especially the Buddhists and the urban civilian classes. The composition of the provisional government would be determined, if at all possible, by agreement among representatives of the three principal political groupings in South Vietnam, and ratified through formal declarations issued on behalf of the United States and North Vietnam.

(*5*) A schedule and procedure for holding elections based on free political competition and certain common rules of campaigning. Elections should be held in three stages—village, district and province, and national. A commission could be established to observe and report on the conduct of these elections; it would be staffed and funded on an agreed international basis and would include observers from each major Vietnamese political party. The national elections would be held within two years after a formal cease-fire was declared, unless a majority of the commission decided to postpone the date for reasons given in an accompanying public report. The promotion of constitutional democracy should not be allowed to imperil other elements of peace in Vietnam.

(*6*) The parties to the settlement would make a pledge of amnesty; all prisoners of war would be released and exchanged, remaining political prisoners in South Vietnam would be released. and guarantees against reprisals would be made. The United States, and possibly other countries, would agree to offer asylum for South Vietnamese applicants up to 10,000 in number. A second observation group would be constituted to investigate and report upon allegations of reprisal. After a civil struggle of such cruelty, bitterness and duration, there are almost certain to be, especially at local levels, some who will seize upon the chaos of a transition from war to peace to repay old debts or to eliminate economic or political rivals. The observation group should try to keep reprisals at a minimum and to prevent claims and counterclaims about such acts from disrupting the settlement process.

(*7*) The United States should pledge $1 billion to $2 billion per year for a minimum of three years for the economic reconstruction of Vietnam, both North and South. The funds, to be administered by a small agency staffed by international civil servants, should be spent for peaceful purposes according to priorities determined by the two Vietnamese governments. The Soviet Union, possibly France, West and East Germany, Japan and others, might also be encouraged to contribute funds or other assistance.

(*8*) The reunification of Vietnam should proceed according to a schedule determined by voluntary negotiations between the two governments of Vietnam, but not commencing until after the elections of a national government in the South. In the event that elections are not held in the South, or that the elected government is overthrown, reunification can be negotiated, provided it does not take final effect prior to five years from the formal declaration of a cease-fire in the South. In the meantime, South Vietnam will follow a neutral foreign policy, enter no military alliance, allow no foreign bases or troops on its territory, and receive no foreign military assistance except that needed for internal police security. Relations between the North and South will be normalized within three to six months after the cease-fire goes into effect, allowing free travel, trade and other relations throughout the nation.

(*9*) The settlement of the Vietnamese War will be agreed to by the NLF, DRV, the United States and representatives of the provisional Saigon government. This settlement will, if possible, be guaranteed by an international conference of principal states, including China, Japan, India, the Soviet Union and the United States. At this conference an effort would be made to agree on a code of principles for the maintenance of peace in Asia.

Phase III. Sustaining Peace:

(*1*) The two observer groups could be withdrawn in whole or in part, at the discretion of the elected national government in the South or, in the event national elections are not held, at any point subsequent to three years after the cease-fire is proclaimed.

(*2*) An annual conference of the guaranteeing parties would be held to review progress toward implementing the settlement and toward peace in Asia. Particular attention would be given to the possibilities of neutralizing countries in the areas that seem vulnerable to civil strife and competing interventions. A status of neutralization would not be imposed on any country unless its constituted government sought such a status and retained the right to terminate a neutralized status after three-months' notice.

(*3*) Efforts would be made to develop normal diplomatic, economic and cultural relations between the United States and all Asian countries, including North Vietnam and China. Offers of genuine compromise and peaceful settlement should be made with respect to disputes about the future of Okinawa and Formosa. The United States and the Soviet Union should pledge action to sponsor application for membership in the United Nations for all Asian states that are at present non-members, including divided countries.

This plan, given here only in general outline, seeks to initiate a process of settlement that would continue even if disrupted in certain particulars. Not too much emphasis should be placed on the provision for national elections. Few Asian countries have truly elected governments, and the polarities and intricacies of South Vietnamese society make it less susceptible than most countries, even in the absence of decades of civil struggle, to the procedures of popular democracy. Certain important related problems, such as the settlement of the Laotian war, have been left out of explicit account. It is hoped that progress toward peace in the wider combat areas of Southeast Asia could be achieved at the Conference of Guaranty or in some other more suitable diplomatic forum. Internal struggles of revolutionary intensity are bound to continue for several decades between the forces of tradition and the forces of radical change throughout the post-colonial world. These forces of radical change may or may not be identified with some variant Communist ideology, or some degree of Communist influence or leadership. These struggles will be determined primarily by the national conditions of each country, and efforts by the United States to reverse a political outcome by military intervention are bound to be costly and unlikely to succeed in any permanent sense. In fact, to intervene on behalf of the traditionalist faction is to revive the colonial phase of the struggle and is likely to shift those elements of a society that are nationalistic into the opposition. Unless a radical elite took control during the process of decolonization, there is almost certain to be a radical challenge to the traditionalist structure of the national society once independence has been achieved. Without such a challenge, poverty, disease, famine and stagnancy are almost certain to dominate the national scene.

If we are ever to understand the Vietnamese experience it is essential to perceive clearly both phases of the post-colonial revolutionary struggle: the first, to eliminate foreign influence and control and to restore the attributes of national independence; the second, to eliminate the traditional, feudalist power structure and to reconstitute the domestic political order so that modern economic and social policies can be pursued. No national revolution is complete until it passes through both phases. This kind of disruptive process is going on throughout Asia, Africa and Latin America. Communist and other ideologies try to relate to these fundamental pressures for change, but the realities and equities of a particular national struggle depend not on the abstract rhetoric or machinations of the cold war but on the capabilities and backing of contending national factions. As yet, there is little evidence that our leaders understand revolution in the Third World in these terms.

AT TWICE THE PRICE

MEXICAN AUTO SWINDLE

LEO FENSTER

Mr. Fenster, an auto worker by trade, was for twenty-six years an officer of the UAW, during which time he handled in-shop grievances and worked out agreements at the General Motors (Fisher Body) plant in Cleveland. During the last thirteen years he has made regular trips to Latin America.

When he learned that I was a retired leader of the Auto Workers union in the Cleveland area, and had for some years studied the development of the Mexican and Latin American auto industry, the bookshop owner guided me to the window and pointed to his American Motors car parked on the Avenida Insurgentes. He asked, "Why did I have to pay $5,500 for that, made in Mexico, and no air-conditioning?" It was almost twice the price of the same car in the United States.

My host in suburban Tlanepantla, a successful businessman, scornfully rocked his modest Ford Galaxie, and said: "More than $6,000—and made in Mexico."

Lost in the winding Satilité streets, I was being guided home by an Auto Mex (Chrysler) assembly worker. "Can you tell me," he asked, "why the car you produce costs half the price of the same car we produce?"

In Atizapan, Father Ernesto joined the little group quietly discussing Mexican economics. "There must be a reason," he said, "why a car made here costs nearly twice as much. Your wages are eight times higher." But the despairing cab driver in Merida only muttered bitterly about his stripped-down Dodge: "I paid $5,500 for this heap and every time I turn the window handle it comes off in my hand."

Explanations are given: "Inevitable but restrictive government quotas," said one auto plant manager. "Lack of capital," added another. "Taxes and a limited market," an established lawyer and former government official asserted with offhand finality.

All true, but only part of the truth. The full story, when pieced together, unfolds the proliferating multi-national tragedy of Latin America. Elements of the narrative are present in all the larger Latin American countries, but nowhere on so comprehensive a scale as in Mexico.

The story can begin there with the Decree on the Auto

Industry, issued on August 23, 1962, by the government of past President Adolfo Lopez Mateos. It was designed to thrust Mexico into an auto economy, the inevitable dividend from that being an expansive modern industrial plant. That was the theory, based on what had obviously happened in the United States. And the essence of the decree was simplicity itself. It declared that within a very few years 60 per cent of any car must be made in Mexico, this being a first step toward the time when the entire manufacture, fabrication and assembly, would be performed within the country. The stamp, "Made in Mexico," would then have real meaning.

The schedule for gradually increasing Mexican-made parts was set up, and the plan was put in motion. The foreign auto producers had previously done little more than assemble cars in Mexico, and there was conjecture as to opposition. But none was offered; the foreign producers entered into the game with spirit and capital.

The country was soon to have a ring of plants in a vast ellipse around Mexico City. Added to the existing Ford, Chrysler and General Motors assembly plants in the city itself were GM, Chrysler and American Motors plants in Toluca; a Volkswagen plant near Puebla; a Ford plant at Cuautitlan; three Renault (American Diesel or Dina) plants at Sahagun; a Fiat plant near Cuernavaca; a Datsun plant at Morelos, an International Harvester truck plant and a bankrupt Borgward plant, resurrected from Germany, at Monterey. Fifteen gleaming plants spread over vast acres of space: on a map or an industrial plan sheet, this was an imposing complex. It must mean that Mexico was in the auto business, implicitly part of the technological 20th century as it reached toward the 21st.

The event which focused attention on this Latin stride ahead was a meeting at Toluca in January of 1965 between Frederic Donner, then president of General Motors, and Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, President of Mexico, to dedicate the new GM plant. Donner was dutifully prophetic: "The obvious dynamic spirit and energy" of Mexico inspired great confidence that its transformation would "raise the standard of living for the people, giving Mexicans the fullest opportunities in all fields of endeavor."

President Diaz, in his characteristically dour fashion, made an hour's tour of the plant and appeared to agree. The reporter of the Mexico City daily, *Excelsior*, exulted about this "most modern plant producing engines for cars and trucks. . . ." And in a special General Motors supplement of the same paper the summit was reached by a writer who declared that "General Motors has plants in five continents and [this one] in Toluca is the most modern of all." The reporter for *El Universal* was more modest. He called it "a modern plant." And the sober General Motors self-appraisal was that its "Toluca engine plant and foundry [was] among the most modern and best equipped in Mexico. . . ."

As a guest of the management on the previous day I had made a careful tour of the plant. It was worse than archaic. Worse, because it was deliberately archaic, with the obsolescence carefully built in. The plant was beautiful, laid out with great yardage of surplus space for comfortable operation and future expansion. The machinery was new and sparkling. It was also very peculiar—it had been designed and built—*not* to produce.

After I had inspected the plant, I was invited in for a half hour of coffee and discussion with the manager. He had been a GM plant executive in the States. "This is an overwhelmingly beautiful plant," I said. "Any manager back home would give all his eyeteeth to have such fantastic amounts of space. But what I can't understand is the equipment. Overall it would appear to have less than 10 per cent of our productivity potential back home."

We were both auto workers, and on this point there was no way to dissemble. "Well, you see," he said, "there is only so much steel in Mexico. The government has to dole it out in quotas. If we were to use the equipment you have back in the States we would have enough for only one hour's run or so a week."

I was to hear that answer many times. It was always sincerely given; it never rang true. But in itself the explanation did confirm the fact that the new Mexican plants were being deliberately equipped with snail-paced machinery.

A month later I toured what was then the second newest General Motors plant in Latin America, a neat structure in a suburb of Buenos Aires. There I saw some press work. It was on a minor part, what appeared to be a section of the dash panel. (I was never to see major parts like roofs, floor pans, quarter panels, or doors being stamped out in a Latin American plant. Such parts are imported.) The minor part I saw went through a series of presses for the consecutive operations—low draw, trim, pierce, finish. Each press was manually activated. The standard, I was told, was 180 pieces an hour. And I judged that the complete operation required ten men, operators and helpers.

In the United States the same operation is performed by one automated giant press. There is one operator and he activates the press by pushing a button after he has threaded the coil. Then he stands by and watches while the press produces 1,800 finished parts an hour. This therefore makes a man-hour ratio of 100 to 1.

The U.S. press costs considerably more than the total of the Argentinian presses, but the difference could be amortized within not too many months of operation by reducing the 100-to-1 ratio to equality. It would be all coasting from then on. The salient fact is that the presses in Buenos Aires, like the machines in Toluca, were not antiquated, broken-down wrecks. The machinery there was also newly built—not to produce.

A good deal of the equipment in the Latin American plants bore the name of the Foote-Burt Company, a Cleveland-based plant which builds the most sophisticated automated equipment for General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. When I got home, I sought out an employee of that company who went from city to city supervising the installation of newly built machinery, tuning it in, and certifying it ready for production when it was operating at specified levels. I asked about the operating standards of machinery constructed for American engine production. "Our machinery is built so that a motor comes off the line every twenty-five seconds," he told me. That meant 144 an hour. The maximum potential of the Toluca plant was twelve an hour. The ratio, then, was 12 to 1.

I asked him about the Foote-Burt machinery I had seen in the Latin American plants. "Oh," he answered, "that is our special low-production machinery."

I questioned him closely. "It's all newly designed," he told me, "built to specification from blueprints."

"But why is this low-production machinery built?"

"We don't ask those questions," he laughed; "we are happy enough to have work to do."

Back in Mexico the euphoria was ending; bafflement was setting in. A little more than a year and a half after the high glory of January 1965, the director general of the liberal but nationalistic weekly *Sucesos*, in an article of October 15, 1966, declared that, contrary to what had been expected, and incredibly, the so-called integration of the auto industry had proved "an overwhelmingly heavy burden on the nation." It was "certain that progress . . . [was] simply illusory. . . . Instead of solving problems, they had been aggravated to impossible extremes. . . ."

Sucesos went on to complain that "a car proudly 'Made in Mexico' costs twice as much as the same model in the country of its origin." This resulted in a cost to the nation in 1966 of $180 million. "And what is worse, it will cost more and more" each year. *Sucesos* was right. By the end of the decade the auto industry will have drained Mexico of at least $1 billion (probably more) since that glorious day in January 1965.

But the magazine's editors attributed the critical situation to "anarchy, disorder, the absence of coherence, rational planning and practical objectives. . . ." It would all appear to be the fault of gigantic misorganization. Actually, planning and organization are held very effectively in the capable hands of the world's major auto producers. They can be accused of many things, but not of inability to plan and to produce.

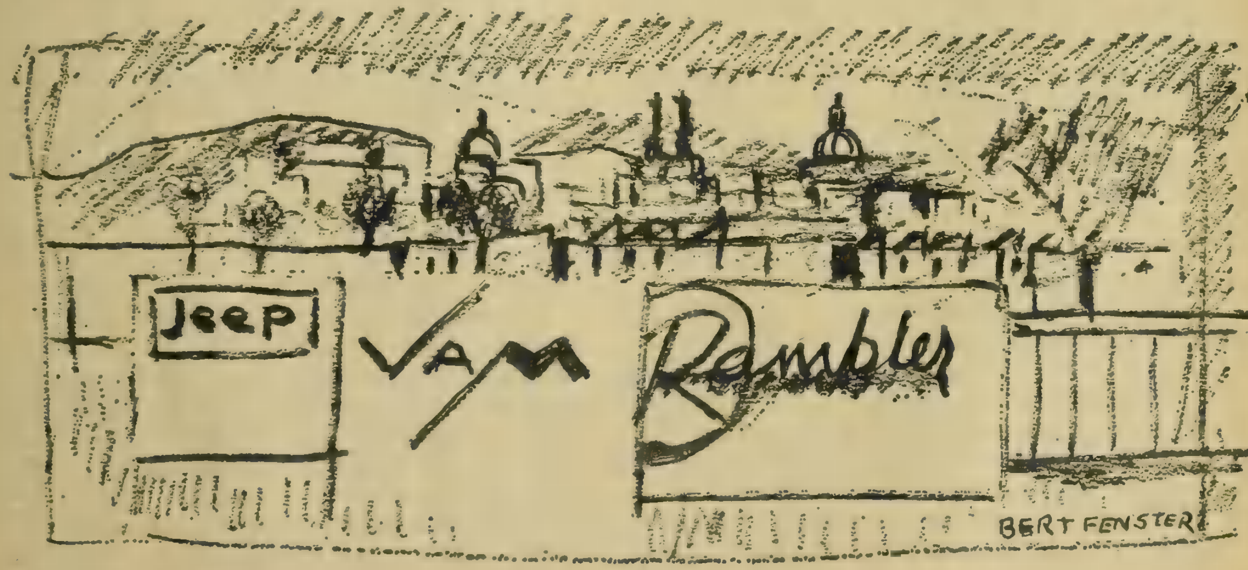
The *Sucesos* article also implied that Mexico had bitten off too much when it attempted to set up an integrated auto industry: apparently it ought to have been satisfied with final assembly, leaving the job of fabrication and construction to the foreign corporations on their home premises. But this would mean an impermissive outflow of capital and would consign Mexico to an eternal status of an undeveloped industrial nation.

Sucesos is not sure of the solution. It calls upon readers who may be expert on the subject to make themselves heard through the pages of the publication. It is obvious that the publication was unaware of the fact that Mexico's auto plants are deliberately equipped with low-production machinery. Nor does this seem known to anyone else with authority, inclination, opportunity or courage to speak out. In recent months I have toured the plants of Ford and Renault in Mexico. Only a small fraction of the cars is produced there, and output is unbelievably below standard levels.

I have been asked: Does the Mexican Government itself permit this situation? It is necessary to understand that neither in Mexico, nor in all Latin America, is there a machine-building plant of even minuscule consequence. And since they lack this capacity, Mexico and the rest of Latin America are completely subservient to the desires and preferences of the industrially advanced nations. Latin America cannot say what kind of equipment shall be installed; it takes what it is given.

The next question is: why on earth would the auto manufacturers want to produce one car when they can produce ten? This appears reasonable at first glance. In fact, the very logic of the question sets up a natural barrier to its ever being asked. The purpose of a modern plant is to produce as efficiently, cheaply and voluminously as possible. A large number of companies operating in the same field, as is the case in Mexico, guarantees the most intense kind of competition; from that it follows that efficiency must be sought and costs reduced. That is axiomatic, and axioms are accepted, never examined.

Another axiom of industrial development says that capital flows to those industries and areas where there is the most fortuitous combination of efficient production and a good market potential. With a total absence of a machine-building industry, a minute production of sheet steel and a severely limited personnel at all levels of training,



Mexico scarcely qualified as a mecca for production by one of the most highly automated of all industries.

As for a market, Mexico today has a sales potential of about 100,000 cars and trucks a year. This is a ratio of one unit to every 450 people. In the industrialized world the ratio is 25 million units a year for 800 million of population, or about one unit to thirty-two people—an incomparable difference.

Confronted with a bootstrap industrial operation and a fractional sales potential, why did all the major auto producers of the world swoop into Mexico like one joined flock of migrating birds?

A cogent clue can be found in Alfred P. Sloan's revealing memoirs, *My Years With General Motors.* In the chapter headed "The Corporation Overseas" he tells of the high-echelon discussions that took place during the late 1920s, as GM "had to determine whether we wanted to be exporters or overseas producers." From the beginning Sloan headed the group that disdained emphasis on export, claiming instead that real profits were possible only when capital was sent abroad to build new plants. To beat off foreign opposition he declaimed against "economic nationalism abroad" and sponsored a resolution in the corporation's executive committee which recognized "the desirability of employing additional capital for increasing the corporation's profits and developing its business" by considering "favorably [the] . . . principle [of] the employment of capital for manufacturing purposes in overseas manufacturing countries, either in the form of the employment of such capital on its own account or through association with foreign manufacturers." By the mid-thirties GM was launched on its profitable ventures of overseas investment. Today about one-third of its 757,000 employees are in foreign lands and its annual profits of close to $4 billion before taxes are dependent to a large extent on its overseas plants. Moreover, it now has a constant seedbed for the huge stocks of capital it always has available. Latin America is one of those seedbeds and in 1963 Sloan was already hinting broadly that extensive plans had been made for plowing that section of the world.

What GM had learned and accomplished became the road for all major auto producers the world over. General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Volkswagen, Fiat, Renault, American Motors, Datsun, International and Borgward came to Mexico at about the same time. With the plant acreage they developed, these giants would have to produce more than 1 million units in order to operate both normally and profitably. But the demonstrable market was only a tiny 7 per cent of that. To operate normally therefore became impossible—but to operate profitably is always indispensable.

The companies came because they had money to invest and because none wanted to be frozen out of an enduringly profitable market. But could they set up their automatic plants and produce to capacity for the current microscopic market? That kind of competition would be seen as anarchy in today's industrial world.

Who doubts what happened; what discussions took place? There had to be agreement on quotas; on the rate of production; on the cost of the product. None of these elements, given the unusual circumstances, could be expected to find their appropriate levels through normal processes.

And it must be equally obvious that the world's auto producers are enjoying a profitable market, despite the artificially limited productivity. The outlandish prices provide the beautiful margin of profit. The fact that Mexico and the other Latin American countries must impose a 100 per cent duty on new or used imported cars in order to prevent a disastrous outflow of capital permits General Motors and the rest to command prices almost 100 per cent above home country prices.

"So the big auto companies got together and did a little conniving," some may say. "So what? The net result is that Mexico has the foundation of a major auto industry."

Unfortunately, that's the greatest distortion of all. Some years ago Dr. Otto Feinstein, using the economy of Venezuela as a study base, demonstrated statistically that the growth of the foreign sector of an economy in an underdeveloped country results in an actual decrease in the domestic sector.

If the estimated five-year billion-dollar loss is accepted as the burden placed on the Mexican economy by the auto industry, it must also be accepted, without tracing all the mechanics, that it is the Mexican people who are subsidizing the business. The Pemex oil industry worker who averages $4 a day is subsidizing; the rest of the workers who average considerably less than $2 a day are subsidizing; the farm worker who makes $1 a day is subsidizing; the *campesino* and his family who live in a wretched tiny one-roomlet adobe hut are subsidizing.

Mexican domestic industrial growth is choked off because scarce capital is drained into this foreign sector. In fable the tortoise overtakes the hare; in real life no one ever matches them in a race.

Thus each tortured inch of Latin American industrial advance is actually a giant step backward when measured against the seven-league jumps of the industrialized world. And that is why the Alliance for Progress amounts at best to only a few more schools and a few more apartments—facilities the foreign sector finds useful in the development and maintenance of its essential native personnel.

There is another classical argument: Latin American countries do not have the capital or the know-how to develop a major industry. This falls on its face in view of the capital drain imposed by foreign development; outside capital obviously impedes the development of local industy and capital. In addition, there is actually an awkward example to the contrary: the existing Mexican petroleum industry.

In the mid-thirties President Lazaro Cardenas expropriated the Mexican oil fields from the Americans. Mexico developed that industry despite infinite frustrations, including sufficient financial encroachments by its own concessionaires and native men of business. Today a gallon of Gasolmex, fully equivalent to our regular, costs on the average 30.5c. That is 5c to 6c cheaper than our own average. But gasoline costs more than 60c a gallon in the rest of the oil-rich Latin American countries, where it sells under the label of Esso, or Mobiloil, or such.

The Cardenas expropriation proved that it is quite possible for a Latin American country to develop a major industry when left to itself to exploit its own resources. But one indispensable ingredient of an industrial base in the Western Hemisphere below the Rio Grande is a machine-building industry. Whatever else happens, Mexico and Latin America must begin that difficult job. It will serve as their industrial declaration of independence.

Beyond that there must be a disengagement from the self-serving assistance of the major producers: "What ever you are doing to help me—please stop!" What Mexico needs today to develop the auto industry is not ten foreign owners with fifteen or more plants equipped with ludicrously low-paced machinery. It needs a single national plant with the most modern automated equipment. At present wage levels it could then produce a car for $800 or less; mini's for about half the price. That would initiate a mass market, spill over to other industrial development, and open a way to substantial increases in real wages.

If the present auto-producing countries are worried about the competition of cheap labor, an interim tariff would not be that great an evil. If it limited the units of Latin American production to Latin American soil it would do no critical damage to anyone. Furthermore if there is any sincerity to the lofty protestations of the Alliance for Progress, we must unselfishly help in the uphill struggle for bona fide industrialization.

Meanwhile the auto industry in Latin America continues to be a chronic disease, stunting the growth of the body industrial. As proof: at the end of last year Brazil announced the first passenger car to be manufactured by General Motors do Brasil. The car is a four-cylinder compact, 3 inches shorter than the six-cylinder Corvair. The price is a little less than $4,000, almost twice the price of its longer, more powerful U.S. sister Corvair.

The problem gets worse. And the need for solutions more urgent.

THE ORWELL LAW

NEW TAPS ON FREEDOM

SALLY FLY

Miss Fly, writer and publicist, is currently at work on a biography, The Most Dangerous Man, *about the career of her father, James Lawrence Fly, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 through 1944.*

Ever since George Orwell's *1984* men have feared the totalitarian impact of unremitting official invasion of privacy. Now, under Title III of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, federal, state and local law-enforcement officers are authorized for the first time in America to eavesdrop for a wide spectrum of suspected crimes. This act opens the gates to police surveillance and has sent legal scholars into a maelstrom of debate.

The implications of Title III are emphasized by the awesome array of sophisticated tools for surveillance. A remote-controlled amplifier and microphone no larger than the period at the end of this sentence can capture a conversation and transmit it by wire for 25 miles. A parabolic mike, without wires or radio transmitter, can catch the conversation of a couple in a canoe in mid-lake and record it on shore. A battery-powered transmitter, running for 100 hours, can be concealed in the heel of a victim's shoe, sending his words a block away. By switching a single wire, an intruder can convert any telephone in the United States into a live microphone, conducting sound even when the phone is in its cradle. Such a microphone catches a whisper within 35 feet of the telephone. English dictionaries do not give the word auditeur, but it is now needed as companion to voyeur. Cameras the size of a cigarette can photograph a room two blocks away by moonlight, but Title III does not touch on visual surveillance; Congress thought the subject too complex. Law lags, but technology races.

Among its positive provisions, Title III bans all wire tapping and eavesdropping by private parties under penalty of $10,000 fine and five years in prison. It prohibits the manufacture, distribution, possession, sale or advertising of intercepting devices in interstate commerce. Before a judge grants an enforcement agency an order to tap or bug he must ascertain the following: Who is the investigating officer; what offense is involved and who is accused of committing or being about to commit it? What facilities are to be intercepted? What type of conversations are being sought? Could alternative measures be used? How long is the interception required? (Congress reveals its own anxiety about Title III in its "afterguards." A judge can demand progress reports. When surveillance is completed, the subject must be notified, unless the judge waives the requirement "on good cause." The judge must retain the tapes for ten years; and must report within thirty days after expiration of an order to the Administrative Office of the United States Courts. Each January, the Attorney General will report to the Administrative Office on results from interceptions; each April, the Administrative Office will forward all reports to Congress. After six years, a commission will report to the President and Congress on the effectiveness of Title III.)

These preceding features are "superb," admits Alan Westin, author of *Privacy and Freedom.* But Westin is vociferous about the negative aspects of Title III, and calls it on the whole a "collapse of reason on the part of Congress . . . a Godawful package."

Part of the package is the range of federal and state crimes for which eavesdropping is permissible. Federal officials are authorized to eavesdrop for such offenses as bribery of public officials, offering kickbacks to influence the operation of employee benefit plans, bankruptcy fraud, extortionate credit transactions, and "any offense involving the manufacture, importation, receiving, concealment, buying, selling, or otherwise dealing in narcotic drugs, marijuana, or other dangerous drugs."

Authorization for state officers is even broader. In addition to those mentioned are desertion of wife or child, graveyard desecration, endangering the life of a railroad passenger, illicit cohabitation, carrying a concealed weapon, cruelty to animals and gambling.

Another part of Title III, Section 2518, allows "any investigative or law enforcement officer" in emergency cases of "national security" or "organized crime" to eavesdrop for forty-eight hours without a court order. Samuel Dash, director of the Institute of Criminal Law and Procedure at Georgetown University Law Center, contends that this forty-eight-hour license defeats the purpose of requiring court orders. He foresees that a multitude of eavesdroppers will evoke national security and never go near a judge. Title III can also be used by non-law-enforcement agencies, such as Senate or House committees.

Another segment of the Act permits the President, without first seeking a court order, to authorize tapping and bugging in "national security cases . . . or any other clear and present danger to the structure or existence of the Government." This gives the President the sort of Big Brother power Orwell envisioned. A national labor dispute, draft protesters, a civil rights demonstration could readily be branded a "clear and present danger."

Despite the adverse opinion of many legislators, the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, including Title III, was passed almost unanimously. In the House only seventeen members voted against it, in the Senate only four.

Why did a majority of Congressmen feel so compelled? Politics weighed heavily in their actions. Even the title of the bill was calculated by its sponsors to be politically irresistible, the mood of the country demanding a "crime bill." In an election year the Congressmen feared how their constituents would respond if they voted no.

President Johnson reluctantly signed the bill into law on June 19, 1968. After signing, he expressed his misgivings: "The right to privacy is a valued right. But in a technologically advanced society, it is a vulnerable right. That is why we must strive to protect it all the more against erosion. We need not surrender our privacy to win the war on crime."

Although Nixon's Congressional advisers on crime have urged him to limit the use of electronic surveillance, the new Attorney General, John Mitchell, is using Title III not only in national security cases but against organized crime and other major crimes. Mitchell says the law contains ample safeguards to protect the privacy of individuals. States whose prosecutors are now using listening devices in crime cases are Arizona, Georgia, Maryland, New Jersey and New York.

Title III and electronic surveillance have other strong supporters. Orlando Wilson, former superintendent of police in Chicago, has stated that no substantial inroads can be made against organized crime without the use of electronic surveillance. Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan of New York County contends that "wire tapping and bugging, pursuant to court order, is the most valuable and effective weapon in the arsenal of law enforcement's fight against organized crime."

In opposition to Wilson and Hogan, Joseph Rauh, vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, declares: "You can't be a little bit pregnant on wire tapping." According to Rauh: "The restrictions are hogwash. The court order for a tap or bug is meaningless. A judge can't weigh all the evidence. And it will be easy to shop for a sympathetic judge." He noted the ease with which some judges now rubber-stamp conventional search warrants. Rauh predicts an epidemic of electronic surveillance.

Rape, theft, mugging—those crimes of the street about which the public is so much exercised and which moved the Congress to vote for "law and order"—are not affected by Title III. What purse-snatcher or rapist plans his crime on the telephone? As for the use of the telephone by criminal syndicates, Title III merely forces the Cosa Nostra to use other means of communication.

Nevertheless, wire taps and electronic surveillance, rifling the mails, reading private correspondence would all probably help the police secure more convictions. So would judicious use of the thumbscrew and the rack, but the evil in these techniques outweighs their value to law enforcement. The Bill of Rights was not written to make things easier for the police.

What protection does Title III give the private citizen? The "aggrieved person" clause permits an individual to sue, if as a wire-tap victim, he feels that he has been overheard without just cause. But this right applies only to persons who were actually overheard, or one against whom the eavesdrop was directed. The *subject* of a conversation, if a third party, has no relief. For example, Jack and John are suspected of smoking marijuana. Their phones are tapped; their premises bugged. During the surveillance, the police discover independent evidence connecting Bob and Barry with a different crime—planning to steal a car. It develops that neither Jack nor John was smoking pot; Bob and Barry are brought to trial and they cannot sue.

Nor can a person challenge an interception if it is made with the consent of *one* participant in the conversation. Also permissible is surreptitious monitoring by one party to the conversation "not acting under color of law"—a proviso which may cripple, if it does not destroy, the ban on wire tapping by the ordinary citizen. The Association of the Bar of the City of New York finds the participant consent provision "of dubious constitutionality and seriously objectionable." But some lawyers point to situations where such monitoring may legitimately be used. Law-enforcement officers record incriminating statements in their confrontations with a suspect, insuring credibility of evidence later introduced at trial. It may protect the integrity of government officials from attempts by private persons to distort their conversations.

A particularly disturbing provision of Title III is the long surveillance period it authorizes—up to thirty days, renewable indefinitely every thirty days. Conventional searches lasting even a few hours have been condemned in the courts. A law-enforcement officer with a conventional warrant cannot enter a private home or office and embark on a search lasting several days. Certainly he cannot move into the premises for a month or more. Sen. Philip Hart (D., Mich.) speaks out: "Yet it is precisely such a ransacking, general search that Title III allows. It was not contemplated nor is it permitted by the Constitution."

What is the position of the Supreme Court on eavesdropping? In its most recent decision on eavesdropping, *Alderman* v. *U.S.*, the Court held 5 to 3 on March 10 that the federal government must show an accused man all records of bugs or taps illegally made on his private conversations or conversations on his premises. The accused can declare such records inadmissible evidence at his trial. The government must drop the prosecution completely if it fails to comply with this decision.

Justice Department lawyers were stunned. They unlawfully tap foreign embassies, but don't own up to it. The Court originally made no distinction between defendants overheard in embassy taps, spy cases or criminal cases, but two weeks later it attempted to clarify its decision. The government, said Justice Potter Stewart, will not necessarily be required to disclose to the accused logs of "foreign intelligence" surveillance when the cases come to trial. Only if the trial judges secretly determine that this sort of surveillance violates the Fourth Amendment will the logs be disclosed. The Court's decision, it declared, applies to eavesdropping done "illegally," before Congress authorized eavesdropping in Title III.

In 1967 the Supreme Court ruled on two other eavesdropping cases: *Berger* v. *New York* and *Katz* v. *U.S.* These decisions may cast doubt on the constitutionality of Title III. In *Berger* v. *New York*, the highest tribunal by a 6-to-3 vote freed Ralph Berger, a public relations consultant to the Playboy Club in New York City who had been convicted of conspiracy to bribe the chairman of the New York State Liquor Authority. Evidence had been obtained under a New York statute which permitted law-enforcement surveillance for two months. The Court held this statute unconstitutional because its language was too broad, and it trespassed into a constitutionally protected area. The Court specifically ruled that the two-month period was a violation of the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments, and stressed above all that any period of electronic surveillance must be brief. The Justices said such long-lasting surveillance is equivalent to a series of intrusions, searches and seizures, pursuant to a single showing of probable cause.

In *Katz*, six months later, the Court reversed a conviction based on evidence procured from a bug placed by FBI agents on two public telephones which the defendant habitually used to transmit betting information. The *Katz* decision was a major victory for privacy. The Supreme Court at last overruled *Olmstead* v. *U.S.*, a bootleg case, which in 1928 held that police wire tapping, since it did not physically penetrate one's premises, was not one of the unreasonable searches and seizures forbidden by the Fourth Amendment. In that 1928 ruling, Justices Holmes and Brandeis spoke eloquently for the minority opinion. Said Brandeis: "It is also immaterial that the intrusion was in aid of law enforcement. Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent."

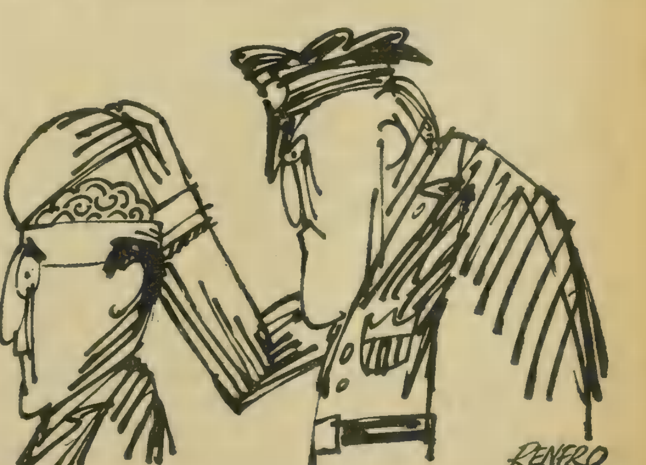
Katz involved that rare situation where electronic eavesdropping could be limited to hour, locale, a specific person and specific conversations. FBI agents activated the bug only when Katz entered the booth, captured only Katz's end of the conversation and turned it off when Katz left. The Court stressed that no conversations of innocent persons were overheard.

Had the interception been conducted pursuant to court order, it would have been sustained. Nothing in *Katz*, however, supports the sweeping provisions of Title III. It does not imply approval of a thirty-day bug or tap on home or office. *Katz* and *Berger* stipulate that a warrant for electronic surveillance must *particularly* describe the convertions to be overheard.

Before Title III was passed the Justice Department had been tapping wires for almost thirty years. Private detectives and police also snooped—unprosecuted. Wire tapping was rampant, even though it was prohibited by Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act: "no person . . . shall intercept . . . and divulge . . . the contents . . . of a communication to any person." Wire-tap victims were lovers and diplomats, criminals and key executives.

Congress tried many times to frame a responsible wire-tap statute out of the chaotic muddle, but they did not legislate until Title III was incorporated in the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. While lenient on gun control in Title IV, Congress gave Title III excessive clout. Title III may violate not only the Fourth Amendment's edict against unreasonable searches and seizures and the Fourteenth Amendment's due process clause but also the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech. Without privacy of communication, people are reluctant to exercise their rights of speech, press and worship. The right against self-incrimination, proclaimed by the Fifth Amendment, is also jeopardized by Title III.

To work for repeal of Title III would be a quixotic gesture, Alan Westin maintains. His remedy is to amend. Many disagree. Defenders of the Bill of Rights believe no amendments would suffice. To wait for Supreme Court action is hazardous and would take several years. Congress, they believe, should repeal Title III.



BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Poem by Kenneth Burke

EYE-CROSSING—FROM BROOKLYN TO MANHATTAN

For Marianne Moore

I

Scheming to pick my way past Charybdylla
(or do I mean Scyllybdis?)
caught in the midst of being nearly over,
not "midway on the roadway of our life,"
a septuagenarian valetudinarian
thrown into an airy osprey-eyrie
with a view most spacious
(and every bit of it our country's primal gateway even),
although, dear friends, I'd love to see you later,
after the whole thing's done,
comparing notes, us comically telling one another
just what we knew or thought we knew
that others of us didn't,
all told what fools we were, every last one of us—
I'd love the thought, a humane after-life,
more fun than a bbl. of monkeys,
but what with being sick of wooing Slumber,
I'll settle gladly for Oblivion.

II

Weep, Hypochondriasis (hell, I mean smile):
The bell rang, I laid my text aside.
The day begins in earnest, they have brought the mail.
And now to age and ailments add
a thirteen-page single-spaced typed missile-missive,
to start the New Year right.
On the first of two-faced January,
". . . the injuries you inflict upon me . . . persecution . . .
such legal felonies . . . unremitting efforts . . . malice, raids,
slander, conspiracy . . . your spitefulness . . ."
—just when I talked of getting through the narrows,
now I'm not so sure.
Smile, Hypochondriasis, (hell, I mean wanly weep).

III

So let's begin again:
Crossing by eye from Brooklyn to Manhattan
(Walt's was a ferry-crossing,
Hart's by bridge)—
to those historic primi donni,
now add me, and call me what you will.
From Brooklyn, now deserted
by both Marianne Moore and the Dodgers—
an eye-crossing
with me knocked cross-eyed or cockeyed
by a saddening vexing letter
from a dear friend gone sour.
I think of a Pandora's box uncorked
while I was trying to untie
Laocoön's hydra-headed Gordian knot,
entangled in a maze of Daedalus,
plus modern traffic jam cum blackout.
Let's begin again.

IV

The architectural piles, erections, impositions,
monsters of high-powered real estate promotion—
from a room high on Brooklyn Heights
the gaze is across and UP, to those things' peaks,
their arrogance!
When measured by this scale of views from Brooklyn
they are as though deserted.

And the boats worrying the harbor
they too are visibly deserted
smoothly and silent
moving in disparate directions
each as but yielding to a trend that bears it
like sticks without volition
carried on a congeries
of crossing currents.

and void of human habitation,
the cars on Madhatter's Eastern drive-away
formless as stars
speeding slowly
close by the feet of the godam mystic giants—
a restlessness unending, back and forth
(glimpses of a drive, or drivenness,
from somewhere underneath the roots of reason)

me looking West, towards Manhattan, Newark, West
Eye-crossing I have seen the sunrise
gleaming in the splotch and splatter
of Western windows facing East.

V

East? West?
Between USSR and USA,
their Béhemoth and our Behémoth,
a dialogue of sorts?
Two damned ungainly beasts,
threats to the entire human race's race
but for their measured dread of each the other.
How give or get an honest answer?

Forgive me for this boustrophedon mood
going from left to right, then right to left,
pulling the plow thus back and forth alternately
a digging of furrows not in a field to plant,
but on my own disgruntled dumb-ox forehead.

My Gawd! Begin again!

VI

Turn back. Now just on this side:
By keeping your wits about you,
you can avoid the voidings,
the dog-signs scattered on the streets and sidewalks
(you meet them face to faeces)
and everywhere the signs of people
(you meet them face to face)

The Waltman, with time and tide before him,
he saw things face to face, he said so

then there came a big blow
the pavements got scoured drastically
—exalted, I howled back
into the teeth of the biting wind
me in Klondike zeal
inhaling powdered dog-dung
(here's a new perversion)
now but an essence on the fitful gale

Still turning back.
Surmarket—mock-heroic confrontation at—
(An Interlude)

VII

CONFRONTATION AT BOHACKS

(an interlude)

Near closing time, we're zeroing in.
Ignatius Panallergicus (that's me)
his cart but moderately filled
(less than five dollars buys the lot)
he picks the likeliest queue and goes line up
then waits, while for one shopper far ahead
the lady at the counter tick-ticks off and tallies
items enough to gorge a regiment.

Then, lo! a possibility not yet disclosed sets in.
While Panallergicus stands waiting
next into line a further cart wheels up,
whereat Ignatius Panallergicus (myself, unknowingly
the very soul of Troublous Helpfulness) suggests:
"It seems to me, my friend, you come out best
on that line rather than on one of these."
And so (let's call him "Primus")
Primus shifts.

Development atop development:
Up comes another, obviously "Secundus,"
to take his stand behind Ignatius, sunk in thought.
No sooner had Secundus joined the line
than he addressed Ignatius Panallerge approximately thus:
"Good neighbor, of this temporary junction,
pray, guard my rights in this arrangement
while I race off to get one further item,"
then promptly left, and so things stood.

But no. Precisely now in mankind's pilgrimage
who suddenly decides to change his mind
but Primus who, abandoning his other post,
returns to enroll himself again in line behind Ignatius.
Since, to that end, he acts to shove aside
Secundus' cart and cargo, Crisis looms.

Uneasy, Panallergicus explains:
"A certain . . . I am sorry . . . but you see . . .
I was entrusted . . . towards the preservation of . . ."
but no need protest further—
for here is Secundus back,
and wrathful of his rights
as ever epic hero of an epoch-making war.

Both aging champions fall into a flurry
of fishwife fury, even to such emphatical extent
that each begins to jettison the other's cargo.
While the contestants rage, pale Panallerge
grins helplessly at others looking on.
But Primus spots him in this very act and shouts
for all to hear, "It's all *his* fault . . . *he* was the one . . .
he brought this all about . . ."
and Panallergicus now saw himself
as others see him, with a traitor's wiles.

I spare the rest. (There was much more to come)
How An Authority came swinging in,
twisted Secundus' arm behind his back
and rushed him bumbling from the store.
How further consequences flowed in turn,
I leave all that unsaid.

And always now, when edging towards the counter,
his cargo in his cart,
our Ignatz Panallerge Bruxisticus
(gnashing his costly, poorly fitting dentures)
feels all about his head
a glowering anti-glowing counter-halo . . .

Is that a millstone hung about his neck?
No, it is but the pressing-down
of sixty plus eleven annual milestones.

(It was before the damning letter came.
Had those good burghers also known of that!)

VIII

But no! Turn back from turning back. Begin again:
Of a late fall evening
I walked on the Esplanade
looking across at the blaze of Walt's Madhatter
and north to Hart's graceful bridge, all lighted
in a cold, fitful gale I walked
on the Esplanade in Brooklyn now deserted
by both Marianne and the Dodgers.
Things seemed spooky—
eight or ten lone wandering shapes,
and all as afraid of me as I of them?
We kept a wholesome distance from one another.
Had you shrieked for help in that bluster
who'd have heard you?

Me and my alky   in that cold fitful bluster
on the Esplanade that night
above the tiers of the mumbling unseen traffic

    It was scary
    it was ecstacatic

IX

Some decades earlier, before my Pap
fell on evil days (we then were perched
atop the Palisades and looking down
upon the traffic-heavings of the Hudson)

I still remember Gramma (there from Pittsburgh for a spell)
watching the tiny tugs tug monsters.
Out of her inborn sweetness and memories
of striving, putting all that together,
"Those poor little tugs!" she'd say.
God only knows what all
she might be being sorry for.

And now repeatedly we watch the tugs, "poor little tugs,"
and hear them—
their signals back and forth as though complaining.
The two tugs help each other, tugging, pushing
(against the current into place)
a sluggish ship to be aligned along a dock,
a bungling, bumbling, bulging, over-laden freighter.

Their task completed,
the two tugs toot good-bye,
go tripping on their way,
leaning as lightly forward
as with a hiker
suddenly divested
of his knapsack.
"Good-bye," rejoicingly, "good-bye"—
whereat I wonder:

Might there also be a viable albeit risky way
to toot
"If you should drive up and ask me,
I think you damn near botched that job"?
"I think you stink."
What might comprise the total range and nature
of tugboat-tooting nomenclature?

X

Profusion of confusion. What of a tunnel-crossing?
What if by mail, phone, telegraph, or aircraft,
or for that matter, hearse?

You're in a subway car, tired, hanging from a hook,
and you would get relief?
Here's all I have to offer:
Sing out our national anthem, loud and clear,
and when in deference to the tune
the seated passengers arise,
you quickly slip into whatever seat
seems safest. (I figured out this scheme,
but never tried it.)

Problems pile up, like the buildings.
Even as I write, the highest to the left
soars higher day by day.
Now but the skeleton of itself
(these things begin as people end!)
all night its network of naked bulbs keeps flickering
towards us here in Brooklyn . . .
then dying into dawn . . .
or are our . . . are our what?

XI

As with an aging literary man who, knowing
that words see but within
yet finding himself impelled to build a poem
that takes for generating core a startling View,
a novel visual Spaciousness

(he asks himself: "Those who have not witnessed it,
how tell them?—and *why* tell those who have?
Can you do more than say 'remember' "?)

and as he learns the ceaseless march of one-time modulatings
unique to this, out of eternity,
this one-time combination
of primal nature (Earth's) and urban, technic second nature,
there gleaming, towering, spreading out and up
there by the many-colored, changing-colored water

(why all that burning, all throughout the night?
some say because
the cleaning women leave the lights lit.
But no—it's the computers
all night long now
they go on getting fed.)

as such a man may ask himself and try,

as such a one, knowing that words see but inside,
noting repeated through the day or night
the flash of ambulance or parked patrol car,
wondering, "Is it a ticket this time, or a wreck?"
or maybe setting up conditions there
that helicopters land with greater safety,

so puzzling I, eye-crossing . . .
and find myself repeating (and hear the words
of a now dead once Olympian leper),
"Intelligence is an accident,
Genius is a catastrophe."

A jumble of towering tombstones
hollowed, not hallowed,
and in the night incandescent
striving ever to outstretch one another
like the stalks of weeds dried brittle in the fall.

Or is it a mighty pack of mausoleums?
Or powerhouses of decay and death—
towards the poisoning of our soil, our streams, the air,
roots of unhappy wars abroad,
miraculous medicine, amassing beyond imagination
the means of pestilence,
madly wasteful journeys to the moon
(why go at all,
except to show you can get back?)

I recalled the wanly wingéd words of a now dead gracious leper.

(My own words tangle like our entangled ways,
of hoping to stave off destruction
by piling up magic mountains of destructiveness.)

XII

Do I foresee the day
Calling his counsellors and medicos,
do I foresee a day, when Unus Plurium
World Ruler Absolute, and yet the august hulk
is wearing out—do I foresee such time?

Calling his counsellors and medicos together,
"That lad who won the race so valiantly,"
he tells them, and His Word is Law,
"I'd like that bright lad's kidneys—
and either honor him by changing his with mine
or find some others for him, as opportunity offers."

No sooner said than done.
Thus once again The State is rescued—
and Unus over all, drags on till next time.

Do I foresee that day, while gazing across, as though that realm were alien
Forfend forfending of my prayer
that if and when and as such things should be
those (from here) silent monsters (over there)
will have by then gone crumbled into rubble,
and nothing all abroad
but ancient Egypt's pyramidal piles of empire-building hierarchal stylized dung remains.

Oh, I have haggled nearly sixty years
in all the seventies I've moved along.
My country, as my aimless ending nears,
oh, dear my country, may I be proved wrong!

XIII

"Eye-crossing," I had said? The harbor space so sets it up.
In Walt's ferry-crossing, besides the jumble of things seen
(they leave him "disintegrated")
even the sheer *words* "see," "sight," "look," and "watch" add up
to 33, the number of a major mythic cross-ifying.

In the last section of the Waltman's testimony
there is but "gaze," and through a "necessary film" yet . . .
"Gaze" as though *glazed*? It's not unlikely.
"Suspend," he says, "here and everywhere, eternal float of solution."
And the talk is of "Appearances" that "envelop the soul."

Between this culminating ritual translation
and the sheer recordings of the senses
there had been intermediate thoughts
of "looking" forward to later generations "looking" back.
Walt the visionary, prophetically seeing crowds of cronies
crossing and recrossing
on the ferry that itself no longer crosses.

Six is the problematic section.
There he takes it easy, cataloguing all his vices
as though basking on a comfortable beach.
Here his tricks of ideal democratic promiscuity
include his tricks of ideal man-love.
In section six he does a sliding, it makes him feel good
Blandly blind to the promotion racket stirring already all about him,
he "bathed in the waters" without reference to their imminent defiling
(Now even a single one
of the many monsters since accumulated
could contaminate the stream for miles.)

He sang as though it were all his—
a continent to give away for kicks.
And such criss-crossing made him feel pretty godam good.

Flow on, filthy river,
ebbing with flood-tide and with ebb-tide flooding.
Stand up, you feelingless Erections,
Fly on, O Flight, be it to fly or flee.

Thrive, cancerous cities.
Load the once lovely streams with the clogged filter of your filth.
"Expand,"
even to the moon and beyond yet.
"There is perfection in you" in the sense
that even empire-plunder can't corrupt entirely.

XIV

And what of Hart's crossing by the bridge?

"Inviolate curve," he says. Who brought that up?
The tribute gets its maturing in the penultimate stanza,
"Under thy shadow by the piers I waited."
Hart too was looking.

But things have moved on since the days of Walt,
and Hart is tunnel-conscious.
And fittingly the subway stop at Wall Street,
first station on the other side,
gets named in the middle quatrain of the "Proem"
(Wall as fate-laden as Jericho, or now as mad Madison
of magic Madhatter Island.)   Ah! I ache!
Hart lets you take your pick:
"Prayer of pariah and the lover's cry."

(If crossing now on Brooklyn Bridge by car,
be sure your tires are sound—
for if one blows you must keep right on riding
on the rim. That's how it sets up now
with what Hart calls a "curveship"
lent as a "myth to God."
I speak in the light of subsequent developments.)

Elsewhere, "The last bear, shot drinking in the Dakotas,"
Hart's thoughts having gone beneath the river by tunnel, and
"from tunnel into field," whereat "iron strides the dew."
Hart saw the glory, turning to decay,
albeit euphemized in terms of "time's rendings."
And by his rules, sliding from Hudson to the Mississippi,
he could end on a tongued meeting of river there and gulf,
a "Passion" with "hosannas silently below."

All told, though Walt was promissory,
Hart was nostalgic, Hart was future-loving only insofar
as driven by his need to hunt (to hunt the hart)
And as for me, an apprehensive whosis,

(cf. Bruxistes Panallerge, *Tractatus de Strabismo*)
I'm still talking of a crossing on a river,
when three men have jumped over the moon,
a project we are told computer-wise
involving the social labor of 300,000 specialists
and 20,000 businesses.
Such are the signs one necessarily sees,
gleaming across the water,
the lights cutting clean
all through the crisp winter night.

"O! Ego, the pity of it, Ego!"
"Malice, slander, conspiracy," the letter had said;
"your spitefulness . . ."

XV

Crossing?
Just as the roads get jammed that lead
each week-day morning from Long Island to Manhattan,
so the roads get jammed that lead that evening
from Manhattan to Long Island.
And many's the driver that crosses cursing.

Meanwhile, lo! the Vista-viewing from our windows at burning nightfall:
To the left, the scattered lights on the water,
hazing into the shore in Jersey, on the horizon.
To the right, the cardboard stage-set of the blazing buildings.
Which is to say:

To the left,
me looking West as though looking Up,
it is with the lights in the harbor
as with stars in the sky,
just lights, pure of human filth—
or is it?

To the right,
the towerings of Lower Manhattan
a-blaze at our windows

as though the town were a catastrophe

as doubtless it is . . .

Consciousness Confrontation

STYLES OF RADICAL WILL. *By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 274 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön *(Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

Styles of Radical Will is the most personal of Susan Sontag's books. She writes directly about herself only in the long final essay, "Trip to Hanoi," which has already been published separately as a book. But the candid self-questioning created by her encounter with North Vietnam reverberates back across the earlier essays in her book, uniting them upon the common theme of consciousness—Western consciousness, and her own. Miss Sontag emerges from *Styles of Radical Will* not as the polemicist of her previous essays and fiction but as an open and vulnerable intellect, a consciousness in process of transformation.

The "radical will" of Miss Sontag's title refers to the various modes of confronting consciousness, of altering consciousness, of throwing it over. The order of Miss Sontag's essays may indicate a shift in her thinking from an aesthetic mode of radical will to a political mode, from a will aiming to destroy contemporary consciousness—to escape from consciousness itself—to a will seeking new forms of political and social consciousness, "a more generous, more humane way of being with each other." Not that Miss Sontag appears to be abandoning aesthetics; more likely her transformation of consciousness may produce a new aesthetic viewpoint, as yet unformed, incorporating political and social dimensions.

The aesthetic essays of *Styles of Radical Will* grow directly out of Miss Sontag's concerns in her previous collection, *Against Interpretation*. There she was more dogmatic, more prophetic, more, as the title suggests, on the attack. Here she is at pains to describe the radical aesthetic configuration which previously, under the name "new sensibility," had been little more than a slogan. In particular her first essay, "The Aesthetics of Silence," is a brilliant and important account of the Western tradition of artistic revolt against language, against thinking, against consciousness.

Few critics are as capable as Miss Sontag in uniting disparate art forms, in making aesthetic criticism a form of philosophical inquiry. But for her broad theoretical background Miss Sontag appears to depend, at least in part, on Norman O. Brown's radical psychoanalytic critique of consciousness, a critique for which the author's criticism provides a deeper and more profound foundation from the arts. For Brown, the very nature of modern Western consciousness, with its divided self and its Faustian longing for immortality, is rooted in repression and neurosis. And for Brown, as for Freud, the artist acts as the revolutionary spokesman for the id against the ego, the subverter of civilization in the name of the pleasure principle.

But Brown's reliance on art is essentially ambiguous. If art is created to undo repressions, what happens to art when the goal of a nonrepressive society is reached? This is an unanswered question to which Miss Sontag's extension of Brown's radical critique of consciousness addresses itself. Art itself, suggests Miss Sontag, will be done, overthrown. Art, particularly the language arts, are themselves caught in the trap of consciousness. When consciousness as we know it is destroyed, art as we know it will also come to an end—art as expression or representation, art as truth and beauty. The "minimal art" of our own time, in painting, sculpture, the new novel, already aims, in this sense, at the abolition of art.

This form of prophecy and critical insight, this mode of radical will, can be extremely clarifying and stimulating for the willing reader. But politics is an unwelcome intrusion upon it. A radical critique of consciousness, so it is said, is itself a radical political ideology. Do not speak therefore of war protests, black demands, student rebellion; how can one talk of changing the political system when human consciousness is the fundamental issue? When consciousness is altered, politics will necessarily be different—or irrelevant.

A radical impatience of this sort with politics lies, I think, behind Miss Sontag's "What's Happening in America (1966)," her answers to a *Partisan Review* questionnaire in that year. Other factors as well, the wording of the questions, a sense of her audience or of her fellow contributors, may have persuaded Miss Sontag to reply in a style of disgust, gross judgments and willed ignorance, a style unlike any she has adopted in writing about the arts. It is possible that Miss Sontag included "What's Happening in America (1966)" to indicate how thoroughly her trip to Hanoi transformed her view of politics, and of America.

What most affected the author about the North Vietnamese was the nature of their consciousness. They conformed to neither pole of her previous thinking, not to the ego-bound, guilt-ridden Western consciousness which she abhorred, nor to the "Dionysian" consciousness, the nonrepressed consciousness projected by Norman O. Brown and the aesthetics to which Miss Sontag adhered. Instead, the North Vietnamese possessed a consciousness free of the neurotic elements of Western consciousness, full of joy and hope, yet morally chaste and politically organized. Though obviously Vietnamese consciousness could not be emulated in the West, it opened up for Miss Sontag the possibility of other forms of social consciousness than any she had experienced or postulated, of new modes, in a Western context, of radical will.

Miss Sontag was also astonished, chagrined, and ultimately moved, by the depth of admiration and respect felt by the North Vietnamese for their enemy, the United States. In the 20th century it has not been fashionable for radical American intellectuals to feel emotional identification with their country; Miss Sontag's "What's Happening in America (1966)" is almost a caricature of the elitist, Europeanized mentality of many in her class. But the North Vietnamese vision of the possibilities of America, their taking for granted love of country as a revolutionary motive, forced Miss Sontag to accept the fact of possibility, and the need for love of country, too. "Probably no serious radical movement," she writes, "has any future in America unless it can revalidate the tarnished idea of patriotism. One of my thoughts in the closing days of my stay in North Vietnam was that I would like to try."

In the midst of her transformation—wherever it may lead her—Miss Sontag has come somewhat to resemble one of the artists she most admires, the French film maker Jean-Luc Godard, about whom she has written an exceptionally good essay in this book. Godard's best films are models both of Miss Sontag's aesthetics and of her politics, and there is no disjunction between them. Godard is as preoccupied as Miss Sontag with the divided self, with the dilemmas of Western consciousness. But he has never been waylaid by the promise of an escape from consciousness. Miss Sontag seems now allied with him as never before in

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the search for a new mode of social and political consciousness in the West. "There are words I do not know," Godard's Natasha says at the end of his film *Alphaville*. Miss Sontag is one with Natasha, as are we all.

Earth Music

THE LONG-LEGGED HOUSE. *By Wendell Berry. Harcourt, Brace & World. 213 pp. $5.95.*

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

Miss Johnson's first novel, Now in November, *was written in 1934 and awarded a Pulitzer Prize. Her most recent work is* The Inland Island *(Simon & Schuster). Portions of Wendell Berry's book, reviewed below, have appeared in* The Nation.

This book is broad and leisurely and important. Something like the river itself on which Wendell Berry lives. It is full of wide and flowing thoughts and one thing leads to another in the manner that nature intended—or used to. The language ranges from the grave and beautiful to the sharp and specific, depending on the need to express the vast variety of subjects he presents.

He writes of the land: "One early morning last spring, I came and found the woods floor strewn with bluebells. In the cool sunlight and the lacy shadows of the spring woods the blueness of the flowers, their elegant shape, their delicate fresh scent kept me standing and looking. I found a rich delight in them . . . that I will never forget. . . ." And of the nature consumers, the boatmen who camped and strewed the rocks with plastic, paper, trash and bottles—"having spent the night there, these men doubtlessly did not recognize it on their way back." Wherever man's caravan has rested there is the place befouled. And Berry points out the profound paradox, that the boatmen destroy what they supposedly want to keep; as do the campers, the hunters, the vacationers, the weekend motorists.

In a fine essay, "The Loss of the Future," Berry looks behind the familiar words, "morality," "practicality," and redefines them in their true meaning. He looks to a saner future, a more ideal community, which would include thought for the unborn. A community which "would be aware . . . that the living cannot think or speak or act without changing the lives of those who live after them. . . . Man is not merely in the world. He is, he must realize and learn to say or be doomed, *part* of it. The earth he is made of, he bears in trust."

As a teacher himself he has some interesting and iconoclastic things to say about education. His statements should be read in their whole context, not extracted, for Wendell Berry builds his thoughts and ideas slowly and carefully as he built the long-legged house by the river, carpentering it, windowing it, and living in it. And it is the living of his days, in this house, the days along this river, that give the reader an extraordinarily real feeling of being there, sharing the silence, seeing the teal and the wood ducks, the waxwings and the wild grapes.

When the day comes when courses in life and sanity are taught in all our schools, Wendell Berry's book, *The Long-Legged House*, should be the chosen text. It stands as the record of a thoughtful man, a man with far more vision than most. Moreover it is vision carried into specific action. Berry writes of the problems of today. He does not shirk them. His account of the strip mining in Kentucky, "The Landscaping of Hell," is clear, documented, a model of indictment. There is no vagueness here, no sentimental crying out about possible future disaster, but [illegible] man recording the exact dimensions of legal anarchy, and what it has brought to pass.

His statement against the war in Vietnam might well be read in every public place in the land, and studied in schools instead of *The Man without a Country.* In fact much of Berry's book is written in the desire that a country worth living in may be saved from those who are destroying it physically and morally while they sentimentalize over it with patriotic words.

For Berry himself attended a military school whose highest aim he says was "to produce a perfectly obedient, militaristic, puritanical moron who could play football." He survived because he knew of dignity of another kind, and knew that "standing in lines under the command of other men is the least becoming thing men do. Though I stood in line many times each day, my privilege was that my mind was *not* in line. It didn't have to be. It had better places to go." He had the memory of his days at his camp by the river where he was a free man, and life had seemed to come naturally and right. He had the memory of [illegible] few good men, good days and good places. The good books came later.

The heart of *The Long-Legged House* lies in the chapter on citizenship and conscience, in which Berry presents his thoughts on some ways that a sizable number of people might influence the life of the country and the world. His discussion of subsistence agriculture and the preservation of life—human life—on the land, is practical and long sighted, and he is aware of all the arguments that

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instantly arise. It is worth reading, every word of it.

> . . . And so, difficult and troubling as the times are, I must not neglect to say that even now I experience hours when I am deeply happy and content, and hours when I feel the possibility of greater happiness and contentment than I have yet known. These times come to me when I am in the woods, or at work on my little farm. They come bearing the knowledge that the events of man are not the great events; that the rising of the sun and the falling of the rain are more stupendous than all the works of the scientists and prophets; that man is more blessed and graced by his days than he can ever hope to know; that the wild flowers silently bloom in the woods, exquisitely shaped and scented and colored, whether any man sees and praises them or not. A music attends the things of the earth. To sense that music is to be near the possibility of health and joy.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

GOING PLACES. *By Leonard Michaels. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 192 pp. $4.95.*

The compressed violence which characterizes all of the stories in this collection gives them a choked, unpleasant quality which is more anxious than it is illuminating. While they succeed in using a teeth-gnashing humor to expose the accepted brutalities of contemporary urban life, they stop there. This is Mr. Michaels' first book, and it has been widely praised. His publishers compare him to Isaac Babel, but Babel's compressed tales of human misery are written with an immense compassion that balances his wit. Though Michaels has an admirable wit, with the exception of the title story he doesn't sympathize with any of his characters enough to make us want to suffer along with them.

THE GIRL IN MELANIE KLEIN. *By Ronald Harwood. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 182 pp. $4.95.*

Three lovable schizophrenics, long contented in their respective worlds and with their pleasant lives at a suburban London asylum, are threatened with getting well when a new psychiatrist and a new patient invade their enclave. Mr. Harwood writes wisely and entertainingly, but his romplike inquiry into who is sick, who is well, and who is happy fizzles toward the end, when the new patient's tale of why she was committed doesn't accomplish the delicate task he means it to. It's too bad, because this is an otherwise funny and charming novel: quite a feat, given its tricky subject.

TWO, THREE, MANY MORE. *By Nicholas von Hoffman. Quadrangle Books. 251 pp. $5.95.*

It's a great tribute to Mr. von Hoffman's skill that his heavily documented novel about revolution at a Columbia-like university is as absorbing and as disturbing as it is. He has spent a lot of time on the scene, and most of his administrators, faculty members and student radicals seem very real; he has succeeded in making their respective positions highly "reasonable," according to where one's sympathies lie. In a climax full of disaster, his thesis seems to be that all are tragically misled: the administrators because they are too smug and too hopelessly removed from reality; the well-meaning faculty because they wait too long to decide where their interests lie, and the radicals because they make literally fatal misjudgments about their allies. The gaps explored are more generational than they are political but, for the record, the most fully rounded character in the novel is a likable faculty member, who survives the disaster to describe it later for the "Verbal History Project." It's difficult to reconcile the author's obvious sympathies for the radicals with what seems to be the moral of his book: cool it, everyone.

PROFESSOR WILMESS MUST DIE. *By Paul Rader. The Dial Press. 218 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Rader is a university administrator, and his novel about student revolution is satirical. The students are as boobish and obnoxious as the absurd administrators and, again, a nice, well-meaning faculty member who tries to "help" the radicals finally suffers horrible consequences. Some of the author's administrators are rather delightful grotesques, but his students are just silly; they bear so little resemblance to their actual counterparts that it's difficult to believe he is very familiar with them. Mr. Rader seems to confuse radical politics with promiscuous sex, and the novel's effect is a general tsk-tsk at both, thus making what might have been a very witty book into a prissy one.

NATIONAL ANTHEM. *By Richard Kluger. Harper & Row. 334 pp. $6.95.*

The other yield for satirical novels these days is the business executive. These usually come complete with a formula ending in which the hero, purged, goes back to his old life. Mr. Kluger's is in this genre, and his witty businessman has some successful forays into armed robbery and almost-sex before he decides that his nice wife and regular job will be a relief after all the excitement. There are a lot of funny scenes here, and a more interesting than usual array of the regulation nymphomaniacs, gangsters and assorted urban weirdies who populate these tales. Mr. Kluger is a good writer, and it's sad to see him use his real comic talent within this irrelevant framework.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Tennessee Williams' *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* (Eastside Playhouse) is a portrait of an artist at the nadir of his career. He has taken to drink to the point of no return. This is only a symptom. He imagines that he is in the process of discovering a new vision; the agony of uncertainty about this inspires in him unspeakable torment approximating insanity.

In the turmoil of his nightmare exaltation he experiences the dread sensation of becoming identical with his work. The mess of pigment he applies to his canvases appears to blind him with some unknown but immensely forceful ingredient of light. This, he fancies, may be the prelude to the total disintegration of his talent; or it may possibly mark the threshold of a never before attained profundity of insight. The double awareness is killing him.

Added to this laceration is his dependence on a bitchy wife. She has lost all feeling for him, and become a nymphomaniac who makes shameless passes at all available men, one of whom, the barman at a Japanese hotel, scornfully rejects her. To be free of her husband, she proposes to commit him to an "institution." Implied too is the idea that she is not merely a heartless woman but, symbolically, part of him, the consuming demon within his own nature.

At the end of the play, when the artist dies, his wife, bereft of all attachments and direction, divests herself of the jewelry which represents the acquisitions bestowed upon her by his former success. Only a homosexual art dealer who has sponsored the artist's work grieves for him. He agrees that his protégé's final paintings ought not to be publicly shown, yet suggests that an artist's passage to a new phase will frequently prove chaotic and undecipherable. He has no intention of exhibiting

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such paintings, but acknowledges the possibility that a minor gallery (I almost said "Off-Broadway") might hazard doing so.

I have gone into this detail so that the reader may decide whether or not the factual material of the play is sufficiently interesting or significant to warrant his seeing it. For it is possible that without previous knowledge of its author's "history," *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* may seem little better than a confusing contrivance.

The play is an unabashed confession. Having had it produced may serve the author as therapy. There are things which an artist feels he *must* deliver himself of, no matter how "tasteless" the display may appear to his friends and critics. Without this release and purgation, such an artist may feel unable to proceed and renew himself. In this regard one may pray that the Salvation Army's ancient slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out" will prove well founded. I certainly hope that *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* is not Williams' last testament.

PERSONALS

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MOST INTELLIGENT PEOPLE ARE CATATONICS

Some people are hypertonics. They are strongly motivated by compulsions, and their resulting natural responses are looked at with contempt by those who are more catatonic.

It is easy for the cataonic person, who doesn't have strong emotional compulsions, to follow rules.

It is hard for him to understand why others don't do likewise.

The hypertonic is made to suffer because he responds to his natural compulsions. Because of this suffering he learns about life, and is programmed by his experience to feel sympathy for unfortunates.

The catatonic, who [illegible] follow rules mechanically, does not experience such suffering, and remains ignorant about life. He becomes an ivory tower yokel, who is programmed by his pleasant pampering to be callous and unsympathetic to unfortunates.

The catatonic is by nature tranquilized. So he feels very little tension. Doubt and suspicion are forms of tension. Since the catatonic feels little tension, he seldom doubts. And he becomes a gullible yokel who accepts everything at face value.

The hypertonic responds to demagoguery and incitement. He engages in much foolish behavior.

The catatonic sees this, and is brainwashed into the opinion that such hypertonics are inferior, and he, as a catatonic, is superior.

This in spite of the fact that he, as a catatonic, is not made tense by warnings of danger. So he becomes a slacker. Since much lack of behavior is not overtly as unattractive as the wild behavior of the hypertonics, he permits himself to regard the latter as inferior.

It's easy for teacher's pets to condemn others who have not been pampered as they were.

D. KORETZ 521 PARK DETROIT, MI 48226

The play did not bore me for a minute. However, one of its features puzzled me: No character ever appears to finish a sentence. This device may be an attempt to convey a sort of nervous inebriate inarticulateness which frequently typifies contemporary conversation. Then again it may simply be an "economy": why finish a phrase or a sentence when half of it indicates all!

I left the theatre not thinking much about the performance—Donald Madden as the ruined painter is convincing enough; Anne Meacham as his wife *italicizes* every line she utters—but about the self in art. Henry James once said something to the effect that the artist must never put himself into his creation but that he cannot possibly keep himself out of it.

Williams is a romantic and as such is greatly concerned in revealing himself and is most interested in those works of art which clearly reveal their creators. His previous play *Gnädiges Fräulein* (the second half of *Slapstick Tragedy*) was another of his self-revelations. But what he had to say about himself there was objectified in funny, fascinating and oddly original symbols. My worry over *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* is that for the most part it remains a "private" statement and thus largely dependent on how knowledgeable and how perceptive one is about the Williams "case."

The synthesis of the objective with the subjective or, to put it another way, the romantic and the classic, appears most comprehensively achieved in the theatre of the dance. Whether in the more traditional ballet of, say, Balanchine or Ashton, or the modern dance of Graham and Cunningham, the body of dance itself renders the fusion of the subjective and the objective imperative. Much modern dance is intensely subjective, but the physical demands of the form transfigure the "I" into an "it."

Whatever the critical value of this distinction may be, I am positive that visiting the various dance companies these many years has lightened the burden of my playgoing labors. Even when I fail to be "transported" I always find something to admire or, at least, to marvel at, in a way that extends my sensibilities.

For a long time, while fully recognizing Martha Graham's inestimable contribution to the dance, I could not overcome a resistance to her art. There always seemed a kind of strain in whatever she appeared to be expressing, and in her more "Freudian" creations, a kind of frustration, something at once so simplistic as well as strenuous as to give the impression of pretentiousness. (Exception should be made for her specifically American pieces.) In her "Canticle for Innocent Comedians" this season, I found much greater relaxation and above all, something I cannot describe by anything more concrete than a poetic and lofty essence. And there can be no doubt that she has shaped an ensemble which of its kind is second to none.

Paul Taylor's "Public Domain" is absorbing by its combination of athletic eroticism with a touch of the humor that is rarely entirely absent from his inventions. More and more he tends to the popular—which is no sin. Glen Tetley too has a fine company and in this year's innovations, "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain" and "Ziggurat," shows some of the same emphasis on sex as gymnastics which is both impressive and slightly comic. Both pieces are too long and one suspects a deficiency in the composition of satisfying entities.

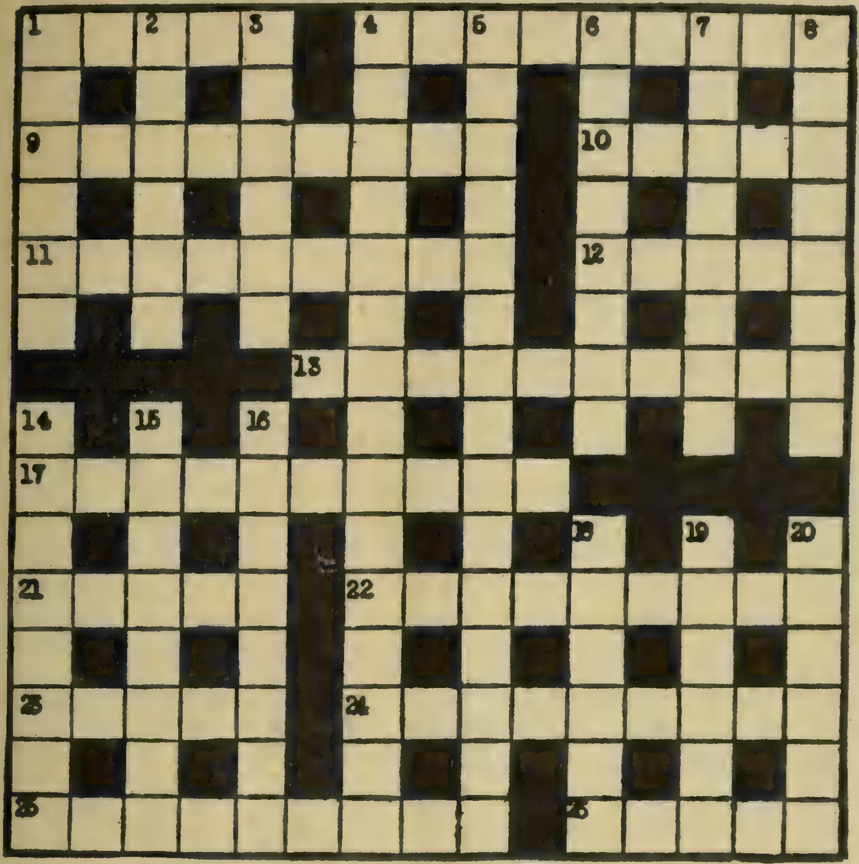
As done by the Royal Ballet, even old-time "numbers" like "La Bayadère," with its opening moments in which the long stream of the corps, in gleaming white, enters and bows with lovely, high-born obeisance, are ravishing sights. In one of the novelties, the "Enigma Variations"—no great achievement as "pure" dance—it is a delight to behold how young people today can re-create the repose and sweetness of a time and place—England at the turn of the century—which they never saw. The piece is redolent of easy good manners, crowned by affectionate and dignified friendliness. All these qualities—a sort of gentleness that eschews all display of exuberant energy—are emblematic of the company's style.

Returning to the New York City Ballet, I was wholly enchanted by Balanchine's "Serenade" (his first American piece, dating from the early thirties), a work of ineffably aristocratic grace which within a limited scope achieves extraordinary variety made indelibly fragrant by the magic of Allegra Kent's superb airiness. And how dazzling within calm are Jacques d'Amboise and Patricia McBride in the "Pas de Deux" conceived by the same genius. Though the company commands a plethora of "stars" we shall miss Suzanne Farrell, who will miss Balanchine.

Recalling these experiences (to which add "Astarte" at the City Center Joffrey Ballet, perhaps "the best show" of the past two seasons), it struck me that we have lots of fun these days but very little joy.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1300

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Returning at 6:50 (thereabouts) should be very important. (5)
4 Bright fields, or those which only appear to be bright? (9)
9 Plain cash, with enough change for the passage. (4,5)
10 Kingdom that has to have got an old carriage as well. (5)
11 The unusually rich state of stage performances? (9)
12 Change motion, possibly. (5)
13 Useless fun is hardly broken up by practicality. (10)
17 A misleading oration without a part of the service movement? (5,5)
21 It might mean quite a bit to you and me, but it makes for an easy life. (5)
22 Spliced in a rummy way? (4,5)
23 Is the Empire State like a country to some? (5)
24 Amateur well-suited to anything but money-making. (9)
25 Naturally, sells make-up, in an ostentatiously aesthetic way. (9)
26 An attitude of caution. (5)

DOWN

1 Calls for a half-dozen poses. (6)
2 Comparatively right under the food, if it's hot? (6)
3 Find in a fix? (6)
4 One might, if they're hurdy-gurdies or horns. (4,11)
5 One doesn't want to have it, even without help. (4,11)
6 Really a bad cut to a friend or associate. (8)
7 Clarified what the performer did, perhaps. (8)
8 Miles of this sand associated with the colonies. (8)
14 She wouldn't have lost, if she hadn't stopped for a pick-up. (8)
15 Shrink from agreement? (8)
16 A little work coming up on condition one leaves the party, perhaps. (8)
18 The old land of Debussy's work (6)
19 To deflect sound might be a way to confuse you. (6)
20 1 down sits out this composition made for it. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1299

ACROSS: 1 Preserve; 5 and 28 Flower girls; 10 Akron; 11 Northerly; 12 Omnibus; 13 Revisal; 14 Modena; 15 Thereat; 18 Ossicle; 21 Deride; 24 Make out; 26 Chancel; 27 Swordplay; 29 Nature; 30 Asperses. DOWN: 1 and 7 Play on words; 2 Erroneous; 3 Ennoble; 4 Vanessa; 6 Le Havre; 8 Rhyolite; 9 Dry rot; 16 Endocarps; 17 Formosan; 19 Chowder; 20 Extols; 21 Dactyls; 22 Reargue; 23 Closes; 25 Knout.

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LETTERS

the good Texan

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: How about a word of praise for Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas? No Senator has needed more courage to speak out against the Vietnamese War, war profiteers and the ABM system than a Senator from the belligerent state of Texas. . . . *Mrs. Lee Dresh*

doctors' quarrel

Morgantown, W. Va.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation*, which always has opposed journalistic medical quackery in other publications, abandoned its high standards in the medical sections of the article, "The Black Lung Rebellion" by Robert G. Sherrill [Apr. 28]. . . . First, Dr. Buff's estimate of the amount of money that ALFORD has received from the federal government is a trifle exaggerated—a mere 300 per cent or so. Secondly, ALFORD's activities are not limited to examining miners with coal workers' pneumoconiosis as your article would seem to imply; there are numerous other investigations taking place in a variety of disciplines, viz., biochemistry, pathology and epidemiology. . . .

Neither of us, despite the statement in your article, has ever maintained that cigarette smoking plays any role in the development of coal workers' pneumoconiosis. You will observe we have both deliberately avoided the use of the unscientific term "black lung," since this is a catch phrase which can, and is, applied to any miner who becomes short of breath whatever the cause. . . . It is frequently impossible to establish a direct cause-and-effect relationship between occupation and the presence of symptoms. Moreover, we both accept the fact that coal workers' pneumoconiosis can and does cause disability. We are also in favor of the proposed legislation currently before Congress to control dust levels in the American coal mines, and we are partial to neither the coal companies nor the unions, but only to the plain scientific truth.

Mr. Sherrill's medical analysis hinges on a clash between the West Virginia University Medical Center and the Physicians' Committee for Miners' Health and Safety. The following excerpt from a letter written by Dr. Hawey Wells, Jr., one of the three members of the committee, during the peak of the black lung rebellion, shatters Mr. Sherrill's theory:

> Your objective analysis on Coal Workers' Pneumoconiosis released Saturday was an important step in alerting the people of West Virginia and its legislators to the grave dangers of occupational hazards in the state's coal industry.
>
> The committee of Physicians for Miners' Health and Safety welcomes your assistance in the campaign to modernize legislation, update research and educate West Virginia physicians in the newer diagnostic techniques for disability evaluation.

Charles E. Andrews, M.D.
Provost for Health Sciences, West Virginia University
W. Keith C. Morgan, M.D.
Chief, Medical Research Section, ALFORD

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Dr. Morgan is notorious for calling anybody a quack who disagrees with him, so his name-calling means nothing. To take the other matters in order of importance:

(*1*) Perhaps I was too kind when I said that at ALFORD's sluggish pace it would take five years to reach a conclusion on the causes of black lung. Ralph Nader, making the same point that I was making (that ALFORD

(*Continued on page 732*)

EDITORIALS

'Systemic Fascism'

In a recent lecture at London's Chatham House, Ralf Dahrendorf, who wrote *Society and Democracy in Germany* and now teaches at the new University of Konstanz, made a useful distinction between historical fascism—a quasi-charismatic leadership using an archaic racial and nationalist ideology to replace the slow machinery of bureaucratic democracy with totalitarian controls—and what he calls "systemic fascism." In his view, "systemic fascism describes a state of social and political affairs in which the individual is economically well off, has a safe job, is provided for by the state in case of need, even has the right to move about (although not to stage a protest demonstration), to read different newspapers, and vote for different parties—and yet is not free in the sense of having a realistic chance to influence the course of events." Such a system, Dahrendorf adds, "may at any point tighten further and restrict even the passive rights mentioned; but its main characteristic is that it keeps the individual in a state of inactivity, apart from his contribution to economic growth, rationalization and productivity. There are times when I can visualize the beginning of a new Middle Ages of slavery in affluence."

This is the kind of fascism that Dahrendorf now fears in Germany, but the same system, using the same controls, is throttling democratic political processes throughout Western Europe and here as well. At a recent symposium in New York, Hannah Arendt pointed out that this country is deep in malaise and neither the government nor the people believe that they have the power to do anything about it. "I feel," she said, "that we're living in a fairy tale. The country seems to have fallen under a spell and nothing seems to work any more."

The "spell" exists because in the immediate past "systemic fascism" has functioned with a minimum of friction. But two currents of unrest are imposing new and mounting strains on the system. Part of the affluent sector—young activists for the most part—bored with consumership and political passivity, now assails the Establishment at every turn and insists that it deliver on its promises to those still excluded from the closed society. At the same time, those excluded have become highly restive and demand admission here and now, en masse. Both groups have learned how to use disruptive actions of one kind or another to force attention to their protests, and one confrontation after another is being staged with the various power centers. The "spell," in other words, is beginning to dissipate as new and ugly realities emerge.

"The danger for modern societies," to quote Dahrendorf again, "is not that they are overthrown by Left revolutionaries; carrying a Vietcong flag through the streets of Frankfurt does not create a revolutionary situation. The danger is that the movement may be used as a further pretext by those who in any case have a vested interest in closing the 'system' of a bureaucratized society even more against citizens to whom participation has been promised."

Since the confrontations tend to spread and to escalate, further use is made of the police and the military to reimpose control. This in turn arouses further protests and broadens the base of opposition. At some point, if the process is not arrested and reversed, "systemic fascism" may well turn into the real thing. The warning signs multiply but the danger is not clearly sensed because to most people "fascism" is a half-forgotten nightmare from a past long gone. A first step, therefore, toward correcting the malaise which afflicts the democratic process in the so-called welfare states is to give it a name, to identify it. Not surprisingly a German has named it, but "systemic fascism" is not a peculiarly German phenomenon—as reports from Madison, Berkeley, and other "fronts" clearly indicate.

Those Little Wars

Hannah Arendt's reference to "spells" points to the fact that there is often a hallucinatory quality about current events. The TV shots of the rioting and police action during the Chicago convention might have been a movie on the gigantic De Mille scale; one knew it was real, and yet it seemed that it must be make-believe. But with repetition, both before Chicago and since, it is becoming clear that the country is entering an era without precedent, an era in which war on a large scale abroad is reflected in successive wars on a small scale (small so far) at home. The preparations, the action and the terminology are military; only the setting is civilian.

An all-white jury in Mason, Mich., where Malcolm X once lived, is hearing a case growing out of the 1967 Detroit riots, the subject of John Hersey's best seller, *The Algiers Motel Incident.* Hearing a few shots fired from a blank cartridge pistol, police, National Guardsmen and Army Reserve units converged on the motel, where ten young blacks and two white prostitutes were passing the time until the disorder ended and they could leave. Three unarmed Negro youths, aged 17, 18 and 19, were killed by gunfire.

The defense in the case is arguing that normal police restraint had been superseded by battlefield tactics (the lawyer for the police has been referring to the action as "full-scale war"). In fact, the police behaved as South Vietnamese government troops are accustomed to do in dealing with captured Vietcong who refuse to talk—shoot them in cold blood. But these teen-age Negroes knew nothing, were inoffensive and, in theory at least, were as much American citizens as the police and military who attacked them.

Similar incidents could be cited in rapidly growing numbers, most of them involving rebellious students at Negro colleges and Southern local and state police and National Guardsmen who, significantly, are being mobilized more and more as a matter of course to cope with campus disorders.

But the most revealing small war is the recent outbreak at Berkeley, the end of which is not yet in sight. The trouble began with the occupation of a three-acre lot owned by the university; students and townspeople con-

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THE NATION *Volume 208* *No. 23*

verted it into a "People's Park," which all agree was a pleasant, aesthetic retreat. The police evicted the park people and a confrontation ensued, followed by stone throwing, which brought out the Alameda County sheriff's deputies, police from surrounding areas, and finally 2,260 troops of the National Guard.

Berkeley became an occupied city. The local civilian government was superseded under Governor Reagan's emergency decree. Sheriff Frank I. Madigan was referred to by the occupying forces as the "field commander." In the course of ten days, there were 150 injuries, one death and nearly 900 arrests. According to Peter Barnes of *Newsweek* (June 2), who was gassed and wrote a "personal report on the battle of Berkeley," the police went on a riot of their own, "displaying a lawless brutality equal to that of Chicago, along with weapons and techniques that even the authorities in Chicago did not dare to employ; the firing of buckshot at fleeing crowds and unarmed bystanders, and the gassing—at times for no reason at all—of entire streets and portions of a college campus."

The gassing was marked by the first use of aerial warfare against American civilians. A helicopter spread a potent military tear gas, CS, in powdered form. The Army uses it in Vietnam. This stuff not only stings the eyes but "sets fire" to the mouth, nose and throat and may cause nausea. Demonstrators and bystanders alike were gassed, indoors and out, and gas-masked Guardsmen prevented them from fleeing. Students in classrooms were gassed. Many of the gas victims were driven into the streets and there injured with buckshot and clubs. A *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter wrote of "refugees in Berkeley . . . not from revolutionaries, but from the forces of law and order."

Law and order, as traditionally understood, are the victims in these recurring small wars. Three steps can be discerned in the process. The authority, the legitimacy of institutions declines. Striving to regain control, the authorities call on the police and the military. The police and the military then act as the government, in effect under martial law but without a declaration. As Peter Barnes puts it, "It is the uncontrollable use of paramilitary force without responsibility."

Under cover of a succession of such small wars against "domestic enemies," a kind of indigenous fascism can begin the take-over of power in the name of law and order.

Get Douglas, Get the Liberals

In the wake of the resignation of Abe Fortas from the Supreme Court, a spurious line of argument is being featured in some columns and editorial pages to the effect that there is a "corrupt strain in liberalism." This ties in neatly with the campaign of Right and conservative elements to pressure Justice Douglas into resigning, a move which could effect a complete reorientation of the Court.

Conservatives have always worked a superficially clever game with so-called liberals, despite the fact that the terms have, for all practical purposes, lost whatever meaning they once possessed. The conservative technique is to do as little as possible to cope with troublesome issues, but to acquiesce grudgingly in the more or less creative measures conceived and passed by liberal policy makers. At the same time, they boast of honor and integrity as if these were an exclusive conservative possession. The unstated premise is that virtue is inherent in the conservative philosophy; besides, as a practical matter, the conservative having started with more, is likely to be less greedy than the liberal who started with less.

This is one of those thoroughly nonsensical propositions which appeal to the prejudiced and are proof against logic and hard evidence to the contrary. Considering what were for the times the vast sums handled by government during the New Deal, the Franklin D. Roosevelt record was quite phenomenal on the score of honesty. It remained so during World War II, when much larger sums were involved. This is not adduced to show that liberals, so called, are more honest than other men—but neither are they less so.

As to the conservative record, let's not forget Warren G. Harding's Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, and his Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall. Nor Dwight D. Eisenhower's Sherman Adams, nor the Harold Talbot incident, and in our own time, the fabulous law practices of Senator Dirksen and some other pillars of the conservative Establishment. Above all, let's not forget the slush fund of Richard M. Nixon, a scandal from which he extricated himself only with a maudlin, totally irrelevant TV program. With tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice, he was restored to the Eisenhower bosom when it became plain that a sufficient number of voters would swallow anything. For that matter, Ike's acceptance of gifts would have raised a fuss if the same cornucopia of gratuities had been showered upon a lesser figure. And, not to spend too much time laboring the obvious, was J. Parnell Thomas a liberal? Or is Thomas J. Dodd?

Ethical sensitivity does not divide politicians on a liberal versus conservative basis. It divides honest men from the men you have to watch.

A Timely Initiative

We have commented in the past ("Concentration Camps?" *The Nation*, June 3, 1968) on the imperative need to repeal Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (the so-called McCarran Act), which provides for the establishment of "detention centers," or, less euphemistically, concentration camps.

Up to now, the public and the Congress have been apathetic in this matter. Those who were aware of it have usually dismissed the provision as one of those harmless legislative aberrations that could never be put into effect. Only Negro militants have regarded it as an actual threat. But finally, after nearly twenty years, a strong movement for the repeal of this affront to the Constitution is under way.

The repeal measure, S. 1872, was introduced by Sen.

Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, a Japanese-American with a distinguished war record. The measure has been co-sponsored by more than twenty Senators and new names are being added all the time. Among the co-sponsors are Senators Javits, Muskie, Fong and both Senators from California, George Murphy and Alan Cranston. In the House, repeal measures have been introduced by Republican Charles Gubser (Calif.), and by three Democrats, Don Edwards (Calif.), Abner J. Mikva (Ill.) and John Conyers (Mich.).

In contrast to previous attempts by alleged radicals, the current movement for repeal is under "correct" auspices. The Japanese American Citizens League decided at its August 1968 convention to launch a campaign to rid the country of the Title II incubus. Since then, the National Association of Social Workers, the California Democratic Council and the Southern California Division of the American Jewish Congress have passed resolutions calling for repeal.

The JACL interest could hardly have been more soundly motivated. Except for the American Indians, who were herded onto reservations, Japanese-Americans are the first group in the United States to have concentration camp experience. These victims and their children are not only determined to prevent a recurrence of the events of 1942; they would also like to obtain a reversal of the U.S. Supreme Court's Korematsu decision, under which the detention of the West Coast Japanese was upheld. However, their concern is for the liberties of *all* American citizens. Their statement makes this plain: "JACL is determined that no other American, or group of Americans, will ever be subject to detention solely on the grounds of suspected loyalty. . . ."

These Japanese-Americans are not seeing ghosts. In the May *Atlantic* Elizabeth Drew, the magazine's Washington editor, quotes Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst as follows: "If people demonstrate in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." Senator Inouye comments that such statements "will further fuel the fires of those dissidents in America who fear that concentration camps are being readied for those who hold unpopular views and beliefs."

Mr. Kleindienst may have helped the repeal movement along. All who respect the Constitution should join with JACL to the end that this reminder of past folly (and perhaps harbinger of future folly) may be wiped off the statute books.

Sacred Missions

The problem of the 27,000 tons of surplus nerve gas and other noxious garbage ("How Not To Do It," *The Nation*, May 26) continues to rankle the Army. The original plan was to ship the stuff from Denver by freight and sink it in disposal areas, one 184 miles, the other 146 miles, east of Atlantic City. Objections were raised on the score of hazards in shipment and possible contamination of the ocean, so now the Army is unloading 170 freight cars to save $8,500 a day in rental charges (charges of $200,000 having already accumulated), while scientists decide whether there might not be a safer method of disposal. But even if the savants decide that the Army selected the best method in the first place, other difficulties may arise. The United States does not own the Atlantic Ocean, and foreign diplomats are raising objections to its use as a dump for toxic materials. The United Nations is also concerned, not only about pollution of the oceans but about the contamination of the rest of the environment.

In any case, the Army—in fact the whole Defense Department— is in a piteous state over the whole affair. Burning would take five and a half years and cost $14 million, what with the need for air-pollution safeguards. Land burial would take more than three years, cost $11 million, and entail the hazard of underground water seepage. Chemical treatment to make the stuff innocuous would take five years and cost $17 million. Defense asserts that sea burial would take only three months and cost only $3.9 million, but all these domestic and foreign meddlers have blocked that solution, at least for the time being.

The Navy is having its troubles too. The legend of Davy Jones's locker is hardly evoked by the sinking of the nuclear submarine *Guittaro* at Mare Island in 35 feet of water, while moored at an outfitting dock. She was refloated a few days later, but all her electronic gear and machinery got wet and it looks as if it will cost $25 million to repair the damage, on top of the $50 million she would have cost if all had gone well. Ill feelings have been aroused in Congress. Rep. George H. Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, had a few words to say about naval incompetence, which led Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, to accuse Mahon of "playing into the hands of the enemies of the military."

Mr. Rivers is also outraged by Pentagon civilians, one of whom, nameless so far, proposed that ten of the forty-one Polaris submarines be sunk at sea (not like the *Guittaro* but on purpose) to save money. The Polaris missile is already obsolescent and it would cost as much to convert these over-age subs for launching Poseidon missiles as to build new ones. However, the Polaris missile isn't exactly a firecracker and each of them could kill, at a rough estimate, a million Russians, so Mendel Rivers would like to keep all forty-one in commission, while adding Poseidons.

To the military mind, the intolerable feature of discussions of contamination, whether on land or sea, is that physicians, public health authorities, journalists, et al., should ask questions, interfere with the sacred missions of the services, accuse them of pulling boners and, worst of all, try to take money away from them. For instance, fourteen months after the Army accidentally killed 6,000 sheep in Utah with poison gas, it has been finally forced to admit that the slaughter actually happened and that the public relations officers, and maybe some higher ups, were patriotic liars when they tried to hide the facts. The House Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources, of which Rep. Henry S. Reuss is chairman, is responsible for the Army's embarrassment on this issue.

Outside the government, various groups are engaging in such harassment—which can be summed up by saying that they expose the military's mistakes as they would anybody else's and, by the same reasoning, object to giving the services everything they demand. Such groups also alarm the complacent citizenry by arguing that even if not used in war, chemical and bacteriological weapons are subject to accidents that cause deterioration of the environment and may kill people as well as sheep. This is the view, for instance, of Physicians for Social Responsibility, with about 1,000 members around the country.

God Bless and Goodby

On April 1, 1969, Andrew Biemiller, legislative director for the AFL-CIO, appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee to present the federation's position on tax reform. Rep. Charles Vanik asked him if the AFL-CIO would support a minimum loophole-closing package which could raise enough revenue to eliminate any need to continue the surtax. The response of the spokesman for 13 million union members was: "God bless this committee if they can put that kind of bill through."

This response is characteristic of the AFL-CIO's preference for relying on Congressional good will rather than mobilizing their members' political weight. Still, it was progress.

On February 25, 1969, some twenty Congressmen met with representatives of the labor lobby to formulate plans for a united tax-reform effort. The late afternoon meeting in the Rayburn Office Building was chaired by Democrat Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, principal author of H. R. 5250, the Tax Reform Act of 1969. Labor representatives included Paul Wagner of the United Auto Workers; Ray Denison and Arnold Cantor, AFL-CIO; Albert Lannon, International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; Jack Sheehan, United Steelworkers, and a staff member from the American Federation of Teachers.

Reuss outlined a proposal to form a National Committee on Tax Reform, to be headed by someone of the stature of former Sen. Paul Douglas. The Congressmen stressed that they were serious about loophole plugging, but couldn't do the job alone. They appealed to the unions for help.

A follow-up meeting was set for March 6, to give the union representatives time to get authorization to begin implementing the proposals. That meeting never took place. Biemiller, himself a former Congressman from Wisconsin, now a labor lobbyist, expressed to Reuss the federation's three-point opposition to a National Committee on Tax Reform: lack of money and staff, lack of executive council sanction to work in such a coalition, and lack of AFL-CIO opposition to the surtax. The federation's own retirement fund has invested $2.5 million in corporate bonds. Stock and bond tax privileges are an area of particular interest to tax reformers.

Four labor spokesmen testified before the April 1 Ways and Means Committee hearings on tax reform; only one, from the Longshoremen, demanded abolition of the surtax. However, on the same day that AFL-CIO President George Meany reaffirmed his support for the tax on a tax to pay for the war in Vietnam, representatives of the New Jersey AFL-CIO arrived in Washington with 100,000 signatures on petitions demanding an immediate end to the surtax. Such petition campaigns are now rolling among workers in many parts of the country, and pressures from local unions are building as the AFL-CIO position becomes known.

"The time for action is long overdue," said the official labor movement, but they appear to be confining their action to the printed word and committee appearances, despite the fact that working people are bearing the brunt of the price-tax squeeze and are in almost open revolt against the surtax. "God bless this committee," said Biemiller. And goodby.

JUDICIAL OVERKILL

THE INJUNCTION ON CAMPUS

FRANK J. DONNER

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"Government by injunction" has been extended from labor-management relationships to the campus. Dartmouth, CCNY, Columbia, Stanford, San Francisco State and other universities throughout the country have resorted to the injunctive remedy, and educational administrators testifying before Congressional committees are endorsing it as an answer to the problem of student disruption. But the cure may turn out to be more injurious than the disease.

Granting that the conduct of students on the campus may sometimes be unlawful (trespass, disorderly conduct, etc.), the remedy of the injunction seems singularly ill-advised. At the very outset, the university's resort to injunction appears to verify the claim of the student protest movement that the university is a surrogate for the power structure and that the campus is a logical theatre of war against the society. To student *enragés* the tactic proclaims that the enemy is calling for reinforcements from its allies and that the administration's denials of Vietnam-connected abuse of power are compromised by its collaboration with another sector of the Establishment, historically identified with repression.

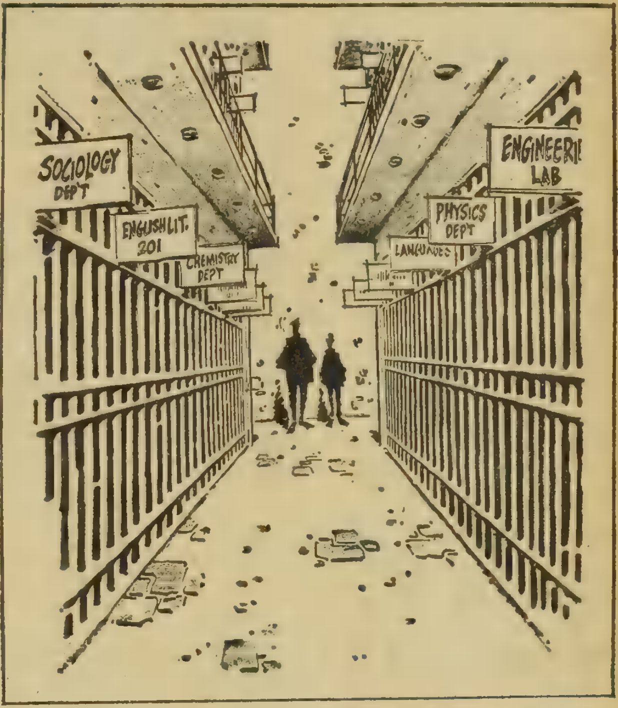
Just as the use of the injunction against labor raised social problems as well as legal ones, so it does when leveled against students. Public opinion plays an important part in the outcome of student protest activities. The issuance of an injunction broadens and deepens a conflict: it brands as lawless in the public mind not merely the conduct of a few individual leaders or activists who are the nominal defendants but the entire protest movement, however justified, and no matter what its target—discrimination, classified research, ROTC, bureaucratization, etc. Conversely, it tends to validate as lawful and proper the practices under attack.

Nor does the injunction merely influence the social context of the dispute. The merits of the conflict are not before the court of equity which issues the injunction, yet the court's action frequently has a powerful effect on the outcome of the dispute. The sole justification for an injunction is to preserve the *status quo* by preventing irreparable injury to the plaintiff, pending a resolution of the issues. But the injunction frequently imposes irreparable injury on the defendants and their cause. The effectiveness of student protests depends on their timing and —given the academic context—they are necessarily of short duration. In these circumstances the initial intervention of the courts can be all but decisive. There is no way to redress the damage to the public interest which a "temporary" injunction may inflict. An improvidently issued restraining order may, under the justification of preserving the plaintiff university from irreparable injury, in fact irreparably harm the defendants and their cause—which frequently resonates with vital public values far outweighing the complained of disruption.

Nothing illustrates this more graphically than the recent injunction obtained at the instance of demagogic New York City backlash politicians to smash the City College student strike in New York City. The court's restraining order came at a time when the student activists, the administration and substantial sections of the faculty were at last forging a formula for the resolution of tormenting problems of racial discrimination. The injunction blew apart an inchoate settlement. "Peace" has been restored but at a formidable price: responsible activists are now even more frustrated and disillusioned. The administration has lost its initiative and independence and a segment of the faculty is seriously considering obtaining a counter injunction to close the university and permit completion of the aborted negotiations. This debacle gives a contemporary dimension to the historic recognition, born of years of bitter experience in strike situations, that an injunction gives one party to a dispute the power to use the courts to settle the argument on his own terms.

What we are talking about here is the classic "ex parte temporary restraining order." This type of injunction is characteristically drafted by counsel for the plaintiff. It is granted without notice or a hearing of any kind. The defending persons are given no opportunity to present their side or to cross-examine witnesses. Affidavits alone, frequently tendentious and emotional, are sufficient to justify the issuance of the restraining order.

Judges routinely sign these lawyer-drafted orders without recognizing that they are both vague and excessively broad—which evils can be corrected only at the time of the "return date," usually from five days to two weeks later, when it is too late. As in the labor situation, ex parte restraints against students and their organizations forbid, under penalty of contempt, activities that are arguably part of the protected freedoms, such as assembly and "incitement" ("Every idea is an incitement," Holmes once wrote), or conduct that in no way relates to the subject matter of the affidavits which are the basis for the restraint. In any event, studies show that judges are rarely willing to modify oppressive injunctions when the hearing takes place on the "return date."



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

Because the injunction is not narrowly confined, it typically generates an enormous overkill. Self-censorship becomes the rule as the demoralized students withdraw from the movement rather than risk contempt. The more committed and determined among them are forced to test the constitutional limits of the injunction by violating it and subjecting themselves to the contempt process, a dangerous course in view of a recent Supreme Court decision upholding a contempt punishment for violation of a constitutionally questionable injunction.

It has long been noted that the injunction is a form of judicial power peculiarly subject to abuse. Equity jurisdiction is being invoked against student protests on the theory that the plaintiff university is threatened with an irreparable injury for which there is no adequate legal remedy. But this is frequently a fiction designed to substitute the summary process of a court of equity for more conventional but slower forms of civil and criminal relief. The injunction is sought and issued in an atmosphere of pressure and prejudice, poisonous to fair adjudication.

Judges are frequently not competent to deal with the complex and elusive problems presented by injunction cases. Even when they are, they act under the pressure of circumstances which prevent them from obtaining enlightenment. Many of them, older men and generations removed from the problems of youth, share the hostility of "town" toward "gown." At the contempt stage they are virtually unrestrained in giving vent to such hostility: jury trials are barred (a motion for a jury was recently denied the Columbia SDS members in their contempt case); in many states there is no limit to the judge's discretionary power to punish for contempt, and the scope of appeal is discouragingly narrow. The anti-student judge may come to join the anti-labor judge of the thirties as a symbol of reaction.

If student activists are concerned with the effectiveness of the movement over the long haul, they must learn that the claim of violence is the propelling force of the injunction, and that self-indulgent "revolutionary" games of barricade and commune usually conceal a failure to organize an effective constituency. And while the university may be comforted by the fact that a formidable system of judicial sanctions has been substituted for its intramural disciplinary processes, it should recognize the dangers. Even when the university is the complainant, the contempt punishment is beyond its control. In the Dartmouth situation, the university requested jail sentences of fifteen days but the New Hampshire supreme court thought thirty days more fitting. More important, the institutionalization of the injunction process as a means of policing the campus will inevitably destroy a tradition of university self-regulation which has been five centuries in the making. And what is sauce for the university goose will inevitably become sauce for the statehouse primitives who have been searching for a lever of control. It would be an irony if, after having beaten off with fair success since the thirties (with some transient lapses in the fifties) the attacks and pressures of legislative Savonarolas, the universities were now to set a judicial trap for their gadflies into which they themselves can easily be pushed. That this is not a speculative or polemic concern is all too tragically demonstrated by the CCNY debacle.

Underlying all contemporary student protest is a crisis of legitimacy. As part of the air they breathe, students share the awareness that our institutions have betrayed their basic functions. This feeling is not altogether new, but it has never been so pervasive. Workers felt that way about the courts (many still do), at least until the passage of the Norris-LaGuardia Act. And the basis for their resentment was the realization that, in Justice Brandeis' words, the courts were being used "to endow property with active militant power which would make it dominant over men." The revival of the injunction as an instrument for the resolution of value conflicts can only intensify the crisis of legitimacy.

ENGLAND'S NEW LEFT

YOUNG AND ANGRY TALTEN

MELVIN C. SHEFFTZ

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London

Britain's Labour Government continues, with sad consistency, to move from disaster to disaster. The crucial battle for the pound, despite the devaluation of November 1967, has gone badly. Harold Wilson and his ministers had hoped that 1969 would bring a balance of payments surplus large enough to enable them to begin repaying the huge foreign loans they had made in order to protect the pound. Instead, trade figures for the first three months have shown a dismally large deficit, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has responded once again by raising taxes. Election figures have been equally bleak for the government. On March 27 it preserved intact its record of defeat at the polls by losing three parliamentary by-elections by overwhelming votes. The government has also found it increasingly difficult to rally its own supporters. It has recently been forced, because of a virtual filibuster of its own backbenchers, to abandon a government bill to reform the House of Lords. It has, however, refused to drop its announced plan of introducing a bill to curb strikes, and has thereby enraged the trade union leaders, the very men who provide most of the party funds.

These Labour troubles, highly visible and highly dramatic, are easy to follow; but they are not the entire story. The Labour Party is still, by its constitution, committed to a Socialist policy, yet those of its members who take its Socialist claims seriously, are disillusioned and demoralized. The Wilson government by adopting an orthodox deflationary policy at home and by following American foreign policy abroad may have struck a death blow at the democratic Socialist tradition in Britain. For the future of British politics this may be even more important than the never ending struggle over the balance of payments.

The British Left can be divided, in American terms, into an old Left of parliamentary Socialists who form the left wing of the Labour Party and a New Left of self-proclaimed revolutionaries, taking inspiration equally from Leon Trotsky and Che Guevara. Both Lefts have been very much affected by the failures and broken promises of the Labour government.

The most militant journal of the old Left is *Tribune*, a weekly, which began in 1937, has a circulation of about 50,000, and has been a platform for every left-wing campaign in the Labour movement for the past thirty years. The most important journal of the New Left is *Black Dwarf*, a fortnightly which began in June 1968 and sells about 15,000 copies, most of them apparently to college students. On January 24, the two magazines staged a formal debate which had been advertised as *Tribune* versus *Black Dwarf*, or Parliament versus revolution. The speakers for *Tribune* were two of their regular contributors, the left-wing M.P.s Eric Heffer and Michael Foot. Like their magazine they are veterans; Heffer is 47 and Foot 55. *Black Dwarf* was championed by two of its editors, Bob Rowthorne and Tariq Ali, both safely under 30. About 2,300 people filled the hall, most of them students cheering for *Black Dwarf*. Rowthorne opened by saying that Heffer and Foot were Left Social Democrats who had often shown great political courage. But their criticisms of the Wilson government were ineffective, because they would do nothing that might drive the government from office or even damage its prospects in a future election. They helped to deceive people into thinking that the Labour Party was potentially a Socialist party, and that all that was needed was to elect greater numbers of left-wing M.P.s. They never asked themselves why Social Democratic parties always acted badly in office. They did not see that Parliament was useful only as a propaganda forum and was not by itself the road to socialism.

Eric Heffer, in replying to Rowthorne, recalled proudly how often he had spoken out against measures of the Wilson government. But, he explained, he did not want to bring the Labour government down and put the Tories in their place. Dozens of young people from all over the hall shouted, "resign" and "vote against the government." Heffer shouted back: "I've been a worker at the bench. Only a few years ago, I was working with my hands, and I may be working with my hands again in a few years." The hecklers continued and Heffer tried another personal statement: "I am a revolutionary Socialist who has had more experience of the class struggle than probably 90 per cent of the audience. I once belonged to a sectarian group. And I learned that it only isolated us. It cut us off from the great body of the workers in the Labour Party and the trade unions." (Before coming to the Labour Party, Heffer saw service, not in one, but in two revolutionary groups. As a young man he was a member of the Communist Party until expelled in 1947, and in the early 1950s organized his own group in Liverpool, the Socialist Workers Federation.) But neither his proletarian origins (he had been a carpenter and joiner) nor his revolutionary past won the critical young audience. "Parliament," he said, "isn't wonderful. But when a joiner finds his tool isn't working, he doesn't throw it away. He tries to sharpen it." "Get a new one," shouted one of the hecklers.

The third speaker was Tariq Ali, clearly the favorite of the crowd, which greeted him with loud and long applause. Tariq Ali is a young Pakistani, who spent a year at Oxford (1964-65), was elected president of the Oxford Union, and in the last year or so has become a prominent figure of the New Left. In 1968 he became widely known as the leader of two much publicized mass demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. Casually dressed in a sweater and wearing a guerrilla-type mustache, he looked like the model young revolutionary, 1969 style. "There are two types of Social Democrats on this platform," he said. "Eric Heffer is a renegade from the revolutionary movement. . . . Michael Foot belongs to a different tradition, one which we can respect, the old Victorian tradition of the radical reformer." Social Democrats were dangerous, he continued, because they always betrayed the interests of the working class. Left Social Democrats were utopian defeatists. They were utopian since they believed that socialism would be achieved through Parliament and they were defeatists because they believed that it could not be achieved in any other way. Revolution was still possible even in the advanced nations. That had been triumphantly shown by the great strikes in France in May 1968. The revolution then had been betrayed by the "French Social Democrats, by which I mean the French Communist Party."

Tariq Ali was scornful of *Tribune*'s position on Vietnam. Its editors had not welcomed the victories of the Vietcong during the Tet offensive; they had simply declared once again their backing for the "mealy-mouthed U Thant" and his call for negotiations. Real revolutionaries, declared Tariq Ali, want not negotiations but victory for the National Liberation Front. Social Democrats try to stand in the middle of the class struggle and bring people together. "We on *Black Dwarf* will support all factory occupations and all university occupations." The time was not yet ripe for revolution in Britain, but it was already ripe to discredit Social Democracy. "Social Democracy is dead. Let us bury it together."

Michael Foot clearly does not yet consider himself or his ideas ready for burial. Like Tariq Ali, Foot was once president of the Oxford Union. He is a man of impressive achievements. He has been in Parliament for nineteen years, is an active journalist, and has written nine books, several of them solid works of historical research. Foot is, moreover, the virtual heir of the great leader of the Labour Left, Aneurin Bevan. He was one of Bevan's closest associates in the battles against Labour's right wing in the 1950s. (On several occasions Foot carried his fight to the verge of expulsion from the party.) In 1960, after Bevan's death, Foot (who had lost his seat in the 1955 election) became M.P. for Bevan's old constituency, Ebbw Vale, in the Welsh coal and iron area. In 1962 Foot published the first volume of a two-volume life of Bevan, which is both an excellent biography and a portrait of the Labour Left.

Foot, who has often been attacked as an irresponsible extremist, seemed both amused and slightly surprised at the need to prove that he was not a "responsible moderate." "I feel as strongly as anyone in the hall," he said, "about what is happening in Greece, in Vietnam, in South Africa." He pleaded with the alienated young to understand that political institutions are necessary. Even if you have factory control by the workers, there must be a state, and that means parties and elections. Socialists in Czechoslovakia were trying to build those very institutions which some in Britain are ready to destroy. He defended U Thant and defended the UN. This brought many jeers from the audience. To the New Left, the UN is as great a charade as Parliament itself.

Foot did not defend the Wilson government, but he did defend the Labour movement. The trade unions, he said, were moving left, and they would help the movement correct the government. The government had indeed been moving in the wrong direction. "Should I give up? Retire? That is a doctrine for hermits." He pleaded with the audience "to come into the mass party and make your voice effective." The audience was not moved. Why should they work to elect left-wing Labourites when they become magically transformed into "responsible moderates" once in office? After all, Harold Wilson and two of his most important ministers, Richard Crossman (Secretary of State for Social Services) and Barbara Castle (Secretary of State for Employment and Productivity) are old Bevanites.

To answer the attacks of the young revolutionaries effectively, Foot would have had to explain why so many of his old comrades in arms have gone astray. Perhaps there is no convincing answer. Holding office in democratic systems does often pull both men of the Right and men of the Left closer to the Center. In normal times (the Labour government of 1945 functioned, after all, in the aftermath of a total war which followed a great depression) democratic governments seldom follow radical policies. Bob Rowthorne and Tariq Ali might well be right in stating that socialism will not come through Parliament, and Michael Foot is most probably right in saying that socialism will not come through revolution. In 1945 it seemed to many that socialism was the wave of the future in Western Europe. Within a few years the tides moved in a different direction. In 1969 many who worked for and still want democratic socialism fear that the Socialist future will not come.

An hour of the meeting was given over to a number of four-minute speeches from the audience. Many came from leaders of two groups, International Marxism and International Socialism, both Trotskyite organizations with predominantly student followings. The two groups are on amicable terms with each other (but not with an older Trotskyite group, which has more of a working-class following), and most of the writers for *Black Dwarf* belong to one or the other. A representative of the Communist Party spoke, and was almost hooted down. The Communist Party is seen by the young radicals as an even more fraudulent bureaucracy than the Labour Party itself. A building worker got a good round of applause when he announced a march of the building workers and their supporters to protest Barbara Castle's decision to cut a penny off the 3-penny-an-hour increase they had won from the employers. (Miss Castle, the old Bevanite Socialist, is now the guardian of the incomes policy which hopes to protect the pound by keeping wages from rising too rapidly.)

The highlight of the evening came when Robin Blackburn, a 26-year-old sociology lecturer from the London School of Economics, announced that he had just come from the school. The students had that evening torn down the security gates which the director had recently set up within the buildings in order to control demonstrations and sit-ins. Most of the crowd rose and shouted and applauded, as if the opening volley of the revolution had been fired. Lenin had arrived at the Finland Station; *Black Dwarf* was vindicated.

In its next two issues *Tribune* printed ten letters and several columns commenting on the great debate. They criticized Tariq Ali and *Black Dwarf* for splitting the Left, for encouraging sectarianism, and lacking contact with the British working class. But all the writers were pleading with the young revolutionaries, as Michael Foot had done, to come and help them revitalize the Labour Party. The *Tribune* columnist, Ben Mallalieu, ended his article on this optimistic note: "Outside there was a girl selling *Tribune*. 'What's the difference between the two sides someone asked.' 'None whatever,' she replied. I wondered how long it would be before we had *Tribune* versus *Black Dwarf* cricket matches." It was a pathetic ploy, rather like a father trying to convince a hippie son that the old man is really with it. *Black Dwarf* answered in its next issue by referring to a harshly critical article on *Tribune* which it had previously printed: "As for *Tribune* and the *Dwarf* believing in the 'same things' we would advise Mr. Mallalieu to read Chris Harman's article in the last *Dwarf*. It might clear his mind a bit."

In the past, though some of the impatient young went into the Communist Party, there was never a shortage of young and angry talent flowing into the Labour Party. Today that flow has become a trickle. In many universities, for example, Marxist societies of the New Left variety are much larger and more active than the Labour Party clubs. The men of *Tribune* Left fear that the Labour Party may become, like an American political party, an election machine without ideology and without a mass movement. And indeed, many of the bright, young Labour technocrats of politics prefer a party of that type. They proclaim the need to modernize the Labour Party and master the techniques of television, modern advertising and market research. The party, they argue, must drop its old ideological baggage, and present a modern, dynamic image in order to appeal to an electorate which, they say, is becoming increasingly classless and nonideological. To the Labour Left such ideas are both wrong and morally repugnant. They see the Labour Party as a permanent crusade, and they need the thousands of students who listen to Tariq Ali and read *Black Dwarf* to help bring it back to its evangelical traditions. Of course, these radical students are a minority among students and a very small minority among voters, but they are the yeast without which the bread will not rise.

The Left has often organized special campaigns to mobilize support within the party for more radical policies. After the failure of the first MacDonald government in 1924, the Left rallied its followers to work for a program called "Socialism in Our Time." After the collapse of the second MacDonald government in 1931, some left wingers organized the Socialist League, out of which

Tribune eventually emerged. From 1951 to 1957 the Left worked in the Bevanite movement, and a few years after that, it operated the "Victory for Socialism" campaign.

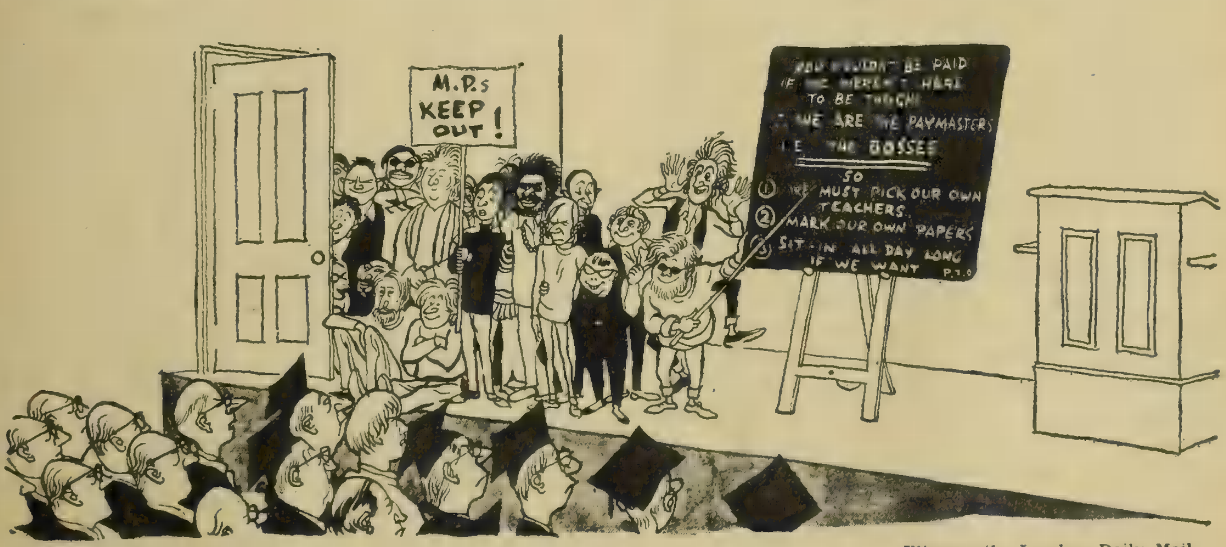
The latest of these efforts began in June 1968 when twenty-three M.P.s known as the *Tribune* group, issued an eight-point program, the Socialist Charter, which set out Socialist solutions for current economic problems under such headings as "Socialist Planning," "Public Ownership as a Real Weapon for Socialism," "Redistribution of Wealth" and "An Independent Foreign Policy." Meetings are being held throughout the country to publicize the charter and to get M.P.s, individual rank-and-file party members, trade union branches, and local Labour Parties to endorse it. The proclaimed aim is to get such massive support behind the charter that the government will accept its proposals. But this seems not even remotely possible. The campaign, one suspects, is being organized mainly in the hope of keeping disillusioned Socialists from drifting into apathy. Many people who will no longer work for the Labour government will, it is hoped, work for the charter. The missionary activity of getting people to sign the charter will help the morale of those who sign and of those who get them to sign. But most of those who have signed are veterans of the old armies of the Left; there are few new recruits. One sign of the ineffectiveness of the campaign is that the right wing has not thus far even taken the trouble to denounce it. In effect, the charter appears to be a make-work project whereby the old Left can convince itself that it is still relevant.

Meanwhile, the revolutionary Left concentrates its energies on demonstrations and confrontations. Tariq Ali and his allies organized mass demonstrations against the war in Vietnam in March and October of last year and a considerably smaller demonstration on March 16 of this year. Tariq Ali himself returned for a time to Pakistan, just as continuing demonstrations forced the President, Ayub Khan, to retire—a result not likely to be matched in England. The biggest success the revolutionaries might hope to claim in England in the near future would be the retirement of the director of the London School of Economics, Walter Adams, who ever since his appointment a little more than two years ago has been the target of a guerrilla war waged by the school's Socialist Society, a group of self-proclaimed Marxist revolutionaries.

The continuing troubles at the school have been a marked victory for the revolutionaries. After the gates came down, Adams closed the school and called police in to guard the buildings. He got injunctions against ten student leaders and began proceedings to dismiss three young radical lecturers, one of them, the same Robin Blackburn who had brought the stirring news to the audience at the *Tribune-Black Dwarf* debate. For almost four weeks the school remained closed, and students organized marches past the police lines. During the first week, some L.S.E. students seized the Student Union of the University of London (with which L.S.E. is loosely affiliated) and announced that they would hold it as a base. Several newspapers reported that Tariq Ali himself had joined the students inside their camp, but this was later denied. After one night and much rhetoric, the students peacefully vacated the building. Two of the demonstrations in front of the L.S.E. drew more than 1,500 marchers, many of them from other schools in London.

The London School of Economics after its reopening managed to complete the term with only one three-day sit-in, but the future still looks troubled. The leaders of the rebel students harp on the iniquities of Walter Adams and other administrators, but their real goal, as they often state, is much bigger than Adams or L.S.E. It is the capitalist system itself, of which the universities are both an expression and a weak and vulnerable link. Thus Mr. Blackburn told a few hundred students after one of the demonstrations at the school: "All the capitalist institutions can crumble from within if we can undermine authoritarianism. Comrades, we are living in the present time through a historic moment in the revolutionary movement. . . . They have given us the opportunity to mobilize students up and down the country. . . . We have launched a vast, offensive, revolutionary movement."

Tariq Ali, Robin Blackburn, and the other self-styled revolutionaries hope eventually to produce some-


M.P.s KEEP OUT!
YOU WOULDN'T BE PAID IF WE WEREN'T HERE TO BE TAUGHT
WE ARE THE PAYMASTERS
i.e. THE BOSSES
SO
① WE MUST PICK OUR OWN TEACHERS
② MARK OUR OWN PAPERS
③ SIT-IN ALL DAY LONG IF WE WANT
P.T.O.

Illingworth, London Daily Mail

Teach-In at the L.S.E.

thing like the Paris strikes of May 1968, but without the Gaullist counterstroke. A wave of student strikes will, they hope, trigger industrial strikes which escalate into a general strike, and somehow topple the government and the system. The immediate tactics are clear, the eventual outcome vague. There is a pattern, of sorts, in much of Western Europe. The German Social Democrats dropped socialism about a decade ago. The French Socialists ceased to be Socialist even before that, and the French Communist Party has lost most of its vitality and relevance. This may explain in part the unleashing in those countries of essentially destructive and undisciplined student revolutionary activity.

The process has not gone as far in Britain as it has in France and Germany, but the direction may be the same. The Labour Party fades away as a Socialist crusade, and the activist students desert it for revolutionary groups. And the desertion of the young leaves the Socialist wing of the party weaker still, making the party as a whole even less attractive for the radical students. The Socialist wing of the Labour Party has survived many shocks in the past; but massive disappointment in the Wilson government and the mass desertion of the radical young seem like fatal wounds. It is hard to imagine Labour Party meetings in the future singing, as they did in a more hopeful past, the last lines of William Blake's *Jerusalem*:

I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Still Forgotten: The Working Poor

DENNIS DUGGAN

Mr. Duggan, formerly a reporter on The New York Times *and the* Herald Tribune, *is now a national news correspondent for* Newsday.

Only in the past few months has the plight of the 20 million American working poor begun to attract attention. Heirs of the Industrial Revolution, they have become its neglected offspring; desperate pockets of workers earning more than welfare but less than what their own government says is a moderate income. They are bitter and bankrupt and almost totally without voice.

In Cambridge, Mass., the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies headed by Robert C. Wood, former Under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, is assigning "high priority" to research on the working poor. As Wood describes him: "He is the ordinary employee in the factory and in the office. Twenty million strong, he forms the bulk of the nation's working force. He makes $5,000 to $10,000 a year, has a wife and two children, owns a house in town, between the ghetto and the suburbs, or perhaps in a low-cost subdivision on the urban fringe—and he owes plenty in installment debts on his car and his appliances. He finds his tax burden heavy, his neighborhood services poor, his national image tarnished, and his political clout diminishing. This, too, is alienation."

Most of the fresh archaeological digging into the working-class poverty of America has been done by the American Jewish Committee and particularly by Irving M. Levine, its director of urban planning. He and others feel that unless these not so poor are extricated from their plight, their tensions and frustrations may touch off a hideous confrontation with those above and those below them. As one observer puts it: "These people would rather bowl than go to the barricades, but if they get to the barricades they'll sure be throwing those bowling balls at everyone."

Even now, the working poor are muttering. Some call it white backlash, on the part of those embittered by what they consider the wining and dining of the real poor at their expense. During the Presidential campaign, George Wallace and his pocketbook platform brought this sentiment to the surface.

National attention has focused on black riots in Detroit, Newark, the Watts section of Los Angeles, and other cities since 1964, but very little heed has been paid to white riots that broke out during the same period in sections of Chicago, in Cicero, in Folcroft near Philadelphia, in the Kensington section of Philadelphia and in Milwaukee—these latter riots are what *Ebony* magazine recently called "The White Problem of America." Even more relevant was the "stunning" upset victory on April 29 by a 41-year-old Minneapolis burglary detective in a primary race for the mayoralty of that city. Scoring heavily in the working-class wards and running as an independent on a law and order platform, Charles Stenvig won 30,000 votes and beat out both the Democratic Farm Labor candidate and the Republican candidate. Stenvig's victory was even more spectacular in view of the fact that Minneapolis is thought to be one of the country's most enlightened cities and its electorate several notches above most in political savvy. Minneapolis *Star* reporter Steve Farkin, who followed the race, doesn't rule out the possibility that Stenvig will win in a June 10 run-off with Republican Dan Cohen, who is president of the city council.

Still another manifestation of the unrest of the working poor is what former Under Secretary of the Treasury Joseph Barr calls a "taxpayer revolt." Walter Reuther recently warned a Congressional committee that the nation is "on the verge of a tax revolt by workers and other embattled middle-class elements."

In Milwaukee, a group of sixty tax protesters pasted a proclamation demanding more equitable federal taxes to the wall of the Federal Building. They asked that the $600 federal income tax exemption per dependent be doubled, that the standard deduction be raised from 10 per cent, or $1,000 to 15 per cent, or $2,000, that parents be permitted to deduct education expenses, and that the government close loopholes that permit the wealthy to treat their tax forms as a kind of "laugh-in."

In Caro, Mich. a vocal group is threatening to stop paying property taxes if the state legislature or the courts don't give property owners a break. Property taxes were instituted in a time of stable economy, but today's inflation and rising land values are kiting the assessed valuation of these properties and forcing burdensome property taxes on already tax-broke workers. Dr. John Carpovich is heading the Caro revolt and claims to have nineteen counties with about 30,000 workers organized in Michigan. The taxpayer revolt is spreading in other directions. Some municipalities have had to shut down schools because taxpayers refused to vote for essential increased allocations. New schools have been deferred in other areas because their bond issues were turned down.

But despite these signs of growing unrest, the working poor are still America's neglected class. Having absolutely no spokesman in industry, they note that the hard-core unemployed have attracted the sympathy of such important businessmen as Henry Ford and Donald Kendall, chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen and chairman and president of Pepsico, Inc. Business leaders tend to blame the government for the plight of their disillusioned workers, and disclaim responsibility for the high taxes and inflation that have put these workers on a treadmill. A spokesman for the National Association of Manufacturers can think of no businessman in the country who has shown concern for this group. And Hugh Rex Edwards, head of a research group called The Guild, observes: "Scholars would rather go where the action is. They're interested in the black revolution." He notes in addition that the working poor lack organizations of their own:

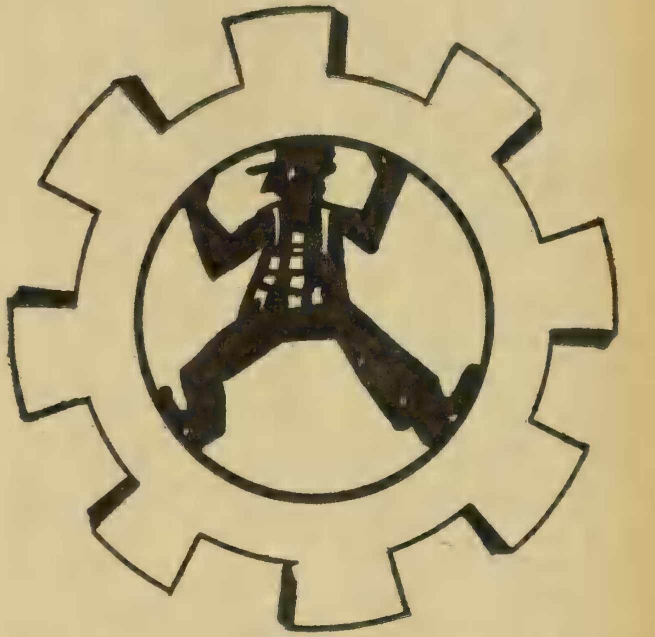
> They are the worst manipulators of the media. They're still in a Gutenberg world when everyone else has gone McLuhan. No one talks for them. They're little groups of people without the capacity to realize they're in the same boat. They often work against each other. As a total population, they've been struck dumb.

In government, only Daniel P. Moynihan—the Harvard-educated sociologist who grew up in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen, and is now President Nixon's adviser on urban affairs—seems to have wakened to the disaffection of the working poor. He says:

> The greatest number of these families are working-class or lower-middle-class people earning incomes in the $5,000-to-$8,000 range. This is the group that by and large has been left out of the recent spate of government programs; if not forgotten, it is at least ignored. We have established a Job Corps for the dropout and a Peace Corps for the college graduates, but the plain fellow with a high school diploma, and his parents, have little to show from either the New Frontier or the Great Society. This—majority—group of Americans cannot but wonder what it is getting out of all the activity, and in particular has to be asking whether the government is playing favorites, or greasing squeaky wheels, or whatever.

Some of the disparate groups who make up the bulk of the working poor are starting to make squeaky sounds themselves. The National Confederation of American Ethnic Groups, in Washington, has begun a $5-million fund-raising campaign; Paul Deac, executive vice president, says its members "are beginning to realize that unless the ethnic groups organize themselves they will be run over by others."

The confederation claims a membership of sixty-seven groups with a total 18,600,000 individuals. Despite its size, it has only minor political influence and is weakened by the tenuous commitment of its members. In New York, the American Council of Nationalities Service, which has been helping newly arrived immigrants for fifty years, is shopping for foundation money to organize ethnic coalitions in up to ten cities. "Lower-income white ethnics have problems that must be resolved," says J. Frank Dearness, the executive director, "and if we don't resolve their problems, then all black progress will be lost because they'll turn to a Wallace or someone like that."



That is exactly the reasoning of the American Jewish Committee. Last June, it sponsored the first National Consultation on Ethnic America at Fordham University. Similar meetings are planned for Newark and Chicago this June. Levine says: "We have a black problem and we have a white reaction to it. You can't solve the one without solving the other." He calls the working poor "invisible. They have no heroes. The British began to romanticize their working class ten years ago in movies like *Look Back in Anger*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *The Angry Silence* and *The Sporting Life*. What do we give them? *Father Knows Best*? That's not what they know or understand."

Levine feels the workers have been let down by their spokesmen, their legislators, their unions and their churches. He thinks new strategies and new institutions will have to be formed if the group is to be rescued. "We should have intermediate institutions to help these people recoup their lives. If a person doesn't go to college today, he's dropping out; he'll never make it. There ought to be a second chance for these people instead of dooming them to a life of mediocrity." Levine also feels that such accepted "purveyors of goodies" as the Social Security system could be reformed to help the working poor during the times they most need help. "We could work out a system that would give each of them, say, a bonus of $500 when he gets married. And $500 for each child. We could work out programs that would allow them to go to college. If we need more money for these programs why not bring the government in as a third partner in Social Security?"

Where the working poor have been hit hardest is in the pay check. Nick Kisburg, legal director of the Teamsters Council, says these 20 million Americans landed on a square marked Nowhere because "we're all victims of a big con job—that we live in an affluent society.

"The fact is that there are 7 million white families who earn between $5,000 and $7,000 a year—a step above welfare. Only 2.6 per cent of the wage earners in this country earn more than $25,000. Most of the money wage earners have gotten in raises in the past decade has been lost to inflation and taxes. Cheating is becoming a way of life. People who moonlight because they need the money to live get phony Social Security cards and give phony addresses. Can you blame them?"

The tremendous national resentment against taxes may yet aid the working poor who now work two and a half hours of every eight-hour day to pay federal, state and local taxes. This year the 10 per cent surtax will be felt for the first time, and state and local taxes are escalating as well. State taxes went up last year, in one form or another, in twenty-two states. There are now sales taxes in forty-four states, with thirteen of them maintaining rates of 4 per cent or more. Thirty-seven states impose income taxes and seven of them boosted that tax last year. Other state taxes that rose in 1968 include those on cigarettes, up in eight states; alcoholic beverages, up in three states, and gasoline, up in five states.

This year, the estimated tax bill will average $1,000 for every man, woman and child in the nation, according to a study by the AFL-CIO which recently went before Congress and urged tax reforms. Among the suggestions made by the union is one that would cut the tax paid by a married worker with two children by 42.1 per cent if he makes $5,000 a year and 15.9 per cent if he makes $15,000.

Tax reforms are now being studied by Congress. Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) is conducting a two-year study for this purpose, and Sens. Harrison Williams (D., N.J.) and Fred Harris (D., Okla.) have introduced bills calling for such measures as a raise in individual exemptions from today's $600 to $900, completely deductible medical expenses, exemptions for daily transportation expenses. Says a spokesman for Williams: "We figure the individual exemption should go to $900 because the cost of living index has risen tremendously since 1948 when the $600 limit was set. He estimates that 55 per cent of all taxpayers would benefit if they could deduct all their medical expenses." Senator Williams' staff has also introduced or is planning to introduce legislation to provide a grant of $500 a semester to the children of wage earners making less than $12,000 a year, to amend the property tax laws, and to provide funds for a multibillion-dollar community college program to allow the children of working poor to gain the education needed to attain mobility.

There is also a drive in Congress to raise the minimum wage from the present $1.60 an hour to $2 an hour for manufacturing employees and to $1.60 for farm workers; Senator Ribicoff (D., Conn.) is seeking tax write-offs for parents of children in college.

The question is whether these reforms will come soon enough and be effective enough to reduce the social fever of the working poor. A minimum wage of $2 an hour amounts to an $80 pay check, which is then carved to shreds by several government agencies. Cleveland Robinson, president of the Negro American Labor Council of Chicago, claims that the U.S. labor movement is still living in the 19th century. He thinks Congress should enact a minimum wage law that would provide $7,000 a year for a father supporting a family of four.

If something is not done fast, to alleviate their condition, this long hot summer could easily become the long *white*-hot summer. In a booklet published on May 15 the Rev. Andrew Greeley, director of the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago, claims that in today's mechanized society the working poor is the group that feels most vulnerable and impotent. That, he says, is what causes them to strike out at the blacks rather than attack the root causes of their own problem: "hate for that which is different apparently still lurks beneath our civilized veneer." There is little to suggest that much has been done to get at the causes of those hatreds. Not by the corporations, not by the Congress, not by the churches. The society is sick and the working poor is one more group that has come down with the ailment.

TRUSTEE, RESIGN!

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN

Mr. Kirstein was publisher of The Nation *from 1955 to 1965. He is the author of* The Rich: Are They Different? *(Houghton Mifflin).*

My slogan set forth above is not in the same category with the hasty scrawl on picket signs carried by embattled students on their way to vandalize the dean's office. Nor is it analogous to the chant of Negro militants protesting discrimination at some museum, school or hospital. It is an exhortation soberly offered by a man nearing 60, who has been a trustee of two hospitals, one institution for care of the blind, one school for adult education, one philanthropic foundation, and three or four other assorted "do-good" institutions in various fields from lyric theatre to the dissemination of public health information.

Boards of trustees of eleemosynary institutions have come under an increasing barrage of criticism recently, not only for specific actions but also for their generally undemocratic procedures in selecting members, their lack of sensitivity to community interests, and their loss of effectiveness as policy-making bodies of America's nongovernmental service agencies for health care, education and culture.

Historically, the criteria for membership on boards of trustees were based on economic logic. When a community discovered a social need and organized to take remedial steps, those able and willing to furnish the funds necessary to accomplish the purpose were the obvious candidates for leadership through membership on the governing body. Thus around a century ago, the founders of what are today America's great voluntary hospitals established the institutions which were to serve them in time of illness, and incidentally to serve the poor as well. Opera companies, orchestras and art museums were similarly established by rich music lovers or art fanciers. Having indicated their commitment with their checkbooks, these men were the logical ones to decide how the money they donated or solicited from others was to be spent.

But times have changed and the American society has become increasingly unwilling to leave the solution of its pressing problems to the generosity or, more accurately, the whims of the rich. In the order of urgency of its citizens' needs for food, shelter, clothing and medical care, the government supplanted charity as sponsor of programs providing minimum requirements, and what used to be considered an obligation of the rich to the poor became a right under law for all those in need. Tax revenues replaced voluntary gifts as the source of subsistence funds for the poor, the sick, the handicapped and the homeless.

As an example of this transition, I can give my own experience as a member of the board of trustees of one of New York's voluntary hospitals. When I became a trustee in the 1930s, the institution had about 600 beds. Its annual budget approximated $4 million, of which a little more than $1 million came from philanthropy. The remaining $3 million was paid by the patients, by the municipality, or by such insurance plans as Blue Cross which were in their early stages of development. Thirty years later, the same hospital has perhaps 800 beds, only some 200 more than in the 1930s. Next year's operating budget is $80 million, of which less than $1 million will now come from organized philanthropy. And the truth is that even this money, though welcome, is not required, because Blue Cross, Medicaid, the city, the state, the federal government and the patients themselves pay in the funds necessary to balance this imposing expenditure.

Under these vastly changed conditions, has the character of the hospital's governing body, its board of trustees, changed? It has not. It still consists entirely of socially minded members of the upper economic class, all of the same religion, with precisely the same qualifications as thirty years ago. There are no Negroes on the board, no labor leaders, no staff members of the institution, no doctors, and as for community representation, not a single member of the board even lives in the borough of New York where the hospital is located. Board members, exactly as in the past, are selected by other board members. Such self-perpetuating, undemocratic, nonrepresentative bodies are unlikely to institute reform of their own structures without external pressures.

Nevertheless, the paradoxical truth is that this hospital is excellently run. Its scientific achievements have been recognized and studied in medical schools throughout the country; many distinguished teachers at the nearby affiliated medical school are members of the hospital staff. And perhaps most surprising, the hospital is the medical center and moving force for public health improvement, not only in its immediate locality but in the nearby slum area as well. By all criteria, the hospital is in the forefront of high-quality medical institutions, not only of the city but of the country as a whole.

There is a logical explanation for this apparent contradiction between an anachronistic and outdated governing structure and a modern, high-quality performance. Despite its legal responsibilities under state law and despite a willingness to participate in policy matters, the board of trustees has had virtually nothing to say for years about the direction of the hospital's progress. As medical science steadily improved and cures for ancient diseases were discovered, the key policy decisions depended more and more upon technical knowledge and scientific considerations. Is a new laboratory building required to attract eminent scientists to the staff? "Absolutely necessary," says the body of physicians that heads the hospital's medical staff. What layman will argue against this judgment? And since the government, foundations or other sources can be induced to finance the proposed structure, the trustees dutifully vote to confirm a decision in which they really took no part.

In practice, the hospital's director, himself a physician, together with the specialists who act as full-time chiefs of the various hospital divisions, formulate the policy. Decisions are not made at board meetings; they are approved there. This sham on the exercise of responsibility has maintained a medical institution of high quality because, fortunately, the men who really make the decisions, the experts on the medical staff, have so far had excellent judgment.

It may be thought that this anomalous situation prevails especially in hospitals which obviously are dependent on special skills and scientific knowledge. But it is not so. The board of trustees of Columbia University is legally responsible for the conduct of that institution. Does anyone believe that this group of well-intentioned men, meeting occasionally to discuss such weighty educational problems as the marketing of filter cigarettes, was aware of the campus tensions which exploded into riots in the spring of 1968? The decisions which set off the spark—the location of a gymnasium in a city park and all the subsidiary issues—were taken by the administration. They were perhaps confirmed by the board of trustees, but certainly not understood in all of their ramifications by its individual members.

Student grievances were not aired before the body responsible for the university's conduct because student representatives are not admitted to board meetings. Nor is it likely that institutional administrators would report significant unrest to the body which employs them, since such reports might be judged to reflect adversely on their performances. "Dissent" is a dirtier word at board meetings than some of the four-letter expletives that characterize student rhetoric. So trustees learn of student unrest from headlines. The governing board at Columbia, as at Harvard and other colleges, concerns itself with money, not education. Many trustees know how to supervise large security portfolios and extensive real estate holdings, and those few members assigned to finance committees unquestionably perform a useful function. But though all this wealth may make education possible, it is not the core of education.

Lack of trustee contact with component segments of social institutions is not limited to higher education and medical care. When the huge complex that now constitutes Lincoln Center in New York City was in the planning stage, an eminent board of trustees was assembled. Headed by John Rockefeller III, it included some of the city's most prestigious names. Among the policy makers for this center for the performing arts was just one man with direct experience in theatrical production. As he attended meeting after meeting, at which discussion centered on the problems of fund raising, land acquisition, and construction, he continued to ask his associates: "When it is all built, what are you going to present in it?" There were plans, of course, to house the Metropolitan Opera Co., the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the New York City Ballet, and a repertory theatre with vague objectives and even vaguer plans. But none of these enterprises could operate fifty-two weeks of the year, and the trustee with producing experience continued to pose the question, how year-around expenses were to be met by part-time attractions without raising ticket prices to levels only the rich could afford. But the immediate problems of erecting the complex assumed priority over plans as to what would be done within its halls, once erected. Finally, the producer told his colleagues, in effect: "Look, you people are interested in real estate development and money, and I'm interested in the theatre. You go your way and I'll go mine."

Lincoln Center, which was planned to cost $60 million, has to date cost $178 million and the end is not in sight. The Philharmonic Symphony performs in an auditorium that provides fewer seats than did its former home at Carnegie Hall, and where acoustics are not as good. The repertory company, which uses the Vivian Beaumont Theater, has passed from one disastrous season to another with accompanying changes of managerial talent. The Metropolitan Opera, in a hall with about the same capacity as its ancient baroque home, has been forced to raise ticket prices; and even when an opera lover scrapes up the money, it's almost impossible for him to secure tickets. Nor has the new scale of prices solved that company's enormous deficit problem. As a result of this overall lack of foresight, the chairman of the board's executive committee recently stated that the Center is "bleeding badly." The president and operating head of the complex for the last seven years, the composer Dr. William Schuman, recently resigned. Activities that were planned as summer attractions are being curtailed for lack of funds, and the huge halls will remain dark for even longer periods than previously.

In various American cities, including Los Angeles, Houston and Washington, huge cultural centers are now being erected, supposedly to satisfy the pent-up artistic thirsts, for the most part as yet unevidenced, of the citizenry. One wonders if their respective boards have planned precisely what is going to be presented in those imposing monuments.

My subject has been the irresponsibility of well-intentioned men which sometimes, as in the case at Columbia, borders on the absurd. In *The Closed Corporation*, James Ridgeway, examining the activities of many individual trustees of various major educational institutions, goes much further. He cites, until the reader's mind boggles, case after case of conflict of interest between specific businessmen or lawyers who sit on various university boards of trustees, and who use the diverse facets of these institutions to further their own fortunes or the fortunes of their clients. Various committees of the Congress have been investigating the affairs of the multiplying foundations, to determine whether the laws are adequate for the regulations of these tax-exempt repositories of excess wealth. But I am concerned less with rascality than with unrepresentative, uninformed and undemocratic irresponsibility, and one need look no further than the activities of the boards of America's 22,000 foundations, which distribute some $1.2 billion annually, to discover examples *ad nauseam* of these qualities. A few foundations, the very largest, are served by boards who insist that their annual activities be fully reported to the public, and accountings of receipts and expenditures are available on request to all interested. But the vast bulk of foundations conduct their affairs in privacy tantamount to secrecy. The president of one of the best conducted foundations, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, wrote recently:

> One would have to question whether there is to be found today in most foundation boards an adequate variety of trustee experience with current problems of the society. A study of board membership would probably reveal that trustees are largely drawn from the same social class, the same age group, the same professions, the same educational background, the same sex, and the same race.

In fact, the trustees of foundations are frequently drawn from the same small panel of people who are trustees of the operating institutions in the fields of medical care, education and culture. It is hardly surprising that hungry institutions should invite to their boards foundation trustees who determine the flow of tremendous sums of money.

The most desirable candidate, of course, when he is still living, is the man who set up the foundation, since he is most likely to dictate the ultimate destination of the funds.

The Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., recently polled the trustees of some 500 public and private schools. The returns indicate that the typical college trustee is white, Protestant, in his 50s, a politically moderate Republican; more than half of them earn at least $30,000 a year. The majority of the 5,000 trustees who responded believe that faculties should have little power in decision making and students still less. Great daring is hardly needed to predict that if the survey is repeated in a few years, these views will have changed—or else.

The historical reasons why the rich dominate these boards has already been explained; the fact that they tend to be monolithic in religious composition is also based on history. Fund raising in America has been largely along sectarian lines because emotional appeals to donors are heightened by religious zeal. Thus the Jews, who have developed the most efficient and highly organized fund-raising organizations in those cities where they form a significant proportion of the population, have always based their drives on the necessity "to take care of their own," lest any onerous burden for which they could be held responsible fall upon other segments of the community. The Catholics, also outside the mainstream of the American Protestant establishment and under guidance of Church and lay leaders as well, have raised money for the parochial school system, the Catholic universities and some of America's largest hospitals. But in many cases progress, events and practices have rendered this sectarian emphasis irrelevant.

The patients in America's Jewish hospitals are not all Jewish, nor mainly Jewish, nor any more Jewish than the community surrounding the hospital. Nor is the staff of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center largely Presbyterian. There are Jewish and Catholic doctors there, and nurses and attendants of every faith under the sun. Nor are patients barred from admission to any of the sectarian hospitals by reason of religious belief. St. Vincent's Hospital in New York has non-Catholic doctors, non-Catholic patients and non-Catholic staff members; specifically, it has a Jewish administrator. This institution has added non-Catholic members to its board of trustees in recognition of changing times. Presbyterian Hospital, too, has a few non-Protestant board members; but for the most part the boards of the major Jewish hospitals in New York are still self-segregated.

So the picture emerges of boards of trustees of colleges, hospitals, museums, foundations and other invaluable institutions which are dominated by men in the highest economic class, usually of one religion, and rarely including a single dissident voice to upset the calm deliberations which confirm the staff-formulated decisions as to how the institution's affairs will be conducted.

What should be done to make these governing bodies, or at least these bodies with the legal responsibility for governing, relevant to today's needs? It might seem logical to suggest that trustees representative of the different segments of our society should be selected by democratic processes, but in truth, chaos would result. Boards consisting of strident spokesmen for warring special-interest groups could turn well-conducted institutions into organizations resembling New York City's strife-torn public schools. The more democratically a board reflected every divergent viewpoint, the more paralysis would seize its functions. This is not to say that the present totally unrepresentative format should be maintained. One solution that seems to promise an orderly transition to boards of greater relevance would be gradually to add members representing interested parties, but to hold the majority control in present hands until the new members were thoroughly indoctrinated, and their interests in the institution's progress grew to balance their earlier commitment to whatever special group they represented.

Let us suppose that every college appointed two student leaders as trustees with full voting rights during the students' terms of office. These young people would serve only a year, or at most two. They would learn much and be in a position to communicate with the student body; and from all evidence of the way campus crises have been handled, the trustees would discover, somewhat in advance of the seizure of the Administration Building, that student grievances existed. Let us suppose, further, that two faculty members were added to the boards for limited terms, possibly even two institutional staff workers who were selected by their union if one was present, or at least by some selection process assuring that they were in fact representative. There would then be six new trustees who, even if they all voted together, would not form a majority. Nonetheless, their voices would be heard, and their arguments would have some influence on decision making.

In like manner, hospital boards would include a couple of staff doctors; one, perhaps, a senior attending doctor, and the other an intern. Adding representatives of patients might be more difficult, but certainly a method could be devised. And as in the case of colleges, a pair of staff employees should also be able to raise their voices at board discussions.

Institutional administrators might not welcome this kind of reform. Certainly their jobs would be less easy if decisions affecting different interest groups were subject to long debate. And not only would administrators lose time from their routine duties; board meetings would no longer be so placidly efficient in conducting their business. However, it would seem that in the long run, time would be conserved and efficiency preserved if outcries arose before rather than after major decisions were made. Just what part, if any, the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art played in last winter's "Harlem on My Mind" show and its controversial catalogue I do not know. I do know that here again the money was proffered by an outside source, so the trustees did not have to dig into their own pockets. But the storms of protest that arose from Jews and Negroes alike, once the public was admitted, could hardly have added either to board members' tranquillity or their hopes to conserve time. Neither would I guess that Columbia's embattled trustees saved meeting time by not hearing all points of view in advance of some of their more controversial decisions.

It is considered an honor to be named to the board of trustees of a museum, a great hospital or an educational institution. At the very least, such a nomination recognizes leadership qualities in the individual, usually it is a public symbol of "success," and confirms or even bestows high social status. So seats on these boards are coveted. But the trustees of Columbia, for example, must surely feel that honor accompanied by student and public vituperation has a bitter taste. Nor would it seem necessary to live through that kind of headline-making crisis before examining whether the legal responsibilities of being a trustee were matched by an interest, knowledge and authority sufficient to conscientiously fulfill them. If the majority of institutional trustees conducted an honest and critical self-examination of their roles, they would discover that their lack of participation in the policy-making decisions should render unjust their being held responsible for the outcome. But whose fault is that? They are not bound by chains to their board-room chairs, nor will the public charitably forgive them for not knowing what is going on. If they accept the honor of trusteeship, they will be expected to act responsibly. If each feels secure that his participation in the affairs of his institution assures that his power to fill his duties equals his responsibility, he is in an unassailable position. If not, individual trustees and boards in general had better attempt to reform their own structures so that these conditions can be met. If the apathy of colleagues or the resistance of administrators prevents reform, before the roof falls in and the TV cameras appear, the trustees would be well advised to forgo their purely titular honors and resign.

TRUTH IN PACKAGING

HOW MUCH A POUND?

A. Q. MOWBRAY

Mr. Mowbray's Road to Ruin, *an appraisal of the American highway system, was published this spring by J. B. Lippincott. He is the author also of* The Thumb on the Scale, or the Supermarket Shell Game *(Lippincott).*

It has been eight years since Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan opened his first series of Congressional hearings on truth in packaging. It has been more than two years since President Johnson finally signed the so-called truth in packaging bill. But after more than five years of agonizing in the Congress and more than two years of tooling up to administer the packaging law, the federal government is nearly as far from solving the problem as it was at the beginning.

Consumer complaints that poured in upon Senator Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee painted a picture of confusion and deception that made the carnival pitchman look like a model of candor. There was the mystery of such meaningless gabble as "giant," "king" and "jumbo." There was the riddle of the phony "cents-off" promotions. There was the enigma of the undefined and unmeasurable "serving." There was the puzzle of how to find the obscure statement of net contents amid all the razzle-dazzle on the box. Finally, and by far the most perplexing, there was the problem of how to calculate the price.

The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966 did give some aid to the consumer. The size of his serving may no longer be the manufacturer's trade secret: he must reveal it to the shopper. The statement of net contents must now appear in a designated location on the package, and it must be stated in a type size that facilitates reading. But that is nearly all. "Jumbo," "king" and "mammoth" remain with us; the cents-off circus goes on unabated. Worst of all, it is still all but impossible for the housewife—unless she is a lightning calculator—to compare prices.

The cents off, the jumbo sizes, and the other artful devices of the marketing "profession" were always peripheral to the central issue in truth in packaging. They were irritating and frustrating, perhaps, but their total levy upon the housewife's purse was probably never severe. The central problem has always been the inability of the shopper to determine the price per unit of all those supermarket allurements. It is on this issue that truth in packaging must stand or fall, and it is here that the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act has failed.

The price of a bag of potato chips containing 9½ ounces is all but meaningless. Only the *unit* price, that is, the price *per pound* enables the shopper to compare the cost of one size of bag with another, or one brand with another. But if 9½ ounces cost 69c, how much does one pound cost? Who can tell?

But potato chip manufacturers prefer to vie with one another in advertising claims, not on price. Their claim is that the values they put into their chips are so special it would be misleading for the housewife to compare and to buy on the basis of price. It is tempting to believe, however, that one brand of potato chips is very much like another, and that the quality differences concocted by their advertising agencies are illusory. If the housewife can compare prices and buy the least expensive brand she kills the whole game.

One is forced to the conclusion, therefore, that the odd-weight packages which dominate the supermarkets are intentionally designed to frustrate price shopping. They give the manufacturer another advantage: if the price of his raw material rises, he can reduce the contents of his package instead of raising the price; the shopper is usually unaware of any change. This sleight of hand is known as "packaging-to-price" and is a very effective marketing tool.

Odd-weight packaging also allows the store manager to cheat his customers, a temptation that many have been unable to suppress. Since the customer cannot discover the base price, the manager can charge a higher unit price for the large "economy" size. Many housewives, led to believe that "economy" means less expensive, fall for this little fleecing operation.

When Senator Hart first took his truth in packaging bill to Congress, he warned that such practices were undermining free enterprise. As every schoolboy knows, that system is one in which manufacturers compete for the consumer's dollar on the basis of greater quality for a lower price. When the price is concealed, the system breaks down.

The Senator asked in his proposed legislation that the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission be empowered to set standards for the net contents of packages. Cookies and crackers, for example, which were then crowding the shelves of supermarkets in more than seventy different sizes, might be restricted to, say, half-pound, one-pound and two-pound packages. The price per pound could then be determined quickly by the least mathematical of shoppers. That is not to say that everyone would necessarily choose on the basis of price alone; quality, flavor, family preferences are obvious factors. But price would become one basis for decision.

Who could argue with such a sensible idea? The manufacturers could and did, with all the force of the nation's most powerful industry behind them. For the government to set packaging standards, they said, would be one more step toward dictatorial domination of business by Washington. Standardization, they said, would curb the inventiveness of package designers and inhibit the useful innovations that pour from their cornucopia. Artfully playing upon the connotation of regimentation inherent in the idea of standardization, their public relations flacks alarmed the public with visions of a statist supermarket, drab with numbing conformity, its customers shuffling in lock step among shelves stocked with uniform rows of olive-drab boxes.

Other apologists for the industry had the nerve to insist, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that packages were already so sized and priced that anyone should be able to make cost comparisons with ease. "My kid is in the 7th grade," said one of these to Senator Hart, "and she can do it."

Amid the smoke screen of idiocy and insult comprising most of the industry opposition to the Hart measure, there was an occasional grain of validity. One of these was that standard package sizes, rather than standard net contents, make more sense in some product lines. In canned soups, for example, efficiency demands a uniform can. But each variety of soup has a slightly different density, that is, a different weight per unit volume, and you cannot have it both ways.

But when the defenders of the *status quo* attempt to extend this argument to include cartons of detergent, boxes of cereal and bags of potato chips, they are on shakier ground. The densities of such materials are much more subject to control by the manufacturer, the economic advantage of uniform package size is less apparent, the fill tolerances are not nearly so stringent, and the machinery that fills the carton in the factory is easily adjustable from one size of carton to another. The argument has merit but, in the face of the overriding necessity for the shopper to know the price, not much.

After chewing upon the question for more than five years, Congress came down on the side of industry. The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966 puts the

Judith Shahn

problem back into the lap of the manufacturers, whence it came. The law requires that the Secretary of Commerce shall study the supermarket shelves. If he discovers a product for which an "undue proliferation" of net contents makes price determination difficult for the shopper, he is to ask industry to come forward voluntarily and write standards for such packages. The manufacturers are under no legal compulsion either to write the standards or to observe them if written. If they do not, however, the Secretary of Commerce is instructed to so inform the Congress and to recommend additional legislation.

In all fairness, it must be noted that standards are finally being written. The Commerce Department has compiled a list of twenty-eight commodities for which standards have been developed, ranging from adhesive bandages to toothpaste, and they are to become effective during 1969. It remains to be seen how much they will ease the problem of calculating unit prices.

Cookies and crackers, for example, are a product line that was the target of scathing criticism from consumers during Senator Hart's hearings. The new standard, effective the first of this year, puts no restrictions on packages containing less than 4 ounces. For packages between 4 and 8 ounces, the contents must be in 1/4-ounce increments. Between 8 and 16 ounces, the weight must be in ½-ounce increments. Above 16 ounces, it must be in 1-ounce increments. The consumer will still have to choose between the 7-1/4-ounce box and the 9½-ounce box.

In dry detergents, there is a drastic reduction in proliferation, from twenty-four sizes to only six. But the standard sizes selected are 20, 22, 49, 54, 84 and 92 ounces. Where is the one-pound box, the two-pound or the five-pound box?

Jellies and preserves are now restricted to jars containing 10, 12, 16, 18, 20, 24, 28, 32, 48 and 64 ounces. That is a reduction, the Department of Commerce proudly points out, from sixteen to only ten sizes. But are ten sizes really necessary? The object of this exercise, it seems necessary to repeat, is not only to reduce the number of sizes by 37 per cent but also to facilitate price calculation. From the standpoint of the penny-conscious housewife the situation seems to be changing from impossible to merely very difficult.

One last example. Two-ply toilet tissues must now be packaged in sizes of 250, 325, 330, 375, 425, 450 and 500 sheets per roll. Can anyone reasonably be expected to compare the unit price of a 325-sheet roll with that of a 450-sheet roll? Perhaps we are being unfair to the toilet tissue makers. Perhaps there is a manufacturer somewhere who has been making toilet paper for three generations, and his machinery is peculiarly adapted to the 330-sheet roll. If we try to force him into the 500-sheet roll, he will be ruined. We cannot know all these things. One thing we *do* know, however, is that standardization is not proving to be the solution to untruth in packaging. The supermarket shell game goes on.

At least one legislator believes it could be stopped. On March 7, Sen. Gaylord Nelson introduced a bill to amend the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act. His bill waves aside all the anguish and drudgery of setting size standards for each of the hundreds of products in the supermarket, and goes directly to the matter of unit prices. It requires simply that the unit price must be marked on the package. Dry products would be marked with the price per ounce or per pound; liquid products with the price per pint or quart; such products as toilet tissue with the price per hundred or per thousand.

Is it feasible? It is already being done, of course, on meat, fish and poultry. But requiring two price stamps on each package (the price of the package and the unit price) would increase the burden on the retailer. Conceivably, this could result in a decrease in package size proliferation, as the additional arithmetic and stamping educates the retailer in the beauty of simplicity. What the store refuses to stock, the manufacturer will cease to produce.

As far as the consumer is concerned, if unit prices are required the manufacturer can be free to indulge his most esoteric whim in measuring contents. The 7-1/4-ounce box of cookies will nevermore have the power to confuse. If it is marked 49c per pound, it is readily compared with the 11½-ounce box marked 53c per pound.

Additional movement is discernible in Congress. The new consumer subcommittee in the Senate Commerce Committee, chaired by Sen. Frank Moss of Utah, is planning "oversight" hearings on the packaging law later this summer. The inadequacy of the law has been common talk ever since its passage in 1966, and the subcommittee apparently expects to examine both the provisions of the law and the zeal with which it has been administered. It is to be hoped that Senator Nelson's bill requiring unit pricing will get the attention it deserves, both in Congress and in the nation's news media. Package standardization has failed. Unit pricing is the answer.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 714)*

isn't interested in correcting the situation in a hurry), estimated that it might take eight years.

(*2*) Drs. Morgan and Andrews claim that the estimates of their expenditures are overblown by 300 per cent. The figures quoted by *The Nation* ($3.5 million) are the same figures used, correctly or not, by the Associated Press and by the Charleston *Gazette-Mail*. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* uses the general figure, "several million." That makes us 400 per cent in agreement.

(*3*) They deny ever saying that black lung—or the symptoms of black lung, to be more exact—is linked to cigarette smoking. One of the most eminent doctors in West Virginia (not one of the embattled "Circus," by the way) told me that Dr. Morgan insisted on this point in a private conference. Dr. Morgan has expanded on this in an interview in the magazine *U. S. Medicine*, issue of Jan. 1, 1969, among other places. As for Dr. Andrews, if I am mistaken about his position I am not alone, for the Jan. 7 *New York Times* reports: "Over the weekend Dr. Wells sent a sharp letter to Dr. Charles Andrews. . . . The letter said [Dr. Andrews] had supported the opinion that cigarette smoking caused the black lung. It also questioned whether his motivations had been affected by 'pressures and interests unworthy of any member of an academic institution.'" (This letter rather shatters the idea that there is harmony and mutual admiration between the opposing groups of doctors.) *Robert G. Sherrill*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Variations on a Theme by Marx

LENIN ON POLITICS AND REVOLUTION: Selected Writings. *Edited and introduced by James E. Connor. Pegasus. 375 pp. $7.95. Paper $2.95.*

ENCOUNTERS WITH LENIN. *By Nikolay Valentinov. Translated by Paul Rosta and Brian Pearce. Foreword by Leonard Schapiro. Oxford University Press. 273 pp. $7.*

LENIN'S LAST STRUGGLE. *By Moshe Lewin. Translated by A. M. Sheridan Smith. Pantheon Books. 193 pp. $4.95.*

JOHN M. CAMMETT

Mr. Cammett teaches history at John Jay College and is the author of Antonio Gramsci and the Origins of Italian Communism *(Stanford University Press).*

"Marxism's a groove but Russia's a drag, right?" Just fifty years after the October Revolution someone in Michigan said this to the National Conference of the SDS. Lenin brought it all together but his name is not celebrated in New Left circles as are those of Mao, Ho, Che and Fidel, let alone Father Marx. Even he could not entirely overcome the burden of Russian history. Still, the academicians and the *epigones* of the old Left continue to recognize his uniqueness.

Of the three books under consideration here, one is an attempt to put Lenin's "essence" within the covers of a small volume. The others deal with short but crucial episodes in the great man's life.

James Connor's *Lenin on Politics and Revolution* is a useful textbook because it contains ample material to show the course of Lenin's development as a revolutionary and politician. "What Is To Be Done?," "Two Tactics of Social Democracy, Imperialism, State and Revolution," and " 'Left-Wing' Communism" constitute most of the book, but there are thirteen additional selections. None of the pieces is presented *in toto* since the editor has chosen to eliminate references to "men, parties, organizations, and programs that are familiar often only to the specialist in Russian history." This method is perhaps defensible pedagogically, but it has its dangers intellectually. Lenin's doctrine was conceived as a response to a specific *mise en scène*—the role of social democracy in Czarist Russia. Certainly a good part of his work, especially the writings after 1914, has a broader applicability. But we must be very sure of the context before interpretation. The old *Little Lenin Library* was somewhat better in this respect than is the Little Red Book of Mao.

The anthology itself is good; however, Connor's introduction does raise some serious questions. It is grounded on two theses: (*1*) that "events had begun to contradict Marx's predictions," and (*2*) that "Lenin took the first step in transforming Marxism into an ideology for underdeveloped areas." Connor's first point rests on his belief that Marx had propounded a theory of absolute impoverishment which was contradicted by real economic developments after 1890, and that Marx consistently asserted a theory of class polarization as a function of developing capitalism. But as Ernest Mandel and others have recently shown, the theory of absolute impoverishment is not to be found in Marx, even though many Marxists and non-Marxists too believe it is there. Matters are also not so simple with regard to Marx's alleged claim that society was becoming ever more polarized between bourgeoisie and proletariat. Here the evidence is tricky and sometimes contradictory. However, Martin Nicolaus has recently pointed out in articles in *Studies on the Left* and *New Left Review* that the "clearest statement of Marx's theory of the middle class" is his critique of Ricardo in Volume II of the *Theories of Surplus Value*. Here Marx asserts that "what he [Ricardo] forgets to emphasize is the constant increase of the middle classes, who stand in the middle between the workers on one side and the capitalists and landed proprietors on the other side. . . ."

In this connection, Connor gives far too much weight to the "Bernsteinian Revision." As long ago as 1952, Peter Gay convincingly and sympathetically demonstrated the theoretical weaknesses in Eduard Bernstein's *Evolutionary Socialism*. These points are stressed here both because it seems important that a general introduction of this kind take account of more recent scholarship and also because a correct evaluation of the essence of Marxism is necessary in order to establish what Lenin contributed to it.

This brings us to Connor's second thesis: that Lenin began the transformation of Marxism into "an ideology for underdeveloped areas." Although this smacks rather too much of present-mindedness, I have no doubt there is something in it. Connor suggests three respects in which Lenin brought about this transformation, and here he raises more problems than he solves. First, Lenin "introduced the concept of a weak or immature bourgeoisie." He did no such thing. This concept is central to Friedrich Engels' *Germany: Revolution and Counter-Revolution* (1851-52) and is implicit in the *Manifesto*'s assertion that "the bourgeois revolution [in Germany] will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution."

Second, says Professor Connor, "Lenin sketched out a revolutionary role for the peasantry," whereas other Marxists regarded this class "at best as an historical backwater and at worst as a bulwark of reaction." Let it be noted that Lenin retained such uncharitable thoughts about the peasants until the end of his life. True enough, he did contribute much to the theory of a revolutionary peasantry, but he was not the only or first Marxist to raise this question. In 1875, Engels declared that a Russian revolution "possibly started by the upper classes of the capital, even perhaps by the government itself, must be rapidly carried further, beyond the first constitutional phase, by the peasants. . . ." Of course this is rather uncannily close to what actually did happen. Connor's third point is that Lenin "suggested a revolution in a country that had not yet fully passed through its capitalist stage of development," whereas it was a Marxist "article of faith that the proletarian revolution would erupt first in the most advanced countries." Again I refer to the suggestion in the *Manifesto* that an imminent proletarian revolution was more likely in Germany than elsewhere, although in 1848 it was far behind England in its development. There is also Engels' speculation in 1875 that a peasant revolution could take place in Russia but could attain a Socialist character "only if a proletarian revolution is successfully carried out in Western Europe." This is exactly what Lenin believed at least until the end of 1920.

Lenin's theory of revolution is naturally the central problem of the other two books under discussion. Nicolay Vladislavovich Volsky (Valentinov), who died in Paris in 1964 at the age of 85, had the opportunity of working very closely with Lenin in Geneva from January to September of the crucial year 1904. Although the title and jacket blurb are not very explicit about it, nearly the entire book is devoted to the story of these "encounters" in that year. Moshe Lewin, who was born in Poland in 1921 and now lives in France, concentrates his study on the last few months of 1922 and the first 100 days of 1923 after which Lenin's political activity came to an end.

In quite different ways, both books come to grips with Connor's thesis of Leninism as an ideology for underdeveloped areas. More concretely, there are three interrelated facets of this problem. First, to what extent is the period of Valentinov's encounters—the period of "What is to be Done?" of the "Steps" and the "Tactics"—the premise of the October Revolution and the first years of the Soviet experiment? Second, what does each of these periods tell us about Lenin's role in the development of theories of revolution for the West and for the East? Third, how did Lenin's own personality, career and ideas affect the history of our century? Valentinov's answer to the first query is complicated and necessarily contradictory. Clearly from this account, Lenin in 1904 had never considered the idea of different roads to socialism or of "skipping stages" on that road. For all the Russian revolutionaries, socialism was "Europeanism." "By the end of the nineties," wrote Volsky-Valentinov, "I personally knew nobody, with the exception of one person [not Lenin], who shared the populist view that it was possible to pass from the autocratic system to . . . the building of socialism. . . ."

To be sure, much of Lenin's extraordinary contribution to revolutionary thought and party organization had already been made in this early period, but it centered on the importance of *consciousness* in preparing the revolutionary situation which would be basically similar throughout the world. Now this emphasis on consciousness or "voluntarism" was itself a "Europeanism" of the time, as H. Stuart Hughes has shown in his *Consciousness and Society*. Lenin was precocious in his attack on the vulgar determinism of European social democracy, but before World War I we can discern the same current of thought in many of the European social democratic movements.

Nevertheless, Valentinov does insist that Lenin's conception of voluntarism as formulated around 1904 led directly to the October Revolution and to the establishment of the Soviet dictatorship. He writes most interestingly of Lenin's fascination with Jacobinism, defined by the latter as "a struggle to achieve the end in view, with no shying away from drastic plebeian measures, a struggle without kid gloves, without tenderness, without fear of resorting to the guillotine . . . rejection of the Jacobin method of struggle leads quite logically to rejection of the dictatorship of the proletariat, that is, of the coercion which . . . is indispensable for securing the victory of the socialist revolution."

Volsky also sees Lenin's personal dogmatism and ruthlessness as basic ingredients of the future Soviet state. His break with the Bolshevik leader in September 1904 resulted from a violent clash over the epistemology of Mach, Avenarius and Bogdanov whom Lenin then regarded as "philosophical scum." The latter wrote a memorandum on the subject. Here are Volsky's reflections on these notes: "From Lenin's memorandum to his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* the distance was small, and from this book a straight, well-bulldozed road leads to the official philosophy backed by the G.P.U.-N.K.V.D.-M.G.B."

This is the rhetoric of the cold war. Yet the book as a whole is much less negative than this quotation would indicate. Valentinov admits that Russia's young revolutionaries, including himself, accepted Lenin's "heroic view of history" as a liberating force and a blow for freedom as compared to the economic determinism of "requiem" Marxism. Moreover, he insists that Lenin became more open-minded about philosophical questions after 1915 when he had completed a study of Hegel's *Logic* and other works. Indeed, Valentinov concedes that "by the end of [Lenin's] life his ideas on many matters had undergone a change, and that he had become more open and more tolerant toward others." These qualities are evident in Lenin's later writings and Moshe Lewin's entire book bears testimony to them. Apparently, the Lenin of the revolution was altogether more tolerant and amiable than the Lenin of exile.

Perhaps this was because the nature of his revolution was so uncertain. It was a revolution in the name of socialism but not a Socialist revolution. Lenin himself never had any illusions about this. In March-April 1921 he wrote, "this term Soviet Socialist Republic implies the determination of the Soviet power to achieve the transition to socialism, and not that the existing economic system is recognized as a socialist order." "Socialism," he declared, "is inconceivable without large-scale capitalist engineering based on the latest discoveries of modern science." In February 1922 he avowed that "we have not finished building even the foundations of socialist economy and the hostile powers of moribund capitalism can still deprive us of that . . . we have always urged and reiterated the elementary truth of Marxism—that the joint efforts of the workers of several advanced countries are needed for the victory of socialism."

Of course, the workers of the "advanced countries" did not come to the aid of Soviet Russia. Lenin soon realized, almost alone among the Bolsheviks, that such help was unlikely in the near future. His most complete post-October statement on revolutionary theory is to be found in his speech on "War and Peace," delivered to the Seventh Congress of the Russian Communist Party on March 7, 1918. This was given secretly to forty-six men, and was not published until 1923. Consequently, it is much more explicit than his more usual public addresses.

Lenin makes the following points: (*1*) That the Russian Revolution occurred only because of a "special combination of international circumstances" created by World War I which prevented immediate and full-scale intervention on the part of the imperialist states; (*2*) that in a country like Russia on the periphery of the capitalist world it is "immeasurably easier" to start a revolution but "much more difficult . . . to continue the revolution" than it would be in Western Europe; (*3*) that the Russian Revolution is "hopeless" if it remains alone—"our salvation is an all-European revolution."

But the revolution showed no sign of rapid maturity in the West. There, unlike Russia, it was "absurd to start a revolution without preparation in a country where capitalism is developed, which has produced a democratic culture and organized every man." Thus Lenin concluded his address with deep pessimism. The European revolution "dared to be late" and German imperialism "dared to attack." The Russian Revolution was a holding operation.

Thereafter, the months and years passed. The Bolsheviks continued in power and the European revolution still "dared to be late." Lenin was now on quite unexplored territory. The traditional Marxists demanded that he submit to the laws of history—Russia was not ready for socialism. Lenin responded in both empirical and theoretical ways. *"On s'engage et puis on voit,"* he said quoting from Bonaparte. His brilliance in coping with the daily administrative problems of the Soviet regime has been demonstrated in Louis Fischer's engrossing biography. On the theoretical level, Lenin argued that the crisis of World War I, "the complete hopelessness of the situation," made it possible to "create the fundamental requisites of civilization in a different way from that of the West European countries." He did not claim that he was creating "socialism"—only the "prerequisites of civilization."

In the same article, written at the very end of his political career, Lenin observed that "our European philistines never even dream that the subsequent revolutions in Oriental countries . . . will undoubtedly display even greater distinctions than the Russian revolution." For obvious reasons, this passage is not included in a recent Moscow anthology of Lenin's writings on *The Awakening of Asia!*

At present it is commonly recognized that Lenin and his party had really carried through a dual revolution—a capitalist revolution in the countryside and a potentially Socialist one in the urban centers. This is a main theme of Isaac Deutscher's last work, *The Unfinished Revolution* (Oxford). One of the many tragedies of the Russian Revolution is that the Bolsheviks were forced to play the role of a surrogate capitalist class. They destroyed the power of pre-capitalism in the countryside—a role which the weak and vacillating Russian bourgeoisie of the February Revolution was unwilling to play. Lenin was well aware of this dual role of his party and the dangers which it presented. This idea was a fundamental reason for Lenin's "last struggle."

In mid-1922, the Soviet state was undergoing one of its deepest crises. The civil war had just been terminated, the country was in the midst of a horrendous famine, the New Economic Policy had produced its first crop of *nouveau-riche* kulaks and merchants, and Lenin experienced his first stroke on May 25. He was back on the job by mid-June but only nine more months of political activity remained to him.

Moshe Lewin, also the author of an important study of the Soviet peasantry, argues that Lenin's principal concern in this period was to halt the bureaucratic degeneration of the Soviet state and reform the latter in such a way that the economic, social and cultural building of socialism would be guaranteed. In those months, he elaborated a whole series of far-reaching changes which would have radically altered the structure of the Soviet state. Perhaps even more important, by December he was convinced that his ends could not be attained unless Stalin was removed. Stalin's rough treatment of the Central Committee of the Georgian Communist Party and his inept leadership of the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection were proof of this. The sudden end of Lenin's career and the inadequacies of the other Bolsheviks in his absence halted these plans before much if anything had been accomplished.

Lewin is convincing in his assertion, contrary to Valentinov, that the Stalinist regime was not a "result of the ideas and splits of 1903-1904" but a product "of the events that followed the Revolution." He is probably also right in his belief that "Lenin, acting in concert with Trotsky and others, would have been able to bring Soviet Russia through a less tragic, more rational and, for the cause of socialism, less compromising path." The major flaw in this otherwise brilliant book is Lewin's underestimation of the possibility of a Stalinist-type dictatorship under the conditions of revolution in an industrially backward, mainly peasant country.

Quintessentially English

LECTURES IN AMERICA. *By F. R. and Q. D. Leavis. Pantheon Books. 152 pp. $4.95.*

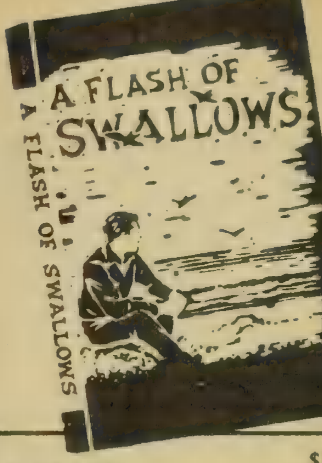
MARTIN GREEN

Mr. Green is an English writer, teaching at present at Tufts University. He is the author of Re-Appraisals: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature, The Problem of Boston, Mirror for Anglo-Saxons *and* Yeats's Blessings on von Hügel *(all Norton).*

There are three lecture-essays here by F. R. Leavis, one on Eliot, one on Yeats, and one on the Two Cultures; and one by Q. D. Leavis, on *Wuthering Heights*. One wonders what the audiences made of such lectures, so quintessentially English, in subject, style and reference, so remote from the America of the sixties. Not only novelists like Mailer and Barth, or critics like Fiedler, but the more conventional and scholarly work of these years, *all* the major literary energies of our time, are engaged in enterprises on which the Leavises' work no longer constitutes a comment. Of course the England of the sixties is pretty remote from them too. But for an Englishman, whether or not he was once a Leavisite (and we nearly all were), they remain relevant, in a poignant and tormenting way.

I'm amazed, reading Leavis now, to remember how anti-academic he seemed —no doubt was—when I first read him and heard him as an undergraduate. He seemed then different from other teachers and critics in that he connected things up, that he always had larger things in view. Nowadays he seems almost the most notable example of the squirrel in the cage, swinging and darting deftly between bars never more than 12 inches apart.

Not that these bars are the conventions of scholarship. They are rather the preoccupations of paranoia. But they have the same effect. The performance is, as a piece of style, extremely vivid and authoritative—the performance was always half what made him seem different. What a vivid, eccentric book of impressions he might have written about this visit. But, than what he did write, it seems more worth discussing Q. D.



A FLASH OF SWALLOWS $3.95

By William Christopher Stevens

William Christopher Stevens is one of Australia's best known poets, whose eleven books have brought him a vast following "down under" where he also appears often on radio and television, reading his works.

This is his first volume of poetry published in the United States — an all-new collection including a group of poems growing out of his specifically American experiences.

There can be no question that William Christopher Stevens has several voices, several quite distinct styles — the ironic, the tender, the religious, the agnostic, the solemn, the playful, matter-of-fact, bitter, and wise.

This collection of Stevens' latest output makes it clear why he was last year's recipient of Australia's coveted Clavenger Award. William Christopher Stevens speaks with equal and striking authority to the young and the old, a not inconsiderable achievement in a troubled time.

"Not since John Berryman's 77 Dream Songs have I been so excited by a book of poetry."
— Lester Pockrell

"Upon reading these poems by Australia's startling rebel-poet one feels, as an American, humbly provincial. One may be forgiven for ignorance of the best work of moderns writing in French, German or, for that matter, Swahili. But how explain the lack of attention to a profoundly moving poet who communicates in one's own language?"
— C. D. Hawthorne

"The boiling, driving dynamism of W. C. Stevens is strikingly disguised in an almost nonchalant, colloquial tone that time and again brings the reader up short, either startled or refreshed. Make no mistake, Stevens is a formidable poetic voice."
— W. R. Eversen

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Leavis' essay, so much plainer but about something.

This is a good example of good *Scrutiny* criticism. It dismisses a lot of nonsense about *Wuthering Heights*, rejects the unprofitable critical approaches to it, and makes clear evaluative distinctions between its constitutive elements; in effect it throws away much of the book as aesthetically unsalvageable. Thus Mrs. Leavis turns her nose up at the more flamboyant rhetoric, refuses to take seriously The Moors and much of the nature-symbolism, and turns away from Heathcliff as a botched job. She points out (something I'd never seen) that Heathcliff must have been, at some level of Emily Brontë's intention and some stage in the novel's planning, the illegitimate son of Mr. Earnshaw, smuggled into the family incognito, and so the incestuous half-brother of Catherine, and the sibling supplanter of his legitimate brother Hindley. And she points clearly to the book's real achievement and center of interest, Catherine.

All this is done very plainly and without even much backbiting or belittling of other critics. That peacefulness could hardly be called a typical *Scrutiny* virtue, but the plainness—which might seem an equally paradoxical item under that heading—*that*, I think, is. At least one-half of the *Scrutiny* gospel was common sense, and it expresses itself methodologically in the copious reference to social and historical and biographical facts around the text. Mrs. Leavis is particularly fond of folklore details. Those I don't think very profitably related to *Wuthering Heights*, but the biographical remarks I did find illuminating.

On the other hand, this is not very exciting criticism. It doesn't move very fast or make very vivid connections. The principal "idea" Mrs. Leavis develops is the likeness between the subject of *Wuthering Heights* and that of *Jules et Jim*. This is developed over several pages, and the main meaning derived from it is both foreseeable and deniable. Mrs. Leavis claims that when you put the two novels side by side you see (a) that *Jules et Jim* is about and by much more sophisticated and emancipated people; (b) that it is much less interesting as a work of art and as a judgment on human experience; (c) that the relation between the first and second propositions is genetic or causal. M. Roché's characters, and M. Roché himself, having repudiated traditional morality, can no longer respond fully, complexly, *delicately*, to their own emotions and behavior. "Delicately" is the prototypical *Scrutiny* word of praise, and it seems to me now just honorific. That whole rhetoric seems to me now artificial.

Again I am surprised to remember how convincing such criticism once seemed. The same line of reasoning, after all, is implicit in most of F. R. Leavis' work. Usually, of course, it *is* more convincing there. There are several pairs of novels that *do* contrast in that way, and Leavis found them out, and made them illuminate each other. But as a general proposition, about the nature of modern art, the argument is surely a fraud. Everything depends on how you select your examples. I would engage to find pairs in which the complex and delicate partner was the more emancipated and sophisticated one. As a general proposition, the argument nowadays mainly makes me realize the pathos of being British. For it is essentially a pathetic paradox, isn't it, to find such patterns in modern art? It amounts to forbidding the tide to flow. And in the arts, particularly in literature, this has been the British paradox. Surely in every other (Western) country, Leavisite moralism in art criticism, over the last thirty years, is unimaginable. Even in Britain, of course, it belongs to the past. But there alone it is still in some sense alive, and could perhaps be fostered and brought forward into the present. That is the relevance of the Leavises to us, that is *our* complex fate, the challenge to try to do that.

Renderings

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by Max Kozloff

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—ROBERT MOTHERWELL.

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So It Goes

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE or The Children's Crusade. *By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte Press. 186 pp. $5.95.*

PETER ROWLEY

Mr. Rowley has written for New Statesman, The Economist, The New Republic *and* Catholic Digest. *He is currently at work on a novel.*

Slaughterhouse-Five is admirable proof that the novel is not dead but alive and developing in technique and imaginative skill. It is a charming pacifist novel combining satiric science fiction, the horror of Dresden and the boredom of American suburban life.

The hero is one Billy Pilgrim, a well-off optometrist, who—like Vonnegut—has survived the bombing of Dresden. He was an American prisoner of war, temporarily locked up in an underground meat locker. Since time is divided into past, present and future, Billy similarly lives on three levels—the German city in 1945; Ilium, N. Y., in 1968, and the planet of Tralfamadore where there is no time in the conventional sense.

Like so much modern fiction there is no chronological beginning, middle or end. Vonnegut tells us of episodes in Billy's life in almost roulette fashion. Yet there is a core to the book with an orderly plot—the step-by-step account of how the hero is captured and subsequently imprisoned in the shelter below the holocaust.

In the "present" time level and that of Tralfamadore events are scattered and superficially unexplainable, as they often are in real life. As Tolstoy points out in *War and Peace*, the further into the past an event recedes, the more inevitable it appears to have been. Billy's death is told us before the end of the book.

Perhaps the only flaw in *Slaughterhouse* is a slightly disconcerting coyness at the beginning.

Principally this book is a success—the best novel I've read this year—because of the humor, humanity and perception of the author. Dresden is important, was largely forgotten, and is now being rediscovered (partly thanks to Vonnegut—what irony that a work of unreality should alert us to the reality of those 135,000 deaths).

His bitterness is reasonable, not excessive; his treatment of the characters compassionate. "You know—you never wrote a story with a villain in it," Vonnegut quotes his father saying to him. [I should add that there is a fourth level of action and time in the book which are Vonnegut's periodic brief asides about himself.]

And perhaps most important here is the author's light touch. Though one might argue that such an approach to such a deadly subject is only replacing horror with laughter and, therefore hardening our attitudes to war, it is more probable that we have suppressed Dresden from our thoughts and that Vonnegut's humor is a practical method of bringing it to our attention. After an atrocity Vonnegut writes, "So it goes," and ends the book with the bird call "Poo-tee-weet?"

In some ways the cleverest aspect of this book is the skill with which Vonnegut makes sympathetic the central character who fights a war, sends his son into the Green Berets, and is a right-wing American politically. He is also the classic victim. Billy is US. His lack of knowledge is the cause of his troubles, and by implication if only enough Americans read this book and others on war (Vietnam and earlier) they would not allow them to happen.

Slaughterhouse-Five is Vonnegut's second best book. His last novel, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, was sharper because it described with greater penetration one character who was absurd because of his vast wealth, and touching as he tried to rid himself of it. Billy is too generalized a character. The most brilliant piece of writing in *Slaughterhouse* describes bombing as if it were a movie shown backward: "When the bombers got back to their base, the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals." Slightly superior is the Fascist U.S. Senator's speech in *God Bless You*, comparing the United States to imperial Rome: "Rome was a paradise for gangsters, perverts, and the lazy working man, just as America is now. As in America now, forces of law and order were openly attacked by mobs, children were disobedient, had no respect for their parents or their country, and no decent woman was safe on any street, even at high noon!"

Vonnegut is the latest in a satiric vein running from Swift through Evelyn Waugh and Ronald Firbank to today's "black humorists." He—like Joseph Heller—has extended the scope of the novel beyond the reportorial into the more imaginative. He has found the right balance between the abstract novel, e.g., William Burroughs' *Nova Express*, and the realistic or "old-school" fiction.

Slaughterhouse is important as a very effective anti-war treatise in a nation singularly addicted recently to the use of force. It is significant too in that finally Vonnegut is getting the recognition he has long merited—the cover of *The New York Times Book Review* and the lead in *Time*'s book section. Though Graham Greene some years ago called him "one of the best living American writers," it is a sad commentary on the harshness of the American cultural climate that such a first-class novelist should so long be ignored. So it goes.

Outspoken

63: DREAM PALACE. *By James Purdy. Read by the author. Directed by Arthur Luce Klein. Spoken Arts. 4 records. List price $23.80.*

ROBERT H. MORRIS

Mr. Morris has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press) and is working on a book about the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

The new release of James Purdy reading (complete) his novella, *63: Dream Palace*, while preserving the voice of a significant contemporary and a solid slice of his writing as well, falls somewhat below the ideal one might have envisioned for doing a work of this sort. Not so far below as to cool one's ardor for an ambitious and noble project, but just enough to provoke the question whether, at times, the word is not more forceful or memorable as written, rather than as spoken.

63: Dream Palace (originally published by New Directions) is early, but quintessential Purdy, spun, the author tells us, "out of [his] own experiences in West Virginia and Chicago," and ten years in the writing. Biography, however, is transformed into a supreme fiction that sails close-hauled in one direction to out-and-out naturalism, and in the other to surrealistic fable. As in so much of Purdy we plunge from the opening dialogue—casual, banal, supercivilized and seemingly rational—into a sad, sick, moribund world of lost hopes, failed potentials, and empty futures. Briefly, the novella centers around an innocent country boy, Fenton Riddleway, who comes to the city with his sickly brother, Claire, and to a bad end.

Fenton's life consists of wandering about Chicago, frequenting seamy joints, or tending Claire in a Gothic brownstone on "63 street"—the "dream palace"—owned by a Godot-like entity named Kincaid, and inhabited by bugs and rats and "ghosts." Like the house itself, Fenton undergoes decay and corruption, moving from petty thievery and drifting, to prostitution, perversion, dope taking, and finally the murder of Claire: a child-like, Abel-Christ figure who grows more wasted and visionary as Fenton becomes more victimized and dehumanized. Narrated by a writer *manqué*, Parkhearst Cratty, to "the great lady," Grainger—both prime zombies among the living dead—the story on all levels is about people to whom dreams are more real than reality, who live as though locked in their twilight of fantasies and memories.

This is at once a marvelous and depressing tale, as lucid and total an allegory of despair as one could imagine. No one, of course, should be shielded from the agony of the down-and-outers, the has-beens, the never-make-its, the pariahs; and perhaps more than any writer in America today Purdy keeps us aware that, far from being odd or

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THE SECRET MEANING OF THINGS"
—FERLINGHETTI

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FERN ROOTS

the fern
has been gone
for years

but the soil
is still spongy
with its roots

I spade them

and destroy
a plant's memory
of itself

AMEEN ALWAN

unusual, such people are typical, even archetypal. But though the words are the same, the message or moral or revelation, and the predictable (but nevertheless terrifying) climax seem to me far more effective in print than on the microgroove we have at present. A story of this kind constantly assaults our sensibilities. A reader can generally temper the unbearable, the feeling of suffocation, the sense of being stifled in a number of ways: musing over ironies, supplying in his own mind the voice and image of a particular character, letting his attention wander, taking things at his own pace. A listener has it otherwise; ostensibly he is trapped. The human voice becomes not simply a transmitter and interpreter of words but a kind of force that at its most relentless can in effect produce numbness or atrophy.

James Joyce remarked that for *Finnegans Wake* he wanted the ideal reader with the ideal insomnia. Too often recordings demand a similarly ideal animal: a listener endowed both with shell-like ears and a unique tolerance for unvaryingly steady and dramatically insecure voices. What I am not too originally implying is that under certain circumstances a writer, while the most *logical*, is not the *best* person to read his own works. And in this particular circumstance I think Spoken Arts has done Purdy something of a disservice by having him record a single, inordinately long piece that takes two and a half hours to audition should one go about it doggedly from beginning to end.

Added to this, Purdy's voice is in general not exciting. It lacks flexibility, sonority, resonance, richness. It is, however, interesting, distinctive, at times effective. Natural and neutral, soft, with the faintest trace of a twang, it is curiously free of any dramatic flair or illusion, and thereby creates its own illusion. One might say that in being clear, dry, and—to mangle a metaphor—dead-pan, it complements Purdy's style, though actually one finds much more variety in the prose, far more accent and emphasis, far more rhythm and edge than in the reading. But now and again I would get the feeling that he caught the tone exactly right, that I was not so much listening to the spoken word as to the word speaking.

In retrospect, I am surprised that *63: Dream Palace* comes off as well as it does. The untrained voice naturally falls into set patterns, levels and inflections which become the bête noire—monotone. Purdy scarcely flees the snares set out for the amateur reader, but in certain scenes—especially those between Fenton and Claire—his pacing mirrors the hopeless, drained, stifling monotony of the small, boarded-up room in which the brothers live—and die. There are other characters in the novella, however, and probably the greatest failing is any attempt on Purdy's part to differentiate among them. Even such slight devices as a drop in pitch, a shading of accent, the breaking of a gait or stress, or the merest pause between narrative and dialogue would help. I realize that the aim of Spoken Arts is not to win a Tony or an Oscar, nor to turn writers into actors and commodities. But since reading does impose *some* sort of dramatic responsibility, the director's hand might have been less tentative. I have heard Purdy in public on two occasions, and I really can't distinguish between this directed reading and those done off the cuff.

Adequate readings are staple; good readings are rare; great readings are miracles. Since this seems to be the case; since, too, few readings will aid us in further interpreting the work, and even less satisfy as dramatic productions, their ultimate importance would seem to be to preserve, faithfully and as technically perfect as possible, the writer's voice saying his words. Overlong albums like *63: Dream Palace*, with its limitations, may be a bit off the mark. The flavor, intensity, register and manner of Purdy's voice would undoubtedly come across in his reading of several stories—where the attention span of the listener is easier to sustain—or in selected passages from his novels—though this last borders on the "great moments from great symphonies" idea and might be unacceptable to the purists.

What is wanted, in short, is something representative *and* lasting: the writer as reader that will make us go out and discover—if we approach it from that angle—the reader as writer.

NIGHTMARE IN CALCUTTA

a spider

hangs
from the moon/

a hairy eye

settling
on the forehead

AMEEN ALWAN

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BLOMDAHL: *Game for Eight. Prelude and Allegro.* Stockholm Philharmonic. Ulf Björlin, cond. *Five Italian Songs.* AnnSofi Rosenberg, soprano; Hans Leygraf, piano. Angel S-36576, $5.98.

STOCKHAUSEN: *Gruppen.* Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra. Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bruno Maderna, Michael Gielen, cond. *Carré.* NDR Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Mauricio Kagel, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Andrzej Markowski, Michael Gielen, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 137 002, $5.98.

The Nonesuch release reviewed in these columns two weeks ago is only one of several "new music" series that have appeared during the past season. Among others, an Angel release under the rubric *Music Today*, proved less valuable than a series of the same name edited by David Drew and sponsored by the Gulbenkian Foundation, that Angel's English affiliate EMI has been presenting over the last few years. Some of these latter items have previously appeared on the Angel label, and a few others have been made available in imported pressings—although not, as yet, the very interesting Busoni-Wolpe-Dallapiccola coupling conducted by Frederik Prausnitz (HMV ASD 2388).

Oddly enough, the "British" record in the current Angel release (S-36558), containing Peter Maxwell Davies' enormously effective *Revelation and Fall* (see *The Nation*, March 3) and Roberto Gerhard's rather diffuse tape-and-orchestra *Collages*, turns out to have been sponsored by an American organization, the Koussevitzky Foundation. Also of interest is the disk listed above, devoted to the late Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl, for its inclusion of a ballet score, *Game for Eight*, that is typical of his ingenious and professionally transparent instrumental conceptions, although less substantial than the cantata *In the Hall of Mirrors* (a Swedish Radio LP recording of which I call to the attention

ANTS

The microbes of flint dance on the stony bottom!
The geographers rush up the chalk walls,
tearing up expeditions with their finger nails.
Chilled oranges are eternal,
there will always be pineapples frozen in Arctic tents.
Here come the hosts of black ants.
We'll have to walk softly under the Pharaoh's brow.

ROBERT BLY

of our record companies). The rest of the Angel release is not on the same level: Messiaen's early, tepid *Les Offrandes Oubliées* and his recent, bombastic *Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum* (S-36559); four tedious manipulations by Xenakis (S-36560, with yet another of those liner notes that blindly and uncomprehendingly repeat the composer's opaque farrago of pseudo-musical pseudo-science); and some really appalling Pop concert stuff from Japan (S-36577), which represents nothing more than exploitation of the *"avant-garde"* catchet.

More oriented toward the European Darmstadt tradition is the Deutsche Grammophon series entitled *Avant Garde*, of which the Stockhausen record cited above has at least historical interest, the 1957 *Gruppen* for three spatially separated orchestras being something of a classic in that tradition. Although I have never found its use of directionality and noncoordinated layers of activity nearly as fruitful as the much more sophisticated and controlled techniques of, say, Elliott Carter, a certain virtuosity of sensational (though doubtless short-lived) effects is undeniable. The separation of the three orchestras comes over quite well in two-channel stereo; however, the 1959 *Carré* for four orchestras and choruses, quadrilaterally disposed, cannot be reduced with comparable success, and here the compositional detail is even more diffuse.

The Polish offshoot of the Darmstadt tradition is represented in the DG release by a string quartet record (137 001) played by the excellent if too little renowned La Salle Quartet, an American ensemble. Witold Lutoslawski's 1964 String Quartet seems to be a serious attempt to develop some degree of harmonic flexibility and variety within the usually tiresome noise- and tone-cluster vocabulary of the Polish school. Although not a sophisticated piece by the standards of contemporary American music, it does represent a considerable advance over the primitivism of its disk mate, Krzysztof Penderecki's 1960 Quartet.

BACH: *Mass in B minor.* Soloists; Weiner Sängerknaben & Chorus Viennensis; Concentus Musicus. Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SKH 20, $17.85 (three records).

St. Matthew Passion. Soloists; South German Madrigal Choir; Consortium Musicum. Wolfgang Gönnenwein, cond. Angel SD 3735, $23.92 (four records).

By comparison with its *St. John Passion* recording, the Concentus Musicus has withdrawn a degree from its fervor for authenticity, here eschewing the use of boy soloists; otherwise, the original instrumentation and performing forces are maintained. In the Mass, by contrast with the earlier work, there is a preponderance of fast-moving ensemble passages that require a measure of virtuosity apparently not yet consistently accessible, despite the considerable skills of some individual players; as a result, the full benefits, in terms of contrapuntal balance and textural transparency, fail to accrue from the intelligently applied scholarship. At its best—say, in the *Sanctus* sequence—this recording is unique for its combination of sonic clarity and harmonic awareness (the latter doubtless heightened by the former).

A much grimmer type of "authenticity" is audible in Gönnenwein's *St. Matthew Passion*, one of those sewing-machine performances in which the only significant musical events seem to be the beginnings and ends of pieces. In between, the unvaried sameness of articulation ignores harmonic cruxes, rhythmic elaborations, phrase extensions, etc., so that all the multiplicity of detail forming the first level of structure is quietly but firmly bulldozed out of existence. To be sure, the solo singing is quite competent, the playing (on modern instruments) accurate—but "authentic style" in this music does not consist merely in the avoidance of incorrect style.

GOUNOD: *Roméo et Juliette.* Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, Xavier Depraz, Claude Calès, other soloists. Paris Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Alain Lombard, cond. Angel SCL-3734, $17.96 (three records).

DELIBES: *Lakmé.* Joan Sutherland, Alain Vanzo, Gabriel Bacquier, others. Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA 1391, $17.96 (three records).

The unspectacular professionalism of the best French operatic composers is ill served by the use of their works as vehicles for average big-name singers. Angel's *Roméo* repeats the Metropolitan's mistake of building the performance around two Italian singers, both of them notably inexpert in the French language. Since virtually every scene of this modestly proportioned work is built around a duet between the two leads, no amount of competence in the subsidiary roles can make up for the mauling that Gounod's carefully adjusted verbal-melodic-rhythmic complexes undergo at focal points. The tenor's metric abandon also undermines the conductor's generally admirable work, and even his celebrated tone quality is a dubious asset when viewed from the almost uvular perspective granted by the microphones.

Lakmé is less maligned by the Bonynge recording, although it is altogether a decidedly minor compositional achievement, laid over with a plethora of "exotic" harmonic, rhythmic and orchestral detail that never takes part in the main musical argument. Sutherland is on better behavior than usual with respect to rhythm and diction if not intonation, but her attempts at characterization are as absent-minded as ever; ten years of super-stardom have made her a much less interesting performer than she was as part of the regular Covent Garden company in the 1950s. The other leads are quite good, and I nominate Vanzo for the next recording of *Roméo et Juliette*; he is a tasteful, accurate and musical tenor.

Fidel Castro
by Herbert L. Matthews

The full story of the man, his political philosophy, his plans and hopes for the first Communist country in this hemisphere by the distinguished *New York Times* reporter who first interviewed him in the Sierra Maestra in 1957.

"An absorbing, fascinating and perceptive account of the rise of Fidel Castro and the new Cuba . . . Matthews is a powerful and persuasive writer . . . he manages to give the reader a feeling of being on the scene at the time each incident happens."—*The Nation*

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ART/Lawrence Alloway

At the Whitney Museum you cross the bridge from the street through a sludge of leaves and blocks of ice, walk alongside a section of cyclone fence on the floor in the lobby, and have entered the exhibition "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials." At the time of writing the ice and leaves still exist and there is no reason why they should not be renewed by the artist, Rafael Ferrer, for the duration of the show. Marcia Tucker, in the catalogue of the show which she arranged with James Monte, argues that such pieces run counter to the notion that "art creates order." This new art is one that makes "chaos its structure."

It is true that many of the pieces are loose-jointed, powdered, crinkled, random, untethered, thrown, or piled; but chaos is no more absolute than beauty. The art in the "Anti-Illusion" show is characterized by a relaxation of the threshold between the inside and the outside of the work of art, but this is not essentially chaotic. It is learnable and enjoyable. In fact, the fourth floor of the Whitney has never looked as good as it does now. As a spectacle, the area has a spatial vitality that neither Franz Kline's clenched canvases nor Helen Frankenthaler's dilated ones managed to give it. The aggregate of works, including a single rock (William Bollinger), wall-to-wall modular units (Carl Andre), smeared grease and heaped hay (Ferrer again), splattered lead (Richard Serra), or flour dust (Barry Le Va), possess the hangerlike space easily. The environmental spread of this work, done mostly *in situ,* on and for the walls and floor of the gallery, can be regarded as chaotic only if you are looking for the wrong thing, which I daresay many people will do.

The absence of rigidity, of right-angled supports, and of hierarchic relationships of big-median-small forms are not sure cues of chaos. The recognition of pattern and order is not confined to displays of Euclidean geometry. Flow mechanics accounts for the behavior of liquids and accumulations of forms have characteristic patterns of distribution. There are forms of organization beyond the canons of formality recognized by traditional art criticism. We can look, for instance, at a city in terms of City Hall and Louis Sullivan (organizational and architectural structure) or we can look at it in terms of traffic flow and demographic process. The flow and the statistics are no less structural than bureaucratic and monumental form, but custom favors the latter types of measurement.

For all the corrosion of ideals of permanence that has taken place in the art of the last twenty years, a basic requirement of the compactness of the art object has almost always been maintained. Classical aesthetics has two reasons for maintaining the integrity of art as an object. Only if a work is intact can the artist's intention be said to be fully perceived and the longer it is preserved intact the greater is the artist's "victory over time." Hence the longer an art work survives in one piece the more precious it becomes. "Anti-Illusion" reveals a shift in some artists' estimate of the value of permanence. The show is concerned with a new tolerance of expendable configurations, an acceptance of time as a source of change or of effacement.

Art has been reserved as the property of objects, defined as solids that maintained a stable form when moved from place to place. In this respect Minimal Art, with its compactness and high legibility, is as traditional as earlier forms of art. A solid retains its shape while being moved; a liquid takes the shape of its container. The works at the Whitney, or the most radical of them, take the shape of the container or, at least, exist only in this form for the duration of this exhibition. They are rearrangeable or repeatable on other occasions but not movable as solid wholes, only as components. They can be repeated but not perpetuated.

Not all the works in the exhibition are environmental in the twin sense of being made for a particular place and occupying it expansively. In various ways Andre (with identical styrofoam blocks), Bollinger, Ferrer, Le Va, Robert Ryman (abstract painting turning into house painting), Rober Rohm (a rope grid like a scaling ladder on the side of a troop ship), and Serra create objects that act centripetally, as part of the ambience. Bruce Naumann's piece is environmental, a "Performance Corridor" (you can walk into it), but pretty routine compared to his usual level of invention. But other artists are represented by works that are basically objectlike, in that our attention is directed to them as masses or areas with distinct boundaries, though, as the title of the show suggests, they are the literal sum of "procedures with materials." The absence of symbolism or illusion is hardly news in recent American art, but there are interesting extensions of sculpture and painting by Eva Hesse and Keith Sonnier. Hesse's constructions of fiberglass, rubberized cheesecloth, cloth, wire and window screen, in various combinations, and Sonnier's expanded picture formats carrying lights are especially interesting, the former for her witty use of materials unfamiliar in art, the latter for his play with paintings (things to be looked at) and lights (devices to see by).

Robert Morris is present with the only piece of conceptual or documentary art in the exhibition. It is a proposal for the Whitney to invest a sum of money for the duration of the show and to share the interest with the artist. His reason for doing this can be deduced from an article he published a couple of months ago in *Artforum,* in which he referred to culture's "hostile and deadly act of immediate acceptance of all new perceptual art moves, absorbing through institutionalized recognition every art act." Though Morris was early and influential in the field studied by Marcia Tucker's and James Monte's show he withheld his cooperation in favor of this gesture. However, from the documents on view it turns out that Howard Lipmann, a *collector,* provided the necessary $50,000 for the investment; it looks as though saying "screw you" just isn't enough to defeat the admirers' deadly friendship.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The films of Miklós Jancsó, of which the one current in New York is *The Round Up* (1965), are visually as compelling as any screen work I know. His lens produces the crystalline purity and expectancy of event of the still-camera period when the daguerreotypists were giving way to the first great plate makers (the resemblance is heightened because the background is irregular warfare; everyone remembers Brady). As a result, Jancsó is very much a part of his pictures: I feel that if my eyes were but quick enough, I could catch glimpses of him at the far edge of the image, waving his arms like an anxious shepherd and darting his head under the black cloth.

His aesthetic primer is evident: people in masses compose with wonderful grace and variety; the human vertical is totemic against the distant, flat plains; structures, and particularly interiors, gain interest as one eliminates details; frames heighten content. None of these concepts is a discovery, but Jancsó uses them to keep his quality high.

He also has a psychological position, which is that there is a great sweetness in men, but one of great fragility. Fear, pride, ambition drive them like leaves; they panic, turn treacherous, become cruel or self-destructive. This eggshell brittleness of individual integrity reminds me of the mistrust of character to be found in some Japanese costume films.

But all this is talk around the picture, out of reluctance, perhaps, to look face-on at a work so scrupulously talented, but which left me so unenlisted. *Round Up* is not really a motion picture, or rather it is a picture about the making of a portfolio of stills. I have a notion that if all the preliminary maneuvering were eliminated and the material reduced to the "moments" toward which Jancsó is continually striving (each of them marked by an instant of pause as assertive as a click), the work could be presented as a series of stills, with no aesthetic loss and perhaps a gain of dramatic economy. Of course, slides never achieve immediacy; they are always a record rather than an enactment. But as it stands, the film has almost no immediacy. Terrible things, pitiful and hateful things, are shown, but they are all still and remote—like engravings of Lincoln at Ford's Theatre or Charlotte Corday with her knife raised above Marat's bath. I acknowledge the information, but am not present at the event.

Except that excellence can stand a good deal of repetition, one might say that Jancsó's calculations are monotonous. He likes to move masses of people, manipulating the compositional balance as one shifts ballast; he responds to the perspective effects of small groups approaching or departing; he is obsessed by the cat-and-mouse variety of cruelty. Certainly, if one may draw conclusions from this film and his previous *Red and White*, his preoccupations dictate his subject matter. In both cases, the struggle occurs within one country (Russia in the earlier instance; Austria-Hungary in *Round Up*); in both cases the action develops around the seizure of one group of patriots by the other, and the incidents arise from elaborate, deceptive interrogations. It becomes difficult to take sides as a spectator because it becomes increasingly uncertain where the lines are drawn, and though this may be a valid view of how human relationships work out, it is not one that plays effectively.

I am troubled, too, by the fact that Jancsó seems more concerned with pictorial success than with narrative relevance or plausibility. A small military band looks exactly right when he gets it into position, but what is it doing in that place at that time? A man intent on treachery does not, except in *tableaux vivants*, peer meaningfully from face to face for his victim (in that stockade of tough peasants and guerrilla fighters, his life expectancy would presumably be short). A naked girl running the gauntlet is a memorable spectacle, but for the purpose of making her lover confess his identity it is perhaps excessively picturesque (particularly when the deployment of the two files of soldiers takes the form of an elaborate military drill).

I get the impression, in short, that Jancsó is a cameraman and scene composer of impressive talent, but that he lacks the sense of momentum and the ability to build narrative out of character relationships that a really good director needs. In short, he needs to be directed.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Twenty-five-year-old John Ford Noonan pitches wild in his *The Year Boston Won the Pennant*, presented at the Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, but there is promise and poignancy in his play. The loose-jointed awkwardness of the script, the unevenness of its style, the meagerness of emotion and scenic invention in the production rob the event of some of its potential effect and contribute to an impression of obscurity. But the play is not obscure: it leaves its imprint. When and if Noonan arrives at a point of relative mastery, he may write a more successful piece; for he possesses intuitive insight and feeling—attributes rare in the new generation of playwrights who tend to repeat devices familiar in Dadaism, surrealism and the theatre of the absurd.

Put bluntly, what *The Year Boston Won the Pennant* means is that humble, naturally honest and decent folk are not only losers but are buffeted, maimed and destroyed in our society. Characters such as Marcus Sykowski, the central figure in the play, are frequently put on stage as "artists," or as lonely intellectuals, "idealists." But such embodiments sentimentalize their intended message because they posit exceptional people who, to begin with, ought to understand their lot. Noonan's protagonist is a simple man, a warm-hearted guy differentiated from the mass only by athletic ability, the kind of fellow whom we see everywhere and to whom no attention is paid.

A once renowned pitcher for the Red Sox, Sykowski has lost an arm because he refused to accept a bribe to throw a crucial game. The racketeers still pursue and finally kill him. The preliminary circumstances are never explicitly revealed, only inferred. The mystery of the severed arm is the main reason for the play's supposed obscurity.

Being a good man and thus an irrepressible *believer*, Sykowski dreams that with the aid of a prosthetic appliance (which he is too poor to buy) he may return to his former estate. He tries to earn money for this by seeking a job as caddy at a golf club. He is constantly rejected in favor of the able-bodied. At first he is mocked by his lowly companions at the club because he was once a big shot and is now a nobody like the rest of them. Still, when they decide to help him gain employment by a strike, they are too muddled to win.

A silly homosexual dilettante tries and fails to seduce Sykowski through flattery and cash. He is entirely devoted to his wife (a would-be actress) who, at the suggestion of her "manager," agrees to help by appearing on television to plead for assistance because her husband and their child have supposedly disappeared. Nothing avails; Sykowski's wife leaves him for a television star.

Incidents abound; desultory characters appear and vanish. These are sometimes puzzling because their function is not evident. In one apparently extraneous scene—arresting in itself—Sykowski

New money vs. old

The mergers: new capital fights for a place at the top of the corporate world and the establishment fights back (by the editors). Also: the story of Lenin's deathbed struggle against Stalin, in a review-article by Harry Braverman; an Iranian examines his country's land reform; and an economist probes the current U.S. inflation. Send for a sample copy of the June issue.

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WATCH ON MacDOUGAL

The madman on MacDougal Street
Has a head of midnight hue.
His toga is a torn white sheet.
His eyes are blue.

He walks close with a friendly sage
Who drinks hard liquor from a bag.
They dance out of another age
The Boston Rag.

They poke each other, laugh all round
At something that the landlord said.
With bright beads they will trim his mound
When he is dead.

Owl-eyed I think of carnal rape
And watch these bright birds from my thicket;
Car-trapped til six, will I escape
A parking ticket?

AILEEN GRUMBACH

in flight from his persecutors takes refuge in the apartment of a boyhood sweetheart. She is now married to a man just returned from war whom she treats with thick-skinned levity. Her husband suffers uncomprehending resentment, Sykowski inner hurt. We also learn that all this occurs while a revolution which no one seems to notice is going on in the streets.

Through the accumulation of these scenes a mood takes form: a sense of painful bewilderment in a world in which ordinary people move through an infernal maze, unaware of what is happening to them. This is the realm of the blind, a place of covered violence unillumined by consciousness. The atmosphere is brutish. The author grapples uncertainly with the monstrous creatures he has wrought. But one cannot doubt that a raw sensibility and a troubled imagination is dwelling within him and his play.

The only area in which the play's quality is realized is in the acting of Roy Scheider as the martyred ball player. The tenderness of a baffled soul, agonizingly aspiring, dumbly courageous and still clean inform Scheider's performance, which needs only the instruction of more knowing direction to make a sharper, more definitive portrait.

Having spent most of the past two weeks of theatregoing at the City Center season of modern dance groups, I look back with particular pleasure to a number based on East Indian and African mating rites called "Doougla," choreographed for the Talley Beatty Company by Geoffry Holder, and to "Shirah" as choreographed and danced by Pearl Lang.

There is a lovely playfulness in the sensuality of the beautifully costumed Holder piece, in which sex is explicit, fresh and free. This ballet stands in contrast to the cloying prurience of the sexy stuff now prevalent—a by-product, among other things, of a nasty and still immanent Puritanism within us.

Pearl Lang's "Shirah" (Hebrew for "Song") is Middle Eastern in its patterns without being "ethnic." The characteristic trait of Miss Lang's art is graciousness. This is not, as the word often suggests, a matter of decorous breeding but the essence of respect for and joy in life, a celebration of human rectitude, loftiness of thought and behavior accepted as a norm, an elevation with roots in suffering so transcended that it achieves lightness. We observe this again in another form in the final moments of "Tongues of Flame," the mottoes of which are culled from the utterances of the Biblical prophets. After the imprecations, weeping and despair of the middle section, there is a vertical leaping into the air as if a heroic spirit had at last risen like a triumphant flame, with a glow more intense from its previous suppression.

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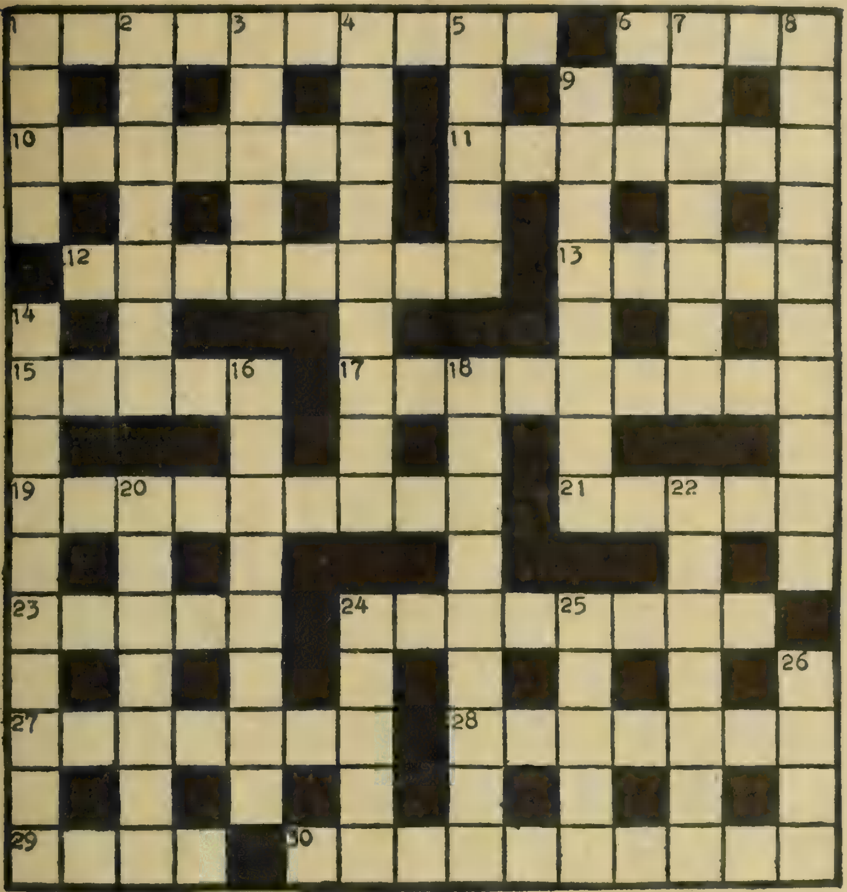
Crossword Puzzle No. 1301

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Regionally characteristic. (10)
6 Distinguished from the pushy type, legally? It's sure confusing! (4)
10 In every dark time this suggests Galahad's character. (7)
11 A bony fish to try, if lion-hearted. (7)
12 Herb made rank and rotten. (8)
13 See 5 down
15 It might show up a juggling act. (5)
17 And back in France, over and over on each side of a get-together! (4-1-4)
19 An inferior sitting position was not recommended with it, for war-time girls. (5,4)
21 If it were quiet near this city center, it would be Greek rather than Indian. (5)
23 If you find rice in it, there's a lemur around! (5)
24 Valences vary in completely surrounded groups. (8)
27 What one walks on in a round of drinks, as one asserts. (7)
28 See 16 down
29 Sailors might stand it fairly comfortably.
30 Apply the whip, in running away, as you might see by it. (10)

DOWN

1 and 3 A factor classified as being produced. (9)
2 Watching out for a rod and gun mix-up? (2,5)
4 A step Mary is responsible for, giving private money for one thing! (9)
5 and 13 across Perhaps where to find men of industry? It's already started! (2,3,5)
7 30 doesn't take steps to get equivalent punishment. (7)
8 A series, or it seems so, might have its turn at preparing part of the meal. (10)
9 One might be vaunting what the high wind does. (4-4)
14 A classical language is maintained in the crown district. (10)
16 and 28 across Possibly, if an Edward, a George, or a Henry, though pronouncedly common. (3,5,7)
18 Ditch-diggers might serve, in due course.
20 Spankers might help the boat go faster!
22 Looking suggestively at the general clique? (7)
24 A supporter of the arts, possibly. (5)
25 One might hope to find one back on Broadway. (5)
26 Bird talk, familiarly. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1300

ACROSS: 1 Vital; 4 Wiseacres; 9 Ship canal; 10 Tonga; 11 Theatrics; 12 Amend; 13 Usefulness; 17 Troop train; 21 Lotus; 22 Main brace; 23 Nyasa; 24 Nonprofit; 25 Artlessly; 26 Alert. DOWN: 1 Visits; 2 Trivet; 3 Locate; 4 Wind instruments; 5 Self-sufficiency; 6 Actually; 7 Rendered; 8 Standish; 14 Atalanta; 15 Contract; 16 Apostate; 18 Iberia; 19 Baffle; 20 Sextet.

PERSONALS

IGNORANCE IS BLISS, and YOKELS LIKE TO WALLOW IN IT

"I've got money; I don't need sense."

"Knuckle Down is the secret of success."

"Learn? What's to learn? I know how to wrap my mitts around that mazuma. What else is there to learn?"

Money rich, wisdom poor; perfect victim for pirate's lure.

Will Rogers used to say, "The trouble isn't that people don't know enough; the trouble is that people know so much that ain't so."

There are two types of ignorance; lack of information, and misinformation.

You can cure either one with study. Not study that you'll do when you get around to it. But **study that's got to be done when it's time to do it.**

Why not spend 2 hours in solitary study every **Monday night for the rest of your life?**

There's a lot you can study. The Bible, Shakespeare's works, Franklin's Autobiography, Aesop's Fables, and many other works.

Don't follow this advice. It's old stuff. It's over 20 years old, and it's lost its glamour.

Learn by trying everything. Then you know first hand how things come out. Things couldn't possibly be rigged to fool you. How could anybody fool you?

Remember Moran and Mack?

MORAN: What you been doing this summer?

MACK: We been raisin' pigs. We bought 'em for $20, fed 'em during the summer, then sold 'em for $20.

MORAN: You can't make money that way.

MACK: We found dat out.

Here's something to study:

Thou shalt not worship any other God . . . Thou shalt not fashion thee something material and consider it God . . . Thou shalt not use the name, God, in vain . . . Respect the Sabbath, and keep it apart . . . Honor thy father and thy mother; doing otherwise is moral bankruptcy . . . Thou shalt not kill . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery . . . Thou shalt not steal . . . Bear not false witness against thy neighbor . . . Covet not the material possessions of thy neighbor.

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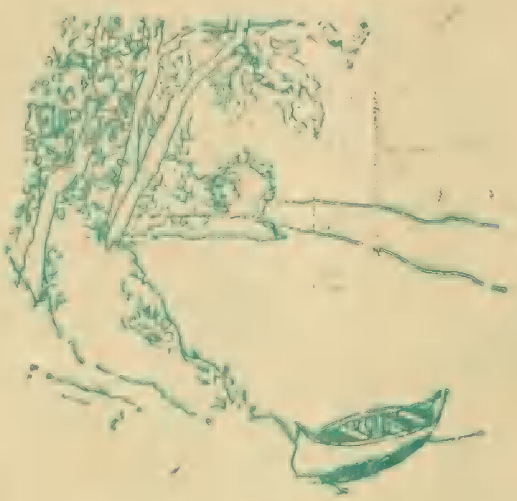

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LETTERS

defend the conspiracy

Dear Sirs: The federal indictment in Chicago of eight political dissenters for conspiracy to promote disorder and riot during the week of the Democratic National Convention [see page 752] is one of the most ominous challenges to political liberty since the passing of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. It calls for a clear and considered response from all who believe that the preservation of political dissent is now, more than ever, crucial to the survival of democratic process in America.

The undersigned have formed a Committee to Defend the Conspiracy. Through newspaper ads and mailings we intend to raise funds urgently needed for the legal defense of these eight men and to clarify the critical political and civil libertarian issues at stake. We are now organizing a larger group of sponsors for a national campaign.

We appeal to readers of *The Nation* to support this effort by contributing toward the cost of the initial advertisements. This is the only effort of this sort that has been undertaken; the need for financial support is immediate.

Checks should be made out to Chicago Defense Fund and mailed to Committee to Defend the Conspiracy, 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604.

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I. F. Stone
and others

saved by an edit

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I subscribe to *The New Republic, The Nation, Atlantic, The New York Review of Books, The Catholic World, America, Commonweal, The National Catholic Reporter, Center* magazine, *Transaction*, and a number of other publications, plus write for *America, Catholic World* and *Commonweal*. So, if you'll forgive me, I had decided to let my *Nation* subscription go. Then I read your editorial, "The American Disease" [May 26]. I'm afraid I can't do without a publication that analyzes a complex moral and social situation with such courage and such truth.

Raymond A. Schroth, S. J., Georgetown University

Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs: The lead editorial in the issue of May 26, 1969 was magnificent. I sent it on to a prestigious teacher at the University of Indiana who has hitherto concerned himself not with the "American Disease" but what he thinks is the disease. *The Nation*'s analysis of the Fortas affair should put him right. . . . *Harry A. White*

incidence of crisis

New York City

Dear Sirs: You have again published an article of tremendous portent. Michael Tanzer's "Out on the Credit Limb," [June 2] is a rouser. . . . I see additional implications in intangibles he has not mentioned, such as numerous ex-soldiers returning to find no jobs or houses ready for them, in some instances because they are black and others because they have been snatched prematurely away from preparatory schooling; the psychological aspects of soldiers returning from a very unpopular war, to find they are not heroes after the first welcome shouts; the increasing hostility and job competition among marginal white workers and aspiring blacks who may shoot one an-

(*Continued on page 764)*

EDITORIALS

PR Diplomacy

One must have sympathy for Nelson Rockefeller, exposed for no valid reason to the hostility of outraged Latin Americans and affronted by governmental requests to stay away. His name may have an unfortunate resonance in Latin America just now, what with disputes over oil and other natural resources, but that is beside the point. Unlike Richard M. Nixon, who stirred up similar resentment on a Vice Presidential visit, Governor Rockefeller is an expert on Latin American problems, is remembered for his efforts as Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and has many friends and well-wishers in the countries he visited, or tried to visit. The difficulty is not with the emissary: it is with the whole concept of the mission, including its timing. It is hard to understand why President Nixon sent Mr. Rockefeller on this "fact-finding" tour, and even harder to understand why Mr. Rockefeller consented to go.

One adverse circumstance, while no doubt of secondary importance, is of the President's own making. Most of the rioters were students. Only a short time ago Mr. Nixon delivered himself of a dictum that Latin universities were among "the most inferior in the world" because too much power had been given to the students. This generalization suited Mr. Nixon's purpose at the moment, namely, to try to allay the tumult on American campuses, but it certainly was not calculated to smooth the path of Mr. Rockefeller or any other Presidential ambassador who ventured into the region.

In other respects also the timing was unfortunate. Relations between the United States and Ecuador, and between the United States and Peru, could hardly be worse. Ecuador insists on a 200-mile territorial limit offshore and seizes American fishing boats that operate within the waters it claims. Peru is hostile to American-owned corporations within its borders, has nationalized the International Petroleum Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and is in a dispute with the United States over arms sales. Colombia is aggrieved over American restrictions on coffee and other Colombian exports. Other complaints abound. Mr. Nixon may have felt that something had to be done to ease these tensions; apparently he did not reckon with the possibility that they might be made worse.

Another difficulty is basic in the region. Most of Latin America is today in the hands of the military, thanks in no small measure to our improvident and militaristic policies. Therefore, a vast amount of unrest and disaffection normally cannot surface. The students, especially, resent both their native dictators and the Yankees. The arrival of an American emissary gives them a chance to vent their hostility in both directions.

What was the need of the mission in the first place? Don't we have a diplomatic corps in Latin America? Aren't the facts already known? Alighting from his airplane at the Quito airport, Rockefeller practically admitted he had no specific reason for going there. "I bring no new program," he said, "no easy remedies or simple slogans." All he brought, really, was his charming wife and a large entourage of specialists and advisers. *Promises, Promises,* is the name of a current musical comedy in New York. Rockefeller did not even bring promises.

If it was Mr. Nixon's plan to use Mr. Rockefeller as a stopgap, until he himself could solve more urgent problems, such as Vietnam, and then proceed to ameliorate the ills of Latin America, he misconceived the situation. But Mr. Rockefeller blundered too. When he found himself kicked around, he ascribed his difficulties to organized forces directed from "inside and outside the hemisphere"—that is to say, Havana, Moscow and Peking. This banal nonsense was promptly knocked down by Galo Plaza, Secretary General of the Organization of American States and Mr. Rockefeller's good friend. Mr. Plaza had breakfast with Mr. Rockefeller and his advisers in Trinidad and told them plainly that the student demonstrations that had disrupted the mission could not be ascribed simply to Communist agitators. "There is a genuine national resentment that doesn't need much outside influence," Mr. Plaza said. And "There is a deep feeling throughout Latin America at all levels of society that relations with the United States need a change." What the Latin Americans want was well known before Mr. Rockefeller flew down to find out. They want more U.S. aid, they want aid without strings, they want control over their own resources, better prices for their exports, and a better bargaining position vis-à-vis the American corporations that operate in their countries.

After giving up his Red conspiracy theory, Mr. Rockefeller indicated that he did not mind being a lightning rod for Latin American discontent. The analogy could hardly be worse conceived. A badly designed or inadequate lightning rod installation is worse than none at all. Moreover, lightning is a momentary threat, while Latin American hostility to the United States is a constant force which is in no wise diminished by public relations gimmicks.

The remaining Rockefeller schedule of visits to the region should be called off, at least for the present. It is better to admit failure than to persist in it. If Mr. Rockefeller insists on going to Argentina, Chile and other countries, he is taking physical risks without any hope of compensating gains. So far he has only exacerbated an already bad situation. It is a time for reflection, not for a repetition of blunders.

Warning from Berkeley

As reported in most of the Eastern press, the latest incident at Berkeley hardly seems to merit excitement. After all, the casual reader might say to himself, brawls on that campus are old stuff. Unruly students and associated "street people" seized university property for a "people's park" and the authorities had no choice but to oust them. Maybe it will teach those characters a lesson.

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THE NATION

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Actually what happened at Berkeley was a carefully planned crackdown for which Governor Reagan and the increasingly reactionary board of regents of the University of California mobilized the police forces of the Bay Area and 2,500 troops of the National Guard. The law-enforcement agencies, whether on instigation from above or on their own initiative, went into action with the ferocity of storm troopers. About a thousand students were arrested and many were manhandled. A bystander was killed by gunfire. The Guardsmen were bivouacked on and near the campus for weeks, manned machine-gun emplacements, and maneuvered in heavy weapons-carriers, exactly as if they were repelling a foreign invader. The police were decked out in helmets and flak jackets and carried shotguns as well as pistols. A particularly virulent form of tear gas was sprayed from a helicopter and enveloped the university hospital and classroom buildings as well as the demonstrators.

The climax was not reached, however, until 400 people, including some who had nothing to do with the demonstrations, were trapped in a dragnet on a downtown Berkeley street and carried away to the Alameda County detention farm at Santa Rita, a so-called rehabilitation center, where they were subjected to treatment which would be regarded by many as incredible if it had not happened that a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter, Tim Findley, was among those arrested. Whether this was accidental, or calculated on Findley's part, makes no difference. He saw what he saw. His story, "I Was a Prisoner at Santa Rita," in the May 24 *Chronicle*, should convince the most complacent that comparisons between Germany in the period of Hitler's rise to power, and the current situation at Berkeley and elsewhere in the United States, are not as farfetched as they seemed a few years ago. If the social fabric continues to unravel at the present pace, anything can happen.

Arriving at Santa Rita in buses, the 400 prisoners were forced to lie down on their bellies in a graveled asphalt compound, hands at their sides. Findley quotes the commands: "Get down on your face—turn your head to the left and line up on the man to your left's head—your left, stupid. Now get your hands down at your sides. Don't move, don't talk!" And: "Any of you creeps got a camera, put it down in front of your head! We find a camera later and we smash it and your head at the same time!"

The prisoners were forced to lie in this position for two and a half hours, after which they were allowed to sit up for another hour while a guard shouted threats: "Don't none of you move—we shoot to kill here." Verbal abuse was supplemented by sharp raps with riot sticks. A young man spread-eagled against a wall glanced back at the guard who was searching him. "What the hell are you looking at, you son of a bitch?" the guard shouted, and jabbed the prisoner in the back. There were repeated references to the Army and to the draft, such as "Wait till the boys get home from Vietnam and handle you creeps!"

This type of conduct is to be distinguished from police brutality of the Chicago convention type. The Chicago police used excessive force, but Mayor Daley had at least the excuse that they "overreacted" in the heat of combat. The barbarities of Santa Rita were inflicted on prisoners in custody, helpless to retaliate. The intention was to cow and coerce men whom the guards, most of them in their mid 20s, hated for their superior education and their political views.

The *Chronicle* writes editorially that "the entire disgraceful affair is . . . remindful of Cossack and SS conduct earlier and elsewhere," and calls for a full investigation by federal authorities. If there is an investigation, it is likely to be perfunctory. The general situation in the United States is deteriorating rapidly. There is no longer much point in calling the behavior of the guardians of law and order "shocking" or "outrageous" or "barbarous." It is all of these, but its importance is as a signal, a warning of what is to come. Not to heed it would be the misjudgment of the century.

The Senate's Responsibility

Washington

"The continuance of our involvement in Vietnam is a responsibility which the Senate shares with the President." So spoke Majority Leader Mike Mansfield on the floor of the Senate on May 29. It is the simple truth, but to date the Senate has not displayed a recognition of it.

It is also perhaps the first time that the Majority Leader has so pointedly spoken out. Mansfield, who from the beginning of our involvement in Southeast Asia has probably been the best-informed member of Congress on the subject, has not been happy about our policies there. But as Majority Leader under a Democratic administration he felt that there were limits to the expression of his dissent.

But when the administration changed and he remained Majority Leader, one may surmise that Senator Mansfield waited hopefully to see whether President Nixon's campaign promises that he would get us out of Vietnam and end the war would materialize. After more than four months, they have not; nor in my judgment, based on long study of our involvement, will they. President Nixon's finally disclosed proposals differ little from the futile proposals of his predecessor. They will not achieve peace.

Senator Mansfield continued: "It may be that we need something of the courage which has been displayed on the battlefield to face up to our responsibilities in Washington."

These moderate expressions by one of the most eminent legislators cry out for corresponding action. It is long overdue. Why should not the Senate "face up to its responsibilities"?

The Senate can bring this ghastly war to an end. It can take the first step in restoring our nation to sanity and turning its concern to our neglected problems at home.

How? The Senate should refuse to enact the next military authorization and appropriation bills, sending them back to committee with instructions that they be resubmitted with the funds for the Southeast Asian theatre omitted. That would bring de-escalation and early termination.

Let no one allege that such action would be "letting our boys down." The implements of war authorized and appropriated by the Congress do not reach the front for a year or more. There is plenty of everything in the pipe line.

The Congress can no longer continue to blame the Executive. It shares the responsibility for the death of every American boy as long as it continues to vote for the military funds destined for Southeast Asia.

It is high time that the Senate "faced up to its responsibilities." Senator Mansfield can set the example by announcing that he will vote according to that conviction, thus suiting his actions to his words.

And it is time that the people back home began to realize that while the tragic conflict in Vietnam may have been President Johnson's war and may be becoming President Nixon's war, it is also the war of the Senators whose support makes its continuation possible.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Outside Handler

The confirmation of Chief Justice Warren Burger—which was notably brisk, given the present atmosphere surrounding the Court—may well have been expedited by the public relations efforts of a 35-year-old Texan, Richard A. Viguerie. A representative of the new breed of political flacks, Viguerie has had extensive contacts in right-wing circles through his direction of mail campaigns for conservative candidates. After leaving his post as executive secretary of Young Americans for Freedom, Viguerie campaigned in 1960 for the ultra-conservative Sen. John Tower. Later, he organized a mail campaign to raise funds for the successful right-wing drive to unseat Sen. Thomas Kuchel, a liberal-moderate Republican, in the California primary.

Just recently, Viguerie was hired to handle the direct mailing of a packet of materials concerning the new Chief Justice. Apparently the White House thought that Burger was such an obscure figure that right-wing elements in both parties might not be fully aware of the thrust of his thinking on certain issues. The packet included an extensive biography, drafted in Burger's office, and a reprint from *U.S. News & World Report* of a Burger speech attacking the Supreme Court's criminal procedure decisions.

More than 10,000 copies of this material were distributed in White House envelopes to selected media figures. As Herbert Klein, the President's Communications Director, explained it, this extraordinary outside handling was felt to be necessary in order to assure wider distribution of Judge Burger's views on crime than could be made from the White House. Recipients of the handouts (which to repeat, were enclosed in White House envelopes) say that the mailing labels were identical to those used by *Human Events*, a right-wing newsletter. The mailing provides an interesting inference, if no more, of just which sector of the political spectrum Judge Burger's nomination was intended to appease.

The Sweet Smell of Subsidy

About ten months back, we commended Rep. Paul Findley for his efforts to knock out all farm subsidy payments of more than $20,000 a year. At that time Mr. Findley inserted in the *Congressional Record* a list of such recipients by name, state and amount. His amendment passed the House by a vote of 230 to 160. A similar amendment, backed by Findley and Rep. Silvio Conte, has passed in the present session by 224 to 142. The bill now goes to the Senate, where hearings are to be held. The prospect is that the bill will be reported out with the amendment deleted.

That is what happened last year. But this year Findley shrewdly sought a correlation between hunger and farm subsidies, and found it. The new list shows such recipients as James Eastland of Sunflower County, Miss., at $116,978, and other fat-cat farmers. They are aptly called "subsidy men," for what they raise or reap, principally, is subsidies. Many of the counties with the longest lists of fat cats are those without food stamp programs, or any other help for the poor.

Senator Dirksen will of course oppose the amendment. The Administration being opposed, Secretary of Agriculture Hardin is opposed. He is conjuring up dreadful bogies—visions of big growers deciding to give free enterprise a chance, withdrawing from the program, and bringing down the whole agricultural price structure.

They will think twice before embarking on any such course. They may threaten secession from the trough of plenty, but will do so in fact only if they see an advantage. Probably it will not emerge. Besides, there are those who contend that the Secretary of Agriculture has power under existing legislation to maintain the current acreage limitations and the other restrictions on so-called overproduction.

What is significant about the Findley-Conte effort is that they have hooked up hunger, which for a good many people is a basic issue, with the farm subsidy program. So here is another conflict in which the heretofore accepted priorities are being challenged and can continue to be challenged. If the amendment is adopted, Congress might decide to scrutinize farm policy, a thing it has not done for years. The whole $5-billion setup of farm regulation and subsidization needs a going over, and the Findley-Conte approach would be a good beginning.

Victory for a Specter

Los Angeles

At 1:50 in the morning after Mayor Sam Yorty's unexpected re-election victory, Los Angeles City Councilman Thomas Bradley, the loser, stood before 3,000 of his supporters in a Hollywood ballroom. With no attempt to conceal his bitter disappointment, Bradley, the first Negro ever to attempt the race for mayor in this city, said: "We have worked for victory, not for a man but for an idea, not for a partisan victory but a victory for principle." The cheering crowd was silent; certain victory had turned mysteriously into certain defeat.

Bradley continued: "We have tried to prove that the democratic process can work. Never give up that hope. I have lived by that belief all my life, and I will not give up now. This city, this nation, does not begin or end with one man. Keep faith with what we are trying to do."

It was a splendid performance, unrehearsed since defeat was unexpected. Two expert polls, which had pinpointed Bradley's April 1 primary triumph over Yorty, both predicted a Bradley victory in the final election on May 27, although one had hinted of a possible Yorty win. As Bradley spoke, no one could avoid the comparison with Yorty. Two months earlier, the Mayor too had been surprised by election results. In defeat, he stood before the cameras snarling with such anger that even his aides were embarrassed.

At the moment of his rejection, Bradley thought first of the young people who worked for him, the same who had worked for Eugene McCarthy and Kennedy a year ago. He told them: "We have put together a coalition of conscience and concern. We have just begun our journey together. Go home now in an orderly fashion." These soft words, in a time of screaming obscenities, were consistent with the behavior of the man who spoke them. The crowd left quietly.

Why were the polls so accurate in the primary and so wrong in the final election? The huge turnout in May, an unprecedented 75.61 per cent of the city's 1,127,000 voters, brought a surge of white support for Yorty. They did not vote against Bradley the man; he was widely admired. They voted against his color. Three out of four voters in the primary rejected Yorty, but the Mayor's tactics succeeded in reducing the final election to white against black. The division was not entirely on color, for Los Angeles is only 18 per cent black and Bradley came within 55,000 votes of victory. But Yorty was successful enough: when its fears and prejudices were played upon, the nation's third largest city was not ready to replace even an unpopular Mayor with a Negro.

In a calmer time, Los Angeles might have done so, but against the ominous background of a poisonous war, black revolt and campus riots, Yorty stirred old passions and new anxieties. This worked, even though the Los Angeles "establishment," led by the *Los Angeles Times,* opposed the Mayor and supported Bradley. Behind Bradley were political leaders identified with Gov. Ronald Reagan and President Nixon, as well as liberal Republicans like former Sen. Tom Kuchel and Rep. Alphonzo Bell, himself a defeated primary candidate for mayor. Almost to a man, the top state and national leadership of the Democratic Party rallied to Bradley, and many national Republican leaders endorsed him, including Senators Percy of Illinois and Goodell of New York.

But all this was swept aside by the relentless flow of images on the evening news programs: armed students leaving a building at Cornell, James Forman in Riverside Church, sniper fire on a campus in North Carolina and, finally, during the last days of the election, the National Guard in gas masks fighting a pitched battle on the streets of Berkeley with students and "street people."

Yorty invoked the specter of a "racial coalition with left wingers" that was about to take over Los Angeles. He converted Bradley into an ominous symbol of revolutionary turmoil. This strategy, supported by tactics that sometimes exceeded George Wallace's virulent appeals to prejudice, was triumphant, but the cost can only be measured by future events.

Mayor Yorty is not a racist, but politics to him is a form of warfare, and any weapon can be used to avoid defeat. The saddest comment of all about Yorty may be that he is the product of a culture that venerates success, however achieved. Los Angeles today is divided by ugly fears. They must be removed, or Yorty will spend the next four years presiding over a community of bristling antagonisms. The man he must turn to for help is Thomas Bradley, who within hours of his defeat said he was willing. An elegant man. PHIL KERBY

Dumping the Books

Among the Nixon Administration's many proposed cuts in funds for education some of the most severe are in programs for books and libraries. Where the 1970 Johnson budget recommended $134.5 million for libraries, the Nixon budget calls for only slightly more than $46 million. Apparently Under Secretary of HEW John Venneman meant business when he said at a recent budget briefing: "In the context of the total federal program for education, special programs for books and equipment are considered low priority."

The proposed cuts are devastatingly impartial. They hit libraries of all types. The $42 million in the Johnson budget for school library resources, textbooks and other instructional materials for public library programs would be reduced to slightly more than $25 million. The $42.6 million previously budgeted for college and university libraries would be reduced to $23 million. In fact, almost 25 per cent of the recommended reduction in appropriations for activities under the Office of Education would come out of the principal library programs.

Federal support for libraries is a recent phenomenon. The first program of any scope was the Library Services Act of 1956 which helped public libraries extend their services to people in rural and sparsely populated areas. In more recent years the Elementary and Secondary Education Act and the Higher Education Act have assisted schools and colleges to improve education by strengthening library collections. The effects of these funds were only beginning to be felt, and librarians and educators had reason to believe that the success of the programs argued for more rather than less support. They consider it shortsighted in the extreme to reduce federal aid at a time when the libraries of the nation are struggling to keep up with the growth of knowledge and educational institutions are facing their heaviest responsibilities.

In looking for the reasons for this attack on books and libraries it is tempting to cite large causes, such as the demands of the war in Vietnam, the costs of the ABM system, or the actions of campus dissidents. Perhaps these play a part, but it may simply be that we are seeing a return to what in the Eisenhower years the political cartoonist Herblock used to call "The Department of Not-Too-Much Health, Education and Welfare."

ITALY ERUPTS

STORMING THE INSTITUTIONS

TIZIANO TERZANI

Mr. Terzani is foreign correspondent for the political weekly L'Astrolabio *(Rome). He has recently returned to Italy after two years in the United States as a Harkness Fellow.*

Italy is shaken by disorders. Ever optimistic, the big conservative papers and the television commentators pretend not to see it; but while they are reporting "business as usual," the polarization is revealed by the editorials of the extreme Left and Right, which on the same day can say: "The people have had enough" and "The police have had enough."

It is no longer merely a question of dissident students, whose occupations, sit-ins and confrontations have by now become routine (and not only in Italy) but rather of a deep and spreading social unrest which has already produced a series of casualties. Recently, two persons were killed in Battipaglia (Naples) where, in response to the announced closing of a factory, the workers attacked the town hall, the police station and the court, and blocked all roads into the city. For almost two days, Battipaglia was a "liberated area"; then the police fired their guns. A general strike was called all over Italy to mourn the victims. Much the same sort of thing had happened earlier in Avola, a small village in Sicily. There, also, two persons were shot by the "forces of order." Confrontations between strikers and the police are recurrent in modern Italian history, but they have not occurred with such violence and such tragic results since the 1940s.

During the first week of April, the penitentiaries rose to revolt. Protests staged by prisoners in Turin and Milan against inhuman living conditions suddenly developed into major riots, and when the news spread there were risings in a dozen other penitentiaries all over Italy. This outbreak was as unexpected as the unrest within other sectors of Italian society, whose imperturbability nobody would have questioned a short time ago. For example, the judiciary: They are the guardians of "law and order" and yet, at the opening of the judicial year, a group of dissident judges staged a counter-inauguration ceremony in protest against the present organization of their profession. Or take the hospitals: Some months ago, a group of radical psychiatrists "liberated" the wards in a mental hospital of Gorizia. They abolished century-old customs and regulations, and tried to set up a community of patients, doctors and custodians, thus challenging the common interpretation of such institutions as a sort of prison for the socially deranged, with psychiatrists as the guards.

The official political world has responded characteristically to all this. In the matter of the schools, jails, tribunals and hospitals, it has warmed up stale discussions about "necessary reforms"; as for the dead of Avola and Battipaglia, it has raised the depressingly narrow question of whether or not the police forces should go unarmed when quelling demonstrations. These are mere discussions, and intended as nothing more; because what must in fact be done is too much for a government whose precarious stability rests upon a complex Center-Left coalition (Christian Democrats-Socialists), designed primarily to stave off a Left-Right showdown. The overall political situation is unstable and some say that it is prerevolutionary. Nobody, of course, thinks that a revolution in Italy could assume the classical shape of a mob assaulting some Winter Palace; but if Rudi Dutschke's revolutionary theory of the "long march through the institutions" makes any sense, Italy could be the place to prove it.

The changed political and cultural situation of the country has made its institutions obsolete and produced ominous cracks in their structure. People used to pass through these institutions (schools, universities, hospitals, tribunals, jails) along the smooth tracks of their established rules. Today, the users, or if one prefers, the customers, of the institutions have begun to rebel against them, to challenge the quality of their performances, the rules and the authorities under which they operate. Once the students had started the process of desecrating venerated institutions, it spread to teachers, professors, doctors, patients, inmates, lawyers, judges, et al.

The social cohesion has thus been so loosened that one can hardly dismiss the present Italian situation as a passing malaise which a few quick reforms (which incidentally have not yet been announced) could heal. It is more likely the symptom of a profound unbalance within the institutional situation of a society that has not kept pace with the development of some of its most advanced sectors. The universities were the first and are still perhaps the most illuminating example. In Italy, they are still medieval institutions, set up according to a strictly hierarchical system, where in suffocating classrooms the courses taught are largely irrelevant to the problems posed by an advanced society, and in every way inadequate to training for the roles required by it. The same obsolescence affects the entire educational system, and for two years the universities and schools have been in what appears to be an irreversible crisis. Recurrent strikes and demonstrations are fomented by students, teachers and parents alike, and a whole generation of the young is leaving school trained by their daily experiences of defying authoritarianism and no longer prepared to assimilate the traditional values of the established society.

Even institutions which in the past used to mediate social conflicts are somehow losing their authority. Trade union control over workers is weakened and the unions' monopoly in handling grievances of the working class is broken. Strikes are declared without the sanction of the unions and when, as in Battipaglia, union officials try to cool the situation, they are rejected. The same loss of suasion is to be seen in the political parties. The interclass parties, such as the Christian Democrats and now also the

Socialists, are hardly able to control the internecine quarrels among their left-wing and right-wing factions; even the Communist Party faces serious insubordination from its Right and its Left over such events as the invasion of Czechoslovakia and the party's condemnation of Russian intervention.

The Church itself, which for centuries has been one of the pillars of stability, is no longer able to control its progressive forces. A church in Florence became a community organizing center, with its priest explaining the Gospel as an account of the struggle of poor against rich, until the Vatican removed him. The Pope responds with exhortations to observe law and order.

But the movement, the forces of the "extraparliamentary opposition," reaches beyond the schools to various groups of professionals and workers, as well as to large segments of dissident Catholics. The variety of social forces it encompasses determines the variety of ideology and tactics through which the movement manifests itself. Its heterogeneous structure rules out for the time being both the organizational framework and the leadership under which actions within different sectors of society could be planned and coordinated. Its actions have not yet risen above the level of mere protest; the revolutionary forces clash against both the political structure and the institutions, shaking them up, but completely fail to supply substitutes.

Taken altogether, these developments provide an opportunity for the more liberal forces to attempt a modernizing reform of the entire society. Actually, there are forces, such as the economic interests of the big corporations (Fiat, Olivetti, ENI, etc.), pushing in that direction. They are trying somehow to channel the new unrest so as to accelerate the rationalization of the Italian society. The fact remains, however, that even mild reforms are difficult to bring about at a time when, from the top level of government down to what is called the "undergovernment," a very precarious balance can be maintained only by continuous compromises among factions. The government coalition is, in this sense, in a sort of political hibernation.

Among the institutional opposition, the Italian Communist Party (P.C.I.) is doing its best to make use of the unrest. For twenty years the party has played the role of loyal opposition to the government; it repudiated all revolutionary tactics and has accepted the idea that the "Italian national way to socialism" (Togliatti) is the institutional way. Now, after two decades in which it has behaved as a stabilizing factor, the P.C.I. begins to claim a share in power. In the present increasingly unstable situation it maintains, perhaps correctly, that order cannot be restored without its cooperation and the support of the 25 per cent of the Italian electorate it represents. In this sense, the P.C.I. is the political group that has profited most from the tensions created by the protesters. There is a good chance that it will soon participate in an enlarged government, especially as it has responded to the Czech affair by reaffirming its "democracy."

Yet just as probable as the rise of the Communist Party power is the prospect that the right-wing opposition, supported by the military, may attempt a *coup d'état*. This possibility has been a live threat ever since a first attempt became known to the Italian public (the Sifar scandal). In July 1964 the head of the police forces had arranged to take power according to a plan similar to that used by the colonels in Greece (it is said to be the standard blueprint, prepared for all NATO countries).

What seems most unlikely is the indefinite continuation of the present unstable situation. Not that this would be unheard of within the European democracies and particularly in recent Italian history. Today, however, the many forces at work in the different sectors of Italian society are unusually difficult to appease. Something must happen and, as more and more people say, anything can happen.

DEFENSE AGAINST DALEY

'THE CONSPIRACY' ON TRIAL

LARRY DAVID NACHMAN

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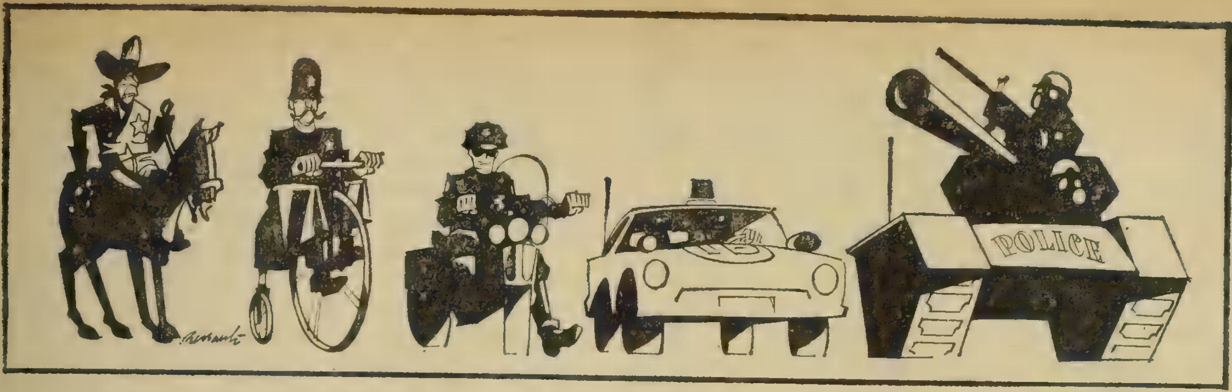
This September, eight prominent activists of the Left, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Lee Weiner, will be put on trial for alleged violation of a new federal conspiracy law. They have been indicted under a section of the Civil Rights Act of 1968 which makes it a felony to "travel in interstate commerce . . . with the intent to incite, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot." The riot which they are accused of having incited, promoted, encouraged, participated in and carried on is, of course, the battle of Chicago. The penalty for conviction could be ten years' imprisonment and a $20,000 fine. The trial, which will coincide with the closing months of the turbulent sixties, may tell us a good deal about what to expect from American political life in the seventies.

The Anti-Riot provision of the Civil Rights Act was aimed at black activists and was based upon the "outside agitator" school of social analysis. The law echoed the refrain of those from troubled cities who, first in the South, then in the North, contended that "their" people were happy and content, that there were no serious local problems, and that all would be well were it not for outside "troublemakers." The tenuity of this argument is reflected in the vagueness of the law which so com-



Renault, Open Forum

1869—To Serve and Protect—1969

pletely separates the intent and the act. Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and no radical, raised this question in a floor speech against the bill when he spoke of a hypothetical civil rights worker who goes South and

> there is a disturbance, not by those who sympathize with him, but by those who are hostile to him. He could be easily charged with having left his state with intent to incite a riot. He really had no such intention, but the facts are against him because he went to that other state and he found there was rioting. He could find himself clapped in jail, this civil rights worker.

It is, nevertheless, not inappropriate that the first case tried under this Act arose from the protests at the scene of the last Democratic National Convention. This decade has seen a dramatic revitalization of American politics. New interests, new visions and new commitments have come into being and drawn more and more people into the political life of the country. Yet the politics that has engaged Americans and created new political forces has not primarily been the politics of the electoral process. From the Birmingham boycott to the Chicago demonstrations, we have seen the growth not only of new political ideas but of a new political realm which has its locus in the streets.

The right to assemble and to demonstrate in public is a necessary part of the democratic process. It provides a means of challenging political institutions when they become unresponsive or dominated by entrenched and coopting political interests. Demonstrations are the principal way to mobilize people who have been forgotten or ignored by those who manage the political system. To those awed or angered by the complexity and impassivity of modern institutions, demonstrations are a means of ending isolation and building community.

Both the importance of the right of assembly and its peculiar constitutional fragility were reflected in Justice Roberts' opinion in *Hague* v. *C.I.O.* (1936):

> The privilege of a citizen of the United States to use the streets and parks for communication of views on national questions may be regulated in the interest of all; it is not absolute, but relative, and must be exercised in subordination to the general comfort and convenience, and in consonance with peace and good order; but it must not, in the guise of regulation, be abridged or denied. . . . [The Jersey City ordinance which was at issue in this case] enables the Director of Safety to refuse a permit on his mere opinion that such refusal will prevent "riots, disturbances or disorderly assemblage." It can thus, as the record discloses, be made the instrument of arbitrary suppression of free expression of views on national affairs, for the prohibition of all speaking will undoubtedly "prevent" such actualities.

The point is that the Court will neither extend a blanket right of unrestricted demonstration nor will it, on the other hand, permit authorities arbitrarily to forbid demonstrations. Thus most large demonstrations take place according to ground rules prearranged by negotiations between demonstration leaders and civil officials. But when the civil authorities wish, on political grounds, to prevent a group from demonstrating, they will give various reasons ranging from interference with traffic to the possibility of a riot. If the demonstration is then carried on without a permit, the police will step in, as they did in Selma, and there will be an "incident." What is particularly interesting is the frequency with which demonstrations are prohibited, not because of what the demonstrators may do but because of what may be done by others to the demonstrators. The Supreme Court in *Edwards* v. *South Carolina* (1963) reversed the conviction of civil rights marchers who refused to disperse after being ordered to do so by municipal authorities, who gave as justification their fear that the protesters would be attacked by a crowd of onlookers. That the Anti-Riot Act did not distinguish between the perpetrator and the victim was seen by Representative Celler who pointed out that:

> Inciting a riot is defined as "instigating other persons to riot." "Instigating" may mean "provoking." Under this bill, if Dean Rusk crossed state lines in order to keep a speaking engagement to defend our policy in Vietnam, but knew that a group of individuals intended to conduct a riotous demonstration if he appeared, he would violate its provisions. . . . It is not at all clear that this bill is intended only to apply to those who inflame others to riot with the speaker—and not to those who take the law into their own hands to suppress a speaker whose views they find abhorrent.

But whether a disturbance is supposed to come from demonstrators or anti-demonstrators, the specter of riot is a typical basis for preventing a demonstration. During the civil rights movement, this excuse was often used by Southern states or municipalities to defend prohibitions against marches. However, in those cases the federal government, if it acted at all, acted on the side of the demonstrators. The threat raised by the federal indictments against the Chicago defendants is that, for the first time in recent years, the federal government is *initiating* action against street demonstrations by political dissidents.

There is no need here to rehearse the events of last August in Chicago. One point perhaps should be made. Criticism of the way Chicago authorities handled the demonstrations has tended to focus on the atrocious and brutal tactics of the police. But the real issue was and remains that the right to demonstrate is not recognized in Chicago. As the Walker report pointed out, the previous spring peace demonstrators had had permit difficulties and when they marched they were brutally attacked by the police. (See "Battle of Chicago" by Joseph L. Sander, *The Nation,* May 20, 1968.) In August, Richard Daley had determined that the only politics that could be carried on in Chicago was the politics of the party machinery. His treatment of dissidents within the convention was much the same as his handling of those in the parks and streets. Established politics is broker politics and one plays by the rules or not at all.

The Chicago defendants have clearly indicated that they understand that the guilt for Chicago belongs to the Mayor and not to the police. They have unanimously decided to provide free legal aid to any policeman indicted in Chicago for improper use of force. (They recognize that such indictments serve to shift the onus away from those who hold political power.)

Should the Chicago defendants be convicted, it would be an open invitation to the Daleys of the nation to come down hard on dissenters. The formula would be to proscribe demonstrations, attack "illegal" demonstrations with sufficient force to give the appearance of a "riot," and then let the federal government come in to charge the leaders of the demonstration with conspiracy. Under such circumstances, Martin Luther King could have been sent to federal prison after Selma.

The government has indicted men who represent virtually all of the varied and disparate strands that together make up the New Left. The political motivation behind the decision to indict them is perhaps best reflected in the fact that Bobby Seale was one of the eight. Seale was not at all involved in the planning or organization of the Chicago demonstrations. It was widely noted at the time that blacks in Chicago were steering clear of the areas in which there were demonstrations. The extent of Bobby Seale's participation was that he came to Chicago and gave two heated speeches. Why Seale? One cannot but suspect that the government has used this opportunity both to "get" Seale and at the same time to exploit the widespread fear of Negro violence by associating a leader of the Black Panthers with the other seven defendants.

There is no denying that conviction of the eight would wound American radicalism deeply. It is of course impossible to predict the outcome of the trial, but what can be said is that trials and appeals do not take place in a political vacuum. What the defendants and their friends and supporters do to create a healthy and sane political climate could have a material effect on the result.

Recognizing that their trial is political in nature, the Chicago defendants have chosen to conduct a political as well as a strictly legal defense. They have determined to call themselves "The Conspiracy," and they wish at their trial to put under examination the root issues which brought them and thousands of others to Chicago last summer, i.e., the war, the military-academic-industrial complex, racism and the unresponsiveness of political institutions. With not too much exaggeration, Rennie Davis says: "We will make this the political trial of the century."

There is little doubt that they have the will and the capacity to carry on a spirited and aggressive defense. The New Left has so far responded to political repression with greater *élan* and less despair and demoralization than the liberal victims of McCarthyism in the 1950s. At the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in recent years, young radicals were able to ridicule and deride the committee and even to exploit it by turning it into a political rostrum. A vivid sense of how far we have come from the early fifties is conveyed by the following response of James Wechsler during his appearance before the McCarthy committee in January 1953:

> the militant and vigorous anti-communism of the *New York Post* . . . has, in my judgment, been more effective in leading people away from communism, Senator, than those who prefer to identify liberalism with communism.

It is not hindsight alone that leads one to see that the real danger of Senator McCarthy was not that he was a less "effective" opponent of communism than the liberals. Indeed, as one reviews the record of the fifties, it is striking to find, as Noam Chomsky and Christopher Lasch have recently shown, the wide area of agreement between the liberals and the Right, who both made anti-communism a fundamental principle of domestic and foreign policy.

All of which raises the question, how will the liberals respond to the coming political repression? This is a critical question since the political climate of the next few years will probably be determined by their response. It is probable that liberals, in politics, in the press, in the universities and elsewhere, will find themselves internally divided by the Chicago trial and by subsequent events like it. Will the liberals, with their commitment to civil liberties, be able to stand by while the conservatives put increasing pressure on the Left? If they do, they will of course help to eliminate the problems raised by the more militant members of the Left. Disruptions would end but so also would demonstrations and a pall would be cast over our political life. The liberals have been warning the Left that the action of the militants would bring about a political repression in America. The question now, to paraphrase Eldridge Cleaver, is will the liberals be part of the problem or part of the solution?

Black Studies: The Real Issue

JOHN HATCH

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Prof. Arthur Lewis is one of the most distinguished black men of this generation. Not only has he taken on white competitors in the academic world and beaten them; he has shown his commitment to Africa by acting as adviser to ex-President Nkrumah, to his own West Indies as vice chancellor of the West Indian University and chancellor of Guyana University. Now a professor at Princeton, he has watched the growth of agitation for black studies in the United States with instinctive sympathy but also with a non-American experience which enables him to view its progress more objectively than those, black and white, who are limited by enveloping American mores.

Professor Lewis recently spoke on the black studies issue at a Princeton dinner. He pointed out that in the Caribbean and African countries, because 99 per cent of the population is black, the objective of black political movements has been to gain control of government, but that in America, with only 11 per cent of the population, blacks can never gain the same goal. On the other hand, American society is dominated by 100 big corporations which exist in and serve an integrated community. Whatever revolutionary changes may take place in America, national life will continue to be dominated by such industrial colossi under some guise. Moreover, America will continue to need doctors, scientists, engineers, accountants, research workers, administrators and the like. The real injustice of American life lies in the fact that only 2 per cent of the top industrial or professional jobs are held by blacks and only 4 per cent of the middle posts. If these percentages are to rise, a larger number of black students must attend universities, and particularly the fifty to sixty leading colleges from which candidates for the highest posts are recruited. Yet if young black students are coerced into concentrating on black studies or into living segregated university lives, they will be denied the opportunity to acquire the knowledge and the social experience to fit themselves for competing with whites at the highest level. As Lewis said, students in Africa have already seen this point. Although most African universities have African study departments, "very few African students waste their time (as they see it) on such studies, when there is so much to be learned for the jobs they will have to do. . . . Only decadent peoples, on the way down, feel an urgent need to mythologize and live in the past. A vigorous people, on the way up, has visions of its future, and cares next to nothing about its past."

My own experience has been similar in some ways to that of Arthur Lewis. I also have taught in Africa, Britain and the United States. In one respect I may have had a deeper experience of American black education, for I have been on the faculty of a black university for five years and have known the ghetto and its schools. And here I would strongly emphasize another point made by Lewis: those who believe that university black studies can overcome the sense of racial inferiority inculcated into black children are deceiving themselves. This process begins at an early age; it cannot be eradicated at the campus stage. If the inferiority complex of blackness is to be removed, the starting point must be to improve the shocking education given to black boys and girls from elementary school onward. Black studies certainly have a place in the schools, a place in revolutionizing American studies so that the contribution of blacks and the injustices meted out to them become part of learning about America's heritage—its true heritage, warts and all. And it is just as important for this to be taught to white as to black children. Meanwhile, the terrible handicap placed on black children by the appalling education given them—often by black teachers badly trained in black colleges, whose professors are similarly victims of the whole vicious circle—should be the major focus of attention for those who wish to destroy discrimination in the United States.

But I fear a deeper danger in some aspects of the current black studies agitation and from the attitudes of some of its proponents than even Arthur Lewis describes. It is ten years since I was banned from South Africa for opposing apartheid. This year, my fifth in America's academic world, I have sensed there a closer approximation to the apartheid spirit than in any society since I was last in South Africa. Apartheid is based on the concept that every different "race" has a separate culture which necessitates separate educational institutions and curricula. (The fact that the apartheid concept has been used to justify political oppression is here irrelevant; the basic principle is what is important, for it induces a mental outlook from which all other consequences arise.) Apartheid is rooted in cultural separatism, its Holy Grail in South Africa the Bantu Education Act which provides for different teaching in segregated institutions for every "racial" group.

Some aspects of the demands I have heard or read from black students on American campuses could have been copied from the words or writings of white South Africans—with the words "white" and "black" transposed. Separate dormitories; black studies for black students taught by black professors from books written by black authors; black student unions, black theatres, even black physics, chemistry, mathematics. This total attitude would be, and no doubt is, warmly welcomed by Mr. Vorster. For the battle in Africa has always been between the African leaders who have preached and practiced nonracism, based on the concept of a single human family, and the southern African white racists who have maintained that skin color determines "race" and that "race" implies cultural difference which should be maintained by separatism. Thus Nyerere, Kaunda, Kenyatta, Nkrumah have always insisted that skin color should never be a qualification for citizenship and have included white citizens in all levels of their states, right up to ministerial status; whereas the South Africans and Rhodesians have imposed separate schools, universities, voting rights, social facilities and, ultimately, separate states.

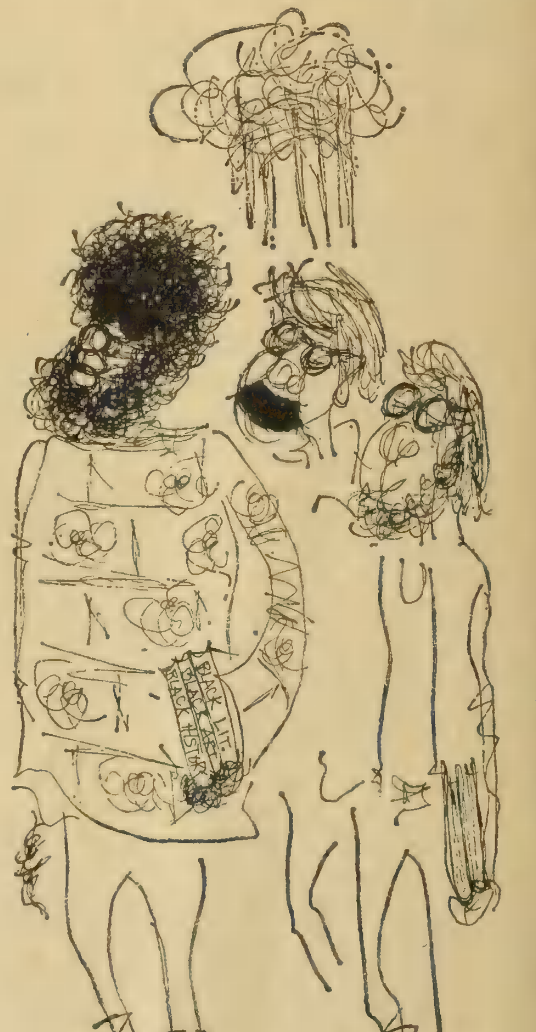
The object of South Africa's educational apartheid is to stop the 80 per cent of the population that is non-European from participating in the country's modern, urban economy. (Of course, it fails, as more and more non-European labor is demanded by industry, but that is beside the point. The Bantu Education Act confines thousands of African children to a curriculum based on tribal culture, and deprives them of the skills essential for participation in the modern world.) That is not the aim of those who agitate for black studies on American campuses; yet if the demand is based on cultural separatism it would have a similar effect. Indeed, as I shall show later, in the American environment, with its much greater emphasis on industrial and commercial success, it could have a far more profoundly traumatic effect.

There seem to me two conflicting concepts in the approach to black studies. They may be illustrated from my personal experience. In 1965 I addressed the student assembly of a "predominantly Negro university" on the subject of African history. I began by facetiously suggesting that it was an anomaly for an Englishman to be emphasizing the importance of African history to an audience composed of Africans. This remark provoked immediate uproar—as was intended. About two-thirds of the black students bitterly resented being called African. This year it is the fashion at the same university to learn Swahili.

Many of us who have been trying to introduce African studies into American universities have been motivated not only by our interest in Africa but also from recognition that a dangerous gap has been left in the cultural heritage which is offered to successive generations of Americans. The history and culture of every immigrant community is included in American teaching except that of the 10 per cent who came from Africa. Of course the history of Africa before the slave trade is not sufficient to fill this gap. What the slaves and ex-slaves have done over the past three centuries needs to be added. But the revulsion of my students from what they imagined as their African legacy as recently as four years ago illustrates the perverted social psychological situation in which American society has been left as a result of the African vacuum. Until recently, African history was thought to be so shaming that African descendants themselves were insulted by being reminded of their origins—and this conception still persists in the majority of Americans. On the other hand, now that African history has so suddenly become fashionable, a great deal of spurious, romantic nonsense is written, taught and believed about peoples who are just as liable to human error and villainy as the rest of mankind.

So African studies take on a special significance to American culture. When the experiences of the slaves and their descendants in America are added they can fill that gap in the American legacy. Americans can begin to understand that Africa contributed to American society just as England, Ireland, Italy, Poland, Germany, Hungary and the rest have done. Black Americans need no longer be ashamed of their origin and white Americans will find the roots of their contempt dug up. But this applies only if Afro-American studies are considered as an essential component of American studies, for black Americans have only an American environment in which to exist. (African studies, though an essential part of Afro-American programs, can of course exist separately, in the same context as any other study of non-American society.) In this light they are just as important to white as to black students. They become an essential element in the teaching of all aspects of American culture from primary school to university, and as such will become socially invaluable to American society.

It is in another concept of such studies that the danger lies—not only for America as a whole, nor sim-



Pat Fink

"He's Trying To Understand Himself—Speaks Nothing But Swahili"

ply for American whites, but most seriously for black society itself. Harold Cruse, in *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, contends that America is a pluralistic society, its ethnic groups all competing with one another. Once this notion of America is accepted, the policies of civil rights' integrationists become irrelevant and diversionary. Black society must follow the example of each of the other ethnic components and fight to establish its own separate nation with sufficient strength to hold its own in the jungle of American pluralism.

From this perspective of American society, black studies become the intellectual armory with whose ammunition black students can lead the assault against the racial battlements which have previously excluded the black nation from the tournament. It is thus that black students at Cornell declare that the purpose of black studies is "to enable black people to use the knowledge gained in the classroom and the community to formulate new ideologies and philosophies which will contribute to the development of the black nation." It logically leads them to demand as part of the black studies program Course 300c, Physical Education: "Theory and practice in the use of small arms and hand to hand combat. Discussion sessions in the proper use of force."

In this context black studies obviously cannot be taught or learned with any degree of academic objectivity. Yet at this point black students find themselves in a dilemma. At UCLA, for instance, and I know of other examples, it is they who demand that equal standards be maintained in the teaching of black studies—but equal to what if not to the academic standards already laid down? The most honest intellectual response I have heard to this is that of Prof. Leonard Doob of Yale, who says that although it is possible to justify an inter-disciplinary degree of the black studies type, if it is to be taught at the same depth as the conventional single discipline it will take five instead of four years.

This reveals the central dilemma of today's black "nationalist"; it could lead to a terrifying trauma for the whole black community. In the first place, the black intellectual is certainly caught in an impossible contradiction. On the one hand, he is expected by black students to provide propaganda for what is often an emotional, irrational agitation. On the other, he has been trained in academic objectivity and has become a member of a color-blind international fraternity. To be forced to choose between the two is tragic. But the dangers go much deeper. For the dilemma faces the whole black community. (It seems to me that at present the majority in that community is standing on the side lines, watching the activities of the young black militant students. It broadly accepts that the liberal civil rights period is over, if only because that has been exposed as dependent on the white man's whim—on whom the white man will admit to his society.) The concept of a black nation competing with the various white nations within a pluralistic America has a certain emotional appeal, especially as it re-creates black dignity. But almost all black Americans have been reared in the values of white America. How then can they compete except in terms of those values? And if they follow this course how can they escape the recognition that white America has made them inferior in such competition by the whole impact of its social action over the past three centuries?

It seems to me that this is where the most profound dangers of the present attitudes are to be seen. If black studies are to fill the vacuum in the American inheritance left by ignorance and prejudice about the African legacy and the Negro contribution it can enrich U.S. society and rid it of its deepest emotional perversion. If, on the other hand, they are to be used as irrational, anti-intellectual ammunition for an introverted concept of a separate black nation they can bring disaster to the black community.

To comprehend the dangers of this introversion one has only to live in the "predominantly Negro" college of today and witness the emotional disturbance taking place among normally stable faculty and students. In one such college an appeal was made to the black students in a neighboring, mainly white, university to drop their demand for black studies so their chances of being accepted in the black college would be improved. And here it is crucial to draw upon social psychology to understand what is happening. The most tragic impact of white racialism on black America was the way in which it led blacks to despise themselves. Because the test of success or failure, virtue and evil, intelligence and stupidity, were all based on white standards—and yet, as there were no others—accepted by the black community, the failure of blacks to succeed in American society implied to them that they were themselves inferior. So the most tragic aspect of American racialism was the self-contempt induced within the black community itself. The authors of *Black Rage*, William Grier and Price Cobbs, both black psychiatrists, explain this, as well as much more of the current dangerous situation:

> Black people feel that white people are smarter. . . . Black racists are fond of recounting the evil genius of the American white man. . . . They have simply reversed the moral value placed on his acts. Now they are evil and perfidious, whereas before they were glorious and enviable. But they continue to be brilliant acts of genius, executed by omniscient men. It is a pity that too many of these voices calling Negroes to blackness still preach a thinly veiled version of white supremacy.

The intellectual consequences of this attitude are equally disastrous. To quote *Black Rage* again:

> Black men hear on all sides that success lies in being like white people, who establish the standard of wisdom. Is it any wonder, then, that this consequence of racial prejudice is deadly to the intellectual flowering of black people? And is it any wonder, then, that in a desperate attempt to avoid it, many latter-day chauvinists adopt an anti-intellectual posture? They fail to see that by this very stance they reveal themselves as victims of the same American creed of white superiority.

And we are certainly seeing a deep well of anti-intellectualism within the movement for black studies—some of it accepted by frightened administrators and emotional faculty.

One of the most valuable elements of the decade of civil rights agitation was the opportunity it gave black people to turn their eyes outside their own community and vent their wrath on their white persecutors. As Grier and Cobbs put it: "Depression and grief are hatred turned on the self. . . . As grief lifts and the sufferer moves toward health, the hatred he had turned on himself is redirected toward his tormentors. . . . When the mourner lashes out in anger, it is a relief to those who love him, for they know he has now returned to health." The danger, then, of the rejection of the civil rights tactic is not that it alienates white liberals but that it may turn the black people themselves back into their introspective inhibitions. This is again bound to be disastrous.

If, as seems certain, a great deal of charlatanry develops within black study programs as untrained faculty are pressed into service or take the opportunity to jump on the bandwagon, black students will find that they have created another institution to emphasize their inferiority, another cause for intellectual derision. And the inclination, already apparent, toward cultural separatism in black studies can only deepen the trauma of self-contempt within a closed community. As Martin Kilson, himself a black professor at Harvard, has put it, unless black studies programs are subject to the same rigorous academic discipline as other departments, they will become "just a kind of revivalist situation where the repetition of the experiences that each black kid has had will give him a sense of cathartic gain or of therapeutic value, but this will not be an intellectual process. It'll really be a kind of group therapy." That is hardly the training for intellectual competition.

It would seem, then, that the benefits which will be brought to the black community by the present agitation for black studies on the campuses of America depend on the degree to which black students withstand the temptations of political propaganda and the false security of cultural separatism, on the vigor with which they insist that black studies be conducted as a legitimate academic exercise, filling the age-old gap in America's inheritance which has caused white and black alike to assume the inferiority of the Afro-American. It will also depend on the intellectual sincerity, the patient understanding, the human relationships of America's campus administrators as, under sometimes physical pressure, they recognize the need for their academic world to express atonement for its participation in American racialism. On these choices will depend whether the rage for black studies leads to a more rational, healthy American society or accelerates the Gadarene flight toward cultural separatism—apartheid.

ALA: NEW VOICE OF LABOR

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Washington, D.C.

The silence at George Meany's AFL-CIO headquarters during the two days when the Teamsters and the Auto Workers were founding the Alliance for Labor Action (ALA) was not merely discretion. It also reflected the shock in the AFL-CIO hierarchy over something happening that wasn't supposed to happen. There are now two major voices of American labor on important political and social issues, and those AFL-CIO factionalists who wanted to live in the disputes of the past have been dragged into a new ball game.

President Nixon's hope that organized labor would support his drive for an ABM system (a reasonable expectation, since the AFL-CIO Council under Meany's domination had given its tacit approval) was destroyed when the ALA—500 delegates representing the two largest and most powerful unions in America—said No. It could have been expected that Walter Reuther would speak out against this escalation of the arms race. The surprise was that the plainest views against the war in Vietnam came from leaders of the Teamsters, whose national image has been that of know-nothing tough guys.

Even the UAW leaders learned something new about Frank Fitzsimmons, who has become "his own man" running the Teamsters in the enforced absence of James Hoffa; about Einor Mohn, the West Coast Teamster whom the AFL-CIO once wanted to run for the union's presidency against Hoffa, and about Dusty Miller, the Southern Teamsters vice president. Their talks punctured the myth that Harold Gibbons was the only Teamster concerned with Big Issues; or that Emil Mazey, of the UAW, was the only top labor leader in America who spoke directly against the war and the military-industrial complex.

Fitzsimmons said bluntly: "This war, the bane and plague of both Democratic and Republican administrations, must be stopped and must be stopped soon. If it is not, its consequences will tear the fabric of America until there is serious doubt that the tear can be mended satisfactorily."

And Fitzsimmons declared further—in marked contrast to Meany's crude hostility toward youth movements—"I, for one, do not believe that the so-called generation gap is something which cannot be bridged. I believe that a constructive and meaningful dialogue can be established with the youngsters if we only take time to talk to them. Just standing back and shaking our heads when they storm a university or when they demonstrate is not enough."

Einor Mohn chided the labor movement for not understanding the youth and for lagging in the fight against discrimination. "It's not hard to get an audience for objectives as noble as these—equal opportunities and equal rights for Americans—yet within my union this idea is not always embraced. We have to look at this question not only from a moral sense but in its economic impact and aspects. If we are not going to set up a training program for young blacks and browns, and come up with language that says we can't, then we are in trouble. . . ."

Mohn reminded his union audience of something else: "I don't believe in violence on the campus, but why do we get so thin-skinned? I remember when it was a high insurance risk to cross a picket line to scab. I also remember a city on the Great Lakes where union members took over buildings illegally for many days. We often here offer platitudes to the younger generation today. We should realize that 50 per cent of them in the next period will be ours, and we've got to help them. And one way to help them is to try to understand."

For good measure, the ALA wrote into its declaration of purposes the determination "to develop policies and carry out programs that will enable the American labor movement to repair the alienation of the liberal-intellectual and academic community and the youth of our nation in order to build and strengthen a new alliance of progressive forces in the broad effort to advance the common good."

Henceforth, it will be harder for the Meany forces to dismiss the "outside world" of youth and the academy with sneers and snorts. Nor can they plausibly dismiss the issues dividing the AFL-CIO and the ALA as merely a matter of Reuther's personality or ambitions. The war, the ABM fight, the ghetto problems, etc., are much bigger than that.

Of course the national press, looking for signs of a bloody fight between the AFL-CIO and the ALA, with rare exception missed the significance of this change of attitude in an important part of the trade union movement toward the social convulsions of the day. So many people were expecting a conference dominated by Reuther that they missed the basic point that this is a coalition of equals. They still fail to realize that men who have directed union growth to more than 2 million members can't be stupid. But it has taken this new alliance to show what human resources the Teamsters really have.

For example, the spontaneous ovation given Mrs. Hermina Traeye of the Charleston, S.C., Hospital Workers and the $25,000 check presented to the strikers don't fit the public image of the Teamsters; nor does the old-fashioned but fiery oratory of Dusty Miller, describing the miseries in the South and the problems of unionizing there. This does not mean that all the Teamsters, or all the Auto Workers have experienced a change of heart, or that a new crusade is about to begin. It does say that the ALA has begun already to project a personality quite different from the "outcast" look of the Teamsters and the UAW separately.

Washington politicians were not slow to see the implications of the ALA policies. Sen. George McGovern came to the conference to congratulate the two top men, Frank Fitzsimmons and Walter Reuther, and welcome the organization into the fight against the war, the ABM and the demand for a cut in the inflated military budget. His views were roundly applauded.

Over private objections made to the Nixon Administration by the AFL-CIO (a crude attempt to play down the role of the ALA), Secretary of Labor George P. Shultz also appeared at the ALA, where he sought unsuccessfully to defend the Nixon program toward agricultural workers' organizing drives. He was cordially received but was again told that the agricultural workers must be given full legal rights to organize within an NLRB setup—a stand taken also by the AFL-CIO.

The real importance of Shultz's appearance was its indication that under Nixon's Republican sway, Meany's easy access to the White House is over. Both for reasons of conflicting convictions and because of the new power relationships between the AFL-CIO and the ALA, the technique of "clearing it with George," will hardly work satisfactorily either for the White House or for the union movement. Walter Reuther is no longer an isolated "dissident" nor are the Teamsters beyond the pale.

The ALA is not a new social force, or new unionism. As Fitzsimmons stressed time and again, it doesn't need or want to be either of these things. It does seek to invigorate the union movement. It will have political and organizational muscle useful to unorganized workers, notably the agricultural workers and the workers in the South. Its annual budget of about $4.5 million will be administered by a ten-man executive committee, with Reuther and Fitzsimmons as co-chairmen.

Any union organizer will tell you he'd much rather have the backing of the Teamsters and the UAW than any other group. This is not the least of the reasons why the building trades have so assiduously maintained relations with the Teamsters, even when Meany was casting James Hoffa's forces into purgatory. The ALA's program for low-cost housing may put it in conflict with some building trades unions. Fitzsimmons recently told a building trades conference that they have to change some of their policies, including the apprentice programs. He was not booed, as was George Romney at the national building trades conference. Taking on the Teamsters is a little tougher than taking on a politician.

At many union gatherings these days, standard procedure is to hand-pick a Negro spokesman who will praise labor's role in opposing discrimination, and denounce black extremism. The ALA offered a refreshing change. At the evening banquet, Whitney Young, Jr., gave a persuasive analysis of the conflicting political tendencies among black people. He dissociated himself from "non-ngeotiable" campus demands, but reminded the unionists of the many times they had presented "non-negotiable" demands without expecting anybody to take them at face value or to refuse to negotiate. Young welcomed the formation of the ALA, told the audience they should give more money and organizational support to the Hospital Workers, and pointedly emphasized the huge gap between white labor and the black community. "If you have trouble explaining back home how come you listened to me, just remember I'll have even more trouble in the ghetto explaining why I spoke here. We both have a job to do." It was an impressive speech and very well received.

Of course, there were some strains among the secondary leaders at the ALA's birth. Some Teamster officials are unhappy about being allied with the Big Talker—"all brains, no guts"—as Reuther was sometimes referred to in private. And some UAW leaders have doubts about some of the Teamsters; the shadow of Hoffa remains. But most UAW representatives at the conference found it at least as comfortable to be with the Teamsters as with the building trades people in the AFL-CIO. And it was a good feeling to have the 2-million-member Teamsters as an ally. Even with the unspoken doubts, most delegates recognized that the top leaders are seeking to replace the wide public impression that labor is an example of "entrenched success," with the image of a dynamic union movement concerned with the underdogs of society, the Negroes, the poor whites, the Mexican-Americans and the unorganized, lowly paid workers, North and South. There were no resolutions of self-praise or obsequious speeches directed toward the leaders at the ALA meeting. Past glory was recognized as an insufficient credential for leadership today.

Both Reuther and Fitzsimmons showed an understanding of the limited nature of their alliance, the pitfalls and areas still to be explored. Meany is going to reconsider the AFL-CIO's withdrawal from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. As soon as a face-saving formula can be worked out, the AFL-CIO will be back. The ALA is deliberately vague about its plans, if any, in this area, and for the time being the UAW will continue to follow its own best judgment. Nor is there any clear-cut commitment on political action. Both unions will try to work together and with other unions where possible. There are, thus, unresolved questions. But after one year of serious and frequent private conversations, the most important leaders in the ALA have a firm sense of where they want to go. In a world of accidents, of social change and convulsions, it would be idle to speculate on how the alliance will look a year from now, but the trend toward a livelier, less monolithic union movement is visible.

Lane Kirkland, Meany's administrative assistant, whom the AFL-CIO selected to replace William Schnitzler as secretary-treasurer of the Federation, is a very competent executive whose quiet personality and coolheaded objectivity are in sharp contrast to Meany's virtriolic emotionalism at the mere mention of the name Reuther. This suggests the possibility that differences between the ALA and the AFL-CIO may focus more on issues involved than on the personality conflicts which so painfully characterized the disputes of the past.

TAX REFORM

MOVES TO PATCH THE LOOPHOLES

W. DAVID SLAWSON

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On April 21, one day before his subordinates at the Treasury were scheduled to testify on the subject to the House Committee on Ways and Means and only a few weeks after he had said that he would not make any major tax proposals until 1970, President Nixon announced his "important first steps in tax reform" at a press conference called for the purpose. His unexpected action placed the leadership of both parties behind tax reform and thereby gave the nation its first opportunity for a truly significant change in its tax laws since World War II.

Credit for the opportunity does not belong exclusively to the new President; in 1966, President Johnson directed the Treasury to prepare proposals and background studies for reform. The Treasury submitted its report in the spring of 1967, but by then Mr. Johnson had decided to concentrate on urging Congress to enact a tax surcharge as a weapon against inflation, and the reform proposals were ignored. A small group of Treasury officials and interested Congressmen nevertheless continued to work behind the scenes. A rider attached to the tax surcharge bill called upon the Administration to prepare tax-reform "studies and proposals" for presentation to Congress by the end of 1968.

His hand thus forced, Mr. Johnson ordered the earlier Treasury proposals updated and submitted them to Congress, without comment, on December 31. They were at first also ignored by the incoming President, but were taken up by Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, who began holding hearings on them this spring. The hearings greatly contributed to a ground swell of popular and Congressional support which had been gaining momentum all winter until, by

April 21, President Nixon had either to act or see his opposition on the Hill take control and receive the political credit.

Whatever motivated them, the Nixon proposals merit support. They go only a short way toward solving some immense problems, but that would be far more than the last two Democratic Presidents were able to accomplish, or than President Johnson was even willing to suggest. More important, they serve to align the Nixon Administration, at least in substantial part, behind the earlier Treasury proposals now being considered in the House, and those proposals are quite good indeed. Tax reform of some kind seems a distinct possibility.

The President's proposals can best be viewed against the inequities they are designed to correct. The first, a "low income allowance," is a system of deductions which would eliminate income taxes entirely for the *very* poor (families of four with incomes of less than $3,500, for example) and students working part time, and give some relief to the elderly and handicapped. The income levels at which federal taxes currently become effective were set back before World War II, when a family of four might have lived at least decently on $3,500 a year. An adjustment of the kind proposed is long overdue.

A second proposal would liberalize deductions for moving expenses. Its principal beneficiaries would be rising young executives in national corporations, who are moved frequently and far at company expense—though without benefit of as much tax relief as they might deserve—but everyone who moves will obviously benefit as well.

Under existing law, a taxpayer who receives both taxable and excludable income can take all his personal deductions against the former and so gain a double benefit from the exclusion. Interest on funds borrowed to purchase securities on which a capital gain is realized, for example, may be deducted in full against the half of the capital gain which is taxable, thus allowing much more than half of it to escape tax. A third reform proposal would require that such deductions be allocated between taxable and excludable income.

Existing tax law allows farmers to deduct expenses, even of a long-term capital nature, in the year in which the taxes are paid—that is, to operate on a simple "cash basis"—and, sometimes, to pay only a capital gains tax on whatever receipts they realize from the sale of their plants or livestock in the years after the expenses are incurred. The two privileges can be combined to the substantial advantage of taxpayers with large amounts of nonfarm income. Such a taxpayer, for example, can buy a dairy herd (which he may never see), deduct its expenses against his high nonfarm income, and realize the gains from sale in a subsequent year when his income may be less and when the gains will be taxable only at the much lower capital-gains rates anyway. Another reform proposal would deny such farm deductions against nonfarm income in excess of $5,000 per year, unless the taxpayer were willing to follow normal accrual procedure for all his farm transactions—the justification being that anyone with sizable nonfarm income presumably has the sophistication not to need the privilege of simple "cash-basis" accounting. Probably in deference to the farm bloc, however, the proposal is silent on the other leg of the abuse. There is no more justification for farmers to receive capital-gains treatment on their dairy cattle than there is, say, for a truck manufacturer to enjoy it on the sale of his trucks, and the special treatment for farmers is doubly unjustifiable because it significantly benefits only the small percentage whose incomes are high enough to be taxable, otherwise, at the highest ordinary-income rates.

A proposal with the nickname "LTP" (for "limitation on tax preferences") is the Nixon answer to the furor created by the Treasury's disclosure that many taxpayers with very high incomes pay no tax, or only a token tax, because they qualify for so many gimmick deductions that their income for tax purposes is near zero.

However, LTP is itself another gimmick. It derives from the Treasury's original and sound idea for a "minimum income tax," which would have required everyone to pay at least as much tax on half their income as they would pay without any of the gimmick deductions. The Nixon version uses the same approach, but, among other limitations which reduce it to near impotence, fails to require reinclusion of the two most important deductions: capital gains and interest on municipal bonds are left outside the scheme, as tax free as ever.

When asked to explain the omission of municipal bond interest, Administration officials first replied that the Justice Department had raised questions of constitutionality. Whatever may have motivated those questions, it cannot have been any real legal doubts. Supreme Court decisions have long since made clear that private income from state and municipal sources is subject to federal tax just as much as private income generally. An explanation later offered was that taxing the interest on such bonds, even to the limited extent involved in a "minimum income tax," would jeopardize federal-state and federal-local relationships. That explanation at least makes sense, since state and local governments would, of course, have to pay higher interest rates to offset the effect of imposing a federal tax. But studies show that the federal government could impose its tax, subsidize the higher state and local interest payments and still come out much ahead. The source of the Administration's refusal to include municipal bond interest in its proposal is now known to have been Attorney General Mitchell, whose private practice was primarily as an attorney for the issuers and purchasers of such bonds.

Still another proposal deals with trusts. They are now taxed at the same rates as individuals, so that a taxpayer seeking to transfer income-producing property can avoid taxes by putting it in trust for years, where it will be taxed at essentially the rate an individual would pay if that were his sole source of income, and let the trust distribute the property with its accumulated income to the recipient afterward. Existing law sometimes allows the donor and recipient thus to escape entirely paying the greater tax the latter would have had to pay on a direct transfer of the property, and in all cases limits the recipient's tax liability to the tax difference for the five years preceding the property's distribution. The reform proposal is to eliminate both the five-year limit and the technicalities which sometimes allow the recipient to escape paying the tax differential entirely.

The law on deductions for gifts to charity is subjected to several proposals, designed to decrease the extreme tax benefits for lower-income givers. The rules applicable to private charitable foundations would be tightened, to restrict the extent to which the creator or his family could continue to control them for his or their private (and tax-free) benefit. The application of normal taxation to businesses operated by clubs and societies but not substantially related to the services they perform for their members would be extended to similar unrelated businesses operated by churches and social-welfare organizations, and the investment income of clubs and societies would be made subject to tax.

Three proposals deal with the corporate tax. Since a corporation is taxed only 22 per cent on its first $25,000 of income and 48 per cent on the rest, it pays handsomely to spread a single business enterprise among as many corporations as possible. Grocery chains, for example, may form a different corporation for each of 1,000 or more stores. Present law permits such spreading, subject to a token tax penalty of only $1,500 per additional corporation. The first proposal would eliminate this loophole by, in effect, taxing as a single corporation all corporations which are subject to control by substantially the same group of shareholders. The second would eliminate a technicality on mineral "production payments" through which about $200 million in taxes now escape payment each year. The third would eliminate the 7 per cent investment credit, which at present allows corporations a credit against their tax of 7 per cent of what they invest in depreciable property other than depreciable real estate. This proposal is not so much a reform as an attempt to fight inflation by dampening investment. As such, it would be of questionable efficacy.

One difficulty is that it would be effective only selectively, and not always with the selection one might wish. The credit does not apply to, and so its elimination would not affect, investment in real estate; nor would elimination do anything to dampen corporate growth by investment in nondepreciable intangible items such as heavy advertising. Even in the areas to which the credit applies, its elimination would have little anti-inflationary effect in the short run because corporate investment plans are normally made months or even years in advance and cannot easily be turned off in response to a quick change in tax consequences. And in the long run, the effect on corporate investment would probably be eliminated by the ability of corporations to pass on to consumers their resultant higher taxes in the form of higher prices. Both theory and history indicate this result. Corporation income taxes today (state taxes included) exceed 50 per cent, yet the ratio of corporate after-tax income to corporate investment—i.e., the corporate rate of after-tax profit—is still almost exactly the same as it was in the twenties, when corporate taxes were so low as to be negligible. If elimination of the credit served any anti-inflationary purpose at all, it would be only in the "middle run"—if any exists—between the time span of corporate planning and the time span for passing on taxes in the form of higher prices, and by the time that "middle run" comes around in, say, a year or so, the inflationary picture may have changed entirely. The net result of the proposal may therefore be simply to increase corporate taxes and thereby raise prices, a result no different from, and hence just as regressive as, the imposition of a sales tax. The poor, whose incomes are spent almost entirely on the kinds of goods and services which would be hit by such a price increase, would end up paying the cost.

The only other proposal of note in the Presidential package is a technical one designed to remove a tax advantage now enjoyed by the huge corporate conglomerates, which enables them to pay more for businesses that they acquire and so stimulates their acquisition activity. The proposal would have its intended effect (which would not be nearly enough, however, to stop the growth of conglomerates), but it is subject to serious question on the merits. It is my opinion, at least, that the tax advantage it seeks to remove—the deductibility of interest paid on bonds in certain situations—is one which businesses other than conglomerates can also avail themselves of in comparable circumstances, and so ought either to be removed entirely or left alone.

Although subject to serious criticism, the Nixon proposals have value. The road to tax reform has been blocked so often that one can hardly afford to scoff at what, after all, would be far more than President Kennedy was able to accomplish or than President Johnson even proposed. But the time *may* be ripe for achieving more. The December 31 Treasury proposals, rather than the proposals of the President, are providing the principal focus for the current hearings of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and Chairman Mills has let it be known that he does not intend to limit the committee's recommendations to what the President wants.

Among the many Treasury proposals which are superior to those of the President, or which the President chose not to support at all, three are especially important. The Treasury's "minimum income tax" would constitute a real, not fraudulent, step toward tax equity by imposing an alternative tax equal to the tax which would ordinarily be paid on one-half of one's income if certain very important exclusions from income were added back in—specifically, interest on municipal bonds, percentage depletion in excess of cost, the normally excluded half of capital gains, and appreciation on property given to charity. A second Treasury proposal would tax the appreciated value of property which is given away to noncharitable recipients or which is still held by the owner at the time of his death. A third would combine the now separate taxes on estates and on gifts during life into a single "transfer tax" and, in the process, greatly simplify and tighten the two taxes' provisions.

Should Congressman Mills's committee decide to report out the last mentioned Treasury proposal, however, it would do well to eliminate a qualification on one of its provisions which would effectively cancel it. Under existing law, trusts lasting more than a generation can pass an interest from one generation to the next entirely without tax, on the theory that an interest in a trust is not transferred at all, but is, rather, "extinguished" and "created anew" each time a member of one generation dies and a member of the next generation takes his place. The Treasury would tax the passing of such trust interests like any other gift or estate transfer, but only for trusts created after the reform was adopted. Since by the Treasury's own statistics, *almost all* family trusts in estates of $2 million or more are of the generation-skipping variety, this means, in effect, that at least *another full generation* of the very rich will be assured of immunity from estate or gift tax, and if history is any guide at all, we can be sure that by the time this particular reform catches up with the second or third generation of heirs (by the year 2000, perhaps?), a new generation of Wall Street lawyers will have found a new gimmick to beat it. The lack of need for the qualification can be seen from the fact that the beneficiaries of these trusts are, or will be, in no worse position relative to a change in the tax laws than are those who have or will receive property free of trust—in either case, the heirs will receive property or income from property which they can enjoy during their life and which will, or should be, subject to whatever transfer taxes are in effect when they die. If the Treasury's notion that every property disposition has a vested right to be taxed only in accordance with the tax laws in force at the moment of its creation were applied across the board, every parcel of property would have its own set of tax laws and some property would still be taxable in accordance with the laws of the Presidency of William McKinley!

The real shortcoming of both sets of proposals is not that they would imperfectly accomplish the reforms they propose, but that they fail even to attempt the most important reforms. First and most obviously, nothing (except the Treasury's "minimum income tax," which would have a partial effect) has been proposed to eliminate or reduce oil and gas depletion allowances or similar allowances for other minerals, or the related privileges of deducting "intangible" drilling expenses. Government-sponsored studies have predicted that the elimination of these privileges for oil and gas alone, even assuming no compensating price or cost adjustments by the industry, would yield, conservatively, an additional $1.6 billion revenues per year. The assumption of no compensating adjustments is extremely conservative; the additional revenues which would actually be received would probably be twice that much, or about $3 billion. Also conspicuously absent are proposals to eliminate the broad and unjustifiable "tax shelters" at present available for investments in real estate. These are complicated—so complicated, in fact, that the results of eliminating them can only be vaguely guessed—but they derive principally from the real estate investor's ability to deduct about twice as much depreciation for tax purposes as actually occurs in the initial years and then resell his property and report the difference between the resale price and his artificially reduced basis as capital gains, taxable at less than half ordinary rates.

The documents passed to Congress by the Treasury on December 31, however, contain "studies" of the economic implications of a repeal of the depletion allowance and the deduction for intangible drilling costs on the oil and gas industry and of a repeal of the special tax privileges for real estate. Needless to say, both studies carry clear implications that repeals would be desirable, and both are sufficiently well reasoned and factual to supply ample ammunition for Congressional committees or anyone else choosing to make use of them. Chairman Mills recently let it be known that he favors action to cut back the depletion allowance even if the President should oppose it—though Mills apparently would not support, let alone propose, action to eliminate the allowance entirely.

But the omission which dwarfs all others is the failure of the proposals to include any thoroughgoing revision of the tax treatment of capital appreciation. Much the larger portion of the wealth of the very wealthy in the United States is gained not from earnings (salaries or wages) but from property, and the larger portion of that is gained not in immediate cash (rents, dividends, interest, etc.) but in the growth in value of the property concerned—so-called "capital appreciation." The two major sources of capital appreciation are corporate stock and real estate. Upward of $600 billion of corporate stock is held by or for individuals, and all but a fifth of it is held by or for the richest 1 per cent of the population. From 1950 through 1964 it averaged 6.5 per cent appreciation per year in book value (a fair measure of stable, long-term growth) and better than 11 per cent per year in market value. Book value growth since 1964 has been at an even faster pace. From this source alone, therefore, the richest 1 per cent receive income of upward of $30 billion a year. Under present law, this income produces only about $1 billion in tax—a rate of only 3.3 per cent despite the income's being received by persons most of whom are (or should be) in the 70 per cent bracket. Comparable figures for real estate do not exist, but if we disregard occupant-owned homes on the ground that they are not primarily investments, the amounts, concentrations and rates of tax would probably be found to be similar. The failure of the income tax to reach this income makes a mockery of the tax's pretensions of being progressive, that is, of taxing the rich more, proportionately, than the poor. In fact, when capital appreciation is taken into account, the rich pay a *much lower* proportion of their income in tax than do any of the rest of us except the really poor.

Appreciation is taxed so lightly because under existing law it is not even considered to be income unless and until the property is sold. Since most such investment property is never sold but is held until death and then bequeathed to an heir, most of it escapes tax entirely. Moreover, that which is sold and taxed, is taxed at an especially low rate which never exceeds 25 per cent. The one aspect of this situation which the Treasury proposals at least would correct, even partially, is the failure to assess a tax at death or when the property is given away during the owner's lifetime. The Treasury would consider such transfers as "sales" for tax purposes unless they were made to charity. That correction is important, but it would still leave property owners with a lifetime's free use of income most of which, if they had earned it as salary or wages, would have had to have been paid as tax, and it would still leave them paying only at the low rate of 25 per cent or less.

Any such immense omission from the income tax might be thought to have elicited a great deal of controversy, but this one has not, because the tax law's failure even to consider appreciation as income has led or allowed most tax commentators to leave it out of account entirely. It is common to read even in reputable comments, for example, that not much more revenue could be obtained even if the richest 1 per cent were taxed at 100 per cent of their income, because their total annual income left after tax at current rates is only something like $1 billion or $2 billion a year—but unbeknownst to the reader, "income" in such statements carries the highly artificial and exclusive meaning which has been attached to it by the tax laws. If the *real* income—including appreciation—of the richest 1 per cent were taxed even at, say, 50 per cent, the additional revenue would be more than $15 billion from corporate stock alone, plus something comparable from real estate and other appreciable property. Put another way, including such income within the scope of the income tax would, conservatively, increase existing revenues of $75 billion by almost half—or would allow rates to be reduced almost a third for everyone.

But even a clear-eyed attempt to include this kind of income in the income tax would encounter difficulties. Appreciation may be hard to measure in the absence of an actual sale, or taxing it may discourage investment and so slow the growth of the economy. That neither difficulty is conclusive in all situations, however, can be seen from two examples: publicly traded stock has a market value which can easily be ascertained with or without an actual sale, and the large corporations which issue it make their investment decisions essentially without regard to their stock's tax status; and land, whether unimproved or underlying improvements, has a value which appraisers can fix at least approximately, and although investment in land *would* be discouraged by taxing its increased value, discouraging that kind of "investment" would not slow the growth of the economy because the mere holding of land for profit (which for this purpose must be sharply distinguished from the building of improvements on it) makes no contribution to economic growth and, indeed, often hinders it.

The income tax laws *could* feasibly be adapted to include much, probably most, of the appreciation which now escapes tax. That which could not feasibly be included should, if we are to have a fair tax system, be subject to special treatment under some other kind of tax. Some Western European countries apply a capital or "worth" tax of some small per cent per year for that purpose, and there seems no reason why a similar scheme could not be adopted here. Or, wealth not feasibly reachable by the income tax might be subjected to an especially high estate-tax rate, so that its recipient would at least be restricted in his ability to pass on the same, privileged tax-free status to his heirs.

The Nixon proposals differ principally from the Treasury proposals in their failure to include any steps toward placing a fairer share of the tax burden on capital appreciation. The conclusion seems inescapable that they were drafted with the intention not to disturb the large holders of the nation's accumulated wealth. Even the steps the Treasury proposes to take in this direction are far from enough, given the immensity of the problem, but they are probably as much as we can realistically hope to achieve at this time.

The Nixon proposals deserve support as the bare minimum that ought to be done. The Treasury proposals, plus Chairman Mills's suggestions to reduce the percentage depletion allowance, deserve wholehearted support, as the best general program for reform offered in this generation, if not in this century. But no one should lose sight of the fact that in the long run still more fundamental reforms are necessary if the burdens and benefits of the nation's economy are to be fairly shared by all.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 746)

other over the few jobs available; the increasing desire of Americans to avoid (for the wrong reasons) more international adventures, thereby eliminating military *and* nonmilitary markets for production . . . and on and on.

The Administration could take even more measures to prevent our next depression by dealing with the international realities of Cuba and China, for purely selfish reasons of trade, if not for moral reasons. It could double postal employees immediately (as proposed by CORE, I believe) and fulfill a perfectly legitimate function of making our service more efficient and as an incidental benefit (since we must not dare smack of socialism) putting people to work *before* they go bankrupt or desert families. There are legions more suggestions, coming from all sorts of groups . . . but I despair that governments are *ever* responsible in advance of crisis.

But I must say, it's nice to read that others will not be surprised when the inevitable happens. Please thank Mr. Tanzer for me. I always enjoy reading things that I have "always said." *Barbara J. Rios*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Marcuse: Ferment of Hope

AN ESSAY ON LIBERATION. *By Herbert Marcuse. Beacon Press. 91 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

PETER CLECAK

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Post-World War II American Marxist critics inherited a magnificent though apparently anachronistic revolutionary tradition. Plagued by memories of earlier political defeats, they were isolated in a hostile society which neither fit previous theoretical formulations nor responded to the feeble "revolutionary" politics of tiny sectarian parties. Although most critics merely *condemned* the drift toward a depressingly stable garrison state, a few, notably Paul Baran, Paul Sweezy, C. Wright Mills, and Herbert Marcuse revived the Marxist tradition by attempting to *explain* the distinctive shapes of postwar American capitalism.

But the very few comprehensive analyses by independent Marxists consistently illuminated the blind alleys of radical politics. And hence the vision of human liberation which animated Marxist theory and politics for more than a century once again turned into a mocking dream beyond American history—and perhaps beyond world history. For in the late 1950s, the shock of de-Stalinization and the Soviet intervention in Hungary demoralized those who had persisted in their belief that the USSR would gradually build a morally and politically defensible socialism while it helped the underdeveloped countries break out of their cycle of backwardness. Betrayed in Europe, arrested in the underdeveloped world, and virtually abandoned even as an idea in the United States, socialism ceased to be "scientific" and lapsed into its original utopian status—no longer a hope but a bitter memory.

In the early 1960s, a counter-theme of hope paralleled the dominant mood of radical despair. As the Sino-Soviet split deepened, the locus of the Socialist vision shifted from the USSR toward Cuba, China and Vietnam which seemed to preserve the germinal idea of "Socialist man" by resisting a stratified society committed mainly to the pursuit of affluence. The concept of human liberation through world revolution was invested with a fresh content: diverse forces ranging from the Cuban Revolution and the Chinese Cultural Revolution to the nascent revolutionary movements in the underdeveloped world and the student movements in Europe were all arrayed against the principal enemy of American imperialism. A curious assortment of critics and activists—including Frantz Fanon, Fidel, Che, Mao, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Stokely Carmichael, Régis Debray and Herbert Marcuse—formed an international revolutionary set. And in the United States, the radicalization of elements of the black movement, as well as the emergence of a new generation of middle-class radicals unencumbered by the past, provided domestic confirmation of the apparent thaw in the frozen historical dialectic.

Herbert Marcuse has reflected and intensified these nodal points of despair and hope in his major works, though he has often lagged behind dominant radical moods. From *Eros and Civilization* (1955) through *An Essay on Liberation* (1969), Marcuse has evolved a comprehensive "critical theory of society" which embraces his own shifting attitudes toward the potentialities for world revolution and the creation of a genuinely free global community. In *Eros and Civilization*, published during the most dormant period of cold-war radicalism, Marcuse moves easily in a "universe of discourse" whose expansive boundaries are defined by *historical* rather than *political* potentialities. Using a variety of perspectives drawn principally from Hegel, Freud and Marx, he brilliantly synthesizes Freud's later metapsychology with Marxian historical perspectives, concluding that a human community freed from "surplus repression" can be built on a technological base. In Marcuse's theoretical projection, Freud's perpetual dialectic of civilization in which repression and sublimation constitute the price of progress is redefined as historical and therefore transient.

One-Dimensional Man, his main work of the early 1960s, shifts the emphasis from the possibilities of liberation to the inhibiting structure and organization of "advanced industrial society." Here we encounter the fundamental irony in Marcuse's theoretical framework: the failure of this society to "materialize values," to embody its vast potentialities for "ameliorating" life in social practice. Following Marx, Marcuse assumes that historical development—at least in the West—is essentially a battle against scarcity to "pacify" human existence; it is man's collective struggle within and against nature to overcome the material scarcity which sustains obvious forms of misery—starvation, disease, ignorance, brutality and alienated labor. Though progressive, the war against nature is, for Marcuse, "progress in domination," a mixture of historically necessary and adventitious sacrifice of human and material resources.

Through science and technology, the advanced capitalist societies of the West have achieved the material prerequisites for eliminating physical oppression, and hence the *preconditions* for psychological, moral and spiritual liberation. Despite actual and anticipated gains in productivity, however, the societies remain repressive. Instead of using affluence to diminish the sphere of alienated labor and to expand the realm of genuine freedom from the material and psychological repression of previous social orders, "advanced industrial society" uses its increasing wealth to tie people of all classes to a Sisyphean cycle of needless work and enervating leisure. Individuals "preconditioned" by their role in the processes of production and consumption adopt the "false needs" and values of an irrational society.

This identification of individual and social needs reduces—even cancels—the possibility of effective opposition and hence precludes a "qualitative" social change, a leap from a repressive to a liberated social order.

The concepts of "freedom," "democracy," "pluralism" and the "open society" become rhetorical decoration, emptied of their previous meaning and power to assist in the "pacification of human existence."

Marcuse's investigation of contemporary society leads him to a seemingly unsolvable paradox: "There is," he observes, "no ground on which theory and practice, thought and action meet." Of course, not everyone has been swallowed up by the affluent society. There remains a "substratum of the outcasts and outsiders, the exploited and persecuted of other races and other colors, the unemployed and the unemployable," whose "opposition is revolutionary even if their consciousness is not." But according to Marcuse, the possibility that the traditional intellectual head and the proletarian heart of Marxian theory will take on revolutionary life is remote—"nothing but a chance." His "critical theory of society" therefore "possesses no concepts which could bridge the gap between the present and its future; holding no promise and showing no success, it remains negative." Marcuse concludes the pessimistic dirge by quoting Walter Benjamin: "It is only for the sake of those without hope that hope is given to us."

It is hard to imagine a more pessimistic prophecy. The very aim of Marcuse's critical theory seems subverted, for the principal function of his dialectical theory is to contribute to revolutionary change by identifying "the historical alternatives which haunt the established society as subversive tendencies and forces." But since "values attached to the alternatives" do not "become facts" until "they are translated into reality by historical practice," the theoretical alternatives divorced from a radical politics lose their haunting power. Thus Marcuse sets out to offer an account of how previously utopian goals have become historically possible, only to end by revealing the anatomy of a society apparently capable of arresting and containing these historical possibilities.

An Essay on Liberation provides a mildly optimistic footnote to Marcuse's previous articulation of radical despair. Using the theoretical matrix of *One-Dimensional Man*, he defines and explores the historical "alternative" to the "global domination of corporate capitalism." The underdeveloped Socialist countries, the guerrillas in the neo-colonial world, the ghetto dwellers in the American metropolis, and the international student movement form component parts of the "alternative," since each participates in the "Great Refusal" to submit to the "continuum of repression." Marcuse argues that even though "none of these forces *is* the alternative," they define the limits of the established societies and create a "space, both physical and mental, for building a realm of freedom which is not that of the present."

To justify his mild optimism, Marcuse must work out of the impasse of *One-Dimensional Man* by demonstrating that his dialectical theory makes the historically possible utopian goals of liberation politically plausible in a world largely dominated by American capitalism. Marcuse concedes that a revolution in America presupposes a severe economic stroke, a possibility outlined briefly (and unconvincingly) toward the end of the essay. And he also accepts the traditional Marxist concept of the working class—old and new—as the historical agent of revolutionary change in the "metropoles." But at present, the working class cannot generate significant opposition from within, since it is bound physically and mentally to the *status quo*: Revolution presupposes liberation and liberation presupposes revolution. Marcuse solves—or at least softens—this paradox by introducing a free agent into his otherwise determined, anti-revolutionary system. He defines a new subjective dimension of opposition in the "diffused rebellion among the youth and the intelligentsia." The "student movement" becomes "the ferment of hope in the overpowering and stifling capitalist metropoles. . . ."

THE POEM

Out of continued striving
have I fashioned this.
Out of the indefinable,
its attentiveness,
yes, its embrace.

But I must add:
cold collisions,
humming, humming,
and an empty bed.

ARTHUR GREGOR

The essay works toward a definition of the subjective basis of the new opposition and toward a demonstration of its objective, that is, political functions in advanced industrial society. Marcuse begins by laying a biological foundation for socialism, arguing that "the radical change which is to transform the existing society into a free society must reach into a dimension of the human existence hardly considered in Marxian theory—the 'biological' dimension in which the vital, imperative needs and satisfactions of man assert themselves. Inasmuch as these needs and satisfactions reproduce a life in servitude, liberation presupposes changes in this biological dimension, that is to say, different instinctual needs, different reactions of the body as well as the mind." This theoretical construction involves nothing less than the emergence of a "new man" (Marcuse's analogue to "new man" theories in the Socialist world).

The trend toward synthesizing sexual and political rebellion in the student movement confirms the biological basis of a genuinely revolutionary consciousness: "Political radicalism implies moral radicalism: The emergence of a morality which might precondition man for freedom. This radicalism activates the elementary, organic foundations of morality in the human being." The instinctual rebellion is paralleled by the formation of "The New Sensibility," a new configuration of instinct, feeling and moral imagination which breaks the fetters of one-dimensional thought and behavior. Here Marcuse adds psychological rejection to the physiological revolt and suggests that the "aesthetic dimension can serve as a sort of gauge of a free society," as the model of the dominant form of life in the future. Those who possess "the new sensibility" strive to act out the dreams which have been preserved in the aesthetic sphere throughout the historical epochs dominated by repressive forms of Reason and the Reality (Performance) Principle. Guided by this qualitatively different form of consciousness, technology can be used to create an aesthetic way of life:

> in its negativity, the desublimating art and anti-art of today "anticipate" a stage where society's capacity to produce may be akin to the creative capacity of art, and the construction of the world of art akin to the reconstruction of the real world—union of liberating art and liberating technology. By virtue of this anticipation, the disorderly, uncivil, farcical, artistic desublimation of culture constitutes an essential element of radical politics: of the subverting forces in transition.

The final two chapters ("Subverting Forces in Transition" and "Solidarity") round out these speculations on the potential role of disaffected middle-class youth and the intellectuals in the whole context of world revolution. Marcuse contends that the *depth* of this rebellion—which affects even the "metabolism" of those in revolt—preserves it from corruption and containment and defines its marginal existence as the missing spark in a neo-Marxian theory of revolutionary change. He explores the paradoxical character of the opposition, "the striking contrast between the radical and total character of the rebellion on the one hand, and the absence of a class basis for this radicalism on the other." There is no pretense of projecting a strategy and tactics for these amorphous groups—other than the suggestion that they function as "catalysts of rebellion in the majorities." The change in sensibility is only the "beginning, the first step in changing social existence: emergence of the new Subject. Historically, it is again the period of enlightenment prior to material change—a period of education, but education which turns to praxis: demonstration, confrontation, rebellion." It's not much, perhaps, but it's better than a quotation from Walter Benjamin.

Since it would be quite impossible to develop a thorough critique of the many facets of Marcuse's work in such a brief space, I shall focus on the fundamental assumptions of his "critical theory of society" and their implications for radical thought and action.

One-dimensional society, a construct derived from Marcuse's critical theory, threatens to negate the theory itself, for the *whole* of this society apparently suppresses the negative dynamic of previous class societies. Thus a critical theory which previously analyzed "existing societies in the light of their own functions and capabilities and . . . [identified] demonstrable tendencies (if any) which lead beyond the existing state of affairs" seems outmoded in one-dimensional society. In order to retain his commitment to the axiological assumptions as well as to the concept of history as a series of "determinate negations," Marcuse must refocus the theoretical lens on marginal forces beyond the neutralizing capabilities of advanced industrial society. For Marcuse, then, the principal choice is "not democratic evolution versus radical action, but rationalization of the *status quo* versus change. As long as a social system reproduces, by indoctrination and integration, a self-perpetuating conservative majority, the majority reproduces the system itself—open to changes within, but not beyond, its institutional framework." In short, the "revolution would be liberating only if it were carried out by the non-repressive forces stirring in the existing society."

This theoretical matrix seems vulnerable on a number of counts—theoretical, moral and political. It is designed to preserve Marcuse's radical vision in the historical present. But I wonder whether his vision of liberation deserves such an elaborate defense. Of course, every social theory ultimately rests on axiological foundations which cannot be logically refuted. These assumptions of value are finally matters of preference. But they are crucial matters of preference which decisively affect the contours of social analysis. Although Marcuse's broadest aim of enlarging the scope of man's freedom through the progressive "pacification of human existence" is hardly controversial, his neo-Freudian concept of a sensuous and aesthetic mode of existence organized by the Pleasure Principle strikes me as both dull and vaguely conceived.

Now the accusation of dullness may only reflect the constricting barriers of my own imagination—a simple inability to sort out true from false needs. In contrast to Marcuse, I prefer to imagine a post-capitalist society which eliminates destructive forms of competition and economic inequality while preserving tensions between reason and passion, pleasure and pain, fantasy and "reality," competition and cooperation. The sort of liberation which Marcuse imagines would bind individuals to a new dimension of unfreedom, enslaving them to their libidinal drives, and to a depressingly cheerful mode of existence. But such nostalgia cannot for the present (and, I believe, for the foreseeable future) be dispelled by mere argument. A more serious objection to Marcuse's image of liberation stems from its faulty psychological underpinnings. The whole neo-Freudian paraphernalia of Eros and Thanatos suggests a medieval morality play. As Peter Sedgwick observed in an extended critique of *One-Dimensional Man*, concepts such as Eros, Thanatos and sublimation cannot be tested: "We shall . . . lay no special emphasis on the fact that there is rather more evidence for the existence of leprechauns than there is for the reality of an energizing libido or for Eros and Thanatos as fundamental drives of organic life."

But let us suppose that Marcuse's vision *ought* to be preserved against the existing social whole. The more intriguing question is whether it *can* be sustained without sacrificing the historical character and the political relevance of Marcuse's critical theory. He quite rightly condemns "metaphysical" speculations about the future of man as useless—even detrimental—to the search for a decent social order. But one wonders whether the tensions between contemporary society and visions of a radical future force Marcuse to bend his critical scope beyond history toward metaphysics. The issue turns on whether "historical possibility" is a sufficient category for distinguishing potentially effective political practice from wishful thinking.

In *An Essay on Liberation*, he not only condemns the *status quo*—the current organization of material and intellectual resources—but also every emergent force except a minority of middle-class youth, the intelligentsia, and the ghetto population. And he dismisses every political action except those of small, amorphous groups outside the economic and ideological grip of "the whole." This lens of critical theory simplifies and, I think, distorts the potentialities for change within and against the present social framework. It threatens to become anti-political by prejudging and dismissing every political act not performed by those in total opposition—objectively or subjectively—to the society. For Marcuse, the matter seems to be decided on narrow theoretical rather than on empirical grounds. All the political struggles within this society may *in fact* turn out to reinforce an oppressive system. But given the abstract assumptions of Marcuse's theory, the decision is automatic, a priori. It is thus the excessively abstract character, and not the abstracting tendency, of the theory which seems debilitating.

DEATH

Old ones cannot speak
fearing their years
will drop on them,
too many boxes.
I too cannot speak.
Old ones stay
in forests
lit by fires
of burning years.
I too am in a wood.
I am not old
but my needs are gray
sticks beating
across my back.
Old ones cannot rise
from time's weight
silent as the chairs
on which they sit,
silent as the room
in which I write.
Old ones haunt me.
That haunts me most
which will not appear:
a man whose buried youth
wears black,
a woman who is nightly
a moon
bare as a tooth
biting itself in half.

DORIANNE GOETZ

The anti-political implications of Marcuse's theory are also evident in the nature of the "opposition." He asserts that "at present in the United States, the black population appears as the 'most natural' force of rebellion." At the same time, however, he suggests that this opposition does not fit his theoretical mold because of countervailing factors such as the rise of a Negro bourgeoisie and the marginal function of blacks in the "productivity of the system." These immediate forces deserve more extended and precise analysis, for they importantly shape the possibilities—however slim—for political action on the part of a small, divided Left.

In his discussions of the student movement—the "ferment of hope"—Marcuse exhibits a similarly ambivalent pattern: he connects the movement to the aims and assumptions of his critical theory only to reveal, by way of qualification, the forces which confound his theoretical hope. Even though "revolutionary in its theory, in its instincts, and in its ultimate goals," the student movement, according to Marcuse, is not a revolutionary force. Still, the students testify "to the truth of the alternative—the real need, and the real possibility of a free society." Marcuse finally gives a carte blanche to the young. He curiously submits to the mystique of youth, the disposition in monopoly capitalist society to celebrate all forms of the new, and by easy extension, the young, in response to the economic imperative of conspicuous and frantic consumption—of products, and finally, of people. Throwaway beer cans, throwaway dresses, and sooner or later, throwaway people, washed up at 30. Nowhere is the connection between economics and ideology so clear as in the cult of youth. This horrifying program, one of the many obscene aspects of this society, ought to be resisted on the Left.

Marcuse's futuristic vantage point obscures the immediate political problems of the student movement, the forms of political radicalism which may emerge when today's students enter the professions. It ignores the potentially reactionary character of an opposition whose moral self-righteousness makes it contemptuous of other people and of political calculation and response. Marcuse admits that in "some sectors of the opposition, the radical protest tends to become antinomian, anarchistic, and even nonpolitical." He observes that the "weird and clownish forms" of the rebellion get "on the nerves of the Establishment." But they also give others on the Left a case of nerves.

The theoretical matrix thus obscures the main political questions which the Left must encounter, willingly or reluctantly: What are the prospects for reform within the limits of monopoly capitalist society? How can reforms change the shapes of the system? What are the probable directions of the black movement? What are the prospects for the development of an American fascism? How can the student Left and the adult Left—such as they are—respond to these questions without disappearing into the Center or lapsing into a sectarian opposition? When do confrontation politics serve radical interests, and when are they inappropriate? Can a mass revolutionary movement be built in the United States? These questions do not admit of easy or final answers. They are obviously permeated with contingencies. But a theory which dissolves them into irrelevant speculations about a self-defeating politics of the *status quo* tends to support the existing state of affairs it sets out to "transcend." Marcuse chooses to reject the political potentialities of the American Left to pursue a remote "historical possibility" which he fully sees as a long shot, to understate the matter.

I do not wish to suggest that Marcuse ought to develop a strategy and tactics for the Left. He works on a higher level of abstraction. Rather, the problem is that his theory either precludes serious political analysis or is irrelevant to it. The critical theory of society which informs *One-Dimensional Man* and *An Essay on Liberation* finally turns on a dialectic of hope and despair. These are the ultimate categories. In the space of five years, the deep pessimism of *One-Dimensional Man* has become a self-conscious optimism. Although drafted before the events of Paris, 1968, the essay partakes of the ultra-leftist spirit which has flourished in the aftermath of the uprising. The critical theory accommodates extreme moods rather than resisting them.

Of course, a theory and politics of shifting moods is not unique to Marcuse. It is our common disease, the fate of Americans who believe in the necessity of fundamental social change and yet sense the impossibility of such change in the near future. The problem is what to do in the meantime. Although a few can be full-time political organizers and social critics, the majority of radicals must define their personal lives within and against this most outrageous society. Thus, in addition to a comprehensive social theory and a short-range radical politics, we need to synthesize personal and political styles of life. Marcuse may delight in surrealistic scenes where "the hatred of the young bursts into laughter and song, mixing the barricade and the dance floor, love play and heroism." But such visions do not help members of the adult Left find a way through a confusing period.

Having emphasized the negative elements of Marcuse's critical theory, I do not wish to imply a negative judgment on his work. Its aims and scope are obviously impressive. His analyses of major thinkers since the Enlightenment—Kant, Freud and Marx—reveal a depth of knowledge and a synthesizing capacity which mark him as one of the very few major social theorists of the postwar period. And even though his style is often clumsy and needlessly opaque, much of his analysis of the contemporary social scene is brilliantly conceived. In fact, many of Marcuse's incisive formulations have become the common property of radical critics. I have criticized Marcuse at his most vulnerable point—his theoretical projection of the relations between radical theory and politics. He is not alone in his inability to answer the vexing question, "What Is To Be Done?" It remains the unanswered question and the open secret of the American Left. Marcuse suggests the most obvious reply, namely, nothing—at least nothing which seems to lead toward an American socialism. That is at once the best answer and the worst, theoretically sound but emotionally unacceptable.

If the society cannot be transformed, it can at least be understood. And Marcuse has made an important contribution toward that end. We do not have many critics in his league. And that is why I find his wholesale endorsement of the New Left so disconcerting. He ought to provide a critical balance, especially in a period when laying one's body on the line—any line—commands status in radical circles, whereas the commitment of intellect frequently provokes ridicule on the Left, as in many of the dominant sectors of this society.

Cain Revisited

CAIN X 3: The Postman Always Rings Twice, Mildred Pierce, Double Indemnity. *Alfred A. Knopf. 465 pp. $6.95.*

KENNETH LAMOTT

Mr. Lamott is a novelist whose latest book, The Moneymakers, *will be published by Little, Brown this month. He is currently working on a book about California as a civilization.*

The good word is that Cain revisited holds up remarkably well. There is the remembered tautness of structure, the absolute control of the well-articulated plot, the cold eye for the essential truth about men and women. The language is spare and clean, only occasionally breaking down into cliché. It is hardly an original observation, but watching Cain at work can still give the reader that particular pleasure that comes from watching a master craftsman, a cabinetmaker fitting a joint, or a potter throwing a pot. I would not go as far as Tom Wolfe, who in his introduction to this book suggests that Norman Mailer might well sit at Cain's feet to learn how to become a *real* novelist, but the spirit of the suggestion is not without merit.

Unlike what must be the majority of movie-going Americans, I have not seen any of the three movies made from these books and I consequently returned to *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Mildred Pierce* and *Double Indemnity* with a mind uncluttered by images on the screen. I was surprised to be reminded that the two thrillers, *The Postman* and *Double Indemnity*, are so short (barely 100 pages each) and that the melodrama *Mildred Pierce* is so substantial a piece of work by comparison, not only in terms of its comparative length (258 pages) but also in its substance both as a novel and as a commentary on the social climate of California.

All three books are, of course, California books, and each carries throughout a strong sense of the place. The Twin Oaks Tavern, where Frank Chambers and Cora Papadakis plot the demise of Cora's husband, Nick, is on the highway from Mexico, 20 miles south of Los Angeles. The climactic scene in which Frank and Cora send Nick's corpse over the edge of a cliff gains a good deal of its effect from the ominousness of the (then) little traveled hill road to Malibu. *Double Indemnity* begins in a bungalow which Cain describes with clinical precision:

> The furniture was Spanish, the kind that looks pretty and sits stiff. The rug was one of those 12 x 15's that would have been Mexican except that it was made in Oakland, California. The blood-red drapes were there, but they didn't mean anything. All these Spanish houses have red velvet drapes that run on iron spears, and generally some red velvet wall tapestries to go with them.

But it is *Mildred Pierce* that is Cain's quintessential California novel—a novel that approaches Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, which still stands, more than thirty years later, as *the* California novel. *The Postman* might have been transferred to, say, Cape Cod without losing any of its essentials, and *Double Indemnity* could, *mutatis mutandis*, take place in Evanston or Montclair or Bethesda or any other suburb where a crooked insurance man and a greedy wife might conceivably plot to dispose of an unwanted spouse at great profit to themselves, but *Mildred Pierce* was clearly conceived by Cain as the distillation of that California in which he was then living. (Cain was born in Annapolis in 1892, and now lives in Hyattsville, also in Maryland.)

The relation of California to the rest of the United States has been a subject of considerable comment in recent years, with the generally received opinion being that California serves as America's window into the future. I think this is nonsense—or, if it is true at all, it is true only in a very special sense. California itself has no future and I don't mean this in the physical terms which Curt Gentry recently developed in his earthquake book, *The Last Days of the Late, Great State of California*. California has no future as a place for people to live because it is being fragmented and chewed up and laid waste as a consequence of the impossibility of reconciling its dream of the Good Life with the reality that is represented by an economy geared to warfare, by gross political irresponsibility, by a reckless tradition of ravaging the land, and by a commitment to physical violence and to spiritual anarchy. More than any state in the East (which Californians both envy and fear), California is the state of the death wish.

The gulf between the dream and the reality is the substance of *Mildred Pierce*, and Mildred herself (who "looked like a successful woman of business, with the remains of a rather seductive figure, a face of little distinction but considerable authority, a credit to that curious world that had produced her, southern California") is one of the great heroines of our fiction. Her story is precisely the tragedy of high hopes and ambition and boundless energy set against a community geared to the smashing of dreams.

Within the first 5 pages of the novel, Mildred has driven her faithless husband out of her house in Glendale and has taken on the consequent responsibility for making a way for herself and her two young daughters. (Glendale, a residential enclave neighboring on Pasadena to the northeast of Los Angeles proper, is described by the more remarkable of these children as "Forty square miles of nothing whatever. A high-class, positively restricted development for discriminating people that run filling stations, and furniture factories, and markets, and pie wagons. The garden spot of the world—in a pig's eye. A wormhole, for grubs.")

It is the spring of 1931. Jobs are scarce, but Mildred, who "had the true California tradition of optimism," lives in the illusion that she can manage by selling the pies and cakes she bakes in her kitchen. Of course she can't. She must get a job during the most dismal period of the Great Depression, and ends up, as other genteel ladies have, slinging hash. She saves her pride by managing for a while to hide the nature of her employment from her older daughter, a proud nymphet named Veda. (Today, Veda would more likely be Linda or Karen.)

Veda and Veda's future are the mainspring of *Mildred Pierce*. Driven as much by the necessity of supporting Veda's talent as by the pressure of saving her threatened house, Mildred bakes at night even as she is waiting table by day. The time comes when, with a little help from her friends, she can set herself up in a restaurant of her own, the epitome of those California restaurants with a single specialty (in this case, chicken), and with home-baked pies displayed near the cashier. Mildred is not only a good cook but she also has a head for money. As she prospers, Veda is sent to the best piano teacher in the city and Mildred's house acquires a grand piano. Mildred herself, who is no loose woman but who knows the pleasures and uses of sex, becomes involved with Monty Beragon, a scion of a great family whose money goes back to the days of the Spanish rule.

When Veda becomes Monty's protégée, there is a painful struggle between the values of Glendale and the values of Pasadena. Mildred's restaurant becomes a chain of restaurants, but even as Veda turns into the archetype of the golden California maiden—slender legs and hips, and a high-arching, well-endowed chest—she also becomes impossibly difficult. Mildred is completely rejected by her

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daughter. It then appears that even her ambitions for Veda were an illusion, for a new teacher tells her the truth about Veda's talent. Veda, who has no illusions herself, comments coolly, "You start out a Wunderkind, then find out you're just a goddamn punk."

So far, *Mildred Pierce* is a realistic work of fiction; except for the texture of the prose and the cold, clear eye of the author, it has little surface resemblance to the other two books. At this point, however, the master of massive irony takes over and the plot begins to spin like a pinwheel. Veda, it turns out, may be only a punk as a pianist, but as a coloratura she is a wonder, who quickly finds her way to the Hollywood Bowl, providing her estranged but grateful mother with the climactic experience of her life. But Mildred, who has married Monty after the House of Beragon came apart in the crash, has been spending unwisely, secretly drawing off money from her corporation in order to keep up the Pasadena mansion she had bought from the Beragons. Mildred's bookkeeper becomes suspicious. Mildred begins to drink. Monty makes love to Veda. Catching the guilty pair *in flagrante delicto,* Mildred tries to strangle Veda. Veda, stark-naked, tries to sing. A caterwauling comes out. Mildred has destroyed "the beautiful thing that she loved most in the world."

But no. Veda, quicker thinking even than Mildred, has only pretended to lose her voice in order to escape from an unwanted and burdensome contract that is keeping her in Los Angeles. Once free, she departs, with Monty, for New York where she will sing on the radio for $2,500 a week. Her business empire taken over by her creditors, Mildred moves back to the house in Glendale, without a job and remarried to her original husband.

The book ends with her husband saying, "Come on, we got each other, haven't we? Let's get stinko."

Mildred answers, "Yes—let's get stinko."

It would be easy to dismiss *Mildred Pierce* as a promising serious novel gone wrong when its author could no longer resist the impulse to fall back into the tricky ways of his thrillers. I don't think this is true. It *is* a serious novel, and its melodrama is the melodrama of California itself, the state of Aimee Semple McPherson and Sirhan Sirhan, of Death Valley Scotty and Marilyn Monroe. It is a melodrama of great dreams and great disasters. In California terms, Cain's *Mildred Pierce* still rings true.

In his slim book about California writers, *The Boys in the Back Room,* Edmund Wilson wrote about *The Postman* and *Serenade* that ". . . even here brilliant moments of insight redeemed the unconscious burlesque; and there is enough of the real poet in Cain—both in writing and in imagination—to make one hope for something better than either." I don't know what Mr. Wilson thought about *Mildred Pierce*, but for my money it is that "something better" for which he was hoping.

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Obsessive Artisan

MAIGRET IN VICHY. *By Georges Simenon. Translated by Eileen Ellenbogen. Harcourt, Brace & World. 177 pp. $3.95.*

THE PRISON. *By Georges Simenon. Translated by Lyn Moir. Harcourt, Brace & World. 182 pp. $4.95.*

SIMENON IN COURT. *By John Raymond. Harcourt, Brace & World. 178 pp. $5.95.*

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd teaches English at Harvard. He is a former editor of The Harvard Crimson.

Simenon's unbelievable productivity—more than 500 books so far—does not sit well with that side of our puritanism that distrusts abundance. In slightly more time than it takes Detroit to build a car Simenon hammers out a novel; and such apparent absence of pain and labor, such *breeziness,* seems to promise careless workmanship and a certain mediocre sameness, unsafe or unsubstantial at any speed. Yet the fact is, as Gide and other critics have long argued, Simenon is an artist, one of the 20th-century novelists already likely to endure.

Most Americans will have another reason besides productivity to question such a claim. For Simenon is low-brow as well as prolific, best-known here—perhaps everywhere—for his detective stories; and in our minds Inspector Maigret sinks easily with Holmes and Nero Wolfe to the level of mere entertainment. This too is unfair (and maybe puritanical). Satisfying though he is as a cult hero Maigret differs fundamentally from his peers. Far from being a French *force de frappe* in detection, designed to counter British and American threats, Maigret turns out in the end to be another kind of detective, indeed hardly a detective at all.

Unlike his rivals, for example, the inspector functions within the ordinary social order (how many other serious detectives are actually policemen?), a part of society rather than estranged from it. American sleuths always suffer their isolation. Hard-boiled and defensive, they are the very type of the rejected intellectual or artist, capable of saving a wayward world if only it will listen to them. Mark Twain (who wrote hundreds of detective stories) created the model for all the Phillip Marlowes to come in that strange novel of segregation, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*: when Pudd'nhead transfers guilt from the community to an individual, the town opens its arms to him.

Perhaps it is the difference between America and France, but Maigret, solitary in quite another way, has no bumbling officialdom as foil, no world to redeem and rejoin. *Maigret in Vichy,* number eighty or so in the series, presents him once again as a beloved public figure, the elder statesman of the Quai des Orfèvres. As always the puzzle of who did it is subordinated to the description of who did it, the suspense to the psychology. The plot characteristically revolves around Maigret's relationship first to the victim, then to the killer. And the famous "atmosphere," in this case a charming portrait of France's great spa, is still only setting, not (as so often in America) social criticism. Simenon once remarked that the difference between the Maigret books and his more serious novels is "exactly the same difference that exists between the painting of a painter and the sketch he will make for his pleasure or for his friends or to study something." Maigret, in other words, is a screen for Simenon. And the Maigret stories are not about a detective solving crimes but about a novelist writing novels.

One has only to recall Simenon's own celebrated working habits—his total immersion in the life of his characters, his concentration—to see how closely they approximate Maigret's. Maigret, in fact, has recounted his way with a case in terms one feels might equally suit his creator:

> Then at a given moment, apparently without any reason, it all "began to rumble." The people concerned became at the same time vaguer and more human, in particular they became more complicated, and he had to be careful.
>
> In short, he was beginning to see them from the inside, groping, not sure of himself, with the feeling that it would only need another tiny effort for everything to be clear and for the truth to be revealed by itself.

Seeing people from the inside describes precisely what Simenon, in the self-forgetful absorption of the genuine artist, accomplishes. There cannot be many of his novels that do not trace in excruciating intimacy one character driven, as Simenon himself likes to say, to the limits of his endurance. The conclusion, whether Maigret's or Simenon's, is meant not to judge that person but morally to understand him.

The world of these novels, observes John Raymond in his sympathetic study, is nearly always solipsistic: "each of his tragic characters is imprisoned in his own solitude, vainly striving to break through the opaque cloud of unknowing and misunderstanding that separates all human beings." These are not the worlds of the familiar detective thriller, whose concern is mainly with someone's guilt or innocence. These are the worlds, in Clark Kerr's inelegant phrase, of the walking wounded, life's secret, self-afflicted patients. For if there is a single theme that runs (sometimes like Alph the sacred river) through Simenon's novels, it is obsession. Frank Friedmaier in *The Stain on the Snow,* Louis Cuchas in *The Little Saint,* the dying Premier, all of Maigret's criminals are variously obsessed—even Maigret is obsessed by his self-appointed role as "mender of destinies." And one cannot deny an element of compulsion in the author of half a thousand books.

The most recent of Simenon's nondetective fiction, *The Prison,* adds another, rather melodramatic twist to the theme. In his wife's *crime passionnel* a Parisian sophisticate dissects his own torturous drive for success and, at the dead limits of his endurance, grimly thwarts it. The protagonist, though repellent and contemptible, nevertheless deserves to stand beside Simenon's most formidable creations; like all of them he manages to still his own obsession, at a cost that must be seen as tragic. With the sparest and swiftest prose imaginable Simenon contrives somehow to give this character weight, dimension, body, as well as movement.

At the beginning of his career Colette advised him against being "literary," and Simenon has stubbornly obeyed her, axing mercilessly adjectives and effusions, saying proudly of a favorite book: "It's written as if by a child." He claims to write for no particular language (yet Gide admired his French) and once told an interviewer, "I am an artisan. I would like to carve my novels in wood." But he has a recognizable style of mind, indestructible even in translation. He seems to enter a book as one enters an empty room, and out of what Keats called his "teeming brain" miraculously he furnishes it. If he has strayed from the strict purview of the detective story, there is still mystery enough in such novels.

Power of the Mafia

THE GODFATHER. *By Mario Puzo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 446 pp. $6.95.*

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many special articles for The Nation. *His most recent books are* The Plot Against the Patient *and* What So Proudly We Hailed *(both Prentice-Hall).*

This seems to be the season for books about the Mafia. First, there was Peter Maas's highly publicized and overrated *The Valachi Papers.* Then there came Prof. Donald R. Cressey's solid and documented *Theft of the Nation.* And now, finally, in *The Godfather,* Mario Puzo has produced a fictional treatment of the same theme that, in impact, surpasses the others.

If anyone wants to know about the power of the Mafia—its ruthlessness, its immunity to prosecution—read *The Godfather*; Mario Puzo's brawling, irresistible tale brings the reality home more vividly and realistically than the drier stuff of fact ever can.

The Godfather is loaded with the kind of sexual scenes, plots and counterplots, murder and gore that seem to be requirements for a novel today. All of this might well have made it a work of cheap sensationalism, but *The Godfather* is deeply imbedded in reality, and this sense of reality pervades the torrent of unending action.

It could hardly be otherwise. Mario Puzo, as a boy, lived in Hell's Kitchen and, as he says, many of the incidents of the book are taken from real life in that gang-ridden area of New York. He has incorporated these incidents and other vividly imagined ones in a plot that is built around the character of one Mafia chief and his relationship to his "family" of retainers and to all of those who look to him for favors and protection. Threaded through the tale is a street-gamin awareness of the corruptions of American society that make the Mafia possible—and, indeed, inevitable.

Passage after passage contains this kind of insight, such as the one describing the psychology and temptations of the policeman. Puzo is talking about Tom Hagen, the counselor of the Mafia family of the godfather, Don Corleone:

> Hagen understood that the policeman believes in law and order in a curiously innocent way. He believes in it more than does the public he serves. Law and order is, after all, the magic from which he derives his power, individual power which he cherishes as nearly all men cherish individual power. And yet there is always the smoldering resentment against the public he serves. They are at the same time his ward and his prey. As wards they are ungrateful, abusive and demanding. As prey they are slippery and dangerous, full of guile. As soon as one is in the policeman's clutches the mechanism of the society the policeman defends marshals all its resources to cheat him of his prize. The fix is put in by politicians. Judges give lenient suspended sentences to the worst hoodlums. Governors of the States and the President of the United States himself give full pardons, assuming that respected lawyers have not already won his acquittal.

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THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. [illegible]

After a time the cop learns. Why should he not collect the fees these hoodlums are paying? He needs it more. His children, why should they not go to college? Why shouldn't his wife shop in more expensive places? Why shouldn't he himself get the sun with a winter vacation in Florida? After all, he risks his life and that is no joke.

Don Corleone himself starts out as a humble Sicilian immigrant, honest, hard-working. Then a neighborhood tough, who has the protection of the precinct cops, boots him out of his job. He has a choice of seeing his family starve—or turning to crime. He pulls his first holdup; when the neighborhood tough tries to shake him down for a cut, he commits his first murder. Then he begins to build his own organization. As Don Corleone remarks, each man has only one destiny, and once his feet are set upon the road, he can only follow that destiny to the end.

Don Corleone's destiny was to become a Mafia chieftain, boss of one of the five ruling "families" of New York and a big olive oil importer. (Shades of the late Joseph Profaci?) In a curious way, the great Don becomes both predator and protector. Those who cannot get help or justice in the ordinary channels of society turn to him for favors and protection. The Don builds an empire that preys on a society that will not protect, a society whose rules and hypocrisy he scorns and whose corruption he makes work for him.

Written at a narrative pace that never flags *The Godfather* has some vivid and unforgettable scenes. One deals with a male singer, the heart throb of his generation, who has lost his voice and needs to make his comeback as an actor. He is denied the role he wants, one that is perfect for him, by a producer who hates him, and the wiliness and ruthlessness with which Don Corleone stretches out his long arm from his protected family mall at Long Beach to insure the future of his protégé brings the producer to his knees in a hair-raising denouement.

Women's Liberation

UP FROM THE PEDESTAL. *Edited, with an introduction by Aileen S. Kraditor. Quadrangle Books. 372 pp. $8.95.*

BORN FEMALE. *By Caroline Bird, with Sara Welles Briller. David McKay. 288 pp. $5.95.*

NANCY REEVES

Mrs. Reeves is a member of the bar in New York and California. She has written widely on the status of women.

The history of women is written in invisible ink. Dynamic change, however, serves as disclosing agent, magically restoring to the blank page part of a lost continuum. Adding distance, the transposed vision can even serve as a variant reading of the dilemmas of the present.

Here is the reason why two such different books, one a scholarly compendium of landmark writings from the history of feminism, the other a journalist's account of contemporary grievances, can be viewed in series. For the women then and the women now chronicle the same indignities across the chasm of a century. If they could bridge time and meet to talk, they would make instant contact. A hundred years since the beginning of the struggle for civil rights, fifty years since the attainment of suffrage, the significant questions remain the same. True, Freud has supplanted God as authority for the divine blueprint, but the directives that emerge from the past, and those that invest the present, are founded in the same assumptions.

In quite different language, as one reads first in one book, and then in the other, the same ideas form a contrapuntal design: the special pleading of biological determinism, of marginal work life, political exclusion, social subordination and auxiliary status. And, now, as then, overarching other issues is the question of autonomy. For, although, as Aileen Kraditor observes: "Most men, even today, when women are legally almost their equal, think of the women's rights movement as the demand by neurotic females to be like men. . ." the truth is that the "array of specific, formal rights has not added up to substantive equality and autonomy." It is not, therefore, she notes, that women seek to be like men; it is rather that self-determination has been labeled "For Men Only."

Dr. Kraditor prefaces the spirited writings that illuminate bygone controversies with a focusing essay that examines classical formulations through contemporary lenses. Of special interest is her point that behind the demand for autonomy has been the grievance that "women have been regarded not as people but as female relatives of people." By way of validation, I noted the following exchange in a symposium on "The Spectrum of Femininity," held as recently as 1963 at the University of California Medical Center:

> "So I come to our final question," said the chairman, "and I turn to each of the panelists to answer it. . . . What is a woman?"
>
> "I think she is a man's wife," said the first panelist.
>
> "Shall I follow that by saying she is also a man's mother?" asked the second panelist.
>
> "She is also a man's mistress," added the third panelist.

And Aileen Kraditor quotes the redoubtable Rev. Anna Howard Shaw:

> It has always seemed to me remarkable how clear the definitions of men are in regard to women, their duties, their privileges, their responsibilities, their relations to each other, to men, to government, and . . . to God. . . .

Caroline Bird's book reports effectively on some of the exclusions current today. Her play-by-play account of the struggle to add the word "sex" to the 1964 Civil Rights Bill offers an object lesson on the position of women in politics. She describes pungently some characteristic conversations with organizational men:

> An executive recruiter reports how the firm saved money by hiring a woman to serve as their chief financial officer at $9,000 a year. When she left, they had to pay $20,000 to get a man to do her job. When *he* left, they went back to a woman at $9,000 and they then replaced *her* with a man at $18,000. According to the recruiter, all four employees were good at the job.

Miss Bird also classifies perceptively, from The Old Masculinists like Sigmund Freud who "believe that woman's place is in the home; that her work is prescribed by her anatomy; and that she is mentally and physically unable to do man's work"; to The New Masculinists, like David Riesman, who believe woman's place is where the men around her need it to be from moment to moment. In this view, the nature of the task doesn't matter. Woman "may shoot a gun or drive a truck or serve out a husband's unexpired term in the legislature —providing only that she does it in the name of somebody else and not for the greater glory of herself." In this category, she also includes a subgroup of The New Masculinists, the high-minded, who adopt the "enlightened" separate but equal approach: "that women have a characteristic intellectual style—that they see things that men do not see, and that the problem is not to make them more like men, but to train men to understand the contribution women have always made." And finally she marks out the arguments of The Old Feminists whose theme song is "Anything you can do, I can do better," and of The New Feminists who "think sex roles are obsolete at work . . . (seeing) no use in ascribing special advantages or handicaps to women in most jobs."

But ideas are born and multiply in the enveloping element; forms of thought occur in and are affected by a specific matrix. Caroline Bird, like most writers on woman's place, tends to assume a constant universe, with the single variable of woman's position there. The proposals she advances were progressive when feminism was young. For time is a dynamic dimension and conditions then and conditions now do not add up to simple equivalence. To focus on marketplace activity as the touchstone of liberation at the height of the Industrial Revolution is not at all the same thing as to do so in the era of cybernation. Underlying expert controversy on how many people will find themselves redundant with the advance of computer technology, there is the unspoken consensus that current change implies a net loss in labor-force requirements. It is unwarranted simplification to deal with the position of women abstracted from structural revolution, to imagine that the emancipation of women can be realized apart from economic and political levers.

As a social historian, Aileen Kraditor does consider woman's place in relation to structural context. In her rapid summary of the rise of feminism, she associates the quality of that militancy with other effects of the Industrial Revolution, and suggests a vital link between kinship patterns and the status of the second sex:

> Obviously the inferior position of women was somehow associated with the isolation of each family from every other family and with the sex-determined division of labor within the family. . . .
>
> . . . inequality of the sexes still exists because the family structure has remained basically unchanged.

Yet, in the end she does not tie these insights together. Rather, she concludes with emphasis on the individual: "Unless a middle-class feminist is prepared to challenge that family structure head-on . . ." contemporary effort will take a generalized course.

But, in terms of the modern temper, the decision to renounce her place in the home (where presently two-thirds of America's female population still find themselves) or to upgrade her status in the labor reserve (where presently one-third of America's women perform marginal tasks) is not within the power of the individual. The human unit confronts a social phenomenon, not a personal dilemma. To understand the range of possibilities available to the private person, we are required to study not only role and not only milieu but also the intricate social rafters from which they are suspended.

An offhand remark of a young economist may suggest the significance of this vantage:

> What are you feminists after? We can't even absorb the Blacks, not to speak of 60 million family women suddenly liberated into the labor market!

Caroline Bird, thinking in terms of human potential, points to the social cost of keeping women down. But there is also the social context that offers a different account rendered. The domestic orbit in an irrational society, if nothing else is changed, may be a structural imperative, even if it can be proved to be an imbecile life style. Exposure is interesting, but it is no substitute for analysis.

Rather than explain something as a persistence from the past, we ought to ask, counsels C. Wright Mills, why it has persisted. Contemporary features of a society must be examined in terms of contemporary function. Since women are not an exotic epiphenomenon, their outside position may have structural relevance; their inside position may require us to clear the ground for new beginnings. Unless writers tackle the rich thicket of reality, the present as history will also be written in invisible ink.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The centennial exhibit at the Museum of Natural History (Central Park West at 79 Street) is a model of immersive exhibition design. Its subject is just right for environmental staging; it is dramatizable and topical: "Can Man Survive?" The exhibit is suspended from a space frame inside one of the museum's Imperial Roman-style galleries and looks like a big metal knot. You go up a ramp and, leaving the museum behind, enter a carpeted tunnel, unlike the stony floors outside, dimly lit, and the enclosed space harbors sounds unlike those of the hall outside: bird songs, water sounds. From now on you are insulated from external noise.

The argument is in two main areas, linked by a connecting passage. In the first area, wall and ceiling flow together in a dim space where two side-by-side films continuously show dawn and water and birds and photomicrographic shots of live cells. The floor is comfortable and you can enjoy the images of balanced nature. You move on to a section on man as symbol user (in glowing ultraviolet-sensitive paint) and on technology of a moderate scale, plowshares not swords. This leads into the second display area where the décor bulges and juts to symbolize a new lack of balance in the world as an eco-system. The causes are population expansion and the garbage explosion, stated by jumpy movies, harsh music and grim statistics. Finally, down another ramp and out, like leaving a transport plane under the tail.

The show is arranged like the Ghost Train at a carnival: darkness and hectic changes of direction expand a small plot of ground into a scary and irrationally stretched space. The designers of "Can Man Survive?," Dimensional Communications, Inc., have established a space devoted to ambulatory argument; body movement around the show is equated with shifts of meaning. This technique usually reduces arguments to a pretty gross form, but the scenario here remains sophisticated. In the balance-of-nature bit, one sees nature "red in tooth and claw," not falsely idyllic. The animals munch one another up, but it's a balanced ecology. The linking section gives full credit to communication systems and technological invention before (the point of the show) attacking their proliferation and abuse. It is a finale full of "hustling and bustling . . . in the space between birth and death," as Donovan puts it.

The self-contained form of the show, completely insulated from a containing or background space, as well as its control of spatial and sensory cues, works admirably. It should; it cost $650,000 (and will run for two years). A tribute to the designers are the high school kids who feign freaking out, especially in the last shadowy, dark red chamber on the way out. The man who supplied the sound track is quoted in *The New York Times* as saying of the spectators: "We

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want them emotionally engaged." According to the *Times*, the designer of the show, Joseph Wetzel, said that "the museum has never made a statement about a contemporary problem before. . . . They've always looked backward. That's a very safe thing to do." Given the present taste in New York for engaged exhibitions (for instance, at the Metropolitan, "Harlem on my Mind") we might consider the source of such exhibitions, even though they lie in the safe old past.

One of the clichés of modernist museography is that only souped-up shows can compete with the thrust of the media outside the marble halls. My own belief is that an exhibition program up to date in ideas, like the "Florentine Baroque Art" exhibition at the Metropolitan, or up to date in the actual works shown, such as "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials" at the Whitney, are the ways to make a museum active. However, it is not as simple as that. The best-known proponent of the modernized museum is Alexander Dorner and his best-known book, largely on the subject, is *The Way Beyond 'Art.'* Typical is his assertion that only "a practical, sensory representation of art-historic evolution" will enable a museum to serve as "a positive force in the nexus of public life."

What "practical" has come to mean may be seen by reference to the Metropolitan's "Harlem on my Mind," a disastrous documentary. What about "sensory?" When Dorner was director of the Hanover Museum in the 1920s, he invited El Lissitzky to install a gallery of Abstract art. The paintings, by Mondrian, by Moholy Nagy, were hung high and low on walls made of laths painted black, white and gray: the color changed according to the angle at which the wall was viewed. That's "sensory" for you. "The inner mobility of Abstract composition has dismissed the picture frame," Dorner explained as he wiped out, or hoped to, the concept of a gallery as a "static scaffolding."

Dorner's design techniques, like the Bauhaus in this respect, are a codification of Futurist theatre (which exploded formal boundaries) and the then new art of window dressing and store display. The function of museum presentation was to make the "new reality act upon the senses," as if the visual sense and the intelligence were not acted on by painting and sculpture. There have been two developments from the position as formulated in the twenties. Modernity as groovy show has thrived in commercial and industrial exhibition design and this is the direction in which El Lissitzky himself developed. In aesthetics, the swinging décor theory, although it has achieved occasional Mickey Mouse triumphs, survives mainly as a kind of covert, anti-museum sentiment. It suggests that museums which *collect* and *keep* things are obsessed by the past. Despite Wetzel's public relations work on his exhibit, the entertainment of "Can Man Survive?" is not antagonistic to the other functions of the museum and it is ungrateful, as well as idiotic, to suggest that the rest of the time the Natural History Museum is playing it safe.

Sir Herbert Read, introducing a new book on El Lissitzky by his widow (New York Graphic Society, $30) suggests him as a precursor "of much that has been given the name of 'environmental' art." The connections remain to be demonstrated, but I have a feeling that the ideological difference between El Lissitzky and later artists is too great for occasional parallels to mean much. Similarly with Dorner's museography: his continual harangue against the "static," and the pedantic form of his affirmation of the "transforming process," lead not to museum operations but straight to Marshall McLuhan (who lists Dorner's book in the "further readings for media study" section of *Understanding Media*). Dorner's drama of the reformed museum versus the mauseum or musoleum is rhetorically very like McLuhan's agon of linear and mosaic cultures clashing. Both men propose antitheses where none exist and then lure their readers into lining up with the group labeled "modern" and "creative." In exhibition design, as in McLuhan, the novelties are insubstantial. The psychedelic color effects in "Can We Survive?" for instance, derive from postwar European graphics updated by the Art Nouveau revival. Such pageants are welcome; their momentary impacts a pleasure, an addition, but not a successor, to the main line of museum operations.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

For all its raunchy detail and sardonic manner, John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* (from a novel by James Leo Herlihy) is as sentimental a view of life as Chaplin's *The Kid*. And for all its often excellent documentation of the acid look of New York's main streets and America's main highways, it is as whimsical as Harold Lloyd in *Safety Last*. I have no strong objection to tears and make-believe on behalf of family entertainment, but what we are dealing with here is male prostitution in quite explicit terms, and the attempt to wring tender laughter from such a topic strikes me as being itself a kind of commercialized vice.

Put it another way: should we sympathize with a Broadway cowboy hustler who jams a telephone receiver into the bloody and broken-toothed mouth of his middle-aged homosexual client because he must brutalize the poor man into giving him enough money to take a sick pal to Florida? It is a ticklish question and one that should not, perhaps, be raised in an essentially frivolous picture.

Joe Buck (Jon Voight) is a dishwasher in flight from a Texas hash joint. He has come to New York to exploit his only talent, which is priapic. Flash-backs suggest that he lived a lonely childhood with an oversexed grandmother, became a formidable local seducer, was manhandled by the police and a rape gang; but in the present he is another of those wide-eyed Dick Whittingtons who think the big city awaits their charms. With the exception of the above detailed scene, he is taken when he expects to take.

Rico, alias Ratso (Dustin Hoffman), is a crippled Italian con man from the Bronx, whose criminal talents extend no further than rifling overcoats at a party and pilfering light meals off vegetable stands: understandably, he is unwashed, unhealthy and camping out in a condemned apartment house.

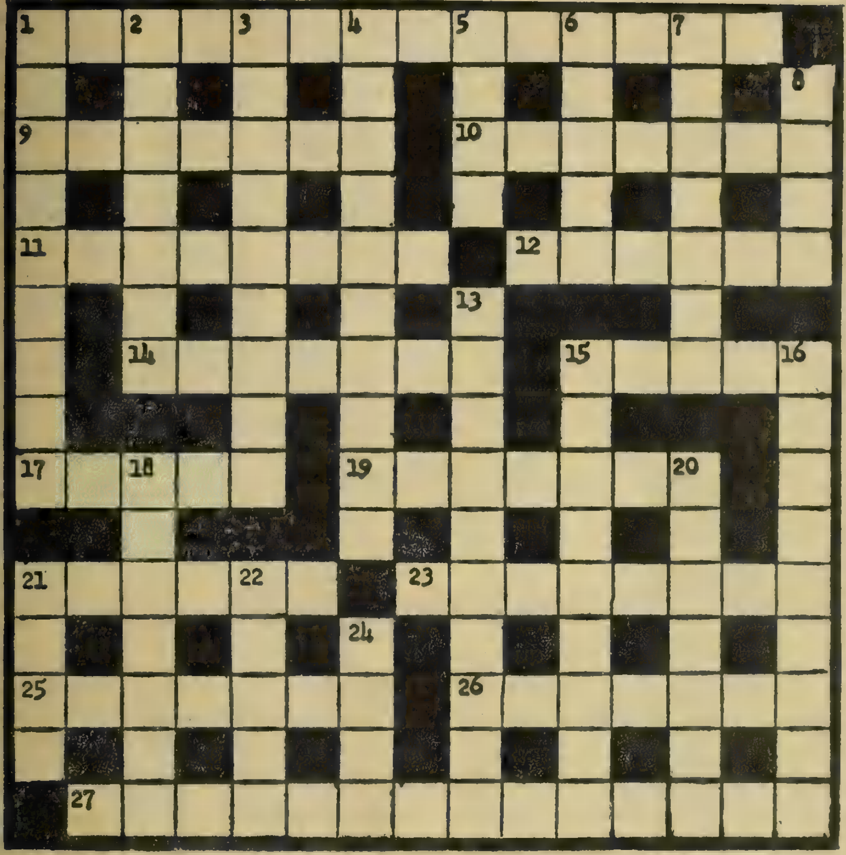
These two metropolitan outcasts are eaten by the loneliness that used to torture O. Henry's heroes. Each recognized the appealing vulnerability of the other; they take in each other's misery, you might say, and in the end Ratso dies in Joe Buck's arms on that Florida bus ride into the sunset. Two hearts of gold in the lower depths is almost redundant.

Hoffman and Voight are talented men who turn in spectacular performances that I suspect are bad for their talents. That is, they are given such extravagant trappings of character that they can be melodramatically fascinating on the surface, like some of those species of horned and tasseled caterpillars, and need not—indeed, probably cannot in this environment—project any content from within. Their parts are fabrications rather than creations, and this must induce a shallowness of approach that could in the long run corrupt them.

The whole film, so rigorously perfectionist for venal ends, so moistly indulgent and picturesquely amoral, is corruptive. But it is also blatantly synthetic to the point that it could scarcely corrupt a spectator: only the excellent performers (for the two leads are ably supported) might complain that they are being abused for profit.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1302

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The rest of what the car buyer might make is hopefully favorable. (7,2,5)

9 "And, O you mortal ———, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell!" *Othello* (7)

10 One should be able to find such a picture still (7)

11 and 23 Counterfeit medals? One traditionally needs help. (6,2,8)

12 What one does when fixing to go? (6)

14 Two heavy beats. (No speed out of it, though.) (7)

15 Port ends, when put together. (5)

17 Didn't make a right turn, possibly. (5)

19 The political philosophy of their country was left, probably. (7)

21 Unable, alternately, to lead the singing. (6)

23 See 11 across

25 Solitary before a little bit? (7)

26 When called in are put in order. (7)

27 Makes even the best run last, in a way. (5,3,6)

DOWN

1 Joined in depression to include rolls, etc. (5,4)

2 They include such things as pulse. (7)

3 An occasional expression? (5,4)

4 Where they can always get the inside seat exchanged? (4,6)

5 Adjusts to sudden attacks. (4)

6 Polish the French silver—it's worth something. (5)

7 A conservative is not necessarily an easy-liver, however. (3-4)

8 Dialectal pronunciation associated with Aaron, perhaps. (4)

13 I got all fired up in the discussion, certainly not to strengthen the cause. (10)

15 Gondolier country? (9)

16 Penelope, even though she was married, might typify them. (9)

18 Sort of under oath, without beginning the poem. (7)

20 Certainly not related to the backbone of the eastern alliance! (7)

21 The gang is kind of cut! (4)

22 Plant, one of those known by the cognoscente. (5)

24 A propensity for grass (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1301

ACROSS: 1 Geographic; 6 User; 10 Nightly; 11 Teleost; 12 Mandrake; 15 Audit; 17 Tete-a-tete; 19 Apple tree; 21 Delhi; 23 Indri; 24 enclaves; 27 Alleges; 29 Easy; 30 Flashlight. DOWN: 1 and 3 Generated; 2 On guard; 4 Paymaster; 5 and 13 In the works; 7 Scourge; 8 Rotisserie; 9 Blowhard; 14 Palatinate; 16 and 28 The King's English; 18 Trenchers; 20 Paddles; 22 Leering; 24 Easel; 25 Angel; 26 Chat.

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LETTERS

poor fools

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Anatol Rapoport, in his new translation of *Clausewitz on War*, closes his introduction as follows: "The Neo-Clausewitzians cannot be seen as sinister figures but only as bizarre ones. In the name of realism, they perpetuate an obsolete collective state of mind which has brought humanity to the brink of disaster. What is unfolding is not a tragedy but a ghastly farce."

Which reminds me of the story of Sam and Vanya (known to game theorists as "The Prisoner's Dilemma").

There lived in a certain community, two very strong men, Sam and Vanya. Of the two, Sam was undoubtedly very much the stronger, since he was quite able to kill a dozen like Vanya. Vanya was not that strong; still, he could kill a half dozen like Sam.

It happened that Sam and Vanya began to fight. As the struggle wore on, each of them began to realize that if it continued, they would both surely die, for there was, after all, only one Vanya, not a dozen, and only one Sam, not six.

So, as they stood with their arms grappling each other, Sam gasped: "Vanya, this is insane; we're both through if we don't stop fighting." Vanya, too breathless to reply, simply nodded. "Vanya," Sam went on, "I'll let go of you if you will let go of me." Again Vanya nodded. "Then, let go," said Sam. Vanya shook his head and whispered, "You first." "No," shouted Sam, "you will surely kill me and everything I have will be yours alone." And it dawned on Sam that Vanya was thinking the very same thing about him.

Poor Sam! Poor Vanya! *Jacob Goldberg*

same zip

New York City

Dear Sirs: If you write to the White House you get a reply from the Pentagon. If you write to the Pentagon you get a reply from the White House. It happened to me recently. Apparently those in power in Washington no longer make any distinction between the civilian and military departments of the Executive branch of our government. . . . Official Presidential statements provide the maximum of ambiguity, and when clarification is requested the Pentagon answers for the White House, and the White House answers for the Pentagon, and both reply in terms of official Presidential statements.

The name of *this* game is: Illusional Democracy.

Helen Mears

who teaches the teachers?

Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Ivor Kraft's review, "Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power" (*The Nation*, May 26), constitutes a fair and damaging attack upon the American educational system. I would, however, suggest one correction. As the fourth major problem which American education must solve, Dr. Kraft lists "mediocrity among America's 2.5 million teachers," but my own experience indicates that such is only a half-truth. Teachers on the whole are utterly devoted to and capable of teaching exactly as they have been taught to teach; the problem is that they have been extremely well-taught to teach *poorly*. As an educator, Dr. Kraft should be aware of this, and aware as well of the responsibility which men in his position bear for such a condition. The final source of educational mediocrity is to be found among those who teach the teachers.

James D. Wright, Project Assistant
Wabash Valley Education Center

EDITORIALS

The Two Presidents

The differences between the Nixon-Thieu conference at Midway and the earlier confabulations between President Johnson and our South Vietnamese wards are largely in matters of style. The Johnson-Ky meeting, for instance, was about as impromptu as anything of the sort could be, and was carried on with a maximum of synthetic drama—the long arm of the big President flung around the shoulder of the little President, exuberant promises of early victory, visits to the troops and exhortations to nail the coonskin to the wall, and like hoopla. Nixon presents himself in the role which he and his press agents favor—that of the dignified but benevolent chairman of the board, pondering stern things and ever mindful of his responsibilities. But if the styles are different, the policies are much the same.

Both Thieu and Nixon preceded their meeting with clouds of verbiage designed to burnish their respective images among the home folks and to confound their critics. Thieu tried to forge a South Asian propaganda axis based on everlasting hostility to communism. Nixon, stepping out of his role as the moderate man, declared his allegiance to the military-industrial complex and blasted liberal Democrats and Republicans alike. After the short meeting at Midway the "two Presidents," as the White House loves to refer to them, issued a long and completely uninformative communiqué.

The big news—that there would be American troop withdrawals—had been disclosed weeks earlier, but the estimate of 50,000 men, or two divisions at full strength, turned out to be high. Mr. Nixon decided that a single division, less than 5 per cent of American troop strength in South Vietnam, would be enough to convince the American people of his zeal for peace. This force will be shipped in August to nearby island bases, whence it can be returned to duty in South Vietnam should the combat eagerness of the ARVN forces prove overrated.

Commenting on the troop withdrawals, Thieu said it will "be good news for the American people that Vietnamese forces replace United States combat forces." He expressed gratitude for the sacrifices the American people "have accepted and continue to accept"—the second part of the clause, it is safe to conclude, being closer to his heart. "We will never forget," he added, "that blood and human lives are precious."

The "two Presidents" could not have gone all that distance for such an exchange of platitudes; some business must have been transacted at their meeting and the discussions of their civilian aides—some of whom, it is interesting to note, came arrayed in semi-military jackets with epaulets on the shoulders, the Presidential seal above the right breast pocket, and the wearer's name (H. Kissinger, for example) stenciled on the left. The crux of it was, should there be a coalition government before a special election? That is what the NLF and the

North Vietnamese want, lest the election be rigged, as all South Vietnamese elections have been in the last twenty years. And that, Thieu and his hawks in the military and legislative branches have made abundantly clear on numerous occasions, is what they particularly do not want. On this point Thieu got enough to satisfy his backers, one may assume, or at least enough to make them feel that it was the best that could be expected. In the words of the communiqué, the "two Presidents" reiterated "their common resolve to reject any attempt to impose upon the republic of Vietnam any system or program or any particular form of government, such as coalition, without regard to the will of the people of South Vietnam"—a will expressed, of course, through President Thieu.

Thus the "two Presidents" walked through their parts, made their gestures and parted. Perhaps some steps were taken in private that will get the Paris negotiations moving, but that seems unlikely, since the chief obstacle is the Thieu-Ky government itself, and the Nixon Administration shows no signs of willingness to pull the rug from under this assemblage of militarists, speculators, profiteers and plain crooks. Their pretensions to represent the people of Vietnam are exposed by the inflation, one of the most uncontrolled in any country since World War II. For several years, prices have risen about 30 per cent every twelve months and are continuing to rise. In an effort to halt the spiral, American officials withheld some $40 million in American aid during April and May, but they were careful to explain that this was only by way of remonstrance, since there was enough money in the pipe line so that all the South Vietnamese officals had to do was to promise, for what it may be worth, to reduce luxury imports and try to make the rich pay taxes.

As he returned from the meeting which Mr. Thieu so ardently desired, Mr. Nixon faced the problem which brought Mr. Johnson down and which remains in substantially the same shape: the delay grows more ominous the more it is prolonged. As Robert B. Semple wrote in *The New York Times* (June 8), the war "is gradually becoming 'Nixon's war,' in the sense that he has accepted the operational responsiblity for it." Not only that, but in his speech at the Air Force Academy he threw down the gauntlet to his critics. The polls indicate that his popularity has not waned much, but that can change rapidly. No doubt he is aware of his dilemma, but can he get out of it? Unfortunately the United States is in the same dilemma, and only the President has the power to take the necessary steps. The process will be painful, but procrastination will not make it less so.

Political Amnesia

Rap Brown said that violence was as American as cherry pie, and from a hundred thousand throats sprang the cry: "It's not so." But now, in twenty-two chapters where Brown used seven words, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence confirms what he said, and enlarges on the reasons.

The fact that, in the commission's view, we are "a

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rather bloody-minded people in both action and reaction" has been obscured by "a kind of historical amnesia." Perhaps, since this obscuration is still very much with us, it would be better to call it "political amnesia." We would like to think we are a peace-loving people; at the same time we insist on venting our hostility on any individual or nation that questions our virtue and the superiority of our ways.

The Wall Street Journal (June 9) takes issue with the commission on several points. "So far from being bloody-minded," it says editorially, "the average citizen is appalled and deeply saddened at the violence he is constantly reminded of both at home and on the distant battlefields of Vietnam." The violence at home may indeed sadden him, although it probably frightens him more and makes him inclined to resort to violence of his own—certainly the enormous sales of guns to individuals indicate as much. But as for Vietnam, only a small part of the American public is concerned about the agony that has been inflicted on the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Reports from the front that artillery and air strikes have killed several hundred of the enemy, at the cost of a few American lives, cause no public outcry. One would think that only Americans were human. The Pentagon countered a recent rise in the weekly American casualty total with a statement that half a million of the enemy had been killed. Half a million, in a country so small! Not a murmur was heard from all those "appalled and saddened" citizens *The Wall Street Journal* knows about.

In a dispatch from Saigon in *The Christian Science Monitor* (June 4), Elizabeth Pond provides some figures on American violence as applied in Vietnam with no result except the virtual ruin of the southern half of the country. The caption of the story says that there are currently 1.3 million refugees in South Vietnam and the government appropriates one-third of 1 per cent of the national budget to helping them. The policies of the government of South Vietnam can be controlled by the government of the United States; we have proof here that we not only resort to large-scale violence for phantasmal ends but do not even trouble ourselves to repair some of the damage.

This war has produced, according to Miss Pond, at least 4 million refugees, 300,000 physically disabled, 20,000 to 50,000 prostitutes, more than 90,000 orphans, "and no one knows just how many juvenile delinquents and predelinquents." Apart from the dead, it has displaced up to a third of the population, rent the social fabric, and bled the country of several generations of leaders. She says the situation is "vastly" improved over two years ago but it still is horrifying.

Of course many Americans are perturbed by all this; some are actually trying to ameliorate the distress. "An entire nation is being destroyed," asserts the White Paper of the American Friends Service Committee, but this compassion does not go down to the grass roots.

The animosity against Brown's dictum was amplified by the fact that it was true. The commission's report will be viewed more tolerantly but probably it will not be as long remembered.

'A Dirty Business'

Justice Holmes once said all that ever need be said about wire tapping when he referred to it as "a dirty business." But some taps, of course, are dirtier than others. A prime example is the wire tap that the FBI maintained on the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Evidence offered at the Cassius Clay hearing in Houston indicates that the taps began as early as 1965 and were maintained until Dr. King's death on April 4, 1968. It is clear also that the taps were maintained after President Johnson, on June 30, 1965, ordered an end to wire taps except those ordered by the Attorney General in "national security" cases. The mind boggles at the notion that Dr. King, a Baptist minister (Ph.D., Boston University, D.D., Chicago Theological Seminary), Nobel Prize winner (1964), founder of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, could have been involved in activities that, in the view of J. Edgar Hoover and former Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, may have constituted a threat to the national security of the United States.

Incredulity is enhanced by a clear indication of what it was that prompted Mr. Hoover to request authorization of this particular wire tap. District Judge Ingraham, who is conducting the Clay hearings in Houston, would not permit FBI agent Robert Nicols to explain why Dr. King was under surveillance, but he did let him testify that the surveillance—that is, the particular surveillance which Nicols supervised—occurred at a time when Dr. King was attacking the FBI for assigning Southern rather than Northern agents to civil rights investigations. The inference is that sharp criticism of his actions is regarded by Mr. Hoover as a threat to national security.

In an entirely legitimate attempt to secure an official explanation, the Chicago *Daily News* propounded a series of questions to the FBI: "Why was Dr. King's phone tapped? Did J. Edgar Hoover approve? Was Dr. King considered a security risk?" In each instance the answer was: "No comment."

Not merely is the public entitled to an explanation of the kind sought by the *Daily News*, but the continued failure to provide it will encourage slander of the dead. Recently the regents of the University of California, over the objection of Gov. Ronald Reagan, approved naming a new hall at the Davis campus in honor of Dr. King. Rep. John Rarick (D., La.) promptly denounced Dr. King as "errand boy" for "international communism" (*Congressional Record*, May 26). Rep. Robert Leggett (D., Calif.) expressed "dismay" that Rarick had given credence to "the libelous and ridiculous charges that Dr. King was a Communist." On June 2, Rarick repeated the charges and, in doing so, demanded that the files of the FBI on Dr. King be made public. To this Leggett responded (June 5) by placing in the *Record* many pages of tributes to Dr. King. But nothing will shame or silence Rarick, who again returned to the attack with this comment: "Public acknowledgment that Martin Luther King was under FBI surveillance can be accepted in only one manner—that is, that Dr. King's activities, confidants, and financiers were felt by top intelligence people to be questionable in relation to our national security."

From the *Record* this kind of poison spreads. Not only have Representative Leggett's admirable rejoinders failed to check it but his office reports that his mail is running 3 to 1 against his defense of Dr. King. In view of this record, can Congress continue to keep its collective head deeply buried in the sand? In all conscience, shouldn't the Congress, or one of its committees, compel Mr. Hoover to answer a few simple questions about this revolting wire tap?

Nixon's 'Blueprint'

Washington

President Nixon's "new isolation" commencement address at the Air Force Academy serves notice that under his Administration the United States will continue its role as global policeman. This is a disastrous prospect. It means that the country will get deeper and deeper into the morass of Administration-made policies.

To tell the graduating Air Force cadets that *they* "are under attack from those who question the need for a strong national defense" is a demagogic effort by their Commander in Chief to shut their young minds to the truth about the legitimate criticism of Administration policies. Further, to equate such critics with "the nation's potential adversaries"—meaning, of course, Russian and Chinese Communists—is in pugilistic terms hitting "below the belt." So is the President's implication that the critics are unpatriotic; those who want to set the country back on the path of reason are the true patriots.

No responsible individuals have questioned "the need for a strong national defense," although they do and should question the self-serving military-industrial complex's definition of what is "strong." Under the misleadership of the last few years the nation has been edged from defense into offense abroad, a shift that has weakened our essential internal defenses. The questioning has arisen, also, because national policy makers must accept responsibility for a series of alarming blunders; the "nerve-gas" killing of 3,000 sheep; airplane, tank and other procurement scandals; the self-sinking submarine (at the dock!); the *Pueblo* and the subsequent spy plane disaster. These legitimately concern a few Congressional critics.

We cannot "conduct a successful policy of peace abroad if our society is at war with itself at home," said the President. That is an inversion of the reality. President Johnson's and now President Nixon's so-called "policy of peace abroad" is a policy of war abroad that has produced war at home.

"Let us not," continued the President, "pose a false choice between meeting our responsibilities abroad and meeting the needs of our people at home. We shall meet both or we shall meet neither." The truth is that under Nixon we are not getting "peace abroad" or "meeting the needs of our people at home." We cannot maintain 429 major bases and 2,972 minor bases abroad, as we are now doing, and meet the requirements of slum clearance, pollution abatement, education, health, housing, crime control and much else. The President's budget for social programs, further curtailing Mr. Johnson's, tells the story.

President Nixon has given us a tragic blueprint of his thinking and his purpose. The only hope to arrest the steady deterioration of our society is for the Congress to exercise its abdicated role as a watchdog and joint partner in government, and head the nation back to its onetime sanity.

ERNEST GRUENING

Incident at Rocky Flats

The Army's troubles with its surplus stores of nerve gas and other lethal materials have been thoroughly aired in the press. (See editorial, "Sacred Missions," *The Nation*, June 9.) This situation remains stalemated. The Army's original intention of shipping the stuff by rail from Denver and sinking it in the Atlantic Ocean has been blocked by official criticism and public apprehension over the hazards involved. In the meantime, former Rep. Byron L. Johnson, a member of the University of Colorado faculty, and four other plaintiffs have brought a class suit in federal court, seeking an injunction to prohibit the Department of Defense from storing chemical and biological warfare materials at the Denver arsenal. A degree of awakening to the dangers implicit in industrial militarization seems to be in progress.

In contrast to the nerve-gas agitation, a mishap in the same neighborhood, likewise involving hazards to the population, has so far escaped national attention. On May 11, a quantity of plutonium was destroyed in a fire at the Dow Chemical atomic plant at Rocky Flats, between Denver and Boulder. The Colorado Committee for Environmental Information (Dr. Edward U. Condon, Dr. H. Peter Metzger and others), located at Boulder, made a rough calculation of the amount of plutonium involved, basing its estimate on the Atomic Energy Commission's figure of $20 million as the cash value of the plutonium lost in the fire. A 20-megaton bomb is believed to contain about $70,000 worth of plutonium. As a first approximation, therefore, the amount of plutonium in the Rocky Flats fire was sufficient for 300 20-megaton bombs.

When, in January 1966, four H-bombs were accidentally dropped from one of our aircraft at Palomares, Spain, and two of the bombs scattered plutonium over an area of farm land, a massive decontamination operation was initiated by the U.S. Department of Defense, including the shipment of 20,000 sealed drums of contaminated soil to this country for burial in South Carolina. In the Rocky Flats incident the Atomic Energy Commission and the other agencies involved seem to have been much less solicitous, presumably because there were no international complications. The Colorado Commmittee for Environmental Information suggests that a fire of this size could hardly fail to be accompanied by a smoke plume which would deposit quantities of radioactive plutonium downwind as far as 50 miles from the source. In a letter to Gov. John Love of Colorado, the committee makes the point that if the operation of the Dow facility is a serious threat to public health, the operation should be moved to a more remote site. There must be many such potential hazards in other populated areas: this incident calls attention to a neglected aspect of the dangers inherent in a free-ranging military-industrial complex.

Three Public Citizens

How can the value of a long lifetime of distinguished —and disinterested—service as a public citizen be measured? How suggest what the nation has lost by the deaths of George E. Rundquist, Charles A. Sprague and James P. Warburg?

Most of George Rundquist's adult life was devoted to defending the civil liberties of the aggrieved. Those who remember his splendid work in aid of Japanese-American evacuees during World War II will not soon forget him.

Charles A. Sprague, former Governor of Oregon, publisher and editor of *The Oregon Statesman* for four decades, was by any fair reckoning, the state's first citizen in terms of distinguished public service.

James P. Warburg—a fine public citizen on many other counts—was one of the sharpest, most consistent and effective critics of American foreign policy throughout the cold-war period. A few years ago, J. K. Galbraith said of him: "James Warburg is a discouraging figure. He is lucid, well informed and very interesting. But he is not in favor of war, even with de Gaulle; doesn't call automatically for strengthening of NATO; has a compassionate view of the problems of poor countries even when Communist; is not pompous; avoids clichés; often makes an allowance for doubt; and does not accept the transcendent wisdom of John Foster Dulles. Why does he insist on taking these far-out positions? He won't get ahead." The country would be much further ahead on the road to peace than it is at the moment if Washington had at least been willing to listen to the advice of James Warburg during the long years when it no longer had use for his active services.

'JE SUIS FRANCAIS'

THE WRETCHED OF MARTINIQUE

PETER GEISMAR

Mr. Geismar, who has a doctorate in French history, is writing a biography of Frantz Fanon.

The French stand by tradition: both the Fourth and the Fifth Republics have used the 19th-century colonial method of "assimilation"—the pretended absorption of overseas areas into the life of the metropolitan territory —rather than adopt the more subtle tactics of contemporary neo-imperialism. De Gaulle was able to preserve another bit of grandeur by continuing his government's rule over three American territories, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Guiana, the so-called "overseas departments."

Guiana is a coastal stretch of jungle on the northern border of Brazil; it has 31,000 inhabitants, a few hundred acres of sugar cane fields, no industrial development and only two passable highways. Guadeloupe and Martinique are more highly cultivated and densely populated Caribbean islands northwest of Guiana. The three territories have been held by France since the 17th century; in the 18th and 19th centuries African slaves were brought there to cultivate sugar crops, bananas and pineapples. Today, the territories are still run by their tiny white minorities, a decadent aristocracy surviving off the labor of a dangerously poor mass of colored people.

To be more exact, in Martinique, at least three-quarters of the productive land is in the hands of the *békés,* the 19th-century Creole aristocracy that also controls the larger stores, the construction companies on the two islands, and most of the port facilities. The *békés* are ingrown, hostile even to the wealthy, upper-class society of metropolitan France. In Fort de France, capital of Martinique, they often congregate in a private bar above the city's best restaurant; they descend to dine but return to their own bar to socialize. They are protected at all times by class barriers of their own construction.

André Delauney-Belleville, a conservative Martinican journalist, writes that there are about 1,000 wealthy *békés* out of a total island population of 300,000; he would classify 25,000 to 30,000 others as bourgeois. (*Choses et gens de la Martinique,* Paris: Debrasse, 1964.) These small property owners and civil servants seem to be self-consciously patriotic: often, during interviews, I was reprimanded for intimating that there was a difference between a Martinican and a metropolitan Frenchman—"*Mais monsieur,* nous *sommes français.*" Yet the middle class is hard pressed financially because all manufactured goods and many groceries are imported from France, where the price was high to begin with. One would expect dissatisfaction and resentment; however, during two weeks of conversations and interviews any complaints that I heard were more than balanced by a much stronger attachment to France—and an uneasiness about the poorer classes on the island. From an official at the Lycée in Fort de France I received the usual explanation: France spends more money on the overseas departments than it receives from them; without the

French Republic's aid, the situation would become desperate. More specifically, this official continued, France supports a higher price for sugar from the departments than they could obtain on the world market; it gives the civil service there higher wages than in the metropolitan departments; and it subsidizes mail, passenger and freight transportation to Europe.

But my acquaintance in the Lycée, like so many others, refused to carry the analysis one step further to show who, in Martinique, really benefited from the subsidies. The higher sugar prices go to the 5 per cent who own the land, the special transportation rates and higher salaries are for the middle class. The lower classes, at least 80 per cent of Martinique's population, and a higher percentage in Guadeloupe and Guiana, are either unemployed or underemployed. They will never travel to France, at the lower rates, nor will they write there, nor can they afford any products imported from Europe.

I spoke to all the people employed in my own hotel in Fort de France, and a good number of those working for the waterfront industries nearby. A general picture emerged of a fourteen-hour workday, seven days a week, for less than $100 a month. Several of those I talked to had come to Martinique from Guadeloupe because chances of employment were better on the former island. Labor unions have not made much headway in the overseas departments because of the huge rate of unemployment; the desperation of poverty always provides scabs.

The sugar plantations are the largest single employer on the islands and in Guiana, but the harvest lasts only two to three months; and that is the period of full employment. In Martinique, at least, a great number of the sugar-field workers live on credit during the rest of the year. When the harvest begins, the island's merchants automatically claim their salaries. Slavery was abolished in the French colonies in 1848; in the Caribbean area the older kind of servitude was replaced by a more efficient wage slavery.

No one dies of hunger in the overseas departments—there is always a bit of fruit or sugar cane to be found to sustain life—but the mass of the agricultural workers and many of the city dwellers are undernourished. "Three-fourths of the whole population of Martinique," writes Delauney-Belleville, "get less than 1,800 calories a day, and are in a state of chronic hunger."

At present the majority of the islanders are well supplied with only one product: the strong rum distilled from the sugar that they have harvested. A large bottle of rum sells for less than $1, and almost 10 per cent of this price is the deposit on the bottle. Walking in the streets of Fort de France one can discern the distinctive odor of strong Antillean rum everywhere—coming from the cafés and shops as well as from the people. At the airport it is not unusual to see taxicab drivers spending the night passed out in the bar of the central terminal. Alcoholism is a devastating problem; money that should go for a bit of solid food is spent on rum to ease, for a while, the consciousness of a wretched existence.

But the workers are also drugged with the strongest kind of French patriotism. The upper classes, at least, have material interests at stake when they speak lovingly of the European fatherland; the pro-French sentiments among the poor are the result of years of effective indoctrination. To France's credit there is very little illiteracy in the overseas departments; almost all the young children are in school. But the schools serve mostly to propagandize for the ways of the French nation. When the Martinican child first learns to spell and read, phrases such as "*Je suis français*" occur over and over again with monotonous regularity. When the Martinican learns history, it is the history of France (not of France overseas, particularly). Even the island's sports are French; there are weekly bicycle races in Fort de France as preparation for the greatest contest of all, the Tour de France. The mass media, the radio and the one newspaper shared by Guadeloupe and Martinique continue to reinforce this kind of nationalism. It is all quite natural, since those running the schools and writing in the media depend on France (its army and its police forces) to preserve the *status quo* which they find so sustaining.

That the propaganda is effective was proved by the Fifth Republic's 1958 referendum in which the people of the overseas departments voted heavily in favor of maintaining their present ties with Paris. Yet there is evidence that the people went into the polling places almost as automatons, pulling the "*Je suis français*" lever by reflex as they had been taught to do in school. Two uprisings since, one in Guadeloupe and the other in Martinique, have shown, more conclusively, the dissatisfaction within the territories. There was rioting in Martinique when de Gaulle paid it a visit in 1959, but the demands of the protesters were never clearly articulated. The outburst seemed to be the culmination of too much physical discomfort and too much rum. Shortly after, Paris had to rush 13,000 troops to Guadeloupe to put down an insurrection against the administration. Today, there is still a vague rumbling of discontent on both islands; but it is too soon to describe the anti-French elements within the departments as constituting a real movement. There are, rather, names of individuals who have fought "assimilation" and the poverty which seems to accompany French patriotism. Frantz Fanon would be the most familiar of these names for Americans.

Fanon was born in Fort de France, but escaped from the island by joining the French army at the end of World War II. He returned to Martinique after gaining a university education in France in order to write and to practice medicine. A year in the city convinced Fanon that Martinican independence was a prerequisite to real economic reform, but he was also pessmistic about the revolutionary potential of the island's drugged masses. Fanon chose to serve his own revolutionary apprenticeship in Algeria. His writings, though, especially *Black Skin, White Masks,* reflect the experiences of his youth and return to Martinique. Fanon's last book, *The Wretched of the Earth,* is an appeal to the Third World to unite against the kind of inhumanity which is nowhere more evident than in France's overseas departments.

THE BERKELEY PARK

TERROR IN A TEAPOT

FREDERICK BERRY, THOMAS BROOKS and EUGENE COMMINS

Mr. Berry is associate professor of geology, Mr. Brooks assistant professor of English, and Mr. Commins associate professor of physics at the University of California.

Berkeley

Certain facts about the issue of the People's Park are indisputable. First, the land at Haste, Dwight and Bowditch Streets on which the park was created does belong to the University of California. Its purchase was begun in June 1967, eleven years after the land had been designated for university use (and during all those years it has deteriorated, since owners neglected maintenance in the face of university acquisition). Second, in response to the university's declared intention to act on the principle that its legal ownership was more important than the creative use of the land, some individuals called for drastic retributive action on other university property. Third, the bloody confrontation between police and demonstrators on the day of the regents' meeting, May 15, was in large part the result of provocative actions by demonstrators. These facts provide the strict legal justification for the intervention of police authority. But this legal justification has been grossly overextended and abused to a point entirely out of proportion to whatever laws were initially broken and to the point where the severity of abuse of the law by those charged with its enforcement far exceeds any laws initially abused by the park developers or demonstrators. These violations are enumerated in greater detail below.

Part of the university's motivation in finally moving to purchase the land in 1967 was, according to recent public statements by Chancellor Roger W. Heyns, its sense of obligation to the needs and desires of the Berkeley community. When the land was originally earmarked for university purchase in 1956, it was intended ultimately for student housing, but even now existing university housing facilities are not used to capacity. Thus in 1967 the university was committed to purchase land for which the original purpose was no longer valid, and was faced with responsibility for subsequent deterioration of the area. But even when the purchases were completed and the land had been cleared, it was permitted to lie vacant and unfenced for ten months—a muddy lot still obstructed by dangerous foundations and littered with refuse, and soon appropriated as free parking space on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Having acquired and cleared the plot, the university awaited further appropriation of funds for its development.

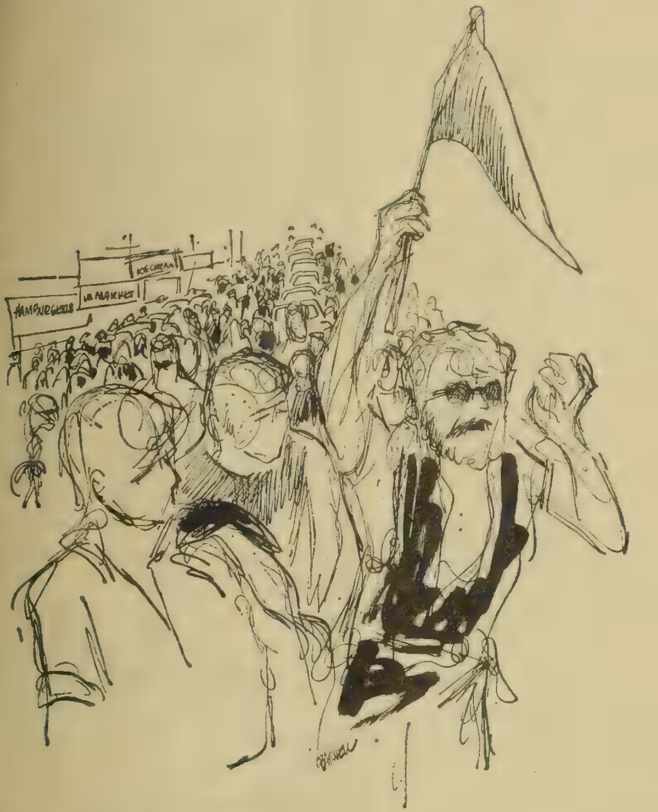
No private corporation, with such a fallow site on its hands, would have left it an open eyesore and liability to trespass and appropriation by the public. It is certainly not unusual that land which has been effectively part of the public domain for nearly a year should be in part appropriated by those interested in making a more useful and less ugly contribution to the community than a dilapidated parking lot. Though the university has justified its closing of the park by citing its liability for injuries incurred there, this issue was not raised during the ten previous months when cars were driving on and off the property.

When the university apparently did not know how to turn its eyesore into a useful community facility, the park's developers began to do their work. Thus if the university's real reason for acquiring and developing the land was its concern for the well-being of the student and public communities (and the administration now asserts that this was the case), there is no real ideological controversy between the university and the park developers.

In an effort to demonstrate its concern, the university had made plans to develop the land into a soccer field, though other such fields in the immediate vicinity were hardly used to capacity even during prime playing times. All that was needed was recognition from the university that the park developers had come up with a better plan for the use of the land (a plan closer to the needs and desires of the community toward which the university says it was trying to respond) and the incorporation of that plan into their own. Given this analysis of university motives and plans for the area, the extensive and costly defense of its right to control can be viewed only as a perverse insistence upon the procedures of red tape and the principle of ownership for their own sake. It can hardly be viewed as worth the cost of life and injury, academic and communal paralysis, and the gross abridgment of civil liberties that have resulted.

Nevertheless, the university administration elected to defend these abstractions, and it was at this point that some individuals announced their intention, through the underground radical *Berkeley Barb,* to reject, by violent retribution if necessary, any attempt by the university to assert its authority over the disputed property. The question is not whether such calls to violence were issued; they were. The question is whether the source through which they were issued should have been taken as truly representing the bona fide intentions of the majority of the park's developers, instead of being simply another example of the paper's customary tactic of adding radical rhetoric to the fire. It is at least worth noting that Mayor Wallace Johnson and Governor Reagan took the word of the *Barb* as gospel when it suited their purpose to do so, though they have in the past ignored many of its even more radical and alarming pronouncements. The question, then, is whether the genuine intentions of those actually in control of the park were truly part of "a deliberate and planned attempt at confrontation," as stated by the Governor.

Probably we shall never know just what the precise motivations of the park developers were, mainly because they remained inarticulate even among themselves until confronted with the necessity of explaining their actions to people who had not understood what they had done. Certainly one of the more interesting aspects of this short-lived experiment in communal behavior, one which prompted the well-known critic of environmental design, Allan Temko, to call the park "the most significant advance in recreational design since the great parks of the late 19th and early 20th centuries," was the education in social awareness and organization which its developers had begun to acquire. Although the university publicly justified the erection of the fence to close the park from use by citing complaints from residents of the area, the park's creators had already begun to institute and successfully enforce a system of regulations concerning noise and use of the park.



Similarly the lack of spokesmen for the park people has been interpreted as indicating their unwillingness even to discuss possible solutions with the chancellor. On May 14 they did finally manage to select eleven members of their group to act as negotiators, but "negotiations" broke down, since the fence appeared the next day, before either side had a chance to proceed. It seemed to the park's developers that the university administration, having subscribed to the theory that the park was a "phony issue" manufactured for the sake of confrontation, was not prepared to accept the fact that the majority of the park's supporters were willing to proceed in non-confrontational ways to preserve what they had created. When presented with evidence of that desire to save the park, the university chose to ignore it and made inevitable a more direct confrontation.

All this indicates that, as the park emerged and became a social reality, so the attitudes of the majority of the park's supporters matured and became more articulate; and that these attitudes, though not permitted to continue their evolution, were not motivated by a conspiratorial desire for violent confrontation but by the simple desire to preserve what they had created. This, rather than "a deliberate and planned attempt at confrontation," was the more apparent position at the moment the fence was built.

Thus, the park was seen by many responsible people as a dynamic example of the potential of spontaneous community involvement in administrative and governmental planning. The university's College of Environmental Design proposed, before the fence went up, that the park be maintained as an experimental station to further its studies in ways of involving community response in civic planning. Professor Van der Ryn, chairman of the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Housing and the Environment, agreed with the proposal and reported to the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate at its emergency meeting of Friday, May 23. We quote from his report at length because it speaks eloquently for the accomplishment and potential of the park:

> The park is by no means the whole of the problem, but it is at the heart of our present crisis. The ultimate rationale for the deployment of hundreds of police and thousands of troops is the protection of the fence. If the fence is removed, we may begin to defuse the crisis and de-escalate what the Governor has described as war. . . .
>
> The Committee believes, and has consistently advised the Chancellor that a community-generated People's Park is a constructive and appropriate use of a portion of the Dwight Way site. . . . The idea of community-controlled and designed recreation areas is neither a new nor a particularly radical innovation. It is a principle of community planning that is increasingly widely accepted both in this country and abroad. . . . [Such a park] is compatible with the recreational needs of the campus and South Campus community. Hearings we conducted, and other expressions of campus and community sentiment . . . indicate this is the prevailing view. The University and City administrations have made the point that they saw the park as essentially a design for confrontation, not a design for neighborhood improvement as we and others would view it. It has been the inability to reconcile these two views that brings us here today. I will not argue that the thousands of Berkeleyans who worked in and enjoyed the park for a few brief weeks were the witless dupes of a small band bent on violence. I can only report on how the park appeared to satisfy real and pressing human needs that the University and the City appear to be ignorant of. For the first time, hundreds of young people felt the sense of performing meaningful work to-

wards creating a place of their own. Many felt the joy of creating beauty in a city increasingly dedicated to ticky-tacky and asphalt.

The fact is that at every level our public institutions and local governments are failing to meet fundamental needs and people are trying to do something about it. Throughout these events we have seen a failure of archaic procedures for making decisions about land acquisition and use, a failure to create or use procedures for the kind of broad consultation and discussion that is absolutely essential in dealing with the new and difficult problems that face every large urban university in its relations with its surrounding community. The fact is that the physical planning and design of the campus and the surrounding city is irrational and unimaginative—that is in part what the park responded to. A year ago this Committee recommended reform of a heavy handed and unresponsive planning process that places too many burdens on too few men. The Chancellor did not really attempt to use our Committee early as a source of advice and ideas about either the park, recreational needs or the larger problems of campus planning and campus environment. It is worth noting that in Spring, 1968, when the land was cleared, and when it was apparent that funds were not forthcoming for immediate construction on the now controversial property, we suggested that part of the site be made available to the street people to take the pressure off a crowded and tense Telegraph Avenue. This advice went unheeded.

The Chancellor's demand that the people stop developing the site during discussions was unrealistic. It assumed that somebody was there, so to speak, "in charge" and could order everyone to lay down their hoes and stop planting shrubs. There was, in fact, nobody with that authority. It should be stressed, however, that while people were determined to continue work on the site, there was no move to expand the boundaries of the site, and no resistance to the University's doing whatever it wishes with the western portion, including, we believe, putting a fence around it. There may very well have been severe political problems associated with the continued development of the area, but that was all the more reason to find a solution that would allow its development without embarrassment to the University.

Our position from the beginning has been that the People's Park represented an interesting and important phenomenon that called for an equally creative response by the University. We never believed that it would not present problems: legal problems, political problems, and indeed, police problems (in the old-fashioned sense of that term), but we did not and do not believe that these are insuperable. . . . The University seems not to be able to make that creative response—largely, we suspect, because of the fierce political pressures on it. We now believe that the most useful and creative act that the University can make is to find ways to place the land under other auspices so that the park can continue to be created and developed by its users.

It is impossible as yet to reconstruct in detail the tragic events on the streets of Berkeley during the riot of Thursday, May 15. The step-by-step development is unclear, and will probably remain so until a detailed and unbiased investigation is completed. We do know that members of the mob assailed the police with bricks, rocks and pieces of metal pipe, and that the police responded with tear gas. Members of the mob threw some of the smoking tear gas canisters back at the police, and ultimately the police resorted to firearms. Whatever the detailed sequence of events leading up to the ugly climax of this riot, however, one aspect is abundantly clear; it is supported by detailed and well-corroborated evidence supplied by hundreds of independent witnesses: the police conducted themselves in such a brutal manner, and used such excessive force and violence that an extremely bad situation was made much worse. Moreover, from May 15 to May 24, the National Guard, police and county prison authorities repeatedly and grossly violated the civil rights of hundreds of citizens, rights guaranteed to them by the United States Constitution and the U.S. Code.

During May 15 the police indiscriminately fired bird shot and buckshot into the crowd. The bird shot consists of lead pellets about 1-16 of an inch in diameter, and a single shell contains about 800 pellets. One man was blinded by bird shot, the pellets entering both eyes and lodging in the soft tissue behind. At least ten other victims reporting to Herrick Hospital were very seriously injured by bird shot, according to a physician on duty at the time. Others who were seriously wounded went to neighboring hospitals. One victim now carries a pellet in his heart. Another suffered two punctured lungs. Numerous victims suffered bird-shot wounds in the chest, back, thighs and legs, including one unfortunate man who came into the hospital with at least 125 bird-shot pellets in one leg. More than five persons suffered bird-shot wounds in the head, face and neck. At the least, these wounds will leave ugly facial scars very much like those caused by smallpox. Many persons were fired on from behind by the police. We note, for example, the now well-known photograph published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of May 19, which clearly shows a policeman aiming a shotgun loaded with bird shot at a youth running away from him down a city street.

The buckshot (0-0 gauge) consisted of lead balls about 0.33 inches in diameter; a single shotgun shell contains nine to fifteen balls. Some of these projectiles were removed in surgery, and others are revealed in numerous X-ray photographs of injured victims which were taken at Herrick Hospital, Berkeley and Highland Hospital, Oakland. James Rector, 25, of San Jose, died as a result of devastating abdominal and chest wounds caused by buckshot. At least five other persons were seriously injured by buckshot pellets, according to Herrick Hospital observers alone. The tibia (large shinbone) of one victim was shattered by buckshot, causing long-term or permanent damage. It is essential to note that many gunshot victims were innocent persons who merely found themselves in the neighborhood, and were in no way participating in the action.

Between May 15 and May 24, almost 1,000 arrests were made on the streets of Berkeley, mostly on minor misdemeanor charges such as "obstructing a public way," "disorderly conduct" and "failure to disperse." Even while arresting persons on such minor charges, the police frequently administered severe beating with hands and clubs. We cite as partial evidence many signed statements which accompany the class action suit brought n the Federal District Court for the Northern District Court of California by a number of plaintiffs. Scores of cases have been reported to the American Civil Liberties Union office in Berkeley, including many in which bystanders were threatened, clubbed and arrested by police simply because they had witnessed another arrest. At least one incident is known in which four or more police officers surrounded and brutally assaulted a 12-year-old child. During the entire period of May 15 to May 24, it was common practice for police officers to conceal identifying badges and/or name plates.

Many persons were subjected to vicious and foul verbal insult, intimidation and abuse by police during and after arrest, or even when arrest was not made.

The police practiced selective arrest: those with long hair, beards or unconventional dress were much more likely to be arrested and abused than those more conventional in appearance.

Excessive and unfair bail fees have been imposed on persons arrested for minor offenses such as "blocking a public way." While ordinarily, the bail for this sort of offense may be $60 to $100, during the period in question sums of $500, $800 and $1,000 were typical. Such exorbitant bail amounts to punishment of the accused before trial, and is in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the United States Constitution. In addition, prisoners were harassed and intimidated when they sought to retain counsel, or were actually prevented from doing so, in obvious violation of their rights under the Sixth Amendment.

Cruel mistreatment of many prisoners, even those arrested for the most minor offenses, has been the common practice, especially at the Alameda County Prison Farm Facility at Santa Rita. After a class action suit had been filed in the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of California, under the jurisdiction of the Civil Rights Act of 1871, U.S. District Judge Peckham on May 24 issued a temporary restraining order against Sheriff Frank Madigan. The legal brief urged the enjoinment of Sheriff Madigan and his subordinates from:

> striking prisoners with clubs and hands, forcing prisoners to lie face down on a hard asphalt courtyard covered with gravel for periods up to four hours; preventing prisoners from sleeping by continued torment; forcing one prisoner, in full view of other prisoners, to place his head against a wooden post and then repeatedly striking the post with clubs with great force until the prisoner's nose was bloody, cutting some of the hair of one prisoner, preventing at least one prisoner from getting required medication; threatening physical violence; and the continued use of abusive and obscene language.

Numerous sworn affidavits testify to the brutal mistreatment of prisoners at Santa Rita, including a vivid description by Tim Findley, reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* (see editorial, "Warning from Berkeley," *The Nation*, June 16).

The police and National Guard indiscriminately attacked crowds and individuals, demonstrators and ordinary citizens with tear gas, causing inconvenience, injury and illness to many innocent Berkeley citizens. A low-flying National Guard helicopter attacked the central campus area at about 2 P.M. on May 21, spraying noxious CN or CS gas over a wide area, including the regions between Stephens and Barrows Halls, Faculty Glade, Sproul Hall, the Sproul Plaza and the Sather Gate area, the dining hall and lower plaza area, and the Harmon gymnasium. Gas spread also to libraries, laboratories, classrooms, offices, workshops; to the university hospital and to the Strawberry Canyon recreation area. It contaminated portions of the residential area and business district south of the campus. The gas caused considerable discomfort to hundreds of persons, including students and faculty in classrooms and laboratories, employees in offices, and even mothers and children in the recreation area. Many suffered acute nausea, respiratory inflammation, skin irritation, temporary mental confusion, chest pains, vertigo and weakness. One associate professor of business administration, a chronic asthmatic, suffered a very severe medical setback. The condition of patients in Cowell Hospital was aggravated by the attack.

The ostensible purpose of this sortie, according to a public statement by Adjutant General Glen Ames, was to break up a massive demonstration by 500 "hard-core dissidents" who were threatening the safety of National Guard troops and police. In fact, according to the reports of all witnesses at the scene, no demonstrations or threats were occurring at the time. The plaza did contain isolated groups of persons, including faculty and university employees, who were for the most part trying to leave the area, but were being prevented from doing so by a restraining cordon of police and National Guard who were, of course, equipped with gas masks.

The aerial attack has to some extent captured the imagination of the public, but lesser-known gassing incidents have been equally outrageous and stupid. When the helicopter attack forced persons to leave the Harmon gymnasium swimming pool in great discomfort (skin irritation is greatly aggravated when the skin is wet), they found to their great dismay that the Alameda sheriff's deputies had just discharged two or more canisters of tear gas in the shower rooms. As another example, numerous witnesses report seeing police discharging tear gas canisters into the men's and women's bathrooms of the Student Union building.

In summary then, the evidence is unmistakable and incontrovertible that police and National Guard greatly exceeded their authority, and actually exacerbated an already grave situation by brutal and violent behavior. By doing so, in the name of law and order, they systematically violated the civil rights of many citizens.

The aim of the state authorities apparently has been to identify and limit the activities and influence of those radicals who seek disruption at every opportunity, who seek to effect change by violent means. We submit that acts of the state during the present crisis have had just the opposite effect; that the brutal, vindictive and destructive actions by police and other armed forces operating in Berkeley in the name of law and order have done more to convert the young to radical and perhaps revolutionary views than any talks or actions by the SDS.

Student radicals seized Moses Hall in the fall of 1968, and called for a general student protest and strike. They had no real issue and received essentially no support. At most, 200 or 300 students participated, and their action was a failure. In contrast, after one week of the coercive tactics employed by police and military units in May, the reaction of students, faculty, employees and ordinary Berkeley citizens has been enormous anger and hostility toward the authorities. This is reflected by many oral statements to the Berkeley City Council in a tumultuous meeting on May 24, and by an overwhelming vote of the Berkeley Academic Senate on May 23. Possibly of greatest significance, however, is a referendum held on May 20, 21 and 22 by the Berkeley student body. Almost 15,000 students voted (a record turn-out for any student election), and 85 per cent were in favor of retaining the People's Park as it existed before May 13.

THE SCENARIO SOCIETY

YORICK BLUMENFELD

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The incumbent madness of the scenario society is upon us. In the second half of the 20th century, with our grasp on reality already weakened by megadeaths and carbonized cities, we are being addled by these dramatic playbacks of the future. The scenario defines a hypothesis to the point where one believes that the definition embraces reality. Occasionally, it even confounds the practitioners, as in the case of a senior State Department strategist who, having finished his morning scenario on Vietnam, entered a briefing-room analysis of a similar situation and found himself confusing the scenario with reality.

Plausibility, says Herman Kahn, is a great virtue of the scenario. He will argue that it is a useful way to draw consequences or implications from various given possibilities. Until quite recently, scenarios were restricted to "think tank" strategists simulating crisis situations—usually of the kind involving big-power nuclear confrontation. It has now spread to other areas: politics, the campus, even the bedroom. No part of the future, it is presumed, will be left to its own devices in the scenario society.

When the game theorists at the Hudson Institute or the mandarins at RAND construct the scenario of a nuclear confrontation, simulation, like pretense, becomes effortless. Take the outlandish scenario currently being presented as one of the rationales behind the ABM system (of either Sentinel or Safeguard variety). The scenario predication is: It is the year 1976. A national hysteria has gripped China. The entire politburo in Peking has gone off its collective rocker. The slant-eyed maniacs push the buttons and send two dozen intercontinental missiles hurtling toward the continental United States—ignoring the fact that several hundred U.S. rockets will soon thereafter put an end to more than five millennia of Chinese history. No, argue the American strategists sitting around the table, puffing their pipes. This must never be. We must build the protective system which will cancel out any possibility of a Chinese attack.

This "mock up" of the future is responsible for the launching of the multibillion-dollar ABM system. The invented drama may seem outrageous, but the logic we ask the Chinese to accept is equally faulty. "We are going to keep you naked," might commence the paraphrase of what a Pentagon strategist, immersed in scenarios, asks Peking to accept. "With our ABMs you won't be able to touch us. However, you don't have to worry, because we Americans would never attack you first. Even if we do think you are very dangerous, perhaps to the point of being deranged, don't let that stop you from negotiating with us in Warsaw." Thus the expectations of a projected course of action, of a scenario, pollute the possibilities of dealing with reality. Ironically, it is Herman Kahn, the father-in-law of the scenario society, who writes that "Scenarios force the analyst to deal with details and dynamics he might easily avoid treating if he restricted himself to abstract considerations."

Kahn writes in *The Year 2000* that "Scenarios are one way to force oneself and others to plunge into the unfamiliar and rapidly changing world of the present and the future." A good case in point was Columbia University in the spring of 1968. The SDS prepared a scenario which, it turned out, was not exactly a plunge into the unpredictable. The disruption of the university had even been forecast in a script which read:

> CONTINGENCY A: fistfights, police violence, similar excitement. Steering Comm. Tues. night plans larger demo. Wed., perhaps with campus anti-racism coalition (Black Students). We all pull out quotations from M. L. King. Dorm canvassing late into night. If Wed. all right, see "Escalate," below (d) (Two scenarios: one, ever bigger demonstrations effectively shutting down afternoon classes until they give in; two, Thurs. 500 or more people sit in Kirk's/Platt's office until demands granted; Fri. morning they call a sympathy strike.)

The scenario, as presented in *Up Against the Ivy Wall*, continued: "Open struggle, perhaps with city cops, will develop. WE FIGHT! Community support, black students, libs begin to come in." And then, concludes this agitator, a week later "Occupation and blockade of Low. Continue pressure until University capitulates on demands."

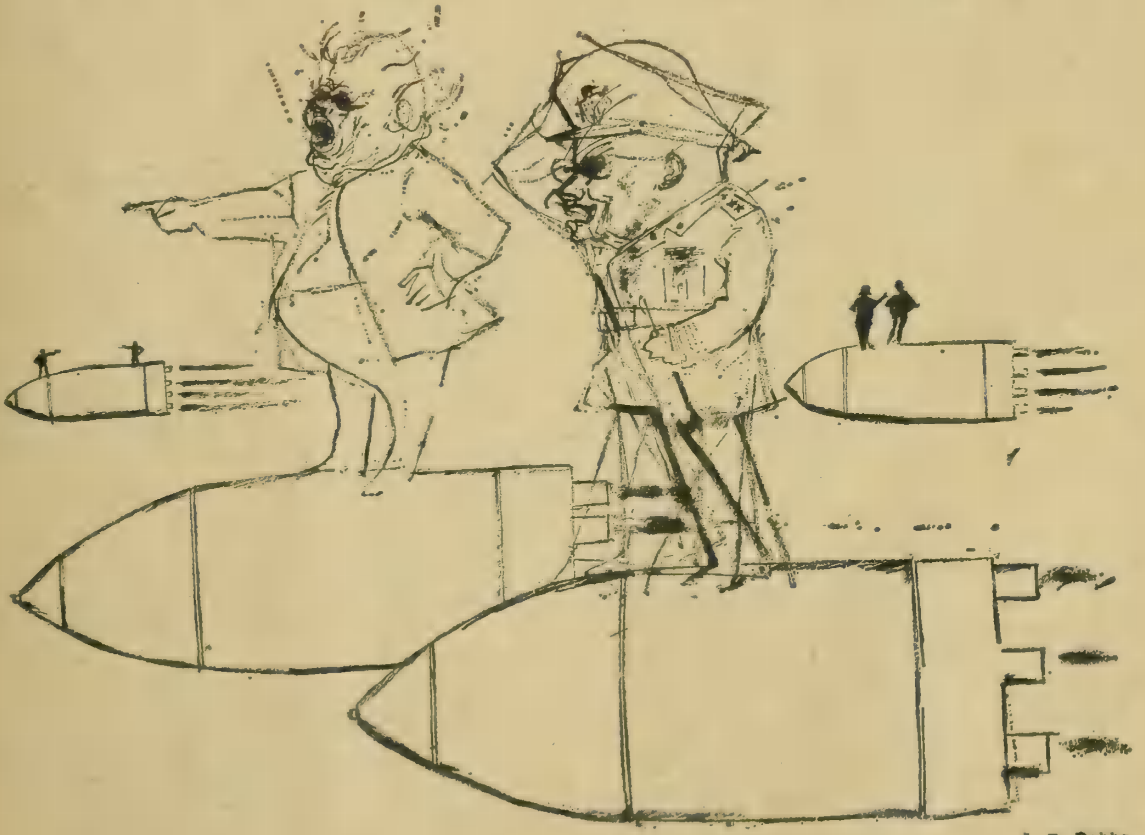
As Kahn points out, the scenarios "help to illuminate the interaction of psychological, social, economic, cultural, political and military factors. . . ." The scenario is supposed to define the relationships of the play; the actors then try to work their way out of the original crisis within the framework of the rules. Unfortunately, most artificial scenarios—unlike the one outlining the revolt at Columbia—are overimaginative to the point of being corny. "Case categories" and "historical anecdotes" all too often sound like soap operas. John R. Raser, a research associate and project director at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute of La Jolla, Calif., wrote a scenario about the deadly human flaw in the nuclear fail-safe last January for *The Washington Post.* Dreamed Raser:

> Let's place our cast of actors on submarines, since they are often touted as the most error-proof weapons system. . . . In the midst of a *Pueblo*-like crisis, the Soviet Union responds by asserting that its own intelligence efforts are not inferior to those of the United States; that it has just perfected a radical new means of detecting submerged Polaris submarines. [*The U.S. refuses to accept this and the Russians*] daringly plan to knock out one Polaris in such a way that everyone will be pretty certain that they did it, but no one could prove it. (Recall the *Thresher* incident if you like.) [*The Russians attack and cripple the submarine. As*] water begins to flood in, panic hits the crew. All is Chaos. The men know they will die in a few minutes. . . . Visions of mushroom clouds turning their families into ashes, visions that have haunted their minds for months, suddenly well to the surface; rage explodes in their bodies. Their hearts begin to pound, adrenalin shoots into their bloodstreams, their muscles expand, their breathing rates accelerate, their blood-sugar levels increase, their muscular strength nearly doubles—but . . . to what end? There is no charging foe, no soul-curdling yell to let out; there are only rows of cold buttons to push. Their reasoning falters, they can't think of alternatives, their memories function inadequately, they can't accurately process information . . . and begin to act reflexively. "We must accomplish our mission. We will not die in vain," shouts the captain. The crew, stunned and equally irrational, obeys.

As is usual in such scenarios, the ending is rather melodramatic: "The macabre dance of death unfolds," writes Raser, "and in a few hours the world has been reduced to radioactive rubble." Game theorists seem to draw particular satisfaction from releasing their walled-up feelings of aggression and hostility. Their vicarious participation in scenarios apparently is a good way for them to air their repressions. Moreover, it permits the authors to maneuver the fate of other men, if not of mankind, without subjecting themselves to a system of realistic constraints.

Herman Kahn admits that "care must be taken to allow for a possibly realistic inclusion of a not-implausible degree of paranoia in one or more decision makers who have roles in the scenario." However, Kahn himself rejects the criticism that only a "paranoid" personality—one exceptionally distrustful, suspicious and preoccupied with hostility—could conceive of the avalanche of provocations, plots, crises and counterattacks which characterize almost every military-political scenario. Kahn insists that the responsibilities of the creator of the scenario "require him to be most interested in the many unpleasant ways in which things can go wrong." Naturally, this raises the problem of what happens to the outlook of a society when the use of the scenario becomes widespread.

At the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, Calif., the staff members attempt to adjust people to their social environ-



J. B. Dobbs

ment. Those in the therapy groups learn to exorcise their real feelings in play emotions. Similarly, society at large must learn to feel and even to hate again through the creation of scenarios. The director of Esalen urges his patients to think through a scenario in which they imagine themselves dying and being reborn. Wrote one patient: "I had great difficulty emerging from my body. I was pinned against my intestines, pregnant with myself. When I finally began to move and restored all the missing organs and repaired those that were damaged, I feared that all this work was temporary, that if I were to leave the heart would vanish, the stomach dry up, the intestines be exposed." This is not a madman talking—it is the scenario carried to its logical conclusion.

And it is not only in therapy that the scenario goes to absurd lengths. Thus *The Wall Street Journal* ran a grisly set of scenarios immediately following the attack on Robert Kennedy's life. The title of the article, published before his death, was "Democrat's Outlook Clouded." Several alternative scenarios seemed possible, predicted the imaginative staff reporter.

> Scenario One: Mr. Kennedy recovers slowly and decides to stay out of the 1968 battling altogether, siding neither with Senator McCarthy of Minnesota nor with Mr. Humphrey. . . . Scenario Two: Mr. Kennedy recovers, but very slowly, and he has to remove himself from the race. He throws his support to Senator McCarthy—perhaps out of deep conviction that Democratic Party policy must change, perhaps out of a more selfish hope that he will thus win back, for a later Presidential bid, the trust of the young people, intellectuals and others who felt betrayed by his belated entry into the race in March. . . . Scenario Four: Mr. Kennedy recovers swiftly, with no lasting damage. In a week or so, he's able to talk political strategy; in a month, he's back at touch football. There's a broad welling-up of sympathy for him; the old 'Bobby Ruthless' image is gone, and the Bobby haters reduced to a mere handful. . . .

If the *Journal* was led into this extravagance of conjecture by shock and surprise, what about the immense number of scenarios aired over radio and TV on what would happen if the Presidential election were a tossup? Some scenarios even had Senator Muskie elected Vice President by a Democratic Senate and serving as acting President of the United States while the House of Representatives remained deadlocked.

When projected to the level of international relations, the scenario can provide ideal excuses for ex post facto rationalizations. In a *Fortune* article last November, Kahn agreed with Leonid Brezhnev that there really was no alternative to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Kahn and Brezhnev, it would seem, were characters playing the same scenario. Kahn said that most Soviet experts in the West anticipated (and believed the Russians themselves anticipated) a sequence of events which began with Czechoslovak recognition of Bonn and ended with "very serious threats to the existence of the current Soviet system and state" if the Russians did not intervene. Brezhnev countered in Warsaw on November 13 that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia had thwarted the plans of "imperialist wolves in sheep's clothing," that the threat to Eastern Europe had been confirmed by an article in *Fortune* which outlined "precisely what was expected from the Czechoslovak situation" in the West. Brezhnev said that this scenario called for "weakening the influence of the Czechoslovak Communist Party and establishing a kind of 'social democracy' with capitalist nuances."

Thus the scenario has become part and parcel of the missile age, of the Cuban crisis of 1962, of Columbia University riots, the invasion of Czechoslovakia and the ABM decision. Kahn himself sees scenarios being used to "produce, perhaps in impressionistic tones, the future development of the world as a whole, a culture, a nation, or some group or class." As time becomes an increasingly crucial factor, there is no longer ample opportunity to think when a crisis arises: the easiest way to cope, therefore, is to have all the inputs prepared ahead of time and then hold ready a variety of responses, based on hypothetical and static confrontations. Reliance on technique inevitably sets in and the results can be disastrous: the management tool takes off on its own.

Game theorists are fond of quoting Plato's *Laws* to the effect that "Life must be lived as play." Pretending to increase our options, to strengthen our hand, the scenario ends by corroding our sensibilities. Scenarios assume certain constants. They are framed by a contextual rigidity. The imponderables, which are often the most important aspect in a crisis, tend to get ignored in the scenario. Scenarios are apt to deny the ambiguities which are the essence of politics. Americans are learning only too slowly in Vietnam, and at the negotiating table in Paris, that the political intangibles of foreign affairs are far too complex for this type of abbreviated thinking.

Of course, the scenario is also an adjunct to the computer age. Its responses are in the form of digital, yes-no flashes. In fact, contemporary scenarios use computers which purport to interrelate instantly all kinds of political, military, and even psychological variables. I say purport because they do not really succeed in doing so. Scenarios seem bound by a certain built-in inevitability. For one thing, they tend to freeze the nature of a political relationship. Those playing the game automatically assume that there is an adversary relationship, but in real life that is not always the case. You may think you are being opposed by a specific adversary, but perhaps he is playing an entirely different game of chess than you are, one in which his moves have little relationship to your countermoves. Even more bewildering, your adversary may suddenly change (maybe you are no longer playing "chicken" with the Kosygin team but with the Brezhnev team).

Scenarios thus often become caricatures of reality. But their extensive use also leads to a mental divorce from reality, usually characterized by an excess of wishful thinking. Richard J. Barnet, in giving a parody version of a winning scenario for Vietnam in *The New York Times Magazine,* wrote that Washington would like to see the following train of preconditions: "Ho will 'signal' that he is ready to talk with the United States about the schedule of withdrawal of both North Vietnamese and U.S. troops, that he is ready to order an end to all guerrilla activity in he South, and that he is prepared to accept a South Vietnamese government reorganized to include a broader national coalition than the present military-dominated one—but that he no longer insists on any significant participation by the National Liberation Front. . . ." That would still appear to be the take-off point for some converted "hawks" even today.

Despite the rather humorous, Faustian, "Canonical Variations" of Herman Kahn, there is something insidious about the current fad for scenarios. Their anti-poetry is in itself galling enough. It is not only that scenarios make the unthinkable thinkable but also that they profane the imagination. Scenarios develop a cynical, winning-the-game strategy in which principles, morality and human values are sacrificed. When extended to society, an expanded version of *Games People Play*, they destroy all spontaneity. Life in a scenario-obsessed society can only degenerate into a programmed prelude to sterility.

MISSISSIPPI: SIGNS OF LIFE

1. The Lawyers of Ole Miss

KEN VINSON

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Oxford, Miss.

Seven years ago, when Dean Robert Farley of the University of Mississippi Law School insisted that the law was on James Meredith's side, Gov. Ross Barnett and friends blacklisted the former president of the Mississippi state bar. Farley moved to the more compatible University of Florida. This month Farley's successor and the current law dean of Ole Miss, Joshua M. Morse III of Poplarville, Miss., who surprised everybody by putting liberal Yankee Yale graduates on the law faculty, civil rights in the curriculum, black students on Ford Foundation scholarships and bile in the craw of state college board Tories, goes to Florida State.

Seventy-year-old M. M. Roberts, a successful Hattiesburg lawyer and state college board president, worked hard in 1963 to put his young friend Morse at the head of the Law School. Trustee Roberts—a Ross Barnett appointee and Ole Miss alumnus who thinks much of constitutional law is a pinkish plot—had good cause to think that Morse was a safe and sound replacement for the heretic Farley.

Morse's ancestors came to Mississippi early, and populated the state with establishment preachers and lawyers. His father once shared Poplarville law offices with George Wallace's Mississippi godfather, Sen. T. Bilbo.

Dean Morse practiced law for fifteen years in south Mississippi courts without exhibiting tendencies subversive to the Mississippi way. He held high office in the state bar. And as a freshman law professor when Governor Barnett battled the Kennedys at Ole Miss, he refused to join Dean Farley and other university faculty in public protest.

But as law dean, Morse shook things up. First he strayed north and enrolled in the Yale Law School. He did a year's graduate work in "law, science and policy," charmed Yankee professors with Southern-bred stories and irreverent Old Testament quotes, soaked up Yale's social gospel, and picked up five new members for the Ole Miss law faculty.

In 1965 the Ford Foundation pumped $500,000 into the Law School. Dean Morse told the Foundation: "This law school can be tremendously influential of the political thought and action of the state of Mississippi. . . . Many of the problems which plague the University of Mississippi and our state stem from a provincial outlook. Our students are accustomed to examining every question in light of its impact on Mississippi culture rather than taking a broader view."

With Ford funds, Morse hired more instructors from Yale. The Morse mood created a new willingness to listen to outside opinions. Law students and faculty brought Robert Kennedy to Oxford and 4,500 rebel students cheered the Senator's jibes at Ross Barnett. Aaron Henry, Charles Evers and Fannie Lou Hamer spoke before Law School classes that included the sons of Senator Eastland and Congressman Abernathy.

Thirty law professors from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and N.Y.U. spent two weeks each on the campus lecturing on constitutional law and the like. Young Mississippians responded: new courses on political and civil rights, legal services for the indigent, students' rights, social legislation and international law had plenty of takers.

Yale's law dean, Louis H. Pollak, one of the visiting faculty members, said that the Ole Miss Law School "is at the threshold of becoming a focus for the kind of thinking that can bring Mississippi into the 20th century." *Time* magazine praised the New South's Law School.

Federal and private grants came to the Law School to establish public defender and legal services (Office of Economic Opportunity) programs. And for the past three years (until Harvard and Rutgers recently caught up) more black students were enrolled at the Ole Miss Law School than at any other non-Negro law school in the United States. Two black graduates recently stood for city offices in Jackson; *Ebony* ran a feature story on the Law School—and M. M. Roberts wrote his fellow trustees on the college board, "I'm embarrassed by my law school."

Last spring the volcano that had been steaming under Morse's Yale-at-Oxford erupted. The North Mississippi OEO Legal Services Program, funded through and operated by the Law School, filed a school desegregation suit in Holly Springs (where Confederate generals once went to fade away). The state bar, the trustees and the legislature, shocked by this betrayal from within, turned on the Law School.

For some time, legislators had been griping about "socialistic, if not communistic, doctrines at the Law School"; they welcomed an excuse for blasting Morse. When Aaron Henry followed Kennedy on the Law School's speaker program, the trustees passed a speaker ban which even Mississippi judges declared unconstitutional. Also still stinging the trustees was the memory of the law professor who represented the American Association of University Professors in a federal court suit to knock out a state requirement that teachers sign organizational membership affidavits. After this affront, the trustees, tired of losing in court, told the law faculty that hereafter all moonlighting must be O.K.'d by the chancellor in writing.

The state bar, even before last summer, tried to kill the Law School's legal services program; it passed rules of questionable validity outlawing OEO legal service programs not controlled by local lawyers. When bar members met in Biloxi last summer they were fighting mad at the Law School's programs for integrating schools and attacking welfare residence requirements. At the annual Ole Miss alumni luncheon, at which the dean traditionally speaks, Morse was told to keep his mouth shut. Morse says that Webb Overstreet, the 1968 state bar president is a "nut on the subject" of legal services for the poor.

After the bar meeting the legislature and the board of trustees leaned on Ole Miss Chancellor Porter Fortune, who promptly forced legal services out of the Law School. Fortune told law teachers that if they continued to do work in the OEO program, they would be fired.

Law professors Luther McDougal, Michael Trister and George Strickler ignored the chancellor's warning. They were taken off the payroll and their summer school lectures were canceled. Trister and Strickler are in federal court, charging that their civil liberties were violated.

Other dissenting law teachers, including the dean, were denied the general raise given in September to the rest of the university faculty. Out-of-state faculty recruiting has been curtailed; several of the current faculty are leaving. Trister, one of the Yale recruits who stayed in Oxford to direct the legal services program after it was refunded through Mary Holmes College, told *Time*: "The great experiment at the Law School is almost dead."

The American Association of Law Schools, together with the AAUP, recently completed a formal investigation of complaints of political interference by Ole Miss law professors. If these organizations find violations of academic freedom, loss of accreditation and censorship could result.

An important witness before the AALS-AAUP investigating committee was state Sen. William E. Corr. During the legal services purging, Corr had told the Jackson *Daily News* that "the Legislature would intervene into the administration of the Ole Miss law school only as a means of last resort." In April, 1968, Senator Corr presided over a closed hearing of the Senate Universities and Colleges Committee at which Dean Morse was put on the grill. Corr was worried about Ole Miss teachers "informing citizens . . . of their civil rights and their constitutional rights." The transcript of the hearing reveals how much Senator Corr wanted the Law School out of legal services: "If we do [lose accreditation], let's lose it and then get it back as soon as possible." And then: "I hope no press releases are made on this or no statements made to the press."

Another Senator was dismayed by "a law professor who was somehow involved—and I suppose as an attorney—with whether or not Aaron Henry was going to speak at the university," and wondered whether the legislature should make "a rule that a professor at the university Law School would not sue the state of Mississippi or the University of Mississippi."

When Dean Morse warned the Senate committee about the possible effects of political interference, Senator Corr assured him that "if this committee reports anything out I don't think it will address itself directly to that [legal services]. . . . There are many other ways in which we could remove you from that without ever mentioning the legal services organization. One would be to move the law school to Jackson."

Chancellor Fortune promised to help the Senate committee keep its hearing a secret. And a few weeks later

Chancellor Fortune, denying in federal court that pressure from the legislature or board or bar affected his decision, cut off the Law School's legal services program and its faculty participants. Most of the university community supported the chancellor, reasoning that the university's apppropriation from the legislature would suffer if the Law School were not curbed.

Remaining at Ole Miss are fifteen law teachers hired by Dean Morse—mostly liberal Southerners, the men from Yale having left or been fired. The faculty has recommended three names for the vacant deanship. The trouble is, hard-core Magnolians such as Gov. John Bell Williams (who tried last summer to get Morse out), after the embarrassments of Farley and Morse, are scrutinizing candidates for the job more closely than Birchers looking over President Nixon's new Justices. The ABA and AALS regulations say a law faculty should have primary control over selection of a dean; however, this may not deter the college board from naming the current president of the Mississippi bar, Chester Curtis, to the office.

Mr. Curtis, a Clarksdale practitioner with no academic experience, is not the faculty's hero: fourteen of sixteen in a faculty poll voted against him. Last year, Washington turned Curtis down for a federal judge appointment, apparently because his Clarksdale neighbor, the NAACP's Aaron Henry, blackballed him. But to Mississippi trustees looking for an antidote to Morse, Chester Curtis, a recent addition to the Ole Miss Hall of [football] Fame, must look good. Chancellor Fortune, caught between faculty and board, probably wishes he could punt.

2. What the Blacks Found Out

MARSHA L. BERZON

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On most Saturday afternoons, the town square of Holly Springs in northern Mississippi is filled with black people, shopping, frequenting the shabby black-owned taverns on the side streets, strolling and socializing, or just leaning against posts, watching. The whites don't come into town much except to buy food; for clothing, furniture, appliances and such they drive the 40 miles to Memphis. Of course, the businesses on the square are owned by white men and run by white cashiers and salespeople, and in the imposing red brick courthouse in the center of the square white officials make and enforce laws for the town and for surrounding Marshall County.

For the last few Saturdays Holly Springs has been as crowded as ever, but the stores have been almost empty. The black people of Marshall County have declared a boycott of the stores around the square until a far-reaching list of demands is met. The demands are political, and the use of the boycott is the result of a rather sophisticated realization that in towns like Holly Springs, the only power of the black people is at present economic, whereas the power of the white merchants is both political and economic. Thus, by hurting them economically, the blacks hope to force the white merchants to exert considerable political power on their behalf.

The boycott is not new to Mississippi or even to Holly Springs. When student activists from the North were working in the state in large numbers during the summers of 1964 and 1965, similar boycotts were organized, one in Holly Springs. But the town fathers put through a court injunction declaring the boycott illegal. And the student workers, interested in producing measurable results during their summer's crusade, did not take time to build an organization which could function and fight after they left. So the boycott merely bankrupted one or two merchants on the square; little else, seemingly, was accomplished.

In contrast, the new movement has been organized exclusively by local blacks. At a march and rally held the Saturday before Easter, all but four of the 200 or so participants were Negro, and most were local poor blacks. (The vulnerable black middle class is composed largely of teachers and has seen the reprisals taken by the school board against those who speak out. This group has respected the boycott even though no pickets have been used, but it has not given vocal support.)

The protesters on the afternoon when I was in Holly Springs gathered in front of the courthouse. An equally large number of black lookers-on also assembled, being careful to leave a distance between themselves and the actual marchers. All were faced by several Rod Steiger-type policemen who stared down at them from a foot-high brick wall. A minister spoke; also a bricking contractor who has been denied jobs in the county for some time, and a quiet-spoken ex-teacher fired for his political activities. The crowd responded gospel-style. Until their demands were met, no black people would shop in Holly Springs, they promised, and added in the jargon of the times that the demands were "non-negotiable." Back at their church headquarters after the rally, the leaders noted that one problem they had was to spread the news of the boycott, because blacks from other counties were buying in town. The three men also began to work out which of the demands were essential and which could be sacrificed in a settlement.

To a Northern city dweller the list of demands sounds familiar: among others, a police-civilian review board; black representatives on school, draft and welfare boards; poor blacks to be added to the committees advising use of federal school funds for poor children, more jobs for Negroes. But the origin of some of these demands gives clues to the new resolve among the black people in Marshall County.

The demand for a voice in the administration of funds from the Elementary and Secondary Education Act's Title I, for example, is more than an attempt to jump on the community control bandwagon. Title I funds are supposed to be used for supplementary programs to improve the education of poor children. But in Holly Springs and in other parts of Mississippi, Title I funds have been used to pay for the existing services of the black schools, so that money which would otherwise have been used for those schools could be diverted to the white schools. When HEW cut off funds from the Marshall County schools last spring because no real attempt had been made to desegregate them, the black schools were left almost penniless.

Tales began to filter home from the classrooms: in 8th grade biology, there were three textbooks for fifty-two children; one school bus with room for fifty-four children carried 108 every day on a 40-mile journey. The anger that began to build up in the black community was not over the failure to integrate but over the total disregard for the welfare of black children which the school board demonstrated by refusing even token integration. Any attitude short of the intransigence actually displayed, the black people felt, would at least have retained the Title I funds.

Getting together at PTA meetings, angry mothers muttered their complaints and finally got upset enough to try to do something. With the support of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the United PTAs sponsored a series of marches and rallies in the square. But once again, the city government managed to halt the protest. A law was passed that discouraged marches in the square by severely regulating them. And two of the protest leaders were arrested on charges of drug possession—unconvincing accusations since both men were intensely religious and known not to drink or smoke cigarettes, much less marijuana.

Some things, however, had changed in Holly Springs since the boycott injunction a few years earlier. The blacks in Marshall County now had easy access to legal advice and representation: the Northern Mississippi Rural Legal Assistance Office, funded by OEO, has an office in Holly Springs. In a legal onslaught against the local power structure, it brought a suit contesting the marching law and another asking the federal courts to require real desegregation of the schools. In the first case, a strongly worded decision was handed down by a local federal judge, who condemned the marching law as a blatant and unconstitutional violation of free speech. In the desegregation case, the district court approved a rather minimal plan. But since HEW has no power to deny funds to districts under court order, this decision, while unsatisfactory, had the immediate effect of bringing back the Title I funds. And on April 15, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals announced that the lower court's order was insufficient and that a plan to accomplish full desegregation must be put into effect next December.

Once interest and anger were aroused, the apparent amelioration of the school situation did not quiet people; there were many other things to be angry about. The food stamp program in the county had been cut out by local elected officials in favor of a commodities program that the recipients found much less satisfactory. Supposedly, the food stamps were too expensive to distribute. And announced urban renewal plans for Holly Springs called for more than $2 million, most of it in federal funds, to be spent entirely on such niceties as putting a canopy all around the square and shutters on all the store windows, and none on fixing the collapsing houses and unpaved streets in the town's nearby black residential areas. Moreover, though the restored Title I funds were being used as intended for supplemental programs, the black parents still had no voice in how the funds were spent. According to federal law, local advisory boards for Title I are supposed to include many parents of poor children.

Given these situations, the effect of various federal programs on this little rural county in Mississippi (population 25,000, 70 per cent Negro) becomes an important question. The programs appear as both villains and heroes to the poor black population. On the surface, they have worked against the blacks because the federal administrators have entrusted their planning and supervision to white governing bodies. Given the power to decide whose interests are to be considered, these bodies naturally decide in favor of the white community.

Yet, such programs were clearly meant to benefit the poor, and the legislation that accompanies them often gives some substance to the notion that those affected by a program are to have a role in running it. With the legal services office, another federal program, to help them understand federal laws, the Negroes of Marshall County are discovering that they are not just being discriminated against—they are used to that. Now they find that they are being cheated by the traditional power structure in Mississippi of funds and concrete advantages that seem to be theirs according to the law. Thus, although the federal programs have not significantly changed the blacks' lives, their operation has, in a somewhat perverse way, increased the resolve of the blacks to demand changes.

Will the boycott succeed in forcing white acquiescence in the blacks' demands? The organization leading the movement, a newly resuscitated group known as the Marshall County League for Progress, seems strong. After only a few days of the boycott, a local department store manager pulled one of the black leaders aside and said something had to be done; his business could not stand the boycott much longer. Significantly, this same man told me, a stranger, that he didn't know of any boycott in town. Gazing around his perfectly empty store he said he had seen no change whatever in his volume of business!

And there, perhaps, is the key. The white people of Holly Springs are unwilling to let the outside world know that their control over the Negro population has developed cracks and that they are no longer completely masters in what they regard as their own house. They cannot admit the power the blacks really have once they take up their own cause.

Whether the boycott will succeed appears, then, to depend not on the willingness of the whites to concede but rather on the resolve of the black community to maintain discipline within its own membership and to continue the economic pressure indefinitely. The very existence of a strong organization, together with the help given by the legal services office, has enabled the blacks to gather information which can only increase their determination. They have found, for example, that the four major plants in Marshall County employ more than 1,500 whites and only 160 blacks, while the population ratio is much closer to the reverse; that there are no Negroes on draft boards in the entire state, although there are many vacancies on the boards; that the welfare board in Marshall County has no blacks and the school board only one. The blacks now have a concrete picture of their situation, rather than vague feelings of discontent; they are able to formulate clear goals and thereby generate a willingness to hold out until the goals are met.

In the North, the liberal community has been through three or four causes since its preoccupation with the plight of Southern blacks. But in Marshall County, the black people do not have this freedom to change concerns. To be sure, the Marshall County League for Progress is using as a groundwork the tactics suggested by the white civil rights workers of several years ago and the laws they helped pass. But most important, in creating this new resolve has been that, as one young schoolgirl involved in the movement put it, "people around here are getting more intelligent every day."

LAKE SUPERIOR, PRIVATE DUMP

GLADWIN HILL

Mr. Hill is the national correspondent of The New York Times *on environmental and conservation news.*

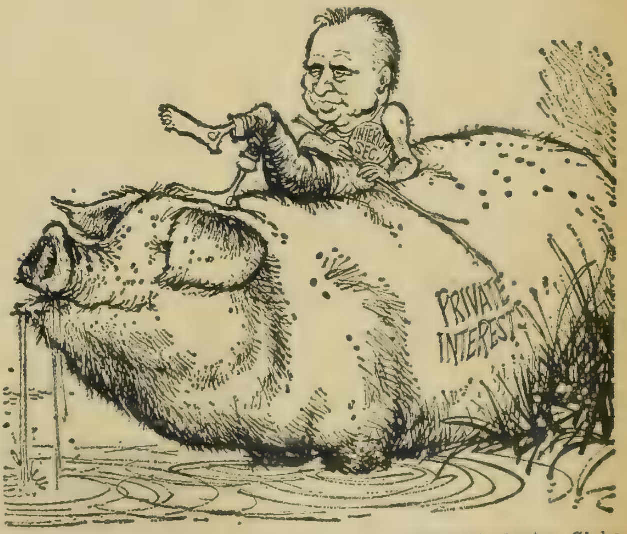
Lake Superior, renowned for its size (31,820 square miles) and its purity, has acquired a new distinction as the focus of one of the oddest pieces of federal skulduggery in a long time. The lake's volume (3,000 cubic miles) has given it a degree of immunity to the ordinary infusion of municipal and industrial sewage that has despoiled most of the nation's waterways. But Superior now has a special problem: the daily injection of some 60,000 tons of iron-ore tailings by the Reserve Mining Company of Duluth. This has been going on for thirteen years and is planned to continue for at least another forty.

Reserve, a subsidiary of the Republic and Armco steel corporations, wangled a permit for the dumping from the Army Corps of Engineers (responsible for obstructions to navigable waters), on the argument that its discharge would be innocuous gravel that would disappear into the lake's great depths.

In reality part of the refuse has piled up in an artificial peninsula that now protrudes a half mile from shore. Each day's discard is estimated by federal investigators to contain nearly a ton of nickel, more than a ton of zinc, nearly 3 tons of copper, more than 3 tons of lead, 4½ tons of chromium, 30 tons of phosphorous, and 373 tons of manganese; and 39 per cent of the total material, pulverized so microscopically that it may or may not be inert, is drifting in the water to authorities know not where.

Even the Corps of Engineers became uneasy about what it was sanctioning, and when the dumping permit last came up for renewal, asked the Department of the Interior for guidance. Secretary Stewart Udall directed five of his agencies—the Water Pollution Control Administration, the Geological Survey, and the Bureaus of Mines, Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and Commercial Fisheries—to form an investigatory task force. It spent most of last year on its study. The Interior Department's regional coordinator, Charles H. Stoddard—a man of long experience in natural resource agencies—compiled the task force's findings in a thick report, and on December 31 sent copies to the Engineers, Reserve Mining, Minnesota officials and other closely involved organizations and individuals.

The "Stoddard report," as it became known, said that Reserve was, by standard criteria, polluting the lake, and should be required to shift its dumping after a three-year adjustment period onto the shore—where the five other mining companies in the area have been doing their dumping all along. This brought the roof down. Reserve quickly mobilized what have been described as "tremendous pres-



Oliphant, Boston Globe

"If You Set Water Standards So High, You Might Really Hinder Industrial Development."—Walter J. Hickel

sures" on Washington to quash the findings. In the direct line of fire was Rep. John A. Blatnik, Democrat, of Minnesota's 8th District (which includes Duluth) and co-sponsor with Maine's Sen. Edmund Muskie of recent major anti-pollution measures. Representative Blatnik is chairman of the House Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee, to which Interior is fearfully beholden for clearance of water legislation. He has denied having been the agent for any of the pressure on Interior—although how he managed to stand aloof and yet remain on good terms with his $350-million constituent, Reserve Mining, he has not yet explained.

In any case, the pressure got results. Secretary Udall remained silent for the moment, but his Assistant Secretary for Water Quality and Research, Max N. Edwards, jumped or was pushed into the gauche position of denouncing and disowning the department's work. Although the findings had been developed by competent Interior specialists in the course of assigned duties, Edwards asserted that the report contained "inaccuracies" (but he specified none) and branded it as "not an official document" because it had not been "approved" in Washington. Such "approval" was not called for in the original frame of reference; it is difficult to see how anyone at a desk in Washington could reasonably gainsay the work of a professional field force; and in any case the asserted facts remained unchallenged. The quashing maneuver was further exposed when Udall's Water Pollution Control Commissioner, Joe G. Moore, Jr., publicly defended the report even as it was being ordered withheld from circulation.

Secretary Udall himself implicitly endorsed it within a fortnight by using its information as the basis for convoking a regular federal-state water pollution abatement hearing in Duluth on May 13.

For three months—during which time Udall, Edwards and Moore were succeeded by Republicans Walter J. Hickel, Carl L. Klein, and David Dominick—the Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA) proceeded, as is customary, to produce its own report as the starting point for the Duluth hearing. It perforce relied on much of the material in the Stoddard report—with one notable exception: instead of urging that Reserve be stopped from dumping in the lake, it merely recommended "continuing surveillance" of its activities.

Unfortunately the laws governing federal abatement actions were framed to *correct* pollution rather than *prevent* it, and no one contends that any general pollution of Lake Superior is more than incipient. None of the Governors of the Lake Superior states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan having seen fit to exercise his right to invite federal intervention, the FWPCA, merely to establish its jurisdiction in the situation, must prove (*a*) that the ore wastes pollute the water and (*b*) that this pollution crosses state lines. Failing this, the FWPCA can only fall back on an interstate "health and welfare" clause in the law—as it did with the incipient pollution of Lake Tahoe on the California-Nevada border—which has never been tested against strong state contradiction.

This brought the May abatement hearing—before a conservation-minded audience of 600 in the ballroom of the Hotel Duluth—into battle on ground most favorable to Reserve Mining. Argument was focused on whether Reserve was doing demonstrable interstate damage, rather than on the logical question of whether it had any right to use a nationally prized lake as its private dump and pose even a *risk* of eventual damage. A negative view on the latter question is held by Wisconsin's Sen. Gaylord Nelson, who has taken an active role in the controversy, and by other conservation campaigners, among them the Sierra Club.

The FWPCA's admittedly unfirm preventive position was not conspicuously bolstered when Assistant Secretary Klein went out of his way at the outset to reiterate angrily the official nonexistence of the Stoddard report and to emphasize that it had no bearing on the hearing. (The fact—apparently unknown to Mr. Klein—was that the FWPCA's own report took formal cognizance of the Stoddard report, in a brief, incomplete résumé of it. And when Mr. Stoddard himself—now retired from Interior—took the rostrum as a witness and detailed the report's validity, not one of Mr. Klein's departmental associates nor any of the state officials present challenged a word he said.)

Representative Blatnik, nattily attired, addressed the hearing with the added sartorial fillip of two hats, one labeled "Washington" and one labeled "8th Minnesota District." Under the one, he extolled his record as a foe of water pollution. Under the other he emphasized twice in fifteen minutes that "the federal government cannot take any action unless research proves that pollution is crossing state lines." And he heartily endorsed the watered-down recommendation that Reserve Mining be kept "under surveillance."

Some official faces froze when one of the nation's foremost conservationists, Thomas L. Kimball, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, took the floor to cite the Stoddard report:

> Suspended solids have been found at least 15 miles downshore from the place of deposition. The report also concluded that the recommended water quality criteria for zinc, cadmium and phosphorous for aquatic life production are being exceeded.
>
> In my opinion, the report's most significant conclusion was that there are reasonable alternatives to dumping the tailings in Lake Superior. . . . The added cost would be roughly 3 per cent of the value ($12.80 per ton) of the end product.

(Reserve Mining, its forces at the hearing supported by the expertise of a Washington public relations firm, rushed out a release saying that changing its dumping practices would cost upward of $250 million [thirty-five times the Stoddard report estimate] and that onshore disposal "would create conservation problems, not solve them."

The hearing, which Secretary Udall had billed as "exploratory," recessed after three days to give the parties a month or so to digest all the conflicting contentions. But if it accomplished nothing else, it established to the satisfaction of any uncertain observers the undeniable existence and substance of a report that for five months a number of people had been trying to bury.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Politics of the Movement

THE AGONY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT. *By Christopher Lasch. Alfred A. Knopf. 220 pp. $4.95.*

JOHN McDERMOTT

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The Agony of the American Left is at once intellectually lucid and politically opaque. The distinction, I recognize, is an odd one and difficult to explain but it holds nevertheless. Each of the five essays collected in this volume contains an unusual wealth of insight into the history of the American Left and its recurring (and, Lasch feels, highly abortive) efforts to reform our society. In the essay on Populism, for example, American domestic society is portrayed at one point as an empire, dealing with its own minorities as it deals with its client-states overseas. The overwhelming and now traditional intellectual sterility of American Marxism is dissected in the essay on black nationalism. In his essay on the Socialist Party, Lasch traces out the causes and implications of our failure to link politics and culture in any creative way. In the same essay, he suggests that the current Left reaches back much more to the Socialists and the Wobblies than the movements of the thirties, a theme, incidentally, which one would like to see developed much further than he does.

His history of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which originally appeared in *The Nation* (all of these essays have appeared previously in various periodicals), remains the best analytical piece on the anti-Communist liberalism of the McCarthy period. Here, as elsewhere, Lasch's purpose is to illuminate the past in order to enlighten the present. The value of his analysis is doubly confirmed as day by day the same kind of perverse liberalism, led often by the same men as in the fifties (for example, Sidney Hook) tries to revive itself in order to lead a new purge against "subversion," "totalitarianism" and other dangers from the Left.

Yet, for all the illumination, a political opaqueness still remains. It stems, I think, from Lasch's almost unremitting failure to perceive the current Left movement in this country as a political movement per se giving expression to profound social and economic grievances. Instead Lasch, along with Kenneth Keniston, whose work he cites with approval, insists on portraying today's radicals as animated by moral or cultural (or even) generational protests only marginally related to American politics and social life. Accordingly, the tempered political judgment which characterizes his treatment of earlier American movements such as the Socialist Party before World War I, or even American society today, is put aside when he reaches the New Left and we must settle instead for unrestrained and unenlightening polemic.

The New Left or, as it calls itself, the Movement, now about ten years old, is a political community of anarchists, antiwarniks, blacks, black nationalists, draft resisters, GI dissidents, intellectuals, liberals, libertarians, Marxists, Marxist-Leninists, C. Wright Millsians, pacifists, Socialists, students, young professionals, syndicalists, women and youth (among others). *Fortune* credits it with about 125,000 student activists and suggests that its close sympathizers on campus total 2.3 million. Numbers in the other categories are difficult to estimate. (I'd be interested to see the FBI's.) In any case it is a mass movement and it continues to grow. Among whites, the SDS chapters and campus-based anti-war and resistance committees have been the most important organizations but their hegemony is being challenged by the steady growth of organizations for nonstudents, particularly GIs, women, and young professionals.

It is a political movement and it has scored some impressive political victories. In 1960-64, led by SNCC, it smashed legal segregation in the South. In the spring of 1965, led at first by SDS, it began the mammoth task of checking the war in Vietnam. It is useful to recall here how bitterly opposed older leftists such as Irving Howe, and peace organizations such as National SANE, were to the principle that the anti-war movement must take the road of open, mass and, if necessary, illegal opposition rather than limit itself to intellectual dissent and legal petition. I raise this point of history not for polemical purposes but rather to underline the political character of that SDS decision. The successes which grew from it were political successes: building a mass, radical anti-war movement, placing a ceiling on the duration and weaponry of the Vietnamese War, and preventing the growth of a mass movement of the Right over the frustrations of the war. (People tend to forget that in the absence of a mass, radical opposition to the Korean War, both Truman and Eisenhower not only believed it politically acceptable to use nuclear weapons in Korea but were under considerable pressure to do so. Similarly those critics who blame the rise of George Wallace on the Movement forget that during the Korean War Joe McCarthy won almost a majority for a much more dangerous domestic and international program.)

The Movement played a major role in driving LBJ from office, and its activities in Chicago during the Democratic convention were decisive in Humphrey's defeat last November. This latter fact is made clear by analysis of the vote fall-off in 1968. A smaller percentage of registered voters went to the polls than in any national election since 1948. The overwhelming majority of the *registered* stay-at-homes were Democrats and many of them had learned from the Movement's activities in Chicago how bankrupt and anti-democratic the official liberalism has become.

The Movement has set off a wave of change on campus, especially in the professional associations, and it has created publications (some of serious intellectual weight) with a monthly circulation of over a million. In a brilliantly conceived and executed campaign it has succeeded in building a resistance movement within the armed forces, recruiting in the process and for the first time large numbers of working-class youth to its ranks.

I do not mean to overlook the Movement's failures. SDS has been temporarily stalemated by a tactic of declining effectiveness—the sit-in—and now appears strategically uncertain about its immediate objectives. Similarly, I would not exaggerate the ultimate significance of its victories to date, or denigrate the force of other factors (e.g., NLF victories in Vietnam). But what must be understood is that the activities of the Movement were decided upon by groups of political people engaged in political analyses of this society in pursuit of political objectives. Some of the decisions, for example to begin organizing within the armed forces, were taken independently and simultaneously by a number of different groups. By contrast, the decision to go over into the opposition in the spring of 1965 was taken within the SDS national office. But in all these things the initial decisions were quickly ratified by the actions of large numbers of people who adopted the analyses and actions as their own. This is precisely the kind of reaction one would expect from a movement with a developed political consciousness. Such reactions are inexplicable if one characterizes the Movement, as Lasch often does, as a loose collection of morally "alienated" people which deals not with real issues but with "leftist fancies," led by its "more demented" elements who must be "recall[ed] to their senses (those that ever had any)."

When the views of a writer of Lasch's caliber overlap those of, say, Max Lerner, Sidney Hook, Eric Sevareid, Richard Nixon, or the education editor of *The New York Times*, it is a matter which obviously requires more than passing explanation.

Lasch argues forcefully that the United States is now a post-industrial society, a society in which the problems of poverty, economic deprivation and regimentation to industrial discipline have been or can be solved for the vast majority of Americans. By contrast, in post-industrial society poverty and its kin have become endemic for a minority (mostly black) who are excluded from mainstream America. Simultaneously, mass education removes large numbers of young people

> at a critical period in their lives and for a considerable time from the productive process and . . . from institutional ties to the rest of society. . . . As marginal members of society students as a class, like Black people, are more likely than other classes to be attracted to perspectives highly critical of society, particularly when they are faced with "integration" into society in the form of the draft. This is the basic sociological condition that gives rise to the student Left and the "new radicalism" in general.

It is this perspective, more than anything else which makes Lasch concentrate on the zanier, less responsible and less pleasant elements of the Movement, which make him read its anti-academic clericalism as anti-intellectualism, its combativeness as nihilism, and its contempt for procedural liberalism as incipient totalitarianism. If students are socially marginal it is not primarily their social relationships (e.g., being socially or economically exploited) which animate and are expressed in their politics, for it is precisely these social relationships and experiences which are lacking. Hence, for Lasch, this deficit of social experience can only be made up, so to speak, by ideological assets: a rich analysis of society and the past, a fund of ideology, ample intellectual balance and maturity, and so forth. Because ideological assets like these are exactly what the Movement most lacks, Lasch is led to see in every one of its shortcomings convincing evidence of what he believes is its central and, probably, fatal failure—a lack of program.

Here I find Lasch's analysis of American society very useful and his programmatic suggestions extremely valuable in themselves. But I fear that a misperception about a very tiny point leads him to very large and erroneous consequences. Youth or students *as a class* are not marginal to post-industrial society and they are not created as its by-product. There are no such classes in pre-industrial or even classical industrial society. In both cases, one goes directly from childhood to adulthood without an intermediate stage. The significance of "youth" and "students" in contemporary American society follows from the need of advanced technological society to give very broad technical and scientific training to great masses of people, while at the same time acculturating them to an extraordinarily restricted political, social,

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personal and work life. A hundred years ago 8-year-old girls could be forced into coal mines, fitted into the traces of a hand-pulled coal car and starved into obedience. Today, America's 6-to-24-year-old incipient Adj. A.s, B.A.s, M.S.s, E.E.s, and Ph.D.s must be made technically competent and socially mature but no less obedient in their own way. Since starvation (in the mother country at any rate) is no longer an acceptable sanction to create industrial discipline, discipline must be internalized in industry's human resources while they are young. The acculturation mechanisms of our society have a heavy load to bear. The industrialization of university (and school) life is the answer.

One is not using a metaphor when one speaks of students being turned out like industrial products. It's the simple truth. The university is now one of the main consumers of the nation's capital investments (much of it in the form of tuition). Its open-market structure has been replaced by a managed economy, and the organization of its productive process, the division of its labor, and the specifications on its end products have been thoroughly rationalized. Some institutions, such as Harvard and Berkeley, even offer quality control.

Such changes in the university, the *details* of which Lasch describes quite brilliantly, are not aptly characterized by his concept "post-industrial." In fact, analogous changes are now going on throughout American society. (See my article "Knowledge Is Power," *The Nation*, April 14.) Whereas formerly only hard goods were the subject of industrial production, now the production of students, research, health care, social services, residence and transportation systems, culture and even lower echelon managers is increasingly becoming capital intensive, management intensive and rationalized at every stage. The processes of industrialization, formerly experienced by a relatively small segment of our population, are now permeating the society as a whole. Students and youth, i.e., those who are in process of being made into industrial commodities, naturally feel the pressures most sharply, in the form of speed-up, tighter intellectual discipline, restrictive educational channels, mass organization, bureaucratic high-handedness, and so forth. Selective Service (and punitive cuts in loans and scholarships by legislatures) supplement their exploitation. Accordingly, they have created a massive and militant response primarily directed at the immediate agencies of their exploitation, the military and, especially, the university. The latter's pretense to being still a simple community of scholars they find particularly galling. (Lasch incidentally has not yet completely shed this old myth.)

And more widely, the new wave of industrialization is re-creating the classical problems of industrial society, but in altered form. They include adulterated air, social exile for the elderly, political disenfranchisement for the masses, and a decline in certain aspects of people's living standards: residential congestion, lack of social (not recreational) life, decline in the quality of goods per dollar spent, and deprivation of health care. (An adult movement project in New York, the Health Policy Advisory Center, estimates that at least half the city's population is now medically indigent, while 80 per cent of the city's residents are indigent with respect to major medical care.) But all of this is a story in itself. Suffice it to say that the Movement is the beginning of the American people's response to a new wave of industrialization masquerading under the name of technological progress. Industrial society has not ended; in a real sense it has hardly begun.

Lasch's main contribution in these five essays is his dissection of the causes and effects of the American intellectuals' isolation from mass movements in this century. Especially in his essay on the Congress for Cultural Freedom (originally published in these pages) he shows how their elitism and power worship—the latter usually disguised as "pragmatism" or "realism"—have created a profound and destructive intellectual, moral and social chasm between them and the political movements of the Left which have had such hopeful beginnings in the past and whose failures are symbolized in the title of his book. The problem has been and remains the problem of being intellectuals not *to* the Movement but *of* the Movement, not its clergy but its staff, not its organizational commissars but its intellectual cadre. More pointedly, there is no sense in demanding that the Movement have a program here and now. Such a program is now shaping itself as our people, long politically dormant, look at their society with a critical eye, learn its realities in sometimes ill-focused but always instructive struggles, and come to recognize what they want and what they don't. Left intellectuals should add their considerable talents to that process, and not be content to chafe at its slowness. High on the agenda is the task of building an adult movement on the Left of a size and strength commensurate to that of the students, co-belligerent with them, and capable of shaping the radical program Lasch demands. It is a job hardly begun and, despite my critical observations, it is a job to which, I feel, this book makes substantial contribution.

Dazzling Nonsense

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde. *Richard Ellmann, ed. Random House. 446 pp. $10.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan teaches Anglo-Irish literature at Columbia and is completing a study of Oscar Wilde for the Columbia Essays on Modern Writers.

Two collections of Oscar Wilde's literary criticism have appeared in the last year. The first was edited by Stanley Weintraub and published for the college trade by the University of Nebraska Press; the second is by Richard Ellmann and is designed, presumably, for the public at large. A comparison of the two books might be interesting on the grounds of what each editor has chosen to include or omit (both, oddly enough, omit "The Rise of Historical Criticism" while at the same time calling attention to the importance of that essay in their respective introductions) and the assumptions that lay behind two far from identical selections. But the fact that two books of this kind have been published at all, and at so brief an interval, is even more interesting. Is it a sign that Wilde, for whom fashion was all, is now coming into his own? And are we who were always amused, often exhilarated and never really shocked by Oscar's dazzling nonsense, now asked to put aside our familiar image of the man and take him seriously not only as artist but as critic?

"I put my genius into my life," he told André Gide, "only my talent into my work." The image begins to form about that point. We still remember Oscar, it seems, even if we haven't read him. If we have read him, we remember a novel, a ballad, a play, perhaps a fairy tale or two, but not much more. To have read Oscar Wilde seems to have been part of growing up, but it has never seemed relevant to the serious thing we think of as maturity. A boy may still be fascinated by the deliberately sinister, carefully bejeweled Gothicism of *Dorian Gray*, but the man is put off by the simplistic morality of it, the obtrusive artifice and artificiality, and he is perhaps amused that a grandfather could have thought it a "bad" book. An adolescent, his imagination unrefined by judgment, may be caught up in the easy rhythms and histrionic images of *Reading Gaol*, and if at school he can identify at once with the doomed prisoner who

. . . *walked amongst the Trial Men*
In a suit of shabby grey;
A cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay:
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

But we all outgrow that prison as we grow into others. Ironically, the one work of Oscar Wilde that continues to provide unalloyed delight is the most irrelevant of all, the perfect embodiment of one of Wilde's cardinal critical principles that "all art is entirely useless." *The Importance of Being Earnest* is nothing but itself, the most perfectly wrought comedy in the English language since the plays of Sheridan and Goldsmith. That is to say a good deal, but it is not to say that Wilde is an artist of the first rank.

What, then, is the importance of being Oscar? Richard Ellmann answers judiciously; "What I think can be urged for Wilde is that for his own reasons and in his own way he laid the basis for many critical positions which are still debated in much the same terms, and which we like to attribute to more ponderous names." The operative clause here is "for his own reasons and in his own way," for Wilde was not a systematic critic and became one, as Weintraub says, almost in spite of himself. It began in 1884 when his brother Willie, then drama critic for *Vanity Fair*, went off on holiday, leaving Oscar to fill the unsigned column as he willed. Sometime later he was contributing articles on his own to *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Dramatic Review* and other publications. His one book of criticism, a collection of his major essays throughly revised, appeared as *Intentions* in 1891.

From the beginning his mode was a combination of iconoclasm and what Ellmann calls calculated juvenescence. (At 23 he was writing to Gladstone that he was "little more than a boy," and even in court he injudiciously testified that he was two years younger than he was.) Paradox was the brightest weapon in his critical armory, a weapon afterward taken in hand with equal virtuosity by Chesterton in a more orthodox cause and by Shaw in more militant and secular campaigns. But Wilde's windmills were the complacencies of aging Victorianism, and his cause—taken up in the name of youth—was "to realise not merely our own lives, but the collective spirit of the race, and so to make ourselves absolutely modern, in the true meaning of the word modernity. For he to whom the present is the only thing that is present, knows nothing of the age in which he lives. To realize the nineteenth century, one must realize every century that has preceded it and that contributed to its making." Thirty years later T. S. Eliot was to say very much the same thing and was listened to with an attention bordering on reverence.

In this sense Wilde is a precursor to much of 20th-century criticism. The emphasis is upon what is individual, but that which is individual must always be seen in a recognizable cultural context. The function of the critic is, therefore, that of the seer, and the critic as artist is as important and as independent as poet or painter. But if he is precursor to the 20th century, Wilde is also a product of the 19th. Before him Matthew Arnold had announced that the aim of criticism is "to see the object as in itself it really is," and Walter Pater, subscribing to but subtly altering Arnold's proposition, had added that "the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly." Wilde, by an apparently logical progression, took the final step out of the old century into the new by avowing that "the highest criticism is the record of one's own soul"—or, in short, one must see the object as it is *not*. From this follows a whole string of critical paradoxes: art does not imitate nature, nature imitates art (Hamlet holding up that ghastly mirror to nature is merely demonstrating his own insanity in all things pertaining to art—or life); content does not determine form, form determines content; literature does not reflect the spirit of an age (this is Taine stood on his head), but that spirit is created out of the passion of literature.

It all sounds very familiar—even to the Big Words which, as Joyce was later to remark in a rather sour mood, make us all so unhappy. Art and life, it seems, so interpenetrate that while the artist must be aloof, detached, impersonal, like a Flaubertian god paring his fingernails, his art must also be incriminated in the sordidness (you might even say, though it is a treacherous word, sin) of existence. When Wilde was seduced to "feasting with panthers" by that wretched man Robert Ross—he, not Lord Alfred Douglas, is the authentic villain in the Wilde melodrama—Oscar discovered with a kind of shocked satisfaction that he was, so to speak, legitimately criminal. This was not, however, the ferocious ingrown criminality of a Genet but a poignant, and toward the end a pathetic, awareness that the artist is at once both self-exiled from society and profoundly involved in the guilt of his fellow men. In the light of this it is not surprising that Wilde, who saw no point in attempting to escape the punishment of society when guilt itself was inescapable, should begin to be obsessed while in prison with the tragic figure of Christ. That figure dominates *De Profundis* (Wilde's letter to Douglas from prison, originally entitled by Wilde *Epistola: In Carcere et Vinculis*), and continues to appear, I am afraid rather clownishly, through the ding-dong stanzas of *Reading Gaol*. For tragedy was simply not Wilde's mode, and the failure of that poem illustrates the truth of Wilde's earlier, happier dictum: "All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling."

Those feelings found expression in another way, a final example of life imitating art, the day before he died. On November 29, 1900, though far too ill to receive the Sacrament, he was received into the Catholic Church. He died at 2 P.M. on November 30. There was nothing more for him to do.

Three Generations

THE FAMILY CARNOVSKY. *By I. J. Singer. Translated by Joseph Singer. Vanguard Press. 405 pp. $6.95.*

ABRAHAM BEZANKER

Mr. Bezanker teaches at San Jose State College. He is working on a book of criticism dealing with contemporary Jewish-American writers.

Many readers will recognize the Singer name. Some will confuse I. J. with Isaac B. Singer, Israel Joshua's younger brother, who is still alive and who continues to publish prolifically. The warmth of the relationship between these two gifted Polish Jews is indicated in a number of the recollections in I. B. Singer's *In My Father's Court*, where we get glimpses of the older boy's quarreling with his father, leaving home to join the army during World War I, and returning miraculously as a deserter, to make his way in Warsaw, first as a painter and then as a writer. Isaac recounts there and elsewhere his brother's struggle to find himself, as a person and as a writer: the effort to break away from the Hasidic orthodox life in which he was raised, his outright rejection of this life, and his drive during World War I and after to make his way as a member of the European intelligentsia and to become a German writer rather than a Yiddish one; finally, his ultimate return to the Yiddish camp, as a spinner of yarns and author of some powerful and well-received novels, among them *Yoshe Kalb* and *The Brothers Ashkenazi*.

Isaac Singer says of his brother Joshua, who died in 1944, that he was "by nature a story teller," and the phrase, coming as it does from one so firmly established as the writer of "Gimpel the Fool," hints at a distinction between the two and at a tone of admiration which would be envy in a lesser man. Much of the Yiddish writing that reached this country, either by way of the newspapers or through the books of men like Sholom Aleichem has a quality of neighborly intimacy which reads less like fiction than like gossip—what Jews call a *meintze*. As such it gets its special flavor from the eccentricity of those observed, and from the warm humor that embraces the ghetto-born in an indiscriminate and protective fashion.

A great deal of this work was published in the Jewish *Daily Forward*, which in the days of immigrant life was a kind of Jewish *Science Monitor*, redolent with "Bintel Brief" (bundles of letters home) and warmed by nostalgic memories of the Old Country, with its slower, more friendly ways. To Jews trying to re-create aspects of this sort of life in the United States, it preserved the sense of what was good in Europe—or at least familiar, and to be cherished on that account.

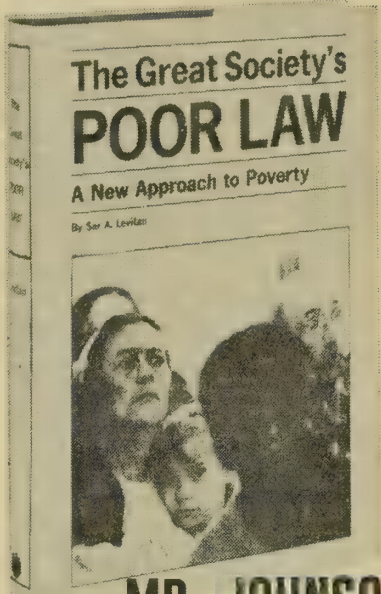
I. J. Singer wrote notably in this vein, principally in the collection of stories called *The River Breaks Up*, which contains his famous "Pearls," a vein which continues to be mined with such skill and charm by Isaac: tales of all sorts of vestigial recluses, ghetto-born immigrants who are living out their last days in penury and isolation, and whose very language is dying with them.

In 1932, I. J. Singer broke new ground with *Yoshe Kalb*, a tragic and moving story of a love blighted by lust, custom and loneliness. The theme fashioned there with such power and imagination is repeated with varying degrees of success in his subsequent works: the tradition of Jewish life, with its arranged marriages and its strict adherence to the laws of the Torah, is a burden which no one can escape, either by outright atheism or by assimilation, no matter what his intellectual independence or his financial success. That novel, and the others which followed it, including *The Brothers Ashkenazi* and the present work (published in Yiddish in 1943 and now translated for the first time by his son), are totally devoid of humor and are marked instead by a somber tone and a quality of restraint quite different from the homely tales with which I. J. Singer began his career.

The Family Carnovsky is a chronicle of three generations which begins with David, a young Polish Jew who rebels against the orthodox ways of his father's household and, with his bride, leaves his homeland to become a successful lumber merchant in Germany. He is a proud man: proud of his learning, his intelligence, and his adaptability, and he succeeds in raising a handsome and talented son, Georg, in his adopted country. The boy is plagued by the normal problems of adolescence, but more by constant reminders that he is neither an orthodox Jew nor a true German. He refuses one prearranged marriage, is crushed by an unhappy love affair with a Jewish girl, Elsa Landau, who becomes enamored of the political activism of the twenties.

In stalwart Carnovsky fashion, Georg manages to become a successful physician and to marry a gentile girl who adores him for his looks, his flair and his talent, but has little understanding of the man himself. He sires a son, Jegor, who grows up in the poisonous climate of pre-Nazi Germany to become even less Jewish than his father and fanatically contemptuous of his grandfather. The family's fortunes are destroyed by the advent of Hitlerism and the entire family, including grandfather David, makes its way to the United States, where the boy, Jegor, is caught up in a futile and pathetic effort to establish his non-Jewish identity.

What is recorded here is the inexorable and cruel destruction of a way of life which is hermetically sealed against the tides of history and which leaves its hu-



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man flotsam strewn across the face of Europe and America, vital in its dedication to religious idealism yet powerless to cope with the social and political forces of the 20th century. The somberness and the nobility of the sacrifice are to some extent negated by the stereotypical characterizations, but individual episodes—notably the love affair between Georg and Elsa Landau, and the immigrant's first impressions of the New World—are evocative; and the novel, though less powerful than *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, is sweeping in its experience.

Constitutional Milestone

EVERYMAN'S CONSTITUTION: Historical Essays on the Fourteenth Amendment, the "Conspiracy Theory," and American Constitutionalism. *By Howard Jay Graham. State Historical Society of Wisconsin. 631 pp. $12.95.*

JOHN ANTHONY SCOTT

Mr. Scott is visiting professor of legal history at Rutgers University, and is the author of The Defense of Gracchus Babeuf before the High Court of Vendôme *(University of Massachusetts Press). He is presently preparing a biography of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Philo Bradley.*

Dr. Howard J. Graham is an authority on the Fourteenth Amendment. He has been investigating its meaning and its history, with patient anonymity, for the past thirty years; and, from time to time, has published in the law reviews remarkable essays illuminating various aspects of his subject and demolishing misconceptions. These articles, hitherto available only to a limited audience among members of the legal and historical professions, are now collected between the covers of a single book and offered to a wider public.

One can predict that Dr. Graham's work will become a basic reference for legal, college and high school libraries; and that it will provide, for the years ahead, a point of departure for serious students of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The occasion of this publication is the centennial of the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment: the issue of Dr. Graham's monumental study derives urgency and relevance from the crisis of racism in American society. There are immense latent powers in the Amendment for dealing with racial inequality and discrimination in all its forms. These powers need to be understood and mobilized if the American people are to rid themselves of the social sickness that menaces their survival.

The theme of Dr. Graham's book is stated in the conclusion:

> These things, then, at last, are crystal clear: racial inequality is slavery's vestige and vengeance. Racial inequality has been constitutionally outlawed for a century; it is individually, morally, and socially repugnant; nationally disgraceful, and internationally menacing. Hence racial inequality unquestionably is the gravest threat, "the gravest brutality of our time." And time itself has run out.

This theme is buttressed and knit together by the diverse essays. They form a learned and at times a brilliant survey of the origins and development of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Before the Civil War, Dr. Graham tells us, abolitionism was a pioneer civil rights movement that tackled racism and slavery head on. The abolitionists were committed not only to ending slavery but to re-educating the American people on the issue of black-white relationships and the nature of interracial democracy. Abolitionists were committed to winning the privileges and immunities of American citizenship for all persons, regardless of color, born in the United States and subject to their jurisdiction. Black men, along with all others coming to these shores, were entitled to full civic rights—had they not watered this land with their blood and tears, and had they not died for it more prodigally than anyone else?

Out of their political struggle, Dr. Graham continues, these early interracial thinkers erected a body of constitutional doctrine that had a deep impact upon contemporary society. Their doctrine was enshrined in the great Civil War amendments (especially the Fourteenth) and the state and national legislation that effectuated them.

The constitutional revolution thus carried through was designed to sweep away the political disabilities under which black people labored. The central purpose of the new fundamental law was to mobilize the total authority of government in the task of eradicating forever the odious heritage of slavery, an objective which endowed the American mid-century struggle with dignity and meaning; but it was never fulfilled. Dr. Graham reveals to us how, a few short years after the Civil War was over, the original thrust and intent of the wartime Amendments was obliterated from the public mind and erased from the history books. The Fourteenth Amendment, specifically, was done to death

FROM THE DIGGINGS

In 1919, archaeologists digging among grave mounds along an ancient Roman road in Luxembourg, discovered a crystal phial containing tears shed 2000 years before.

The dust is known and filled with teeth,
dead hairpins, urns, a breastplate scabbed
by preening rot. In the hot drift
the trowels burn, and picks, long-eyed as pelicans,
chip through the dark,
unearthing common things
until, just where the grave swell ends—
a gleam. A wink. A something caught
and stoppered up like withered rain;
salt, grief, and residue intact.

No burgomaster, serf, or slave,
not even archers posed like hail,
possessed such dainty sepulchres.
Some queen or melancholy prince
with sodden lids preserved their paint
in that slim vault—
unless upon one desperate night
a jester stole into his monarch's room
and, armed with crystal, teased a royal ape
until that clanking beast, like any king,
wept from his tiny, blood-swept eyes.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

by a legal attack initiated in the early 1870s and carried to completion in the final decade of the century.

One thrust of this attack was undertaken by the big corporations, headed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. In *San Mateo* v. *Southern Pacific*, Dr. Graham provides us with a detailed study of one case that illuminates vividly the triumph of the viewpoint that business, not the black man, was intended to be the principal beneficiary of Fourteenth Amendment protection. The Supreme Court was won over to this position with a little help from Mr. Justice Field and from highly paid corporation lawyers like Roscoe Conkling. With the Fourteenth Amendment as their constitutional sanction the courts were soon striking down federal and state laws that set limits to the exploitation of American labor; or that presumed to curb the inhuman conditions under which men, women and children toiled in factory, field and mine.

A second prong of the attack on the Fourteenth Amendment was initiated and carried through by the Supreme Court itself. The black man's constitutional right to full freedom was simply gutted in a series of decisions starting with the *Slaughterhouse Cases* (1872) and culminating with *Berea College* v. *Kentucky* (1907). In this catastrophic series the *Civil Rights Cases* (1883) and *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (1896) were important milestones.

Such decisions spelled out, with cumulative effect, a total renunciation of the federal role in obliterating racism and enforcing the rights of black people—now delivered bound hand and foot to their white tormentors. Honor on the Court remained alone with John Marshall Harlan who, in a series of lucid dissents, never ceased to hold high the true purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment, and to protest its abandonment.

Dr. Graham begins to suggest a reason for all this in one piece entitled "Mr. Justice Field and the Fourteenth Amendment." But he skirts the central question of judicial intent in this scandalous surrender by the bench to the most unscrupulous and immoral forces of the age. "Nine harried Noah's," he calls the members of the Waite Court (1874-88), "in a creaking troubled ark; a forty-year deluge with no relief in sight." Nonetheless it is clear that able and influential legal strategists—Christopher Tiedeman comes immediately to mind—grasped the political value of the Court as a brake on popular initiative in an age of unrest. They gave forceful expression to the concept of the federal judiciary as the champion of vested and racist, rather than popular, interest.

Dr. Graham treats certain aspects of Fourteenth Amendment history exhaustively; but there are gaps in the picture which others will have to fill in. Two essays, "The Conspiracy Theory of the Fourteenth Amendment," and "An Innocent Abroad," are devoted to *San Mateo* v. *Southern Pacific*. No corresponding treatment is meted out to *Prigg* v. *Pennsylvania, Dred Scott*, or the *Civil Rights Cases*. But as keys to the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment these cases are every bit as important as *San Mateo*: and, we might add, have received little attention from legal historians.

Important also for a full understanding of the Fourteenth Amendment is the century-long struggle for interracial education that was kicked off by *Crandall* v. *Connecticut* in 1834 and that received its quietus with *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in 1896. Here Dr. Graham's essay, "The Fourteenth Amendment and School Segregation," does not fulfill the promise of its title. There is no reference at all in the entire book to the "little Dred Scott cases"—*Ward* v. *Flood, Garnes* v. *McCann, Cory et al* v. *Carter, etc.*—through which an important struggle was conducted around the schools issue in the years 1868-74.

To what extent did the Fourteenth

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The Drama Review, [illegible] Washington Place, New York, N.Y. 10003

Amendment revolutionize the status, not only of Afro-Americans but also of the Indian peoples? American citizens, according to the first section of the Amendment, are *all those persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof.* Were all Indian peoples, then, within the continental limits of the United States, American citizens after 1868? This logical question soon thrust the federal courts into a maze of confusion. The dialogue that developed on the constitutional status of the Indians is important to unravel: it casts its own special illumination on the Fourteenth Amendment and contemporary understanding of its meaning. Regrettably this is an area which the author does not investigate.

Dr. Graham's is a pioneer work: his writing points to many paths that others will have to explore. The American Constitution, he says, belongs to "Everyman," that is, to American man in search of freedom and equality. "Everyman" must grasp the Fourteenth Amendment both politically and intellectually. It is a legal weapon that lies to hand in the battle against racism and the quest for democratic survival. Dr. Graham provides, in this context, an indispensable tool.

Left Theatre in India

JAMES V. HATCH

Mr. Hatch is an assistant professor of English at the City College of New York. He has recently visited India, Pakistan and Ceylon on a State Department grant.

Calcutta

Martin Luther King had been shot the day previous to my visit to the Minerva Theatre in Calcutta. The assassination had brought the Communists into the street, displaying their anger before the American Consulate and the USIS office. It was not an auspicious evening to attend their theatre. As my auto edged through the twilight of crowded streets, I shrank down in the back seat. I understood why most Westerners malign Calcutta—it is guilt.

Flying into Dum Dum Airport for a two-day tour, the tourist sees thousands sleeping, cooking, eating, living on the sidewalks; he shrinks from the leprous beggar who presents his noseless face; he panics at the crush of bodies pressing through the street; then he flees, unaware that he has missed the most vital, passionately beautiful people in Asia—the Bengalis. Bengal is the most socially conscious state in India, and Calcutta is the raw political and artistic heart of Bengal. Here is the home of Rabindranath Tagore, Ravi Shankar, Satyajit Ray and the theatre.

Calcutta is the only city in the "world's largest democracy" that supports a professional theatre, a city where it is possible to attend a different play every night, a city where "hungry poets" declaim on street corners, a city where a guerrilla theatre arouses a railway carriage of people with the hoax of rationing rice. The drama critic, Chatterjee, claims that 1,500 play-producing groups are registered on the tax rolls. Even if 1,200 are defunct, theatre is alive and well in Calcutta.

The Minerva Theatre, home of the Little Theatre Group (a lovely euphemism) lies in the "people" part of town. Not the *bustees*, the streets that are lined with mud and bamboo huts with poles that fly the hammer and sickle, but the stone-and-plaster part of town where too many people crowd into tenements.

There are two major Communist parties in India and a number of splintered quarreling factions. The CPI (Marxist) has split from the older parent body in favor of the Chinese political line (anti-Soviet); nevertheless it is still prepared to rely on parliamentary methods to obtain power. The CPI is the strongest political party in the two Left states, Kerala and West Bengal. Recently, however, Peking has become critical of the party, complaining that it was implicated in the suppression of the peasant revolts. This has resulted in the formation of other "extremist" groups, some opposed to parliamentary methods.

As there are a number of Communist "parties," there are several leftist theatre groups. Some play one-night stands at Mukta Angan, a tin-roofed theatre that can be rented by the evening. There I saw an adaptation of Arnold Wesker's *Roots.* Other groups travel about Bengal playing to outdoor audiences. I saw O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* in a schoolyard. Both *Roots* and *Juno* were so completely adapted to Bengali life and characters that they seemed original plays—excellently acted. The most important troupe is the Little Theatre Group which politically is largely pro-Chinese. It is the producer of *Kallol* (a mutiny in the Indian navy); *Angar* (a coal mine disaster); *Invincible Vietnam,* and the drama I was to see, *Teer* (The Arrow)—all propaganda pieces written by Utpal Dutt.

But "who is Dutt?" asked an editor of *The New York Times.* Most American theatre people would ask the same. To say that he is the leading Shakespearean actor and producer in India is to bring a shrug. Some will remember that he played the part of the Rajah in James Ivory's *Shakespeare Wallah,* and the title role in Ivory's *The Guru,* which had a recent run in New York.

However, in India, Dutt is known to all artists as one of the most controversial, talented and political of theatre men. Arrested in Bombay during the filming of *The Guru,* he was returned to prison in Calcutta where Twentieth Century-Fox sweated out a shooting schedule until Dutt agreed to sign a statement that he would not agitate politically. When his Little Theatre colleagues learned of their leader's compromise, they suspended him for six months. Whether Dutt himself is a party member may be as debatable as whether Brecht was one in the 1940s.

Brecht and Shakespeare are the saints of Dutt's group. For the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth it staged *Othello, Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar* in modern dress. Chatterjee, critic on the English language daily, *The Statesman,* acidly remarked that Dutt was out to prove that the Bard was not only socially conscious but an early party member. Dutt is working on a book about social consciousness in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was Dutt's first theatre discovery. While still a student he saw and joined a traveling company, the one filmed in *Shakespeare Wallah.* Later he learned Bengali, a language which some of his friends declare he does not speak perfectly, although he writes and acts his powerful propaganda pieces in that tongue. A hulk of a man—like Orson Welles—he has huge ears with Indian sculpture lobes, complete with warts. He wears thick glasses, has a strong mouth, heavy lavender lips, and a deep actor's voice with precise articulation. Even his political enemies admit that Dutt "is a brilliant actor . . . if only he didn't write those preaching propaganda plays!" I decided I should see for myself.

The Minerva Theatre was built nearly 150 years ago; its last renovation was in 1923. The house is a three-tiered balcony, like the small oval opera houses of the last century, and seats nearly 600 people without the top deck, which has been condemned. Fifty seats in the center of the house had been ripped out to make room for a ramp that extended through the auditorium more than half the distance to the back wall. This arrangement was borrowed from the tradition of *jatra* (the folk theatre of Bengal). The theatre seats had once been red: the cushions had long congealed into lumps. They all sloped forward, throwing one's body toward the floor.

In the few minutes before the curtain, my eyes traveled over the dust of the proscenium, a dust that could never be lifted. In the second balcony I saw a single spotlight with a cardboard hood. Nearly all the lighting was to originate from below and from behind the proscenium. Tapas Sen, the lighting designer, working with no budget and home-rigged equipment, performed miracles.

The theatre filled—men in white dhotis, women in saris, a number of babies and small children held on laps. The play had been running two months, roughly four nights a week plus holidays. The actors—there were thirty-five in this cast including twelve women—were teachers, clerks, workers, who gave their time to the theatre on a semi-professional basis. A drum in the tribal rhythms of the northeastern state of Bengal (Naxalbari) sounded from the rear of the auditorium.

Teer was a living newspaper account of a peasant uprising in Naxalbari, a "tribal" region lying between China and India, an area sensitive to infiltration. The "revolt" had occurred in the autumn: the play was on the boards by late winter. Dutt gathered such facts as the ambush and massacre of village women and children by the police from witnesses and news accounts.

The struggle is one of the hungry and landless against the feudal landlords. In Bengal I heard a chant: "Amarbar [my house]! Tomorbari [your house]! Naxalbari!" This cry is the Communist call for seizure of land, which according to Dutt has already occurred in a number of villages near Calcutta. (Another chant of the hungry is: "Amarnam [my name]! Tomarnam [your name]! Vietnam!")

Suddenly from the rear of the auditorium came the drum, carried by a huge man with bare arms. Following him up the ramp trooped eighteen people from the Calcutta streets whose faces resembled not at all the masky faces of commercial actors.

Standing on the apron, the drummer introduced the play. The characters more or less introduced themselves, amid a great deal of giggling and confusion. I recalled a similar scene at the Lincoln Center production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*; the actors in New York failed to convince that they were peasants, soldiers, farmers and revolutionaries. It would have been difficult. None had milked a goat, plowed a field: few had swung an ax. The group before me may never have been into the tribal regions of India, and many may not have plowed the land, but all were in touch with the intensely crowded and earthy life of India. And they were a community in their political-social ideals. This cohesion, this feeling of group, made itself felt in a *vérité* style that twenty Equity actors assembled on a Broadway stage could not attain.

The introduction over, the play began its first half, lasting an hour and a half. The opening scene displayed the landlord's verandah, the paymaster's table in the yard, workers, men and women, grouped stage left. The exterior background consisted of trees, huts, bush. This would later break away at the rear to reveal a village, which in turn would break away to reveal an infinity of jungle beyond. Local materials, straw, reeds, bamboo were employed to cut production costs: some scenery was naturalistic, some representative. All décor and lighting were done with care, with such precision, that poverty became a virtue in art.

The opening scene showed the various ruses whereby the landlord sought to withhold payment due the workers. An older woman, blinded by the police, is dispossessed of her land. The landowner looked like Barry Goldwater. Another actor (I think he had studied in East Germany) played a Special Forces Adviser in Westmoreland cap.

The material of the first act was melodramatic, but it was lifted beyond the sentimental by the knowledge in the audience that the events of the play had actually occurred, belief by the actors that what they were doing was important and true, and the fine staging by Guha Roy.

As the exploitation of the peasants continues, police brutality and corruption intensify, starvation begins. The peasants, who have strong codes of honor and family loyalty begin to quarrel and fight among themselves. These scenes were the most "Brechtian" because they revealed causes and effects. A father beats his son for eating the family's small supply of rice, but the boy is starving. A peasant marries a girl who can read, but he does not wish to learn because he is "only a farmer."

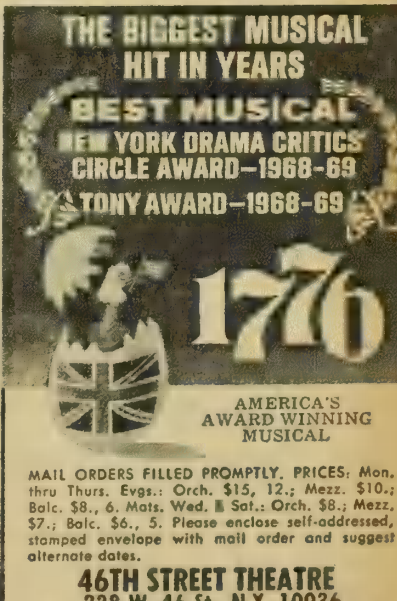
Then organizers appear, bringing the word of Lenin, Marx and Mao. The peasants begin to train themselves to fight. They don't understand guns; they hope to use bows and arrows. Finally they attack a convoy of rice. Buoyed by success, they then dispossess the landlord who is allowed to escape with his life. Looting begins, stops. Everything is to be listed and belongs to the revolutionary council. Land is redistributed, education (the words of Lenin and Mao) begins.

Meanwhile the United Front parties of India whip up government action against the robbers, vandals, Communists and Chinese. This scene is done with a black curtain in which there are eight flaps, each framing a face that represents a reactionary point of view. The faces are lit from below and that gives them a grotesque distortion. The lights flash on and off in various combinations of speech and rhythm. The effect: an electric machine controlling the news media controlling the people.

Folk song and music were a regular element of the production. Sometimes live (the drums on stage), sometimes background, sometimes "stingers," used in a manner of the old soap operas—a convention common in people's drama of India and perhaps borrowed from radio or the silent screen.

One scene played in front of the curtain recalled German Expressionism. Center stage was an American with a kit on which was lettered: USA Advance Station: Danang, Vietnam. On either side of him were various Indian police, government officials and landowners. The American spoke of having to fight China as the enemy that must be stopped soon. He said that machines must be shown to be more effective than men and ideas. (Everywhere in India clerks are striking banks and insurance companies against the use of computers.) To the consternation of the adviser, the lights fail: sometimes machines break down.

The play reached its climax in a series of engagements between the revolutionaries and the police. Torture is used, both sides harden. The reactionaries stage a surprise attack, in which the women who were left alone in the village to celebrate a local folk custom are machine-gunned. The audience sucked its breath in horror and shock. The scene was brilliantly staged—the attack begin-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ning with an actual shotgun blast, followed by machine guns represented by dozens of pin lights from the bushes. Although the revolutionaries are defeated "Westmoreland" is killed. The audience is left with the knowledge that the people will continue the struggle. The Communist Party flag—a red field with a silver hammer and sickle—is displayed over the dead. The audience applauded; they had laughed at the broadly played comic relief scenes, they had sat stone still in the dramatic ones. How much they believed I do not know.

Utpal Dutt is trying to reach a mass audience. His scripts are melodrama. When I saw the mutilation of the girl's breast in his play *Invincible Vietnam*, I shook my head in disbelief. Yet when I saw the photographs of the girl and read the account in a book of how a GI had mutilated her, I accepted it. Dutt faces the problem of verisimilitude. Who would believe an American boy would wantonly cut off a girl's breast? Perhaps most Asians.

Dutt told me that he expects a civil war based on a kind of Communist-Fascist split. He expects it to be most cruel. During our interview, he never relaxed. I never forgot that I was an American, admiring a theatre and an artist who was out to destroy American imperialism as it exists in Asia. The American officials in India must wish that Dutt were on our side. Seeing the dedication of the man and the Little Theatre Group, I wish we were on theirs.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The anti-Castro Cubans in New York have been vociferously picketing Richard Fleischer's *"Che!"* and a small bomb has been tossed into the lobby of one of the theatres where it is being shown. I must suppose that the exiles are expressing discontent with the quality of the picture; the content should scarcely disturb them. As is usual when a big company grapples with a subject it recognizes as controversial, Twentieth Century-Fox has leaned over backward to be "fair"—leaned so far, in fact, that it lands in a thicket of clichés on the side of law and order. Batista was a terrible fellow and Bolivia lies under military rule, but Castro, and particularly Guevara, are the kind of men who out of vanity and arrogance topple the dominoes of world-sweeping Communist imperialism.

If the thesis is simplistic—if an account of Che's ill-conceived and disastrous foray into Bolivia should do more than suggest that he was trying to drive the happy peasants from their mountain Eden—the narrative is trite and the characterizations are wooden. Che, according to this account, was a once idealistic doctor who, infected by the fever of power, became the Robespierre of the Sierra Maestra, manipulating the weak and stupid Castro, and deserting him when he decided that this puppet could not be used to conquer the Western Hemisphere from a Havana Kremlin. Che brought the missiles to Cuba, but Che also sent the Russians home by his insulting contempt for their reluctance to engage the United States in a nuclear war. Torn between his dependence on this monkish butcher and his disinclination to be incinerated, Castro took to the bottle and the distractions of female company. It plays like a soap-opera reconstruction of the last days of Ivan the Terrible, and I came from the theatre wondering if I had somehow missed the news that the feckless Castro had been hounded into squalid exile.

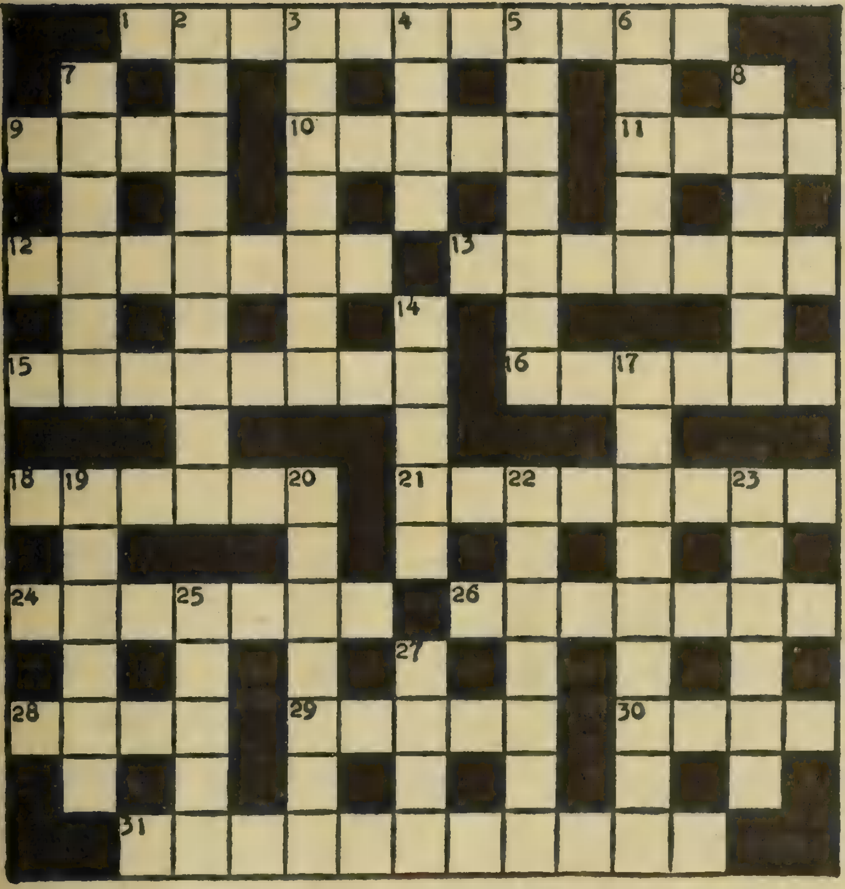
It is true, of course, that Guevara died because he misunderstood the situation into which he plunged. (A voice in the film says that the CIA had no hand in his capture, which stimulated a resounding cry of "Bullshit" from somewhere behind me in the theatre.) True that the Bolivian villagers did not rally to his guerrilla band and very probably acted as informers for the military. But did Che threaten and rob and brutalize the people; did he terrorize women and children when the men hid from him in the jungle? If the film had persuaded me that Castro is a fool, it might have taught me that Che became a monster.

But the characterization of Castro is the most grotesque aspect of the picture. It is never a good idea, except commercially, to have a familiar contemporary figure impersonated by an equally well-known actor, and the decision to cast a performer of the abilities of Jack Palance in such a role suggests an element of dollar cynicism in the project. He is, to put it kindly, a less than intuitive actor, and in this case his "disguise" is the sort that sets border alarms ringing. He is about the right size and weight, but his voice is wrong, his gestures are wrong, his facial expressions are wrong and no amount of cigar chewing or outbursts of "Latin temperament" will produce a suspension of disbelief. Palance looked uncomfortable throughout—he could be seen remembering the Castro trademarks and then dolefully muffing them—and I admired him for his embarrassment. Omar Sharif had an easier time with Che because the appearance and behavior of his man are less well known; it is not his fault that he had to play a stock case of megalomania.

The effect of this film is mischievous and I suspect its motives. Commercial film makers are out for box office, and box office is achieved by reinforcing popular assumptions. Guevara's appreciation of the immediate revolutionary potential in Latin America was wrong, and his death provided the revolutionary impulse now spreading in the world with a martyr whose precepts are often perilously inapplicable to the contexts where they are invoked. But tolerance, understanding and justice are not advanced by ignoring the objective conditions behind large political upheavals and ascribing revolution to the private devils of demented leaders.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1303

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Gilbert and Sullivan fare is one of the things we might be entitled to. (5,2,4)
9 and 11 Make something out of the letters? Barely, but put into position again. (8)
10 Pawns things in such joints? (5)
11 See 9 across
12 Clementine's father Albert, and what he was looking for? (7)
13 Might we remember him as being poor, even though his beginning was otherwise, and his ending difficult? (7)
15 His profession might be a stirring one. (8)
16 Wrest out of pretext or threat? (6)
18 Baby birds? (6)
21 Take the air about what might be serviceable, in a frustrating way. (8)
24 Record beginning with 13, finally, but reject. (7)
26 What an entertainer might do is about cut off by uncalled-for nasty comments.
28 See 2 down
29 See 4 down
30 29 is called this, in the main. (4)
31 The subject of work may be overdone by this. (7,4)

DOWN

2 and 28 across A radical (one who is permissive) takes time to mark important engagements. (3-6,4)
3 Conflict in that condition should go from side to side. (7)
4 and 29 across One might have to, if in deep and attempting to slow down, when off the beaten track. (4,5)
5 Merely a term for diamonds, according to the magistrate. (7)
6 A rule with expression of wonderment for the prince. (5)
7 One might be doing it for a spell (6)
8 There should be a lot of interest taken in one's business. (6)
14 The general idea of what might happen with cross winds. (5)
17 and 23 They might take the long view of things. (9,6)
19 The first rib always has it relating to the family. (6)
20 Former British crown colony. (7)
22 People might keep them in the office.
23 See 17 down
25 One of those who made the rent, historically. (5)
27 School with an upstanding record. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1302

ACROSS: 1 Balance of trade; 9 Engines; 10 Tableau; 11 and 23 Damsel in distress; 12 Repair; 14 Spondee; 15 Bodes 17 Erred; 19 Emigres; 21 Cantor; 25 Eremite; 26 Arrange; 27 Turns the tables. DOWN: 1 Bread line; 2 Legumes; 3 Nonce word; 4 East Indies; 5 Fits; 6 Ruble; 7 Die-hard; 8 Burr; 13 Debilitate; 15 Barataria; 16 Spinsters; 18 Rondeau; 20 Sternal; 21 Crew; 22 Onion; 24 Bent.

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LETTERS

nothing new

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Warning from Berkeley" [June 16] . . . repeats the initial response of critics to the Vietnamese War. Internal disruptions, like their external counterparts, are now being interpreted as "aberrations" from American ideals when, in fact, police brutality is the custom for handling "disruptable" persons. It is standard procedure for the police to assault and abuse, verbally and physically, any nonconformist taken into custody. Therefore, can *The Nation* say that "the general situation in the United States is deteriorating rapidly" when policemen merely conduct themselves as they have always done—only this time toward students rather than, say, black people? . . . How long is it going to take us to accept, as fact, that the American Government rests upon force and not authority?

Sidney M. Willhelm

tricky debate

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I realize I am a little late in responding to "The Blacks Cry Genocide" by Ralph Z. Hallow [*The Nation*, Apr. 28], but I have been out of the country. . . . Opposition to Planned Parenthood in Homewood came from black people themselves: the two black leaders mentioned in your article, William Haden and Charles E. Greenlee, M.D. I have participated in no debates or discussions within the black community.

Planned Parenthood has tried to paint me as a leader and, in the TV debate which the article mentions, they got me involved by trickery. I think it is trickery to invite a person to participate in a debate with the expectation that he will be debating other white people and have him find that the faces on the other side are all black.

Let me conclude with my most frequent observation on this matter: the establishment promotes the "pill" more efficiently among the blacks than it does anything else.

Rev. Msgr. Charles O. Rice, Pastor
Holy Rosary Church

the other injunctions

Albany, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Frank J. Donner's article, "The Injunction on Campus [*The Nation*, June 9], focuses concisely upon the danger resulting from the extension of the injunctive remedy to campus disturbances. However, Mr. Donner failed to examine the value of the injunctive remedy when used by students and student groups to restrain illegal repression, both from inside and outside the university. The injunction is one of the few tools available to students and student groups to halt administration and outside activities before the effects become irreversible. Unfortunately, whereas the courts seem willing to issue injunctions against students at the whim of the establishment, they are unwilling to issue such injunctions against the establishment. . . . One example should suffice to illustrate this point.

The Senate Investigating Committee on Governmental Operations has subpoenaed various records and documents concerning various students and their activities at a significant number of campuses across the country, among them the University of California at Berkeley. The university administration gave the students affected by the subpoena only one day to pursue their legal remedies before the documents were turned over. It seemed clear that the only adequate remedy with such short notice was to ask the federal district court to restrain disclosure until the matter could be more thoroughly examined. . . . Nevertheless, the restraining order was denied.

Brian M. Sax

EDITORIALS

The New York Primary

There was disappointment in the June 17 New York City primary, notably for former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, who failed to win the Democratic nomination, and for Mayor Lindsay, who failed to win the Republican. But the results were not surprising. "Law and order" won the Republican and Democratic nominations for John Marchi (also nominated by the Conservative Party) and Mario Procaccino; the two winners had little to say about any other issue. The tide that brought victory to Yorty in Los Angeles and to Stenvig in Minneapolis swept like an oil slick through the boroughs of New York (Manhattan excepted). But the tide was not as strong as the results, unanalyzed, might seem to indicate.

The vote was heavy, for a primary, but even so it represented only 36 per cent of the total Democratic registration and 34.7 per cent of the total Republican enrollment. Procaccino, running against four opponents, won with only 32.8 per cent of a Democratic vote of 769,036, and while Marchi received 51.2 per cent of 218,083 Republican votes, he defeated Lindsay by only about 5,000 votes. Lindsay's running mates—Perrotta for Controller, Garelik for Council President—won nomination, and since both support Lindsay, the Republican ticket is split. It should be emphasized that the vote cast against Marchi and Procaccino was 623,111 or 63.1 per cent of the total. Four rivals for the Democratic nomination received a combined vote of 516,753, or better than 2 to 1 over Procaccino. On the face of these returns, Lindsay has a good chance to win in November.

Actually the results were more of a blow to both major parties than to any of the candidates. Marchi's victory will hurt the Republicans locally and nationally. His chances of winning in November are negligible. But he—or rather the Conservative Party—now has a strong hold on the Republican organization in the boroughs outside Manhattan. The effect will be to identify the Republican Party in New York with right-wing conservatism tinged with racism. Marchi's victory will certainly not help Nixon carry the state in 1972. The President has endorsed but will not campaign for Marchi, but the announcements by Senators Hatfield, Brooke, Mathias, Goodell and Javits that they will campaign for Lindsay only points up Nixon's problem. At the same time, it will create serious trouble for Sen. Charles Goodell of New York, who must stand for election in 1970. He can now expect a bitter, bruising fight against a right-wing "law and order" candidate who will be sponsored, of course, by the Conservative Party. And if Governor Rockefeller feels that his promise to support Marchi will help his own chances in 1970, he may well be in for a surprise. The Conservative Party has long regarded the Governor as its prime target in New York politics. As for the Democrats, any semblance of unity in New York

City has been shattered, the old combination of district bosses and the Central Labor Council no longer has the power it once did, and the party is now sharply split. Badillo, who ran a good campaign and made an impressive showing, has announced that he will not support Procaccino.

A larger national significance may be found in the results. Nationally, the liberal Republicans are in deep trouble, recent evidence being the failure of the respected and popular Senator Kuchel to win renomination in California last year and now Lindsay's failure to win the Republican nomination in New York. What might be called "the liberal Republican bit" never had deep roots in the party. Liberal Republicanism—protected to some extent by the Eisenhower mystique—was primarily confined to the West Coast and to the Northeastern states, including New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In these traditionally Republican areas (a viable Democratic Party did not emerge in California until 1938), the party had to nominate "liberals" or "moderates" if it wanted to win. While this is still true, the election of Nixon, which reflects a long-term trend, has swung the party sharply to the right. In both the 1964 and 1968 conventions, the liberal Republicans won scant recognition and had little influence. In brief, time has run out on them. A polarization is taking place between and within each major party. At the same time, the marked trend toward issue-oriented politics makes it increasingly difficult for "liberal" Republicans to blur their basic, and irreconcilable, differences, many of which have a strong moral content, with the Reagans, Marchis and Goldwaters of the party.

But the liberal Republicans have an option if they will exercise it. The basis for a new winning coalition exists, but it has not yet been organized. Nationally it can be seen in the votes in the Congress against ABM and MIRV, and in efforts to cut defense spending and reorder national priorities. Locally it exists in the issues constituting the urban crisis. The major potential elements include: liberal and reform Democrats, the key minorities, a large section of the young, intellectuals (academic and otherwise), liberal-moderate Republicans and, generally, all those who oppose the war in Vietnam and want to see American policy, in which foreign and domestic issues are closely related, redirected. It is to be found in an odd combination of the poor and excluded along with the better-off and the better-educated. Such a combination supported Thomas Bradley in Los Angeles, and considering the circumstances that he was a Negro running in a city in which Negroes constitute only 18 per cent of the population, Bradley made a remarkably strong showing. Mayor Lindsay, the Liberal Party nominee, has announced that he will project a new city coalition party as a means of attracting and organizing independent and Democratic voters. He has a fine opportunity between now and November to put together, in the nation's largest city, the winning political coalition of the future.

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Perils of Pompidou

Paris

After the election of June 15, both the French and the foreign press followed in general the lead of the government information service and cited only the percentages for Pompidou's victory over Poher: 57.58 to 42.41. This gives an incomplete if not distorted picture, and the situation becomes clearer when one takes the total electoral percentages: Pompidou 37.17, Poher 27.37, abstention or blank vote 35.46 (an all-time high for French voters, brought about largely by Communist and other Left persuasion). In other words, Pompidou attracted only a little more than one-third of the electorate. He comes into the Presidency with substantially less backing than de Gaulle had in 1965 when his popularity was on the wane and when he ran against Mitterand, a far better opposition candidate.

In addition to the handicap of this meager support, Pompidou possesses none of de Gaulle's personal or historical stature; he is just an ordinary, if clever, politician. Yet his followers expect from him the same sort of results they had become accustomed to from their retired wizard. The problems which Pompidou will face have nothing to do in the immediate future with Parliamentary opposition—for the next four years the Gaullists will enjoy an overwhelming majority in the Chamber of Deputies and this may even make Pompidou's task seem deceptively easy.

The real difficulties will come, first, from the pressure of economic facts. De Gaulle was shaken by the December money crisis, but was able for a time to evade the problems implicit in the noncompetitive position of French industry and agriculture and in the overvaluation of the franc as compared with the mark. Now these realities are coming home with a vengeance: if the franc is devalued, Pompidou must admit ten years of mismanagement by de Gaulle and particularly by himself; if it is not devalued, the economic crisis may quickly become acute. In addition, more labor unrest can be expected soon. The wage gains of last May have already been eaten up by price rises; disappointment with the election and Parliamentary action has now encouraged even the "orderly" Communist Party to envisage direct action, strikes and demonstrations for the autumn. Many think that Pompidou's reaction will be a quick resort to force.

However, the new President's greater problem will come from his own side—Gaullism without de Gaulle is a motley coalition. There is little in common between the traditional pro-Western capitalist attitudes of Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the probable foreign minister, or Antoine Pinay, the probable finance minister, and the left-wing Gaullism of René Capitant and Louis Vallon, fathers of de Gaulle's "participation" and devoted to neutralism. Pompidou is closely linked to French business, which will also exert pressure on both foreign and internal policy. Everywhere there will be an upsurge of greediness; one prominent Gaullist glutton said recently, "With de Gaulle you had to take care; now under Georges the time has come for the big grab."

But Pompidou's nastiest headache will almost certainly be de Gaulle himself. The old man is not dead, nor did his trip to Ireland demonstrate his sensitive regard for democratic process; he has used his blackmailing power in other circumstances with ruthless disregard for democracy. His absence from France before the election meant only that Pompidou was on his own. Now de Gaulle is back and has decided to rent a four-room office in Paris, to which he will commute from Colombey. This means that he has more on his mind than writing his memoirs. It is entirely predictable that a continuous stream of complaining pilgrims will make their way to his door, and Pompidou will be in constant fear of off-the-record disavowals intentionally leaked. Hubert Beuve-Méry, publisher of *Le Monde* and an authority on de Gaulle, thinks the old man counts on grave trouble to bring him back into power. That is possibly an extreme supposition, but one may expect from de Gaulle what might be called "active fence-sitting." Pompidou has stepped into de Gaulle's shoes, and the problem is not only that they are slightly large but that the old man's feet are still inside them.

CLAUDE BOURDET

Selling ABM the Hard Way

The June 13 *New York Times* carried a full-page ad of "Citizens Committee for Peace with Security," blazoning the surprising information that "84 per cent of all Americans support an ABM system." An opponent of ABM deployment remarked, "I didn't think you could get 84 per cent of all Americans to agree on the merits of apple pie." Nor did the poll, conducted by Opinion Research Corporation, arrive at figures anywhere near those reported by Gallup who found 60 per cent still undecided, Harris, with 47 per cent in favor, 26 per cent opposed and 27 per cent with no opinion, and other indecisive samplings. The salesmanship of the ad, however, left no doubt. Overwhelming public support for the ABM, it was asserted, was being "obscured by the clamor of a minority. . . . The real voice of America is not being heard! . . . Become an active member of the 84 per cent majority." Two "vital" points were emphasized—the Safeguard program will contribute significantly to the deterrence of nuclear war, and to "meaningful" arms control talks with the USSR.

The ad was signed by William J. Casey as chairman of the "organizing committee." At a press conference, Casey descibed the organization as "a nonpartisan group of supporters of President Nixon's Safeguard ABM program." Robert Walters of the Washington *Star* did some probing on this claim and reported that the telephone number listed in the CCPS press release was that of the Washington office of Casey's law firm, Scribner, Hall & Casey, Leonard W. Hall being former chairman of the Republican National Committee, while

Fred C. Scribner, Jr., is at present general counsel to the same committee. Opinion Research Corporation did virtually all the political polling for the Nixon campaign last year, and for Barry Goldwater in 1964.

Walters quoted Casey as denying that CCPS had any connection with the White House; this disclaimer was repeated by Harry O'Neill, research director for Opinion Research Corporation. They seem to have overlooked the fact that efforts to secure members for the committee and public relations counsel for the press conference were initiated by Col. Charles West, a former military officer currently serving as a "consultant" on the White House staff and working out of the Executive Office Building.

The nonpartisan claim was equally unsubstantial. The roster of prominent members reads like a list of the big contributors to the Nixon campaign and long-time supporters of Mr. Nixon on his hard road to the Presidency. For instance: Thomas W. Evans, a partner in the law firm with which Mr. Nixon was associated until his election last year, and both general counsel for the Nixon campaign and national director of Citizens for Nixon; Richard M. Schaife, a member of the Mellon family; Elmer H. Bobst, honorary board chairman of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company; Donald M. Kendall, president of PepsiCo Inc.; W. Clement Stone, the Chicago insurance man who, according to Walters, has boasted that he contributed $200,000 to Nixon's campaign; George Champion, board chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank; Carl M. Loeb, Jr., the New York investment banker; former Sen. John W. Bricker; Neil McElroy, Defense Secretary in the Eisenhower administration; Gen. Lucius Clay, currently chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee.

Almost the only prominent Democrat on the committee is John A. McCone, director of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1961 to 1965. In all fairness, however, if the members listed in small print are included, the membership constitutes a sort of political conglomerate. Printed there are the names of Orson Bean, Roy Campanella, Lionel Hampton, Guy Lombardo, Robert Moses, Ken Murray, Murray the K, Spyros P. Skouras and, for still more glamour, Hildegarde. Presumably all have written to their Congressmen on the ABM, and are now studying the "informative" literature offered by the "nonpartisan" committee.

ABM and MIRV

In the nature of things, those who essay to stem the militarization of a great nation are going to have their hands full. What are the priorities to be? Vietnam of course is the first, and at the present reluctant pace of the Nixon Administration will remain so for an unpredictable period, after which it is likely to be succeeded by further conflict in Southeast Asia, even if in a less bloody form. Then there are the ABM, billed as "defensive," and MIRV (multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles) which, even with the utmost straining, can hardly be squeezed into the defensive category.

ABM has been getting most of the attention, and some of its foremost opponents fear that attacking the multiple warhead systems would be a distraction. Actually, however, the latter are even more pregnant with mischief than the former. The "one-thing-at-a-time" philosophy just isn't applicable in this situation, marked by the interaction of spuriously defensive weapons systems and openly offensive ones.

This view has now been assumed by Rep. John B. Anderson of Illinois, chairman of the House Republican Conference and third-ranking leader of Republicans in the House. The time has come, Mr. Anderson said in a speech he delivered on June 15, and which was evidently directed at the White House, "to call a halt to this insane nuclear version of keeping up with the Joneses." In the Senate, Clifford P. Case, like Representative Anderson a Republican, has introduced a resolution calling on the President to take the initiative in suspending test flights of multiple warheads and to suspend such tests as long as the Soviet Union does the same. Sen. Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts, likewise a Republican, has introduced a resolution to the same general effect. Under the Brooke resolution, which has the co-sponsorship of more than twenty Republicans and Democrats, the President would propose to the Soviet Union a joint moratorium on testing of multiple warheads.

What underlies the Anderson, Case and Brooke moves is the fear that once operational MIRVs are deployed, an arms-control agreement will be virtually impossible. That is also the view of Sen. John Sherman Cooper. With the multiple warheads hidden away in their silos, it will be impossible for either side to know how many of them the other has at its disposal—short, that is, of on-site inspection, which neither is likely to permit. Senator Fulbright feels that the present emphasis should be on killing ABM, but it would seem that unless some of the steam is simultaneously taken out of the Pentagon's MIRV drive, little will have been gained.

One reason for this conclusion is that the technical problems of MIRV appear to be more readily solvable than those of ABM. It seems to be capable of multiplying the number of deliverable nuclear warheads in the world by a factor of five to ten. On this reasoning, a victory for the forces opposing the ABM would, by itself, be pyrrhic. It would only come back again as an ostensible defense against these myriads of multiple warheads. Unless the President can be persuaded, or pressured, to negotiate with the Soviets on both weapons systems, the long-term outlook is bad.

Dangerous at Any Price

After more than a year of on-again, off-again haggling, the United States has negotiated an agreement extending the military bases accord with Spain until September 26, 1970. In return we shall sell Spain $50 million worth of military equipment, which will be financed by an Export-Import Bank loan.

At the outset, Franco insisted on $1 billion in loans and equipment (or close to it) and a long-term lease; in the end he settled for a relative pittance. If Senate criticism of the bases agreement had not kept the pressure on the State Department and the Pentagon, particularly the latter, Franco's initial demands might well have been granted.

Even so it would have been better if the agreement, which had actually expired, had not been extended. The ink was scarcely dry on the new agreement when the State Department was forced to concede that United States forces in Spain had conducted joint maneuvers with Franco's military to simulate putting down a hypothetical rebellion against the regime. Officials announced that a review is under way to prohibit such practices in the future. But the statement does not clarify the extent of our commitments to Spain. We do not have a mutual security pact with Spain, but joint maneuvers suggest that an unacknowledged commitment to defend the regime does in fact exist. If not, what were the maneuvers—an exercise in physical fitness, a demonstration of solidarity, or what?

Still in Business with the Lord

Dr. Billy Graham, who communes spiritually with the President at private services in the White House every Sunday, is back in Sin City, after saving it in 1957. New York, although somewhat resistant to evangelists, is saved periodically—Charles Grandison Finney in 1832, Dwight L. Moody in 1876, Billy Sunday in 1917, and here is Dr. Graham in a brief repeat performance—only ten days as compared with six weeks for the 1957 crusade. Billy Sunday preached for ten weeks in a specially constructed wooden tabernacle. The later Billy has Madison Square Garden at his disposal.

W. G. McLoughlin, Jr., wrote about Graham in *The Nation* of May 11, 1957, and followed it up in 1960 with a book-length study. His finding was that neither Graham nor his predecessors made "any noticeable or lasting impression upon either the moral or religious life of the city," but since all the revivals were (and are) backed by wealthy laymen and leading Protestant clergymen, none was exactly a failure either. The present performance is apparently in the same class. A story in the June 15 *New York Times* was based on a spot check of fifty ministers serving both fundamentalist churches sympathetic to Mr. Graham and liberal churches which do not go in for his brand of theology nor for revivalism in general. All except two of the ministers responding reported no perceptible rise in membership that could be attributed to the 1957 crusade, but many politely referred to it as a "good show" and a "booster shot" for those already committed. The converts, in short—are those previously converted, regular churchgoers, or transients who stand up for Jesus but sit down thereafter.

Politically, evangelists tend to be reactionary, and Graham is no exception. Nothing he has done or said could commend him to the National Council of Churches, nor it to him. He is an out-and-out hawk on Vietnam. In the heyday of Sen. Joe McCarthy Graham thanked God for "men who, in the face of public denouncement and ridicule, go loyally on in their work of exposing the pinks, the lavenders and the reds." In this respect the President and the preacher are twin souls; if Mr. Nixon requires saving, Mr. Graham can do that for him very comfortably.

SPACE IS NOT BLACK

JACK ROBERTSON

Mr. Robertson is senior science reporter for the Fairchild Publications, specializing in military and space coverage. He is a contributor to Where Do We Go From the Moon? *a book exploring post-Apollo space goals (Fairchild).*

Washington

"I'm pushing space as hard as I can, but I seem to be the only one here who cares," moaned an inner-city junior high schoolteacher. "What do you mean 'who cares'!" snapped a colleague. "Every time one of those things blasts off I can't think of anything except all that money we need here on earth."

The Rev. David Eaton, pastor of Washington, D.C.'s largest inner-city Unitarian church, spoke as follows to a white suburban audience filled with space and electronics experts: "The $23 billion we've spent going to the moon has stolen money the black man needs for job retraining and schools." Lamont Johnson of Baltimore, a chief marshal at last year's Resurrection City, summed it up: "There just ain't nothin' in it for us." In a time when NASA needs all the support it can get, both poor and well-situated Negroes are voting "no confidence."

This black view of space is becoming more apparent. During the Apollo 10 moon orbit, a civil rights group picketed the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, demanding that money be switched from bases on the moon to housing on the earth. The *Afro-American* continues its wry comments about a country that can send men to the moon but cannot find jobs at home for its black population.

Even white political leaders are picking up the theme. Sen. Edward Kennedy has urged in several campus speeches that space money be diverted to pressing domestic problems. Rep. William F. Ryan, from New York City's 20th District, put it more strongly: "For years we've been blindly rubber-stamping space programs and it's hurt the poor man two ways. First of all it's taken money away he's needed for better schools, housing, things like that. Worse yet, it hasn't given him anything in return in the way of a better job."

Those concerned with the unemployment and underemployment of Negroes are disillusioned with more than NASA. They are upset that the entire system spends millions on designs by white engineers, drawn up in buildings built by white contractors, where the offices are full of white secretaries. They say the problem of discrimination goes all the way from the electrical unions that install wiring for the computers to paper companies that supply everything from print-out forms to towels in the rest-room.

It is instructive to watch an Apollo launch on a black man's television set. The astronauts are white; the doctors interviewed are white; the engineers and contractors who describe the $135 million space capsule and the commentator who interviews them are white. For ten days white flight controllers and scientists tell how black is outer space while teen-agers in the living room snort. When the capsule finally splashes down, children make a game of trying to find a few black faces in the welcoming crew on the carrier deck.

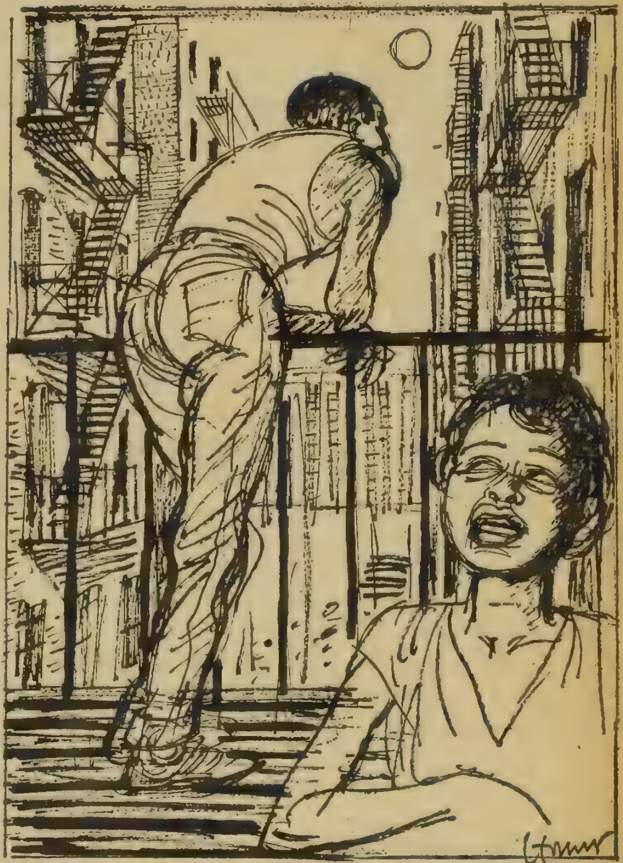
The Air Force had a Negro astronaut—Maj. Robert H. Lawrence, Jr.—who was killed in an F-104 crash; few Negro children have ever heard of him. The principal of an adult education class observed: "Who cares if we once had 1.6 per cent of the astronauts? We have 99.9 per cent of the janitors."

Today there is not one Negro among NASA's fifty-three astronauts, or the Air Force's fourteen. Government officials say no qualified Negroes are availabe. Equal opportunity experts say that this is the result of Jim Crow schooling and the residual discrimination in the armed forces when it comes to selecting black men for commissions.

Of more concern to the Negro community, however, is the lack of black personnel in middle management and technical jobs. "Space was a wide open field when it started," William Beck, science teacher in a well-kept, suburban Negro community, points out. "Nobody knew anything. And look at the kinds of jobs that were created —communications, electronics, many of them not even for college graduates. Black kids could have learned just as well as white kids . . . but where are they?"

Negro computer programmers, technicians and engineers are lightly sprinkled throughout the operation, the ranking black employed in NASA being Bill Wallace, a deputy Apollo launch operations manager. Government officials say more Negroes would be used if more qualified applicants could be found. Civil rights groups respond with the survey made by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in January 1968. At hearings in New York City they examined employment records of 100 major companies. Their targets had New York headquarters, were not "Southern firms"; many were major aerospace contractors. The average Negro employment rate was 2.6 per cent, heavily concentrated in lower-level jobs.

Testifying before the Ad Hoc Hearings on Discrimination in Employment, called by Congressman Ryan in December 1968, Herbert Hill, national labor director of the NAACP, called space discrimination part of a total Defense Department-federal government contract problem. "There has been equal opportunity legislation since Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 8802 in 1941. On March 6, 1961, President Kennedy issued a directive with clear contract cancellation terms written in. Yet there has never been one contract cancellation because of job discrimination . . . even when investigations have shown discrimination exists . . . and when discrimination has been proved in the courts."



New Statesman (London)

A Decent Place To Live? Man, You Aiming for the Moon

The rising anti-discrimination pressure has been felt by major space firms. After an Air Force review in 1964-65 IBM began a costly program to hunt out and hire black engineers and technicians. The company even prepared a dramatic series of four-color ads to tell the black community that IBM offered equal opportunity. The ads ran in *Time* and *Fortune* and were not seen by most black young people who were reading *Jet*.

The closest the Negro has come to the moon is Philadelphia's Project Aerospace. General Electric has set this up in cooperation with the Rev. Leon Sullivan's total job training program. Since many space jobs require manual dexterity, not faultless grammar, ghetto men and women have been most successfully trained for jobs at GE's Valley Forge facility. The GE men who went with the project call the ghetto workers reliable, less prone to turnover, some of the best on the line.

The breakthrough is late, however. John Glenn got into orbit in 1962; NASA's effort to develop minority talent is still being tested on the launch pad. It is a question whether they can get it off the ground before Congress and the people at large join the well-dressed Negro woman whose sign read: "Bring our tax dollar down to earth. We need it here."

THE 'FAILING' NEWSPAPER PROBE

THE PRESS DUMMIES UP

ARTHUR E. ROWSE

Mr. Rowse publishes a newsletter from Washington and writes a syndicated column on consumer matters. He is the author of Slanted News *and is preparing a new book on the news media.*

Washington

The daily press, the business with the most privileges of any in this country, is about to get one more after nearly two years of Congressional hearings and lobbying notable for both their newsworthiness and scarcity of mention in the news media. The new privilege will be special immunity from antitrust prosecution for separately owned newspapers that have joint operating arrangements, a sort of halfway house between competition and monopoly of local papers. Such immunity would be granted by a bill entitled "The Newspaper Preservation Act," the successor to one called "The Failing Newspaper Act," which was talked to death in the previous Congress. The pressure that has pushed this little-known bill ahead of countless more important measures in the past few months is silent tribute to the power of big publishers to get almost anything they want from publicity-hungry politicians.

The ostensible purpose of the revived measure is laudable enough. It is to preserve "the historic independence of the newspaper press in all parts of the United States" by allowing two or more newspapers, one of which may be failing, to enter into joint operating agreements without risk of antitrust prosecution. Proponents of the bill contend that it would slow the relentless march of local press monopolies that now grip 97 per cent of all cities having daily papers. Opponents say that preserving morning and afternoon papers under the same roof can be worse than letting one die or be sold, because it is more difficult to establish and maintain competition against an all-day combination than against one paper.

But despite twenty-three days of hearings, the final one on June 13, and more than 2 million words of testimony and exhibits, solid evidence has been noticeably lacking on both sides. With one possible exception, none of the newspapers interested in the proposal has provided financial data to prove that any newspaper was failing before it entered a joint operating arrangement. And no formal study was undertaken or presented to prove or disprove the contention that news and editorial operations in such arrangements are in fact any better for the public than they would be under one ownership. The members and staff of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which has conducted the hearings, have scrupulously avoided stumbling into the political thicket of news policies for fear of being accused of transgressing the First Amendment of the Constitution. News and editorial matters are inextricably intertwined with economic matters, but the questioning of witnesses has been aimed only at the latter.

The line-up of powers for and against the bill tells much of the story. Chief backers of the measure have been the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the big chains of Scripps-Howard, Hearst, Newhouse, Knight, Block and Cox, each of which has at least one paper involved in a joint operating agreement. Principal opponents have been the Justice Department, Federal Trade Commission and the National Newspaper Association, a group of weeklies and small dailies.

Joint operating agreements involve forty-eight newspapers in twenty-four cities with a total population of 14.5 million. They include Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Birmingham, Ala.; Bristol, Tenn.-Va.; Charleston, W.Va.; Columbus, Ohio; El Paso, Tex.; Evansville, Ind.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Honolulu, Hawaii; Lincoln, Neb.; Lynchburg, Va.; Madison, Wis.; Miami, Fla.; Nashville, Tenn.; Oil City-Franklin, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Calif.; Spokane, Wash.; Shreveport, La.; Tucson, Ariz., and Tulsa, Okla. Some fourteen cities of the remaining thirty-eight with separate dailies are reported to be on the verge of such mergers.

Scripps-Howard, the third largest chain in total daily and Sunday circulation, has six papers involved in joint operations, and Hearst, the fourth largest, has two. In most cases, these papers have joint advertising, circulation, production and business departments plus a profit-sharing arrangement. In St. Louis, the joint agreement includes only printing and profits, a situation revealed first by a staff investigator at the final hearing last year. All the papers insist that their news and editorial departments are separate and vigorously competitive.

But few of the papers bothered to obtain approval of the Justice Department before entering into such arrangements. In fact, few details were publicly known about them until the Justice Department stepped into Tucson with an antitrust suit aimed to break up the agreement there between the *Citizen* and *Arizona Star.* The Tucson arrangement, third oldest of its type, dates back to 1940. In January 1965, William A. Small, Jr., owner of the *Citizen*, exercised an option to buy the *Star* in order to block its sale to the Brush-Moore chain. The Justice Department, which had sat by for almost three decades while the joint operating schemes spread from city to city, filed suit the same month to prevent Small from taking over both papers and force him to break up the joint operation of their advertising and circulation departments, as well as the pooling of profits.

Specifically, Small and the papers were charged with violating the Sherman Act by combining to restrain interstate trade and conspiring to monopolize interstate trade through the joint operating agreement. Small and his wholly owned Arden Corporation, which was set up for the purpose of buying the *Star*, were also charged with violating the Clayton Act, which forbids one corporation to acquire another when the effect would be "substantially to lessen competition." The suit did not state any objections to the combination of printing facilities, nor have Justice Department officials since then said anything to indicate that joint production agreements violate any antitrust laws.

But Small, feeling that he had been singled out unfairly for a test case, laid plans to fight the suit both in the courts and legislative halls of Congress. He lost the first round in U.S. District Court when Judge James A. Walsh found that the joint agreements violated the Sherman Act. The judge also found that the acquisition of the *Star* by Small violated the Clayton Act. He thereupon directed Small to divest himself of the *Star* within ninety days and modify the operating agreements "so as to eliminate price fixing, market allocations and profit pooling." Judge Walsh's decision was upheld on each point by the Supreme Court last March 10.

But the battle for special legislative immunity from such prosecution continues. If anything, the speed has picked up since the Supreme Court decision because of the deadline it imposed on Small. The court directed him to come up with a plan for divestiture of the *Star* and modification of the joint operating agreements by July 3. As a result, hearings that were originally planned for late summer or early fall by subcommittee chairman Philip A. Hart were moved up to this month and limited to only three days. At a recent closed session of the subcommittee, Hart was outmaneuvered by Sen. Everett Dirksen when the latter asked for a vote on the bill. Realizing that he did not have the votes to block subcommittee approval at that point, Hart asked for hearings of at least a few days. But the only effect of that postponement may be to delay progress of the bill by a few weeks. With more than thirty Senators already signed up as co-sponsors, the bill is expected to sail through that body in short order. The only possibility of trouble exists in the House where some 100 Congressmen have already indicated their support. The key man there, Chairman Emanuel Celler of the Judiciary Committee, has said he will not seek to delay or block progress of the bill. His antitrust subcommittee held a few perfunctory hearings last year, but may approve it this year without hearings.

From the beginning, this bill has had the support of key legislators. Arizona's venerable Carl Hayden, former president pro tempore of the Senate, introduced the original bill in March 1967, almost a full year before Judge Walsh's District Court decision. Hayden, whose state includes the Tucson papers, was joined by fourteen other Senators, most of whom also came from states with similar joint newspaper operations. The man who has spent more time on the legislation than any other Senator except Hart is Hiram L. Fong, the millionaire businessman from Hawaii where the two largest Honolulu papers have such an agreement. Fong has participated in nearly every hearing, arguing strongly for the bill. "We're trying to save a failing newspaper," he said at the recent hearings, "so we can have a diversity of opinion in the community."

But the most important reason for the improved prospects for the bill is the new role of Senator Dirksen of Illinois, where no newspapers would be directly affected by the measure. Only last fall, the oily voiced champion of special interests stood opposed to S. 1312, perhaps largely because of strong opposition voiced by publishers of two large and powerful suburban newspaper chains around Chicago. His vote in the subcommittee was enough to keep the bill bottled up with hearings until the last days of the session when the subcommittee finally approved it. By then, however, it was too late for it to get further.

Since the first of this year, however, Dirksen has been pushing the bill. And he has been questioning witnesses with a vigor he has rarely exerted in recent years. What happened during this time to change his mind? First, he was re-elected and apparently no longer needs the friendship of weekly publishers. Second, he has begun making more than $12,000 a year on a once-a-week syndicated column that now runs in about sixty papers, including many vitally interested in passage of the controversial bill. Dirksen not only has taken the leadership in the questioning of witnesses—staying through more hours of testimony than he had done in years—but he has also offered several amendments designed to make the legislation more palatable than it has been to date.

One of his amendments attempts to clarify what is meant by a "failing" newspaper that would qualify for antitrust immunity. The bill defines a failing paper as one that "appears unlikely to remain or become a financially sound publication." He would add: "or is in danger of probable failure." His wording, which he contended was "no broader nor vaguer" than the language of the antitrust laws, is designed to qualify the Tucson *Citizen*, among others, as a "failing" paper, despite Judge Walsh's finding that Small's father in the year before the agreement was "prepared to finance the losses . . . for some little time thereafter."

Dirksen's second amendment would act like a grandfather clause, validating any joint agreement in effect prior to enactment of the bill. It would also require advance approval by the Attorney General of any new agreement. This language, he explained, "is designed to offer a means of protection to the small suburban and weekly newspapers, and to newspaper employees and their unions, while preserving the separate editorial voices now flourishing in the twenty-two cities with joint operating arrangements."

Amended or not, the bill has been the subject of some of the most intensive lobbying ever seen on Capitol Hill. It is not often that newspaper editors and publishers travel to Washington to twist arms on any matter before Congress. In most cases, their editorial pages—and sometimes their news columns—are enough to get results. But newspaper executives and even some reporters have been reported actively lobbying for this bill.

Among the newspaper men who have been seen buttonholing key legislators on Capitol Hill and in other sections of Washington have been John Siegenthaler, editor and vice president of the *Nashville Tennessean*; George Chaplin, editor and vice president of the *Honolulu Advertiser*; Charles Thierot, editor and publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Joseph Ridder, publisher of the *San Jose Mercury*. In addition, Hearst and Scripps-Howard executives from around the country have written letters and otherwise approached legislators on behalf of the bill. These contacts, plus occasional editorial pleas, have had a powerful effect. Like members of a private club, editors of many papers have been rallying to the cause of a few, often regardless of whether they themselves may be affected. Not since the press crusades of earlier decades against the Child Labor Act, National Recovery Act (NRA), Social Security Act and other pieces of progressive legislation has so much journalistic pressure been applied on Congress. And rarely has such a blatant grab for special privilege by any group received so much attention on Capitol Hill—and so little attention in the nation's news media.

In plotting their campaign, newspaper executives apparently decided on two types of public deception to gain their ends. One has been to make the government's case against the Tucson papers appear to be an attack against joint printing facilities, despite the fact that neither the District Court nor the Supreme Court expressed any criticism of combined printing facilities. Successive antitrust chiefs in the Justice Department also have clearly indicated that such arrangements are within the law, since they do not involve price fixing, market allocation or profit pooling. The impression left by many news stories, editorials and letters from editors and publishers has been that the government seeks to eliminate any and all joint operating arrangements.

The other tactic has been to give the public as little information as possible about the whole issue, apparently for fear that public opinion might interfere with the course of the bill through Congress. In view of the sometimes scandalous and sensational information disclosed at the hearings, the printing of so little about them has required a conscious effort on numerous occasions. The result has been almost complete public ignorance of the controversy and of the enormous expense and energy going into it from journalistic and Congressional sources. The bill itself is still so vague that many politicians have been talked into endorsing it without understanding it. For such legislators, suddenly it's 1984 when success means failure, illegal actions are legal, the rich are the poor and news is not news.

Normally, the commercial aspects of a daily newspaper operation would not be considered a major public issue, but any time such a privileged institution as the press lobbies so intensely and so extensively for another privilege, it becomes a matter of public interest and concern.

For example, is it not news when the one institution that investigates all others is itself finally investigated by politicians who have more reason to fear the press than anyone else? Is it not news when some of the most powerful publishers in the nation seek legislative immunity from the antitrust laws for commercial operations that are essentially no different than those of other businesses? And is it not news when all this is asked in the name of "preserving" editorial freedom?

To be sure, the hearings have received some coverage. The major wire services have occasionally sent routine reports about the testimony, particularly when there has been a local angle for a particular paper. But almost all the stories have been brief and superficial, with roundup and think pieces almost nonexistent. The only newspaper to provide regular and sizable accounts of the hearings and the lobbying has been *The Washington Post*.

For most of the nation, the coverage has been extremely sporadic and brief, if indeed some areas have received any reports at all. The area of Tucson, where the whole thing started, is a striking example. The city and its newspapers were mentioned frequently in the seven-volume, 3,462-page hearing record, and much of the testimony has had a direct bearing on the Tucson situation. Yet according to Tucson's Mayor James N. Corbett, there has been "not one word in the papers about this bill. The papers have not found these hearings newsworthy." He told Senate investigators recently that the publishers "don't want to let people know they are asking special relief from Congress." Before he left Tucson to testify against the bill, he said, he was interviewed by all the local news media there. But, according to him, "not one word appeared in the papers," though radio and television carried reports.

Corbett disputed Small's claim that there have been divergent editorial voices in Tucson. He said both papers had opposed nearly every phase of a drive to attract more industry to the area, had effectively killed an urban renewal project and had consistently seen their political candidates and points of view rejected by the voters in local elections. On the other hand, Small had testified earlier that his papers had won the Community Services Award of the Arizona Newspaper Association for ten out of thirteen years.

The most serious thing, said Corbett, is "the control of a man's mind." He said he less feared a single monopoly, for its bias is usually clear to all and there usually are checks and balances. But when one newspaper appears as two, "it strikes right at the heart of the basic rights of man." He said the two papers had a "stranglehold" on Tucson.

David J. Leonard, a Tucson attorney who testifed the same day, called the city "the best model" of what would happen in other cities if the bill were passed. Leonard has filed a class action for several merchants and the city of Tucson, seeking damages for overcharges for advertising in the two papers during the joint operation. He said passage of the bill would eliminate grounds for damages and thus remove a vested right guaranteed by the Constitution. For this reason, he called the bill unconstitutional.

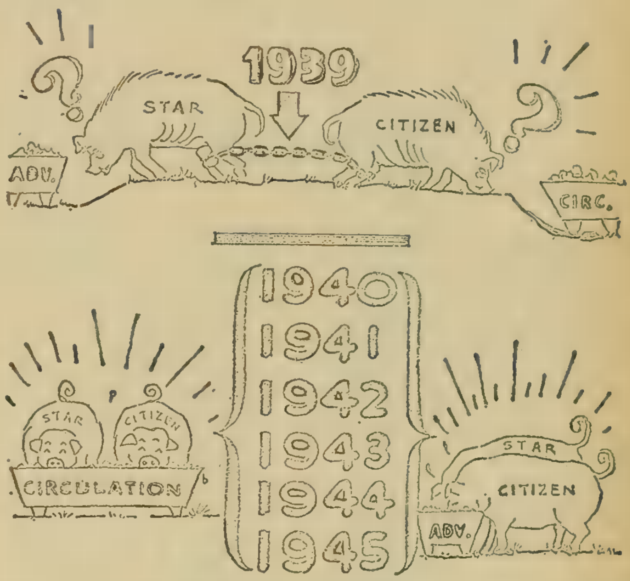
Accompanying Leonard was a department store owner, Louis Cohn, who said Tucson advertising rates were approximately twice those charged by monopoly papers in similar situations elsewhere in the country. His statement disputed an earlier statement by Small that Tucson's advertising rates were about average for U.S. dailies of similar size.

Leonard presented copies of one of the oddest documents ever seen in Washington. He referred to it as the "Pig Document" because of the cartoons with which the Tucson papers depict themselves as pigs. The exhibit, which was entered into the subcommittee record, was a "Presentation" by the Arizona *Star* to the Internal Revenue Service in 1946 to prove that "excessive excess profits" earned by the papers during World War II were not taxable because they were "not purely" due to the war boom but to the "elimination of competition," the very thing that the papers denied having done in the government case against them.

One page of the "Presentation" depicts the *Star* and *Citizen* as two pigs in 1939 tugging vainly in opposite directions but unable to reach the troughs of "advertising" and "circulation." A second drawing immediately below depicts the war period of 1940 to 1945 when the joint operating agreement was in effect: the pigs are growing fat at the troughs.

Despite the bizarre nature of this document, revealed in public for the first time, it was not apparently mentioned in any wire service report of the hearing that day. *The Washington Post* was apparently the only paper in the country to run a photograph.

Almost as sensational testimony had occurred the previous day with almost the same lack of interest by the news media. It concerned a television cameraman who had been a victim of spying in circumstances that recalled the experience of Ralph Nader with General Motors. Albert Kihn told the subcommittee that he began to be trailed by two-way radio-equipped cars seven days after writing a letter to the Federal Communications Commission accusing his employer, Station KRON-TV, with managing the news to suit the corporate interests of its parent, the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Kihn, who said he was tricked into quitting his job, said other radio-equipped cars parked for long periods outside his home. And he said his friends and former wife were questioned by mysterious investigators seeking personal information. Kihn said the detectives had been hired by a law firm that does business with the *Chronicle*, a paper with a stake in the Newspaper Preservation Act.



Scripps-Howard's UPI wire service mentioned his damaging testimony, but buried it near the end of a long story, leading with far less sensational statements from Milwaukee's Mayor Henry W. Maier. However, the story omitted Maier's strong criticism of the Milwaukee *Journal* for alleged inadequacies in reporting local news.

Another witness that day, Bruce Brugman, publisher of the monthly *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, presented clippings of a story from his paper about the alleged spying. He said that only his paper and *Variety* had reported the news. He said he had personally handed the details to local managers of the two wire services and several radio stations, but that nobody used it or attempted to check it out. Both he and Kihn said after the hearing that they had told several radio and television stations in advance about their testimony, but none, including the *Chronicle*, even bothered to send a reporter or cameraman to the hearings. The *Chronicle* sent a lawyer to observe. Both Brugman and another witness, San Francisco lawyer Michael N. Khourie, testified that neither of the two major papers in that city had been reporting previous Senate sessions on the bill.

Brugman also told an incredible story about an alleged coin-minting operation in the *Chronicle* building two years ago, but never reported beyond the confines of his small periodical. According to the article presented by Brugman from his issue of August 10, 1967, *Chronicle* editor Scott Newhall developed a strange fascination that year for the tiny Caribbean island of Anguilla, 3,000 miles from San Francisco. At one point, said Brugman, Newhall had two copy boys spend a Sunday afternoon with a hydraulic press in the *Chronicle* building overstamping Peruvian and Mexican silver coins with the words, "Anguilla Liberty Dollar." Brugman printed a photograph of the coin in his paper. The plan, according to Brugman's account, which was never refuted, was for Newhall, a coin collector, to mint 10,000 to help shore up Anguilla's sagging economy. The coins costing about $1 each were to be sold to private collectors for as much as $10, with all profits going to the island of Anguilla. This is another remarkable story that has been completely ignored by the nation's news media (though a bank took a full-page ad in *The New York Times* to promote the scheme).

The press has gained a reputation for prying secrets out of nearly every corner of life; and selling the news to all who are willing to pay for it. But, as the Senate hearings have shown once again, the watchdog that watches everyone else is reluctant to tell secrets about itself. Apparently not even the power of Congress can expose the full story or slow the quest for still more privileges for the press.

CONSUMER BE DAMNED!

1. The Ma Bell Rental Agency

WILLIS PARK ROKES

Mr. Rokes is professor of government and business at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. Member of the Nebraska and Utah bars, he served as consultant to the Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

For generations, the American public has been conditioned to the necessity of renting telephone appliances from the telephone monopoly. The unique rental arrangement stems from a questionable claim by AT&T that it must maintain ownership of telephone appliances to protect the quality and integrity of its services. This highly profitable arrangement is guaranteed by a legal device called a tariff—rules, usually submitted by a public utility, specifying rates and other regulations. When permitted by a regulatory agency, a tariff has the effect of law.

The tariff by which AT&T preserves the sanctity of its privileged preserve as exclusive owner and renter of telephone appliances reads as follows:

> 2.6.1 General Provisions—No equipment, apparatus, circuit or device not furnished by the Telephone Company shall be attached to or connected to the facilities furnished by the Telephone Company, whether physically, by induction or otherwise. . . . (2) In case any such unauthorized attachment or connection is made, the Telephone Company shall have the right to remove or disconnect the same; or to suspend the service during the continuance of said attachment or connection; or to terminate the service.

Filed with the Federal Communications Commission years ago, the tariff has had the sanction of law, though its terms have never been specifically accepted by the government regulator. By its failure to object to such tariff, however, the FCC has acquiesced in its application. As a result, the exclusive control of telephone appliances by AT&T has effectively discouraged competitors from marketing such equipment. Safe behind its tariff, AT&T has not had to recognize the economic principle of obsolescence.

Being thus free of market competition and unhampered by effective government regulation, the telephone monopoly has been able to introduce innovations according to its own phlegmatic timetable. That it has not felt any urgency to introduce innovations is amply demonstrated by the ossified state of technology in home telephone appliances.

To give an appearance of initiative, however, AT&T has spent millions of dollars of ratepayers' money advertising lateral developments in telephone appliances—such as the Princess telephone, color phones, the Trimline, extension phones, the Touch-Tone and other travesties on the word "innovation." These pseudo-advances are announced with great fanfare and then advertised for many years before they become available (always at a handsome extra rental fee and installation charge).

The most glaring example of non-introduced innovation is the Picturephone. Although AT&T has claimed in its advertising that "Picturephone service actually began in 1927" (see ad in *U.S. News & World Report,* May 22, 1967), the American public has had little opportunity to view this wondrous innovation except at world fairs. Periodically, however, the phone company announces that service is imminent. In 1969 we are assured that AT&T intends to promote the system commercially within the next two years (*Wall Street Journal,* March 12). The same imminence of service was advertised in 1965 when AT&T announced Picturephone service linking New York, Washington and Chicago.

The Picturephone was in use in Germany from 1935 to 1938, providing service between Berlin, Nuremberg and Hamburg. The service was interrupted by World War II. As early as 1965 AT&T itself reported successful trials of two-way Picturephone attachments that swap electrical snapshots every two seconds from coast to coast through standard telephone circuits. Using a small TV camera and a diminutive TV picture tube, Picturephone can be installed in the home merely by adding an extra line. Installation of extra lines is standard procedure with AT&T now, but only to encourage customers to *rent* "teenager phones." AT&T, meanwhile, breathlessly informs us of imminent Picturephone service from time to time to keep up our great expectations. Not everyone would want Picturephone if it *were* available. The point here is that they are not given the opportunity.

Telephone innovation has been retarded by a combination of factors. A most notable one is the calcification of AT&T's practical philosophy, which assumes that old-fashioned parsimony is an admirable trait and that every piece of installed equipment ought to be good for at least forty years. This conviction is promoted by the company's advertising in its extravagant, multicolored house organs. *Northwestern Bell Magazine* (May 1968), as an example, presents The Diehard, a telephone handset so dependable that "some have gone three or four decades without needing repair." This refusal to recognize the concept of obsolescence saddles the home owner with horse and buggy telephone technology.

In another affirmation of its lethargic pace of innovation in residential telephones, AT&T took a magnificent two-page multicolor ad four years ago to illustrate the progress of the handset. In it we were told that between 1937 and 1949, a period of supposedly vigorous experimentation, the company managed to come up with a revolutionary contribution to telephone technology—an adjustable volume control for the bell was placed in the base of the phone. Other developments in the past fifty years have been color telephones (a claim that this is significant innovation is patently absurd), wall telephones (a wall phone was in use in 1878) and the Princess telephone ("It's little, it's lovely, it lights. . . ."). The Touch-Tone telephone was introduced as "heralding a new era in communications; the dial is replaced by pushbuttons." (A pushbutton telephone was in use in LaPorte, Ind., in 1892.)

Probably the most important factor responsible for the snaillike pace of telephone innovation is public attitude. AT&T has long been unchallenged by a placid and uninformed public, whose expectations have been conditioned by massive public relations made possible by the Bell System's unlimited and unregulated contributions to charity, the dues it pays to keep its executives active in every conceivable social, economic and political group in the country, the huge sums it spends for lobbying and for advertising in all the media of the nation. (For an example of advertising extravagance, *Fortune* magazine of March 1958 carried not one but three AT&T ads, paid for by the telephone customer.)

A corollary of public attitude is ineffective state or federal regulation, which assures that no pressure will be exerted on the telephone monopoly to introduce innovation on a lively timetable. The public's traditional antipathy toward any governmental activity combines with the bias created when only one side of a story is presented. Through unremitting media propaganda, AT&T hammers home its "governmental interference with free enterprise" theme, and an unthinking public accepts it, apparently forgetting that free enterprise contemplates a competitive market. The public thus finances the molding of its own thinking.

In 1965 an unusual California case (*Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company* v. *Public Utilities Commission of the State of California*) brought to light the routine practice of using the telephone customers' money to mold public attitudes, to discourage litigation by dissenters, and to force through the state and federal regulatory agencies favorable rulings on rates, tariffs and other matters. The California Supreme Court ordered Bell to reduce its intrastate rate of return and rates and to refund to California ratepayers $80 million, representing overcharges collected in that state between 1962 and 1965. Although most of this sum was attributed to excessive executive salaries, "excessive and unreasonable payments" between Pacific, Western Electric and AT&T, as well as a grossly inflated rate base, a huge amount of it was for dues, donations, contributions and lobbying expenditures charged off as business expense and passed on to ratepayers. The court ruled that spending ratepayers' money on these items in order to mold public opinion was plainly unwarranted and unlawful.

Several developments in recent years, however, may in the end break AT&T's stranglehold on the pace of innovation. Starting about 1952, the company began to face a most formidable opponent—the fashion-conscious housewife who was shopping on the "telephone gray market" for instruments to blend with her newly done Louis XIV bedroom or early American kitchen. It seemed to matter little that installation of the bootleg phones violated the law. AT&T backed away from clashing with the American housewife and beginning in October of 1965 agreed to install any kind of off-beat phone a customer wanted.

Nevertheless, as has always been the case, the monopoly emerged triumphant. Although it had lost a battle, it had won the war. All telephones not owned by AT&T are subject to a stiff installation fee and must be equipped with internal parts furnished by AT&T. This requirement has been forced upon the American public by Bell's false assertion that its control of the internal parts is necessary to insure that the decorator phones are compatible with the system. The dubiousness of this claim is made manifest by a statement from Ben Jamil, a dealer in antique and decorator telephones (cited in J. C. Goulden's book, *Monopoly*). Jamil, who was at one time selling 10,000 non-Bell handsets a month and whom AT&T attempted to put out of business in 1962, first by an unsuccessful purchase bid and then by a lawsuit, stated:

> There's no great mystery about the telephone. All of those used in the world are completely compatible—whether they are in Moscow or Bangkok or Paris or Buenos Aires. They have to be: otherwise, how could you have international long-distance service?

The non-Bell equipment issue came to a head when the Doctors General Hospital in San Jose, Calif., decided to install Ericofon handsets throughout the hospital for patients' use. The Ericofon is a one-piece Swedish instrument manufactured by North Electric Company of Galion, Ohio. When Bell refused to hook up the Ericofons, the hospital petitioned the California Public Utilities Commission to force Bell to give Ericofon service. In a 3-to-2 decision, the commission decided that Ericofon produced a superior handset to that of Western Electric and ruled in favor of the hospital. This significant exception to telephone company mandate has received little notice in the nation's press, although it was the deciding factor in AT&T's October 1965 policy change to permit customer use of non-Western Electric handset shells.

The next threat to AT&T's domination of telephone appliances came when a Texas company, Carter Electronics Corporation, a tiny concern in Dallas with just five employees, challenged the validity of the tariff. Between 1959 and 1966, Carter had sold some 3,500 Carterfones to such customers as Standard Oil Company of California and Shell Oil Company. The Carterfone is a device which, although partly acoustical, also uses electrical induction to connect a private radio system to the public phone system. Concerned by the threat to their monopoly position on telephone appliances, AT&T and General Telephone and Electronics Corporation (operator of the nation's second biggest phone system) invoked the restrictive tariff and blocked Carter from marketing its devices. Then Carter went out of business in January of 1966. However, the company's president, Thomas F. Carter, instituted a private antitrust suit in federal court against AT&T and against General Telephone, challenging the lawfulness of the tariff and seeking to recover $1,375,000 in alleged damages. The federal court referred the regulatory issues of the case to the FCC, while retaining jurisdiction over the damage suit, which the telephone monopoly will drag out in the courts for years to come.

When the regulatory matter reached the FCC, one of its examiners ruled that the Carterfone was not harmful to the public system, and ordered the telephone companies to amend their tariffs to permit its future use. The telephone monopoly resisted the order, and the case was heard by the commission in the summer of 1968. Ruling 6 to 0 in favor of Carter Electronics, the commission declared that

> the tariff has been unreasonable, discriminatory, and unlawful in the past, and that the provisions prohibiting the use of customer-provided interconnecting devices should accordingly be stricken.

The FCC declared further:

> The present unlawfulness of the tariff also permeates its past. . . . Furthermore, the tariff was the carrier's own. It was not prescribed by the Commission. . . . Paragraphs 2.6.1 and 2.6.9 are, and have since their inception, been unreasonable, unlawful, and unreasonably discriminatory under sections 201 (b) and 202 (a) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended.

It appeared from the language of the Carterfone decision that the telephone monopoly would be barred from prohibiting future use of customer-owned telephone appliances which didn't impair the operation of the telephone system. The commission ordered AT&T and General Telephone to file a new tariff in compliance with the FCC order by November 1, 1968. Under extreme pressure by the monopoly, the commission delayed the effective date to January 1, 1969. The company proceeded to give wide publicity to its own interpretation of the order in an effort to render impotent this landmark decision. AT&T arrogantly announced that restrictions on ownership of equipment by residential telephone customers would not be changed. It stated that it would permit use of customer-owned acoustic or inductive devices, like the Carterfone, to connect private radio-telephone systems to the public telephone network; but customer-owned devices to connect communications other than radio-telephone systems would still be banned. AT&T's unilateral decision to ignore the order of the regulatory agency is typical of its overbearing manner.

New tariffs and supporting papers embodying the changes and continued restrictions, in violation of the Carterfone order, were submitted by AT&T and, surprisingly, adopted by the FCC on December 24, 1968. The FCC order indicated, however, that "We will permit the tariff revisions to become effective as scheduled with the understanding that in doing so we are not giving any specific approval to the revised tariffs." The rationale behind this bewildering example of contradictory semantic legerdemain may escape the reader.

Commissioner Nicholas Johnson objected vigorously to the emasculation of the Carterfone decision brought about by the commission's majority decision. He stated that the Carterfone opinion

> was heralded as a commendable effort to open up competition in the communications business. As experienced reformers have long since discovered, however, the political victories that are won after long struggles under the light of public scrutiny can be very quickly lost in the dark back rooms of practical implementation. The new legislation or agency decision is praised and then forgotten. And when—if ever—anyone goes back to see how it all worked out he finds the situation very little changed from before. The swampwaters have returned to their former level.

Mr. Johnson believed the commission majority was wrong in permitting a continuation of the tariff block to customer-provided devices. He was particularly critical of the commission majority permission that all subsequent proceedings on the matter be conducted "off the record." Despite the fact that the newly approved tariffs are opposed by the Department of Justice, by potential competitors (such as International Telephone and Telegraph) and by virtually every other party interested in the matter, differences are to be resolved in "informal," secret, closed-door sessions.

The new tariffs filed by AT&T are clearly as unlawful as their predecessors. They violate the spirit of the Carterphone decision. Further, it is highly questionable practice for the FCC to bar interested parties from the hearings. Whether AT&T is to remain the sole provider of all telephone appliances (through its wholly owned, unregulated manufacturing subsidiary, Western Electric) is a serious matter on which the ordinary person will apparently have no effective voice, and of which, indeed, he is likely to be totally unaware.

The American family, long made docile by the unsupported claim that "America has the best telephone service in the world," should demand the right to own its own telephone appliances, as it owns appliances serviced by any other utility. Further, telephone customers should object to AT&T's huge propaganda expenditures which deprive them of new telephone products and which anesthetize public inquiry and render government regulation impotent. Only an enlightened public supporting the checks and balances of effective government regulation can guarantee that the public interest is served.

2. GE's Great Bulb Caper

W. F. MATTES

Until his retirement two years ago Mr. Mattes was with the General Electric Lamp Division for forty years.

Four years ago General Electric ran a series of institutional advertisements in national publications entitled "WHO CARES?" Pictures and copy extolled the corporation's interest in many of the problems of our country, but the real purpose of the series was to offset the severe damage that had been done to GE's public image by the Philadelphia price-fixing trial of 1960. It was from this trial that the public learned of the leading role the company had played in fixing the prices of equipment which it and its competitors sold to electric power companies all over the United States. As a result of its conviction with other members of the conspiracy, GE was forced to pay more than $100 million in triple damage suits.

But price fixing was really nothing new in General Electric's history. Almost from its corporate beginning it has been controlling the price and market of light bulbs, the most universal and profitable of its long line of products, and for more than seventy years it has been engaged in a running battle with the Department of Justice over violations of the Sherman Antitrust Act of 1890, under which price fixing is illegal. Indeed, GE is defending itself in the courts at this very moment.

Two years after the passage of that legislation, the General Electric Company was formed by a consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company, the Edison Lamp Company and the Thompson-Houston Electric Company. The new company thereby acquired the fruits of Thomas Edison's basic carbon lamp patents. These patents however expired in 1894 and the right to make and sell light bulbs became open to any manufacturer. Many soon entered this new growth business, but General Electric was determined to keep control of it, and in 1896 secretly formed its smaller competitors into a group known as The Incandescent Lamp Manufacturers. This association, unlawful and unincorporated, was organized to fix prices and to set up a cartel system under which specific customers were assigned to each of the members. It was a rigidly operated group and members were subject to fines if they did not abide by the policies of the association. The success of the organization gave GE very early in its history a tight control of the nation's light bulb business.

By 1901 still other concerns had begun to make carbon bulbs in competition with the members of the General Electric combine. To crush this new competition and any other that might arise, GE conceived the plan of organizing the National Electric Light Co. as a holding company for controlling all of the manufacturers who were members of the previously unincorporated group and as many of the independent concerns as were willing to join. This new organization was incorporated under the laws of the state of New Jersey on May 3, 1901, with GE owning 75.2 per cent of the stock and holding an option on the balance owned by the officers of the new group.

General Electric never disclosed this arrangement and for ten years the National Electric Lamp Co. was represented to be an independent entity, supposedly competing against GE itself. In the same decade General Electric entered into a license agreement with Westinghouse whereby it too would maintain prices set by GE on carbon filament lamps. By 1911 General Electric, its illegitimate offspring the National Electric Lamp Co., and its licensee Westinghouse controlled 94.3 per cent of the domestic bulb business. During this same period GE had successfully negotiated for the tungsten filament patents of two Austrian inventors, Just and Hanaman. Because of the higher light-producing efficiency of tungsten over carbon this was indeed a very valuable acquisition; it gave the legal right to set prices on tungsten filament bulbs until patent expiration.

Meanwhile GE's price-fixing arrangements on carbon bulbs had come under the scrutiny of the federal government and in 1911 a civil suit was filed by the Department of Justice in the Cleveland District Federal Court asking that General Electric and the National Electric Lamp Co. be enjoined and restrained from continuing to carry out the terms of their joint conspiracy. The suit was not contested and the court issued a decree dissolving the National Electric Lamp Co. and requiring that GE make known to the public the fact of its ownership of these presumed to be independent bulb manufacturers. The former members of National Electric were merged into an operating unit known as the National Lamp Works of General Electric Co. The court further enjoined GE from setting up any price-fixing arrangements with any dealer, jobber or consumer.

This decree against price fixing merely stimulated the legal talent of GE to devise a method whereby the effects of the order would be nullified. Early in the spring of 1912 GE's law firm submitted to the then Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, a plan whereby General Electric, with Westinghouse as licensee, would control prices through the device of appointing jobbers and dealers as selling agents. These agents would receive stocks of bulbs on consignment; the manufacturer would retain ownership and therefore the right to dictate selling prices. Mr. Wickersham referred the plan to Wade H. Ellis who had been Special Assistant to the Attorney General in charge of the suit which the government had won the previous year. Mr. Ellis advised his superior that the decree as accepted by General Electric expressly declared that it would not restrict in any manner the prices at which bulbs were to be sold to the public or to any dealer. He further stated, as events later proved, that the decree was susceptible of evasion by the proposed plan and he felt the Department of Justice should not help General Electric evade a decree that had been rendered against it. Mr. Wickersham subsequently declined to pass on the legality of the plan.

Although unable to secure the blessings of the Attorney General for their plan, GE's lawyers recommended that it be adopted. It was a gamble well taken, for G-E Bulbs have been firmly price fixed ever since. In two major court tests GE was able to have its agency plan sustained in 1926 and 1949. A third attack was instigated by the Department of Justice in 1966, and the case is now pending before the Federal District Court in New York.

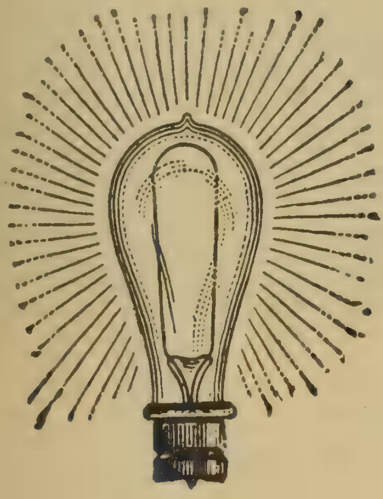
In the early years of GE's agency operation even the smallest agent, one with retail sales of less than $100 a year, would be required to take a monthly inventory and pay his serving jobber for the net value of bulbs sold that month. These small retailers were appointed as probationary agents and the contract they signed contained 2,236 words of dry and difficult legal jargon. In the late 1930s GE introduced a simplified agency for its small retailers, requiring an inventory only once a year. Monthly sales were determined from shipments to the agent's stock. This was a definite bookkeeping boon to the small agent, but the legal contract covering the deal increased to 3,726 words. When it is considered that the Declaration of Independence was written in 1,477 words, it is apparent that GE's lawyers were not going to take any legal chances with little dealers whose sales ranged from $5 to $10 monthly. Today GE has eliminated agency status for dealers doing less than $250 net per year, but the mass of legal prose covering the agency operation of its large chain retailers and jobber accounts exceeds even the wordage of the United Nations Charter.

In spite of all the words that GE's lawyers string together to establish the fact that the stocks of bulbs in the custody of agents are the property of the General Electric Co., instances are common where retailers pay for part of their stocks. This occurs particularly in the chain grocery field where regional warehouses are loaded up seasonally with huge quantities of the popular sizes of bulbs for selling promotions. The chains pay for these bulbs on the 15th of the month following shipment to their warehouses, but much of the stock may linger in their stores for six months or more before being eventually sold. Technically the title to these bulbs belongs to the chain, but General Electric nevertheless continues to dictate selling prices.

A tight control of the bulb market, in which profits are unusually high, is essential to GE's overall profit picture. The extent to which this is so was most evident in 1933 when GE's equipment and appliance sales practically vanished. In that dark and gloomy year, General Electric's overall sales dropped to $136.7 million, the lowest in sixteen years, and on this volume a net profit of $6.9 million or 5 per cent was reported. However, the lamp department of the company enjoyed a profit margin of 51 per cent, the highest in its history and a most fortunate financial circumstance in that it saved the company from falling into the red. Net receipts from bulbs, although down from previous years, amounted to $34.6 million and on this volume a profit of $17.6 million was turned over to the company treasurer. Bulbs represented 25.4 per cent of the company's total business, but the other branches of the firm went so far into the red that year that the dollar profit on bulbs was more than two and a half times the total net reported to stockholders.

GE's profit margin on bulbs has not been maintained at this high 1933 rate, but even today it is many times higher than the company's overall ratio. Bulb profits continue to contribute substantially to shareholders' dividends and to financing the company's entrance into other ventures, some profitable and some disappointing, to say the least. The need for high bulb profits requires that the business be protected from competitive storms and the agency system has provided that shelter.

With this control of the bulb market, General Electric has also had the power to set industry standards for bulb construction. In recent years the annoyance of short-life bulbs has been widely discussed by consumers all the way from the individual householder who buys a dozen bulbs a year to the federal government whose requirements run into many millions of dollars annually. The problem became so irritating to the government that a subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations made a thorough study of the situation and issued in October 1966 a comprehensive report. Its opening sentence states that "Electric light bulbs burn out too fast." The study points out that today's 100-watt bulb actually fails sooner than did a bulb of the same power half a century ago. It is also interesting that the biggest reduction GE has made in bulb life occurred in 1933, the same year that it enjoyed its peak 51 per cent profit on bulbs.



The heat generated by the Congressional subcommittee of which Rep. Jack Brooks of Texas was chairman, forced General Electric to make some changes in the life of the lower wattage household bulbs, but not to anything approaching the standards recommended by the committee. GE also quietly introduced a line of 1,500-hour bulbs, double the regular life, at a 40 per cent higher price, but with no advertising or promotional support. The company weathered the storm kicked up by the government investigation and 750-hour bulbs remain the ones most readily available. With the large supermarket chains now grossing 55 per cent on G-E Bulbs it is obvious that nobody in the trade is going to upset the retail bonanza resulting from GE's long-standing short-life policy.

It may be asked why other manufacturers have not penetrated the retail market with lower priced, longer lived bulbs. The answer is in General Electric's ability to dominate most of the marketing areas in the nation through its agency consignment plan. Light bulbs are an impulse type of product and the more stores that display them the greater will be the sales. GE has the broadest retail exposure, and no other manufacturer has the financial resources to consign many millions of dollars worth of bulbs throughout the United States.

It is a different story in the commercial and industrial markets, where professional buyers have been able to break down GE's fixed discount schedules. In this area General Electric's market position has eroded considerably over the past ten years. Some of the largest retailers that merchandise price-fixed G-E Bulbs on their counters use lower priced competitive brands in their own store fixtures. (So-called "five-year bulbs" have been offered on the market from time to time, but they provide significantly less light for a given wattage and are a dubious buy. The double-life bulbs mentioned above are only marginally less efficient and much more economical.)

As its agency plan has enabled General Electric to flout the Sherman Act, it has also permitted the company to evade the Robinson-Patman Act's provision that all advertising allowances must be on a proportionately equal basis. That law is based on the normal vendor-vendee relationship and does not apply to GE's agency plan. General Electric gives promotional prize allowances to its agents, but to avoid any governmental criticism these are proportionally higher for the smaller agents. For example, in 1967 retail concerns whose sales were less than $20,000 net for the year received 1.2 per cent of sales as a promotion bonus, but on yearly sales of more than $40,000 the rate dropped to 0.6 per cent. The largest chains, with sales in the millions of dollars, were given only 0.3 per cent, and one wonders how their stockholders would feel if they knew their companies were discriminated against because of greater sales volume.

In its current suit against GE the government does not charge that the use of an agency system is unlawful; only the price-fixing aspect of the system is under attack. If GE obtains a favorable decision in this case, it is conceivable that price fixing of its light bulbs will go on for another generation, perhaps until 1990, the 100th anniversary of the passing of the Sherman Act. No other manufacturer has resorted to as many legal stratagems to maintain control of a market as has General Electric. Under its Prussianized distribution system its agents from coast to coast march in goose-step fashion on command from Nela Park, GE's light bulb headquarters in Cleveland. American retail business would literally be strangled if all manufacturers adopted General Electric's complicated distribution pattern. It is a mark perhaps of corporate arrogance that the name "Nela" was coined from the initials of the National Electric Lamp Association, the illegal group which the federal court ordered dissolved in 1911.

WEATHER CHANGE IN CUBA?

ROBERT W. DIETSCH

Mr. Dietsch has been on a ten-country journalistic tour of Latin America, including two weeks in Cuba, for the foreign desk of Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

Havana

Cuba and the Soviet Union have had their squabbles over the past several years, but today harmony prevails, and the consequences may be significant for the rest of Latin America and for the United States as well. The new amity, according to judgments by both Western and non-Cuban Communist sources, was achieved during a long visit made by a Cuban economic and political mission to Moscow. Castro's group had gone there expecting to stay for several weeks, but they lingered on for almost four months and flew home bedazzled by unprecedented Soviet pledges of monetary and technical help. Their understandings were apparently forged by a coincidence of Soviet political interests and Cuban economic interests.

For his part, Castro agreed to support publicly the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, at a time when Moscow was desperately seeking such support; to abandon his long-cherished dream of exporting his revolution to Latin America, and—the most intriguing stipulation—to "rethink" not only his relationships with his fellow Latins but also his future relationships with the United States. For their part, the Soviets agreed to send Castro more money than ever, and more skilled men to help explore for oil, tinker with Cuba's creaking sugar mills, expand mineral production (mostly nickel) and speed completion of a new fishing port near Havana. It is the largest in Latin America.

Since then there have been developments that appear to accord with this understanding. The Russians, without protest from Castro that they were wooing his enemies, have pressed diplomatic and trade agreements with other Latin countries. Eight of them now have full ties with Moscow and with most of the East European countries. The Latins apparently want not only to show their independence of Washington but are looking for new markets and possibly for new sources of military hardware. The Soviets are apparently intent on setting the foundations for expanding their influence to a new part of the globe, should they be so inclined.

Castro has been moderate in his criticism of Latin America and the United States. Even the U.S. Defense Department thinks he has stopped sending anti-government guerrillas to places like Guatemala, Venezuela, Bolivia and Colombia, although it is believed that he continues to train some guerrillas in the mountains of eastern Cuba.

Instead, Castro has turned his energies to domestic affairs. His new objective, at which he toils with characteristic zeal, is to make Cuba work economically, to turn it into a viable agricultural state. By this means, rather than by exportation of violence, he hopes to show other Latins that communism can be made to work in the Western Hemisphere. Among other things, Castro now fancies himself an expert agronomist and animal scientist. Some British experts in these fields (including at least one Nobel Prize winner) concede that Fidel is almost as good as he thinks he is.

Raul Martinez (Ewan Phillips Gallery)

While there is no chance of reviving Cuban-U.S. relationships until peace comes to Vietnam (Castro is firmly committed to North Vietnam, and there are more than 1,000 North Vietnamese in Havana today), his associates quietly confide to visitors that "anything is possible" after Vietnam. There are even reports from Cuban officials, and also a couple of Western embassy officials, that several U.S. technicians are already in Cuba, with State Department blessing. To be sure, Washington ridicules the notion, but in Havana it persists. The key man pressing Castro to reconsider his complete antagonism toward Washington is said to be Moscow's new ambassador in Havana, Alexander Soldatov. His previous post was in London.

In the past, the Cubans have insisted that any change in relationships with the United States would have to be preceded by withdrawal, or at least indications of a withdrawal from Guantánamo. Washington has predicated any change on an end both to Russia's military presence in Cuba and to Castro's pledge to export revolution to the Latin mainland. He may already be meeting the second condition, although certainly not the first; some Westerners report more Soviet soldiers than ever in the Cuban hinterland. As for Guantánamo, while it certainly is of little military value today (it was built as a coaling station), pulling out or even publicly conceding the possibility of withdrawal would be politically risky for any American President. Therefore, Guantánamo is likely to stay, and some Castro aides indicate they realize as much.

What Castro may try to bargain for, after Vietnam, is an official promise not to train and export guerrillas in exchange for a relaxation of the U.S. economic embargo that would let in machinery for Cuba's 142 sugar mills. That is where the embargo still hurts. In most other areas Castro is able to buy what he wants—machinery, farm and road equipment, even transport. (The British Leyland firm has agreed to sell Cuba 115 more buses this year, all of them air-conditioned.) Most major Western nations, especially Canada, Spain, Britain, France and Italy, are doing more business with Cuba each year. In 1968, almost 20 per cent of Cuba's foreign trade was with the West, for a total value estimated at between $120 million and $140 million. Western businessmen in Havana say that Cuba has more hard currency than ever to buy what it needs. Castro continues to export everything possible to earn foreign currency; that is one reason why butter and orange juice are practically nonexistent in Havana, why food and clothing are strictly rationed.

But sugar is still the crop with which Fidel will succeed or go broke in the attempt. It accounts for 85 per cent of Cuba's foreign exchange earnings, and there is little reason to think that the percentage will decline much in the next few years. Yet sugar harvests haven't come up to expectations; this year's production was almost 3 million tons below the target of 7 million. Nevertheless, Castro has announced, in near-frantic tones, a target of 10 million tons for 1970. Almost no one expects him to come near that figure, although he may top the present record of 7.3 million tons set under Batista in 1953.

The one chance Castro has to swell his sugar harvests, and thus become less dependent upon Moscow, is to renovate the mills. All were built with U.S. machinery by U.S. firms, some at the turn of the century. The problem in Cuba is not getting the cane cut; Castro already has plans to mobilize the whole country for that purpose. (Incidentally, for such mobilizations Castro has had to rely more on the Communist Party apparatus and less on his own staff, thus raising the possibility that in the future Cuba will be run less by one man and more by the party committee system used in Russia and Eastern Europe.) The problem with sugar is trucking the cane to the mills and then keeping the mills creaking in operation. Ever since the new understanding with Moscow, quite a few Soviet and Czech engineers have been trying to patch up the mills, but with limited success. What Castro needs are U.S. engineers and U.S. parts. Hence, the persistent reports that he will seek a crack in the embargo.

The Nixon Administration's view of all this is not known. Any change in the current Cuban policy, even any relaxation, would be politically hazardous for the President. Yet despite Nixon's campaign statements about a stiffer line toward Castro, Secretary of State William Rogers has said there will be no change. Some Cubans have seized on that as an indication that the worst is known and that the future may be brighter.

If Castro can make the Cuban economy healthy under his brand of communism, the success would attract great attention in Latin America, an area where nationalism and resentment of Washington is as high as it has ever been (see the Rockefeller mission). Despite the Alliance for Progress and almost $10 billion worth of U.S. help since 1961, Latin America is losing ground; it probably has more poor, ill-housed and undereducated people today than ever before. The Latin share of world and U.S. markets is well under that of 1961. Per capita food output is down in some countries. National motivation on the part of the Latin elite, military leaders and civilian politicians remains at a minimum, in contrast to Cuba where most people are intensely committed to Castro and communism. In the areas of health and education Cuba probably has made more quantitative progress in the last decade than any other Latin country.

In view of what Castro has already been able to accomplish, and assuming that his present determination to build a going economy is not pure illusion, it may be to the interest of the United States, as well as of Cuba, to break through the Caribbean curtain of animosity and mistrust.

JOHN L: SOMETHING OF A MAN

SAUL D. ALINSKY

Mr. Alinsky is executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation and the author of John L. Lewis: An Unauthorized Biography *(1949).*

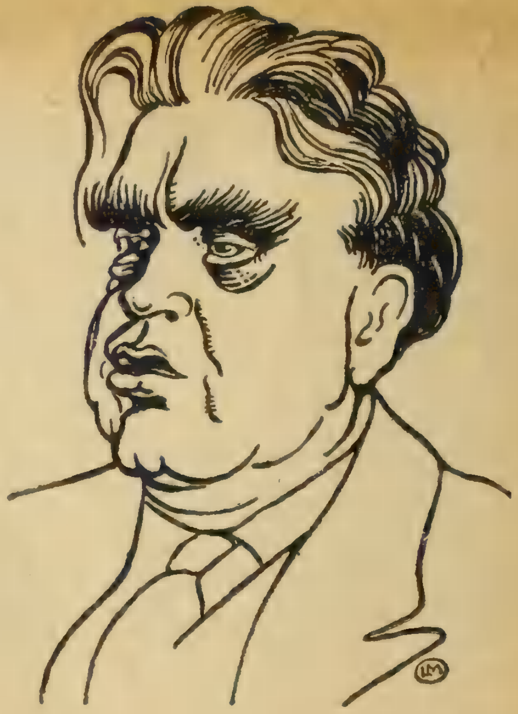
History is written in the enigma of the paradox. To survive physically the time of life itself—the years of passion, adventure, creation, conflict and the changing of the world—is in itself tragic. It can be fatal to one's place in history. Gandhi came perilously close to crossing that chronological threshold when already his *Satygraha* was being undermined by his approval of the armed invasion of Kashmir. He knew the importance of his last words to his assassin, "You are late."

John L. survived his life by a full generation. If he had died in 1939 or 1940, history would have recorded him as the great champion of the oppressed, our folklore would have included the saying, "If the great John L. Lewis had not died, this would never have happened." Lewis was idolized by the oppressed and the have-nots of the world. In South America his name was revered by the peons and peasants, feared and hated by the Establishment. He was the battling, invincible gladiator fighting for all the workers. *Unfortunately*—and I choose the word carefully for I loved him not only as my teacher, my close friend but literally my political father—unfortunately he survived his life. He survived his life and that of his enemies and with few exceptions his friends, his allies and in a significant sense, his union, and the world he had known. It is sad that John L. Lewis physically leaves at a time when his enemies are not here to exult or his friends to grieve, and when the younger generation is saying, "We thought he died years ago." And because of this he is bound to suffer historically. It is the paradox that history has great difficulty making a valid judgment if one physically goes on too long. One's place in history is decided not only by *when* one dies but by *how* one dies, so in a real way the assassin becomes the friend and historical ally of the gladiator. The inner unspoken prayer of the gladiator in the arena is that he will die in battle and that his very physical act of dying will carry a meaning and a force to the eternal struggle.

Of course, the John L. Lewis I knew was different in human quality from the towering, grim, belligerent, pontifical public figure whom the public saw. He loved life, loved the laughter and the joy and the danger of it. He had a habit with his personal friends of punctuating humorous anecdotes by jabbing you in the stomach with his forefinger, and many a time late at night I would ruefully look at the bruises on my stomach and ribs and then break up in laughter, recalling the stories. When he laughed, he laughed with every part of his body.

I remember his anger and hurt when we left the White House after the stormy bedroom scene with Franklin Delano Roosevelt which came to a climax when Lewis wheeled on the President and said, "No one can call John L. Lewis a liar and least of all FDR!" There was fire between us as Lewis stormed out of the White House muttering, "plague on both their houses," and I insisted that if he was not going to support my political hero, FDR, he would have to declare for Willkie. He could not stay neutral without playing into the hands of complete Communist domination of the then C.I.O. He could not strengthen the claim of the American Communist Party that Roosevelt was a warmonger and Willkie "a barefoot Wall Street boy," that it was an imperialist war and the hell with both of them. There was that moment when Lewis charged me with being more with FDR than with him. But then he knew that it was not being more with FDR than with John L., but being totally against Adolf Hitler which transcended every other consideration, and so our friendship continued.

If I speak here in personal terms it is because it is the best way to see and understand that man, John L. Lewis. There was an afternoon a few weeks after I had experienced a shattering personal tragedy and was in deep mourning. I went to Washington and did what I had done every place else—walked alone. As I passed the White House the gate swung open and a big Cadillac came out. It braked to a sudden stop and out came Lewis. He had just left the President and suddenly saw his friend and knew of the ordeal. Without a word he put his arm through mine and we walked for some hours in utter silence except for the frequent reassuring squeeze from the hand of that man. Tenderness he possessed and compassion and love. One had to dig for it as though he were a deep mine, but the deposits were rich and beautiful.



He cared and felt deeply beneath the impassive mask of seemingly cold unapproachable ruthlessness. I saw him weep at the plight of others.

Human to the inner atom, a master of power on a mass base, he would constantly make the mistake in his personal life of not abiding by the lessons of power he so brilliantly formulated and propounded. When I would criticize him for permitting personal relationships to confuse and cloud his own understanding of power, he would grin and say, "Sometime you'll understand." In later years I found myself making the same mistakes. Of all my teachers in power and mass organization, he was the greatest.

What else is there for me to say except to quote him from the last page of the biography I wrote: "The doors of history swing on tiny hinges. Nothing is more barren and futile than speculation on what might have been. I care not what might have been. . . . I care only for today and the wonder of life itself, the sunrise of tomorrow and the new dawn. For this and in this I live."

His defiance of every power from the White House out was a note of reassurance for the security of the democratic idea, that his dissonance was part of our national music. He was and will always be to me—as history will eventually make him to all men—in the words which he had bellowed at his miners, "Something of a man."

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Till We Have Built Jerusalem

CAMILO TORRES. *By Germán Guzmán. Translated by John D. Ring. Sheed & Ward. 310 pp. $6.95.*

GUATEMALA: Occupied Country. *By Eduardo Galeano. Translated by Cedric Belfrage. Monthly Review Press. 159 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT F. SMITH

Mr. Smith teaches history at the University of Connecticut. He is the author of What Happened in Cuba? *(Twayne).*

Karl Marx's view of religion as the "opiate of the masses" was an accurate characterization of organized Christianity in 19th-century Europe, and it has much validity for religion in 20th-century Latin America. Yet Marx ignored a dynamic, iconoclastic current in the Christian tradition which periodically breaks through the wall of tradition to challenge and even disrupt the established order. It is a current which frightens both prince and prelate with its moral fervor and its burning concern for God's "little people."

From time to time Christian clerics and laymen have decided that exhortation and almsgiving were grossly inadequate for implementing the social imperatives of the Gospel, and have adopted activist tactics to accelerate change in the social order. Thus the Christian church can be the mother of revolutionaries. Although a minority tradition, there is in Latin America a legacy of revolutionary priests which extends from Padres Miguel Hidalgo and José María Morelos (Mexico) through Padre Guillermo Sardiñas (Cuba), and Padre Camilo Torres, the subject of Germán Guzmán's study. This tradition is of growing importance in Latin America today. An increasing number of priests are working to change the *status quo* and are challenging the established orthodoxies in religion, politics and economics. Many of them are still committed to nonviolent tactics, but others have rolled up their cassocks and "gone to the hills." This trend may be accelerating. A young Argentine priest, commenting on the "coming social revolution," bluntly stated: "We can get our hands muddy and maybe bloody, and help to lead that revolution. Or we can sit back in our comfortable parishes and wait until the revolution sweeps over us and drowns us. I've made my choice."

The relationship between Christianity and revolution is the major theme of Guzmán's book on Camilo Torres, and it is given some attention in Eduardo Galeano's study of the upheaval in Guatemala. In June 1965, Camilo Torres issued a statement explaining the theological basis of revolution. He explained that the Mass is "fundamentally a community action, but the Christian community cannot authentically offer the sacrifice if it has not first authentically fulfilled the precept of love of neighbor." Padre Camilo noted that he had become a priest because he thought that this was the purest way to serve "my neighbor." The Colombian social structure presented obstacles to the realization of this ideal. And to serve his neighbor, Camilo turned revolutionist:

> In analyzing Colombian society I have realized that a revolution is necessary in order to give food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked and to obtain the welfare of the majority of our people. I think the revolutionary fight is a Christian and priestly fight. Only through it, in the concrete circumstances of our country, can we accomplish the love which men must have for their neighbor.

Thus he requested that he be freed from clerical obligations in order to create the conditions which might make the Mass "more authentic."

Galeano's volume concludes with a statement by Father Thomas Melville (who was suspended as a priest of the Maryknoll order and forced to leave Guatemala after his connections with the guerrillas became known). Melville is quite explicit in his view that revolution is only self-defense for the masses who are forced by the men of power to defend their "God-given right to be men." The theological basis is clearly stated:

> When the fight breaks out more in the open, let the world know that we do it not for Russia, not for China, nor any other country, but for Guatemala. Our response to the present situation is not because we have read either Marx or Lenin, but because we have read the New Testament.

And, in the mountains of Guatemala the guerrilla Comandante César Montes carries a copy of the encyclical of Pope Paul VI, *Populorum Progressio*.

A common theme in both these books is the problem of violent versus nonviolent means of effecting social change. Camilo Torres argued that peaceful change was indeed preferable, but that the elite groups in Colombia made this course impossible by their refusal to accept the radical changes necessary for the alleviation of the misery of the poor majority. To Padre Camilo, the rich had for years exercised both direct and indirect violence against the poor: "the ethic is to be violent once and for all in order to destroy the violence which the economic minorities exercise against the people." The revolutionaries in Guatemala voice the same argument. As Galeano explains:

> Guerrilla violence is the reply to the system's violence. The double violence of the system: *indirect violence*, expressed in Latin America by the simple but terrible fact that each year as many children die of hunger or disease as the toll of three Hiroshima-type atomic bombs, and *direct violence* by the military and police.

This is what the Rebel Armed Forces meant when its leaders rejected a government amnesty offer: "The people must wage revolutionary war since their enemies will not renounce violence." The system poses two alternatives, resignation to the violence of the powerful or violence in defense of the rights of the poor.

Galeano has especially critical words for the hypocritical leaders of the United States who make pious statements about nonviolent change and the evils of revolutionary violence, yet who supply the hardware for the direct military assault on the people and provide the economic-military support for the groups which impose the indirect violence of starvation and misery. Galeano provides a variety of specific examples to show how the direct violence is growing under the benevolent tutelage of the Green Berets. More than 2,800 intellectuals, students, labor leaders and peasants, he says, have been assassinated during the past eighteen months by the vigilante branch of the military; U.S. fighter-bombers conduct napalm missions from Panama to incinerate villages in Guatemala; and in the concentration camps victims from all walks of life are tortured to death by U. S.-trained guards. Liberals who think that Vietnam represents an aberration of U.S. foreign policy would do well to read this book.

Guzmán does not offer a complete biography of Camilo Torres. The early years are covered sketchily and the reader has to dig in order to see the transition from an idealistic young man to priest-sociologist, to active campaigner for social change, and finally to guerrilla fighter. The cloudiness of the presentation is partly due to the peculiar organization of the material (largely topical). Also, one might prefer a little less eulogy and more analysis of the process which makes a Christian revolutionary. But this is quibbling. The book is a labor of love by a friend and confidant, and it gives large excerpts from the writings of Camilo Torres (including some private correspondence). Guzmán provides a good look at the wide range of Colombian opinion regarding Camilo, and the difficulty which he experienced in trying to unify the diverse opposition groups. From Camilo's failure in this effort Guzmán draws the moral that as long as the "sectarianism of the revolutionaries" paralyzes the Latin American leftists, they will never be anything but "simple, underdeveloped agitators."

Guzmán also demolishes the ideas about Camilo's "surrender" to communism, or the "fuzzy-mindedness" of his idealism. The "Platform of the United Front of the People" (which he proclaimed in 1965) presents specific demands for the kinds of reform which would produce structural change. Not all industry would be nationalized, foreign capital would be allowed to remain (under strict controls), and free public education would respect the ideology of the parent until the completion of the secondary stage. Padre Camilo was not a wild-eyed fanatic who expected to find utopia just over the hill. He took each new step after careful thought and with full realization of the possible consequences. His words of warning to the students of the National University should be pondered by all snack-bar revolutionaries:

> The revolution is not made by throwing stones at the police or burning a car. . . . It is necessary that the revolutionary conviction of the student bring him to a real commitment, even to the ultimate consequences. Poverty and persecution need not be sought. But, in the present system they are the logical results of a fight without quarter against the thriving structures. In the present system, they are the signs of an authentic revolutionary life.

Guzmán seems to have a few reservations about Camilo's decision to join the guerrillas, but Camilo had become convinced that the Colombian politicians had marked him for death and preferred to meet the occasion face to face in the hills rather than by surprise in some back alley of Bogotá. Death came on February 15, 1966. "Camilo," Guzmán concludes, "was the result of his vocation, poured out in total offering."

Galeano (a Uruguayan writer and editor) has written an angry, passionate book. But it is far more than mere polemic. He names names (even some of the Green Berets in Guatemala), cites specific events, and provides evidence based upon interviews and research. Several chapters are devoted to a history of Guatemala since 1944, current conditions, and the growing political-economic-military intervention by the United States. The subtitle of the book is one of his main themes; Guatemala for all practical purposes has been an occupied country since the United States engineered the overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954. The U.S. Government has supported North American corporations in their take-over of the Guatemalan economy. Free enterprise is the name of the game; as Galeano wryly notes, "Free competition with hens is an old dream of the fox in every hen-coop on earth." As one example, Galeano describes the "gentlemen's agreement" between the Guatemalan Government and Electric Bond & Share which the International Bank imposed as a condition for a hydroelectric project loan. The agreement established an indemnity payment to the company for possible loss of profits even though Electric Bond & Share will distribute the energy and fix the price. (Another stipulation was recognition of the British debt of 1827!)

Galeano devotes several chapters to his experiences with the guerrilla forces commanded by César Montes. There is some discussion of tactics, but Galeano is primarily concerned with the political, economic and social ideas of the revolutionaries. One of the central goals of the movement is the integration of the Indian into the life of a restructured Guatemala. The large Indian population of the rural areas complicates guerrilla activities since resignation and fear create barriers to political education. The revolutionaries try to convince the Indians that their misery is produced by an exploitative system, and some Indian peasants have become guerrillas. This has to be done cautiously, however, so as not to expose the Indian villages to the murderous wrath of the military. The revolutionaries are under no illusions concerning the immediacy of victory. They are not following any set formula and realize that the Cuban experience will not be repeated, "in the same terms in which it occurred there." The revolutionaries expect a long, painful process in which the civilian political puppets ("Yanquimalans") and the corrupt military will become increasingly ineffective. At some point in this process they fully expect the United States to despair of its clients and openly invade Guatemala (as with the Dominican Republic in 1965). They expect such action will clarify the issues for Guatemalans of various political persuasions, and create numerous recruits for the fight against the Yanqui.

Comandante César Montes, leader of the Rebel Armed Forces, describes the revolutionary movement as "a broad patriotic movement with a very simple program: that we ourselves, as Guatemalans, can lead against any foreign intervention, military, economic or political." As he told Galeano: "All these Indian compañeros whom you see here in the camp are Catholics, fervent Catholics." Galeano noted that the arms carried by the guerrillas were all of U.S. or Western European make. Cuba may supply inspiration and a cheering section, but the revolutionary movement in Guatemala is an indigenous one led by radical leftists who are not the puppets of any country. In fact, the only Cubans Galeano could locate in Guatemala were exiles working with the CIA in the concentration camps.

As the cost in blood and treasure mounts, and as the danger of Vietnam-type involvements in Latin America increases, perhaps the leaders of our country might ponder Galeano's closing lines: "Deeply rooted in the peasantry, proudly linked to the best in their country's history, Guatemala's guerrillas are the product of betrayals and promises, crimes and hopes, which were not of their creation but which have summoned them to the quest of the keys to the stormy future."

THE REAL THING amidst abstractions and political illusions

Jack in the box
or deus ex machina
or Cupid in an airplane
or Ariel in the world
or Dogberry in MUCH ADO
or nothing in a bright essay about existentialism
or a sport in the dormitory
or a roar in the lion
or an audience in celebration
plus some poetry in THE NATION.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

La Vita Associata

THE MAN WHO PLAYS ALONE. *By Danilo Dolci. Translated from the Italian by Antonia Cowan. Pantheon Books. 367 pp. $7.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

Mr. Capouya, a frequent Nation *contributor, is a free-lance writer and publishing consultant.*

While waiting for the millennium, the question is still the same: How shall we choose to live? But for most men most of the time, the freedom presumed by that question is an unattainable luxury. In the grip of nature and social arrangements, they must persist in a routine that was not devised for their satisfaction. Merely to entertain hope of a change for the better makes it more difficult for them to get through the day, to get through a cramped and unedifying lifetime. And then all at once the distracting thought becomes thinkable. Men begin to tell themselves, "I'd rather"—or more often, like Bartleby, "I would prefer not to." These refusals to begin with, and those claims thereafter, mark the epochs of human consciousness that we call revolutions. They are the specifically manlike expressions of human nature, and in themselves explain why among living creatures man alone has a history.

Sicily is a country in which serious economic privation is the lot of the many and elevating privilege the right of the few. That privilege is articulated not so much by the formal organs of government as by the Mafia, which to all intents and purposes controls the government because it controls the economic life of the island. If that seems to us an anomalous shape for a ruling class to assume, it may be that we are naive about the methods used to extract a surplus from the workers and peasants of underdeveloped countries. When Danilo Dolci lectured in Brazil on the Sicilian Mafia, one of his hearers assumed that he was using Aesopian language to describe the organization of Brazilian economic life. Exactions and exploitation amounting to systematic spoliation, the practice of awarding petty sinecures to clients by "recommendation," the resulting atomizing of social life in a milieu of hunger and favors—all the stigmata, in short, of government by pistol are common to the countries that we of the rich nations have been *underdeveloping* since the Industrial Revolution.

In such a country Mr. Dolci chose to conduct an inquiry. Already notorious for his attempts to instill in the oppressed a practical ideal of self-determination, he went about Sicily asking peasants, laborers, fishermen, politicians, housewives, clergymen, union officials and school children, "What, in your opinion, are the obstacles to group life [*la vita associata*] among us at the present time?" Very often the answers proved that there was a prior question to be resolved, for the responses came to, "Who wants group life anyway?" Again and again people quoted a proverb: *The man who plays alone never loses*. Naturally. In a country where such "group life" as exists is the life of submission and complicity regulated by the threat of murder, every honest man's ambition is to avoid getting involved. At that level of the degradation of the idea of society, it does not even occur to the victim that the man who plays alone is the predestined target for oppression. Since his only experience of civil life has been coercion by armed bullies, the idea of finding protection and mutual support in a group—other than a group of licensed malefactors—can scarcely occur to him.

With the population so terrified and divided the Mafia should have little to fear. But the chiefs of the Honorable Society are alert to those first stirrings of consciousness that precede refusals of servitude and assertions of independence. After attempts at intimidation, some halfhearted tries at bushwhacking, and public accusations of communism (Mr. Dolci is about as Red as Saint Francis), the Mafia finally went to law about his activities. A particularly noisome Senator had been identified by Mr. Dolci as an associate, patron and minion of the Mafia. The Senator sued for libel, and in spite of the clearest evidence, reproduced in great detail in this book and supported by photographs, the court upheld his suit. Practically speaking, the revolution that Danilo Dolci has been instigating in Sicily has known just such setbacks from the very beginning, and little has as yet been accomplished by it if we except the absolutely essential and capital fact that the question of self-emancipation has at last been posed.

To the best of my knowledge Mr. Dolci professes no formal political creed. His essential vision is of the life of cooperative effort, freely entered into, in place of the systems for administering populations that we see everywhere about us, ranging from manipulation in the rich countries to open terror in the poor ones. His ideal of a polity is obviously most assimilable to the libertarian traditions of anarchism. And this is a good occasion for remarking that persons who subside into white-faced or red-faced unconsciousness at the word should accuse instead their crass ignorance of political

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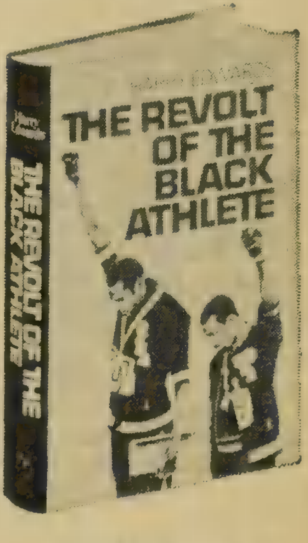
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history and of the history of ideas. Anarchism is not an ideal of chaos but an ideal of self-discipline, voluntary cooperation, and productivity through mutual aid. It is based on the observation that it is by means of those qualities that the world actually gets its work done—usually within a pernicious and counter-productive framework of coercive government.

The Man Who Plays Alone is less satisfying as a literary creation than as a collection of valuable documents bearing on the struggle for human decency. As always in Mr. Dolci's books, the direct testimony of his informants often has the point and simplicity of poetry, and is inspiring to read. But much space is devoted to an account of his trial for libel, the introduction of witnesses, legal maneuvers, etc., and the form of the book suffers accordingly. Nevertheless, it is all of the highest interest, because the problems of social organization raised so dramatically, both in the interviews and in the reports of Mr. Dolci's disgraceful trial, are the fundamental ones.

In our own day, the libertarian impulses of the anarchist tradition begin to emerge once more as the most apposite and most practical attitudes for social militants to adopt. Bemused by the calculations arising from a kind of post-graduate capitalism, the non-anarchist movements on the Left have so far given rise, at best, to meliorist activity that is indistinguishable in its goals and methods from those of welfare capitalism. That describes the socialism of countries that started with a flourishing industrial economy. At worst, as in the countries that have tried in this century to free themselves of colonial status and the attendant conditions of underdevelopment, they have produced political tyrannies—another way of saying that they have adopted very expensive solutions for their social problems. Their excuse must be that, for cultural and historical reasons, the direct, economical, more generous and more interesting anarchist solutions were unavailable to them. The history of the American, French and Russian Revolutions, and of the Spanish Civil War—all of them at bottom popular uprisings that owed their relative success to the perennially reinvented anarchist conceptions of social organization—has been so misread and so traduced by all hands that only revolution itself bears witness to the point and efficacy of libertarian ideas. The parties of the Left have chosen instead like the frogs in the fable to beg for a stork to be king over them, a bureaucratic government whose function is to administer the populace to within an inch of its life.

To say liberty, equality, fraternity—and mean it—is now a luxury that only the poor in spirit can afford. The importance of Dolci's example is that he says the equivalent without a trace of self-consciousness. Of the two forces that will eventually redeem Sicily, the spread of industrialization and this lone man, it is hard to say which will play the more decisive role. In any case Dolci, without large-scale investment in industry, still offers hope of organizing the common life above the level of physical and moral squalor, for his principles lead to the freeing of human energies for production. Industrialism, without Dolci, can do no more than reproduce in Sicily the social conditions that have already poisoned the affluence of the industrially advanced nations of the world.

Troubadour of Revolution

INSURGENT MEXICO. *By John Reed. International Publishers. 326 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.65.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

The name of John Reed is breathed nowadays like a sigh for lost innocence. He was a journalist of a sort that has gone out of style. Reporting in the Reed manner has come to be regarded as quaint rather than useful, like the trade of a blacksmith.

He was a reporter on horseback seeking his story in the faces and gestures of the living warriors, not in the word games of press handouts or news conferences. He preferred to deal with the smell and sweat and blood and laughter of the people he chronicled rather than dissect statistics or marshal prefabricated facts to fit an established theory. Other reporters have waded in the muck of battle and some still carry their TV cameras into the thick of it, but they lack Reed's unabashed and joyful commitment to a brave fight in a good cause.

Before he went to Russia to cover the shaking of the world John Reed, still in his 20s, was sent by *Metropolitan Magazine* and the *New York World* to report that localized tremor—the unfinished Mexican Revolution. By following Pancho Villa and living with his soldiers, Reed captured in his dispatches the feel and quality of that uprising. Those dispatches convey what scholarly, more objective appraisals never could.

Reed had already won his spurs as a reporter by covering as a major battle in a long war the Paterson, N.J., silk strike, inspired and led by the Wobblies. It was there that Reed learned to prefer honesty to objectivity. He carried that lesson to Mexico.

Some of his Mexican impressions were collected and published in 1914 but the book was allowed to die in a single printing. Generations have passed without hearing those tales of high revolutionary adventure in the dawn of the century. Now we are much indebted to International Publishers for making the early Juanito Reed available again. Fittingly they have provided an appreciation of John Reed by the man who, as a telegrapher with Villa, sent some of his dispatches. Renato Leduc, now a journalist in his own right, speaks of Reed as "troubadour" and "muralist" of the revolution.

It took a troubadour to tell of Villa's attack on Torreón, for example. The battle, with its death and laughter, fear and high courage, was the stuff of ballads. John Reed draws for us the scene of Villa's horsemen fanning out across the brown Mexican plain. In the center of the offensive, like a gigantic battering ram, is the train that carries not only troops but their wives and sweethearts as well, making tortillas on the platforms of the cars on which the armies rode to war.

Here is El Niño, the great cannon, riding on its flatcar and Juanito Reed sitting in its breech or having a drink with the captain of the gun crew and his girl friend in the armored housing behind the big gun. We see a soldier running through the train and shouting because his wife has given birth to a son in the car up front before the big battle.

John Reed wriggled in a ditch to watch Villa's men storm a water tower and then fall back in a rout. He fled when they fled. He knew their fears and their great, gallant humor. He saw Pancho Villa's tenderness and understood the love of his men but he also noted the cruelty of men, even on the side of revolution. He knew them as men and women, simultaneously brave and cowardly, brilliant and stupid. He discerned the working of history in them but what impelled him to share their life was "the dear love of comrades."

It must be admitted, of course, that occasional episodes are more interesting for students of John Reed than of Mexico. Some are so clearly gilded by a boyish preoccupation with high adventure that they ought not to be taken too seriously. John Reed was young when he wrote these accounts, and so too was the century. All the shoddiness and horror of industrial misery, lynch law, genocide of the Indians, and the burgeoning empire had failed to demolish the innocent American, the homespun knight-errant, the shy hero, the noble crusader. Alongside the horrors stood the idealism of Americans who muckraked and thundered and challenged the mighty. It took two World Wars, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, depressions, the rising of the blacks and the possibility of the world's slow famine or swift annihilation to take the boyish bloom away from America and its journalists.

There are honest newsmen even now. Some of them are brave and a few dare even to defy the fetish of objectivity. But technology weights the odds against the reporters who write passionately of human beings. The news comes now in quick bulletins, the interpretation in tedious conversation by dispassionate men in armchairs. In self-defense we must have only anonymous and impersonal horrors.

Perhaps that is why there are no more John Reeds to tell us such things. Yet how much we need men of Reed's passionate intelligence and tender eye at work for us in Vietnam and China and Cuba! We might then have a better chance to unearth the truth that lies buried in the plethora of fact.

Irish Literary Censorship

MICHAEL SHEEHY

Mr. Sheehy is an Irish writer now living in England. He is the author of Is Ireland Dying? Culture and the Church in Modern Ireland, *published this year by Taplinger.*

The Irish censorship board is a state body, but its outlook is mainly conditioned by the Irish Catholic Church which, to a far greater extent than the Irish Government, is interested in the fate of Irish culture.

Within the last decade or so the Irish Catholic Church has adopted a liberal social policy, and this has been reflected in Irish censorship. Indeed, of the Irish writers who appeared in the sixties, only Edna O'Brien has any real reason to complain of Irish censorship. Of her six books, five have been banned; and the most recent, *The Love Object*, is not yet out of danger. It is Miss O'Brien's misfortune that her books started coming before the liberal censorship got properly under way (her first book, *The Country Girls*, was published in 1960). And her marked preoccupation with sex—especially with an experimental kind of sex—made her distasteful to the Irish censors.

A preoccupation with sex was what marked and marred Irish censorship until the mid-fifties when the main purpose of the censors was to determine whether a book (*a*) is "indecent and obscene," or (*b*) "advocates the unnatural prevention of conception or the procurement of abortion." Indecency—broadly defined as "suggestive of, or inciting to, sexual immorality"—was a common charge in a situation where books could be banned on the basis of the sex impact made by passages taken out of the general context of a work. Operating from such a standpoint, the Irish censors banned left and right; and, as was often said, the Irish Index read like a guide to modern literature. True, the books banned by the Irish censors were mainly pornographic, but alongside the purveyors of sex and crime are listed most contemporary Irish writers and many of the best writers abroad. To confine oneself to the top rank of American writers, the Irish censors banned works by Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Steinbeck and Tennessee Williams.

Inevitably Irish censorship was much criticized, especially by Sean O'Faoláin in his magazine *The Bell*. As a conces-

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sion, the Irish Government set up an appeal board through the Censorship of Publications Act of 1946. The appeal board—like the censorship board—consists of five members mostly from the legal profession; and having regard for some real literary ethic, it repaired some of the worst damage done by the censorship board. Some of the works by Irish authors on which the appeal board lifted the ban were *Stephen Hero* by James Joyce, *In a Green Harbour* by Benedict Kiely, *The Bogman* by Walter Macken, *I Knock at the Door* by Sean O'Casey, *Traveller's Samples* by Frank O'Connor, and *Bird Alone* by Sean O'Faoláin.

The sharp difference of view between the censorship and appeal boards gradually lessened; and, by the sixties, the censorship board had adopted humane standards. This had important quantitative and qualitative results. Thus, in the period 1960-65, the yearly average of books banned was 380, whereas in the period 1950-55 it had been 677. Serious writers were treated with more respect. The works of the most recent Irish writers—Patrick Boyle, John McGahern, and Kevin Casey—were passed by the censors, and most of these would have been banned previously. Indeed, McGahern's second novel, *The Dark*, had been refused publication in Ireland. A bill, introduced in the Dail (Irish Parliament) on April 28, 1967, provided that books banned for twenty years—since 1947—would be subject to re-examination. This was a tacit admission of past severity in the moral appraisal of literature.

Irish censorship has other means at its disposal besides the ban itself; and while these, like the ban, are much less in use today, they cannot be altogether discounted. An unofficial censorship exists in the public libraries through advisory committees on book selection. The work of librarians—usually intelligent and responsible—is hampered by advisory bodies whose qualifications for literary censorship are by no means obvious. Thus on September 8, 1962, some members of the Cork County Library Committee objected to the spending of public money on the works of O'Casey, Joyce, Behan and Tagore.

Catholic and nationalist bookshops also boycott books which offend their respective preferences. There is much less of this pernicious practice now which in the past had an important influence in restricting the availability of books, especially outside Dublin. Newspapers and periodicals are sometimes guilty of omitting or skimping reviews of serious books which attack the Irish Establishment, especially the Church. Finally theatres may refuse to present plays which the Establishment regards as too coarse or critical. The Abbey Theatre, for example, has not presented Synge's *The Tinker's Wedding* or Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed*, an omission all the more remarkable when one considers the inferior works the Abbey Theatre has been presenting.

Set up in 1929 the Irish censorship board hampered not so much the Anglo-Irish writers as the later group of Irish Catholic writers born circa 1900—such as Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faoláin, Frank O'Connor and Kate O'Brien. These writers, as well of course as the Irish Catholic writers who followed them, were more morally and financially dependent on official Irish good will than were writers like Wilde, Shaw, Yeats and Synge, who owed more to European inspiration and support, and who were influenced more by the standards of Anglo-Ireland than of Catholic Ireland.

Of the older writers, James Joyce was the most vulnerable to censorship; but it is one of the paradoxes of Irish censorship that Joyce's *Ulysses* is not banned. This is due to the belief that such work is not likely to be widely read because of its difficult nature. Irish censorship law states that the imposition of the ban must be considered in the light of: "the language in which it is written"; "the nature and extent of the circulation . . . it is likely to have"; and "the class of reader which may reasonably be expected to buy it."

No doubt, the original attitude of the Irish censors to literature was Jansenistic, that is to say, based on a view that the human mind is essentially evil and that the source of that evil is concupiscence. So great indeed was the obsession with sex that ideas lie outside the scope of Irish censorship. Thus H. G. Wells's critique of Catholicism, *Crux Ansata*, is allowed to circulate freely in Ireland, as is Paul Blanshard's *Ireland and the Catholic Power*. This is a remarkable concession from a heresy-conscious Irish Catholic Church, and suggests that the Irish clergy do not see ideas as creative and human reason as contributing much to the shaping of life—a view which is opposed to orthodox Catholic teaching.

The Irish censors have shown more distrust of serious literature than of trashy novels and magazines, even though the inspiration of such work is sentimental and vulgar. This lenient view of commercial writing led Arland Ussher in *The Face and Mind of Ireland* to conclude that "censorship is maintained primarily for the purpose of baiting the intellectuals." It would be truer perhaps to infer that the censors fear less the frivolous work whose purpose is not to educate but to amuse; and, indeed, even the Irish Catholic clergy show a tolerance of smut and vulgarity when it is used for entertainment.

Before the setting up of the Irish censorship board, Irish opposition to literature took the popular form of riots and protests. These were associated, in particular, with the presentation by the Abbey Theatre of the work of Synge and O'Casey. This opposition came from Catholic and nationalist quarters; both groups resenting what they saw as a coarse and denigrating interpretation of Irish life. O'Casey, in particular, was disgusted by the narrow vision and mean temper of his critics; and the bitter reaction of this kind man well illustrates the effect of Ireland—especially official Ireland—on the Irish writers. Of the Anglo-Irish writers, O'Casey best understood what Catholic and nationalist Ireland really stood for since he mixed and worked more with his Catholic compatriots.

What the present, more liberal, standards of the Irish censorship board really amount to is that the board is now concerning itself more with the motive of a writer and the interpretation of life expressed in his work than with its mere contents, especially its sex content. In fact, the interpretation of the Irish writers has been increasingly marked by a sense of hopelessness and despair, seeing the individual as doomed to corruption in moral isolation from his fellows. This interpretation is markedly in the tradition of Joyce and Beckett; and there is little doubt that Beckett, with his appalling sense of life's futility, does express the significant trend of the Irish vision, in spite of Irish Catholicism.

The harshness of Irish censorship contributed to the disillusionment of the Irish writers and people. The official discouragement of free expression during the opening decades of self-government led to a profound sense of frustration and apathy, which is now expressing itself in a widespread cult of force and violence. It is only in the last decade that the Irish Establishment has shown some recognition of the Irish writers—as evident in the Yeats Summer School set up in Sligo in 1958—and given some semblance of encouragement to a study of the Irish writers. Compared with the American, the Irish contribution to a critical study of the Irish writers is small.

Irish censorship inevitably resulted in a serious shortage of books by Irish writers in the libraries of the Republic. The ban, or fear of the ban, led to caution about buying books by Irish writers. Added to this was the indifference of the Irish people taught to distrust and ignore the Irish writers. Writing in 1962, Frank O'Connor stated that Irish book stocks were "awful" compared with those in the late twenties when he was a librarian. A continental university looking for the works of Liam O'Flaherty failed to find

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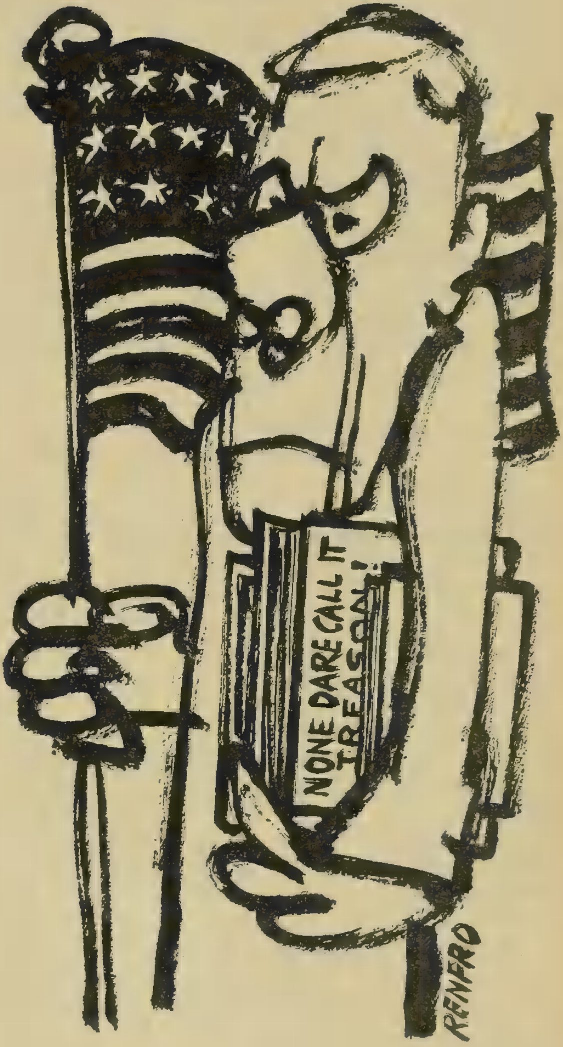
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them in the whole of Ireland. It seems that any available copies of books by Irish writers were bought by American libraries where alone, apparently, Irish writers are adequately represented. If, as seems likely, the Irish seriously take on a study of the Irish writers, this shortage of books will prove an acute embarrassment. Paperback editions are helping somewhat to make up for this shortage, as witnessed in the case of Ernie O'Malley's *Army without Banners,* which was selling for three guineas, if you could find a copy, before it was issued as a paperback.

The easing of Irish literary censorship is only one aspect of a liberal social policy adopted by the Irish Establishment; and the present Irish scene bears witness to a considerable social revolution. Today Irish writers find a platform in the formerly ultraconservative *Irish Press;* whereas in the forties and fifties they were limited to such magazines as *Envoy, The Bell* and *Irish Writing,* which had a tough struggle for survival beyond the pale of official recognition.

What is striking about Irish literary life today is that the Irish Catholic Church has largely lost control over it, and seems disposed to let it take its own course. This reflects markedly the trends and tendencies of the outside world—the general discontent, adolescent and undergraduate unrest, and anarchism in economics and politics. Foreign influence is precisely what the Irish Catholic Church originally hoped to exclude, fearing the impact of a humanist inspiration increasingly inimical to Christianity, and hoping to preserve Irish Catholic orthodoxy by means of a reactionary cultural policy. But experience has shown that new ideas cannot be kept at bay by censoring books which reflect the hopes and aspirations of humanity inevitably united by increasing contact due to technical advance.

This Familiar and Lifeless Scene

MR. BRIDGE. *By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $5.95.*

BULLET PARK. *By John Cheever. Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES SHAPIRO

Mr. Shapiro teaches in the English Department at Briarcliff College.

Driving to my job each morning—my place of employment is snuggled safely in a rather snotty, upper-class suburban community—I often feel as if some giant hand, on that day we little folk are supposed to turn our watches back an hour, had moved a giant clock backward forty or so years. The tiny shopping district resembles a Hollywood set, with store fronts suspiciously like plywood façades; the police are polite; one of the country clubs caters to a Jewish clientele; and one of the two black children enrolled in the local high school is the daughter of a prominent movie star. The homes are lavish, the children all college-bound. There is, however, a frightening rumble from nearby Ossining, home of the famed prison, where there are serious racial troubles. A few station wagons have replaced their Nixon bumper stickers with the plea to "REGISTER COMMIES NOT GUNS." This is, of course, familiar fictional territory, the rich turf for too many novelistic failures, for too many easy satires and obvious put-downs. Two recent works, however, have approached upper suburbia with reverence; and because Evan Connell and John Cheever really *care* about their protagonists, really seem to want to love them and spare them unnecessary suffering, we come to learn about a world and way of life of which we are too easily scornful and too obviously jealous.

Connell's vision of suburbanites is of configurations of trapped figures, powerless men, loveless women and haunted children. In one of his short stories, for example, ("The Condor and The Guests") a prosperous braggart, Mr. J. D. Botkin of Parallel, Kan., purchases a Peruvian condor and chains it to a magnolia tree in his back yard. The majestic bird refuses to eat the food of his captor and continually makes gallant attempts to fly away. Botkin, proud of his new but untamed pet, invites a number of acquaintances to a cocktail party to view the captive. All the guests, in their own private ways, are shown to be prisoners, but, unlike the condor whose spirit remains unbroken, they have all sold out, compromised, or given up. They are seen to truly have the "mind-forged manacles" so hated by William Blake, but unlike the poetic wanderer of "London," the citizens of Parallel, juiceless and terrified, are not the easy victims of a corrupt church or an evil state. Things are just too complicated and they seem to be doomed by choice.

In 1958 Connell gave us an intricate study of Mrs. India Bridge, a 1930s Kansas City suburban housewife, mother of three, wedded to lawyer Walter. Presented in short, apparently disconnected bits, mini-stories told in sparse prose, is a woman lacking any essential human connections, taken for granted by Walter, mocked by her rebellious children. Her attempts at constructing a meaningful life are pathetic, whether cultural or personal, and in the final segment, entitled "Hello?" her entrapment becomes literal as her Lincoln's engine dies and "she opened the door to get out and discovered she had stopped in such a position that the car doors were prevented from opening more than a few inches on one side by the garage partition, and on the other side by the wall." Mrs. Bridge taps on the window, calls out for aid. "But no one answered, unless it was the falling snow."

Connell's latest novel, *Mr. Bridge,* goes over the same family in the same mosaic form, but the focus is on the rigid man of the house "who seldom spoke to his wife about what went on at the office or in court," and who would return home, night after night, to what is referred to as "this familiar and lifeless scene." He accepts his life, defines his responsibilities, lives up to them, reflecting that "he had practically everything he had wanted," and occasionally coping with India's frightening outbursts. He is not a chap to wear a paper hat on New Year's Eve. A friend of India's remarks that Walter was born wearing a suit and tie. At times Walter Bridge questions himself. "My life is cut in half," he muses, reflecting on why he cannot communicate his day's problems to his wife or children. "The halves remain side by side in perfect equilibrium like halves of a melon. I suppose this is true of most men. Or are they somehow unlike me? Are they able to share themselves?" As for his children, he determines to impress upon them the three achievements he can boast: financial security, independence, self-respect. As with *Mrs. Bridge,* there are hints of terror underneath this precise life. Joy, as Mr. Bridge believed, "belonged to simpler minds."

Mr. Bridge is a more than able documentary of how a rich and ridiculous family functions. John Cheever, however, goes deeper, faces the terror as well as its opposite side, and takes amazing chances. *Bullet Park* is passionate; the hero, Eliot Nailles, is committed with fervor to his wife, his teen-age son, his community and his God. He can be tricked, he can be diverted, but when what he loves is threatened, he can act with fury. Thus we are concerned with his life; and its humorous details become much more than just another recital of the foolishness of suburbia. Poor Nailles's faiths are severely tested in assorted ways, but we are always rooting for this decent man. His son, Tony, takes to bed with a severe case of Oblomovitis and won't respond to the treatment of the local medical talent. A nemesis, in the person of the shockingly maladjusted

Paul Hammer, arrives in Bullet Park and a melodramatic confrontation is inevitable.

Cheever's novels have been put down for being, in essence, a conglomeration of short stories. Perhaps. But in *Bullet Park* it works, for these moments are just the way life is for the commuting man: isolated tales of friends and enemies and a brave attempt to make connections. Hammer versus Nailles is replete with mythic and Biblical parallels. Beneath the station-wagon trimmings, Eliot and his family act out certain timeless rituals; their anguish is worthy of our attention and concern. Cheever's sense of the comic has never been sharper. The novel ends happily with Nailles's triumph and our feeling that we understand him. Cheever has gone beyond satire to truth. There are no cheap giggles in this beautiful book.

THEATRE & FILMS / Robert Hatch

Promenade (book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes: music by Al Carmines) is a rainy day in the attic with mother's old clothes, mother's old enthusiasms and a pile of vintage dance records. Here are Erich von Stroheim, Mr. Hyde, John Held, Jr., girls (all necks and beads), zebra-striped convicts with hearts of gold, pert servants for whom their masters are not heroes, and a little old lady who has lost her babes and found the wisdom of the world. They sing and dance, change partners and grand right and left for some two hours of crafted innocence (otherwise camp) to a cascade of music that sounds as though one's ears were afflicted with total recall. Mr. Carmines is a musical chameleon: he can recapture the quality of every popular musical style of this century, endowing it with just enough self-mockery to make evident his recognition that it is a talent not an art. That is disarming of him, and to be sure his scores sound better than many that claim to be creations; but this is the third Carmines show I have heard (*In Circles* and *Peace* were the others) and I've come to feel that the law of diminishing returns is taking hold. His songs are composed not of notes but of nostalgia—as soon as you listen they vanish.

A number of pleasant people are responsible for *Promenade* (among others, Lawrence Kornfeld directed and Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the set, which is principally bicycle wheels) and I am pleased that they have a hit; I am also somewhat puzzled. The show seemed to me a little bleak and a little stiff from straining. More serious, it had trouble getting its footings in place, establishing its base of assumptions. Anything offered on a stage, from *Oedipus Rex* to *Charley's Aunt* has to make clear, and quickly, what premise it starts from. It need not be tangible—the seacoast of Illyria will do well enough—but unless it is manifest the audience gapes at flies.

I decided finally that *Promenade* was operating from a set of values that prevailed before we plucked the forbidden atom and came to realize that the birth rate was a worse scourge than Attila the Hun. The rich were listless parasites, the poor (even when criminal) were the salt of the earth, and a witty waitress could steal the show from any coupon clipper. But before this came to me I had sat morosely (it is always depressing to hold your applause when huzzahs are booming all around you) through a dozen scenes that seemed dedicated to *non sequiturs* and connected by random association. And when I did catch on, I remembered too that the entertainments *Promenade* was resuscitating had themselves been the thinnest possible slices of life. I wondered at so much dead-pan effervescence for so meager a memory.

Everyone coached by Al Carmines sings with a big, operatic voice—always the same operatic voice, which is another of his impressive tricks. This simulation of superb vocal cords (something, I have no doubt, achieved by diaphragm control and a small auditorium) is nothing to get depressed about, but I went home in that state. The papier-mâché sundaes in drugstore windows used to put me in the same funk; my mouth got gritty thinking of them.

Last Summer is directed by Frank Perry from his wife's screen adaptation of a novel by Evan Hunter. It looks like a realistic study of moral degeneration among the very young, but I found it would not come into focus for me at that level: it is too rigidly composed, the evil is too patent, to be convincing as social comment. However, when I realized that the film was a melodramatic horror tale of abnormal psychology, a Grand Guignol on Fire Island, it made sense of a rather empty sort.

Sandy (Barbara Hershey) is a pretty girl with a quick tongue for anatomical slang; Peter (Richard Thomas) and Dan (Bruce Davison) are a couple of husky, tow-headed boys. One gathers that all three spend the winter at suitable New England boarding schools. These three come together in caring for a wounded sea gull and briefly a summer idyl seems in progress. It soon becomes uncomfortable. The boys are worse than callow; they seem subnormal, laughing immoderately and grimacing spasmodically—more Caliban than college preparatory. They are at the groping stage of sex, which is right for their age, but they grope simultaneously on the same girl, which is arrested behavior in the late teens.

And what of a girl who encourages such advances? Sandy is said to be disturbed by the circumstances of a broken home and a promiscuous mother. In fact, she is Circe, that personification of masculine fear of the destroying female. She smashes in the head of the gull, and when the boys accept that, they are her slaves, condemned to perform cruel and humiliating rituals in her worship. A bright, uncomely girl named Rhoda (Cathy Burns) wanders into their group, and for a moment Peter is attracted to her, but Sandy whistles him back. Rhoda, being female, is immune to Sandy's spell; so Rhoda, like the gull, and like a decent Puerto Rican whom the three throw to a gang of sadistic hoodlums, is made a sacrifice to the cult of Sandy. Rhoda is stripped and held and raped, then abandoned, in a thicket behind the dunes.

There is a brief scene in which Sandy and one of the boys observe a pair of young males making love on the beach. That is expectable enough on Fire Island; it is also, I half suspect, the key to *Last Summer*. If one supposes that Peter and Dan are caressing each other through the body of Sandy, the film becomes a homosexual nightmare of what happens to boys who do not admit their true natures. The obsessive close-ups of faun-like faces are appropriate in that context.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A group called The Art Workers' Coalition has attempted to confront the Museum of Modern Art on the subject of "The New American Painting and Sculpture" show. The group, no member of which is in the show, has undertaken to protest the exhibition in the name of morality. The basis of the complaint is this: the exhibition is not a straight loan show but a display of works in the museum's collection or promised to it, assembled with the aid of donations by the artists themselves. Such a view can only be the product of a malicious or ignorant misunderstanding of the normal operations of an active museum. I had my doubts about the advisability of mixing a survey of recent, in fact still current, art with acquisition policy (and politics) but the results justify it completely. In the rhetoric of the Coalition the Modern is attacked as if it were monolithic, but this is a distortion of the new situation prevailing at the museum. The long-delayed departure of Alfred Barr and this month the retirement of senior curator Dorothy Miller have released the museum from a protracted ambivalence about American art.

Alfred Barr faced the emergence of American art like a father who wanted sons and got daughters. He did his duty and struggled to be just, but without the contact that comes with affection and understanding. Hence American art, at the moment when for the first time it attained world importance, was not really welcome at the museum. It goes without saying that the Modern did more for American art than either the Whitney or the Guggenheim Museums; but it is no less true that American art was not collected with the generosity and accuracy shown to, say, Picasso, whom Mr. Barr really liked. Barr did welcome Jasper Johns's work when it was new in the fifties, but this did nothing to rationalize the American collection as a whole.

The present exhibition shows clearly how things were. Out of 157 exhibits on view, sixty-seven were acquired between 1941 and 1965 and ninety since 1966. When activity on this scale can be shown, it seems absurd to complain that this exhibition is not some other exhibition. The new attention to American art must, I take it, be attributed to William Rubin, who was appointed curator in the Department of Painting and Sculpture in July 1966 and whose promotion to senior curator has just been announced.

Numbers alone don't prove the caliber of a collection, so we should consider some of the acquisitions in a little detail. Of the five Gorkys added to the four already in the collection, one is a later version of "The Garden of Socchi," an important theme in the artist's work and hitherto represented in the collection by an earlier version. To Barnett Newman's sole painting, "Abraham," 1949, have been added "Onement, 3" of the same year, "The Voice" and "The Wild" of 1950, and the momentous 17-foot-long "Vir Heroicus Sublimis," as well as a later sculpture. In one step, as it were, the museum has represented a key period in Newman's *oeuvre* which is, at the same time, a central episode in postwar painting.

To the eight Jackson Pollocks already in the collection seven have been added: the new ones include "Shimmering Substance," 1946 (an allover painting, on the verge of the space of the drip paintings); "One," 1950 (possibly the greatest work of that amazing year); "Echo" (the biggest, but very delicately handled, of the black paintings), and "White Light," one of the last paintings. All of these works are major and all of them absolutely mandatory for public view. Among the newly acquired Rothkos two are exceptional, both of the forties: "Slow Swirl by the Edge of the Sea," the summation of Rothko's early biomorphic style (some years back the San Francisco Museum of Art stupidly exchanged it with the artist for a later work) and a hitherto unknown big painting of circa 1948. To the single weak Clyfford Still already owned by the museum, five large, fine, representative works have been added.

The full title of the exhibition is: "The New American Painting and Sculpture: the First Generation." Both "Abstract Expressionism" and "Action Painting" are rejected as terms in the check list of the show (a big catalogue is due later). Agreed that both terms are unsatisfactory, but what about "The *New* American" in the label used? It derives from an exhibition that the museum put on ten years ago; hence, "new" now means "old" or "earlier." I think that "Abstract Expressionism" is probably, for all its slant, a less ambiguous way to refer to the generation as a whole; the attrition of usage has rendered it nearly neutral.

The artists included in the show are those born before World War I who matured (usually a bit late) after World War II. One older painter, Hans Hofmann, is rightly included and looks fully at home; Theodoros Stamos is in because, though born later, he developed much faster than the American norm at the time, and the museum seems to have had a soft spot for him anyway. Sam Francis, born in 1923, compared to Stamos in 1922, is missing, I think erroneously; his drip paintings would have gone well with Rothko and Still and he developed fully as early as 1951. The sculpture, selected by William Agee, has one indefensible omission, Louise Nevelson, born at the right time and also maturing at the right time; I suppose Mr. Rubin just doesn't like her.

Only in the case of Adolph Gottlieb do I think that the new acquisitions are arguable. His two best pictures in the show are the ones that the museum already owned, a pictograph of 1946 and the first "Blast" of 1957. The six new works are big and handsome but they emphasize unduly the opulent decorative handling that Gottlieb went in for between 1949 and the middle 1950s. What is needed, instead, are earlier pictographs and later "Blasts."

Rubin has undertaken in three years to bring the collection of the Abstract Expressionist generation up to the level of acquisition set by the museum in dealing with earlier European art. The vigor and the patience of Barr's drive to represent other schools have at last been brought to bear, in his absence, on the collection of American art. Certainly such work could have been bought more cheaply earlier, as the Art Workers' Coalition complains, but obviously nobody is in a position to know that better than Rubin. It is dumb, or an attempt to smear his name, to criticize on this score a man who is making up for institutional neglect. Rubin has achieved the extraordinary feat of bringing the Abstract Expressionist collection up to par—not with other museums but with the rest of the collection, which is the harder task.

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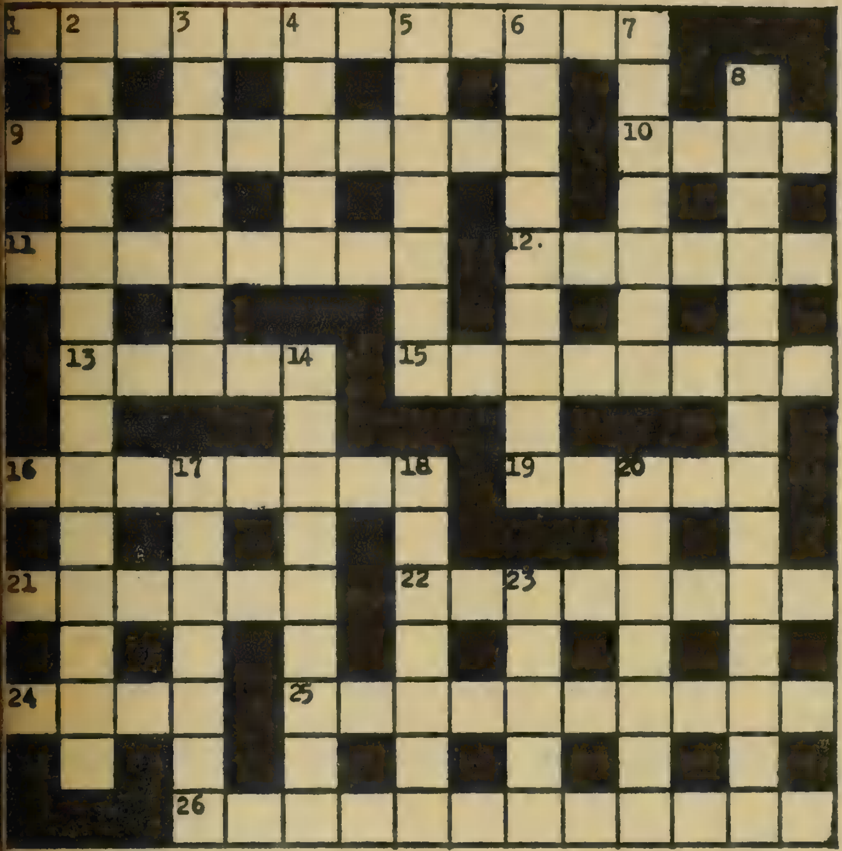
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Links mail together, producing damaged articles then. (5,7)

9 Thousands of orthodox people have this, etc.! (3,2,5)

0 They should come out even, or the wide end can be a shade longer. (4)

1 Gets around how Namath might win, in part. (8)

2 In no case would one trust them if the ocean's rough! (6)

3 As the appearance is changed, doesn't like the result! (5)

5 Women will never succeed because of it. (5,3)

6 Partner I have to get out of trouble when he pulls into his shell? (8)

9 Mexican flower of very aquiline association. (5)

1 Scatter rug about to remain flat and relatively displeasing to the eye. (6)

2 Certainly not a friendly word. (8)

4 A nasty eyesore—at least in part. (4)

5 Singularly concerned with the first person. (9)

6 Part of the cable one should stick to? (3,6,3)

DOWN

Hank commonly (and very frequently) spliced? (5,3,6)

3 Importunate moment. (7)

4 By which the British may rise to high office? (5)

5 Pushes for through streets in the most simplified way. (7)

6 If morally right for the CIA, they'll justify it! (9)

7 Acts in a fiendish way. (7)

8 Does it consist of giving a star to one that can't be particular? (14)

14 Sounds like what was responsible for the beanstalk being set aside. (9)

17 What's the purpose in torn clothes? (7)

18 Evidently the rain ruined the sash in the city. (7)

20 More piano and less voice implied? (7)

23 Probably not your native language that is found in the side streets. (2,3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1303

ACROSS: 1 Trial by Jury; 9 and 11 Readjust; 10 Hocks; 12 Mineral; 13 Richard; 15 Agitator; 16 Extort; 18 Storks; 21 Futilely; 24 Discard; 26 Sniping; 30 Open; 31 Talking shop. DOWN: 2 and 28 Red-letter days; 3 Athwart; 4 and 29 Back water; 5 Justice; 6 Rajah; 7 Hexing; 8 Usurer; 14 Drift; 17 and 23 Telephoto lenses; 19 Tribal; 20 Sarawak; 22 Tenures; 25 Casca; 27 Eton.

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